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THE INGLENOOK

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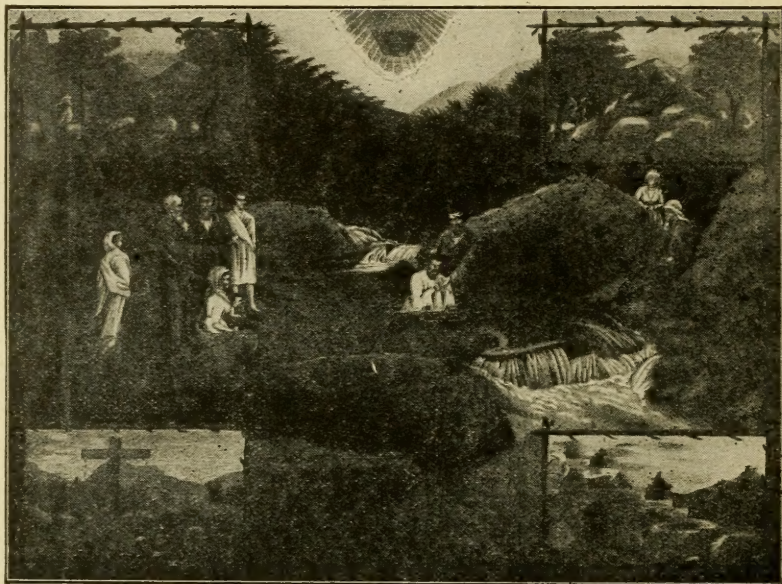
ILLINOIS

July 2
1912

Vol. XIV
No. 27

THE GREAT COMMISSION

A FINE picture, 18x24 inches, the principal part of it representing a baptismal scene. The applicant is kneeling in a stream of running water, the administrator standing beside him, ready to begin the sacred rite. On either side are men, women and children witnessing the performance. In each of the four corners of the main picture is a smaller one (7x3½) representing respectively the blood-stained cross, Mary Magdalene on her early run to the tomb, the women returning, each on their way to report to the disciples the empty tomb, and the door of the



tomb with the stone rolled away. At the top of the picture is represented a beautiful golden crown. The six-in-one picture is an interesting study. It portrays, graphically, the fulfillment of all righteousness in Christ's own baptism, the door by which man may enter the church, the way of the cross, and the crown as an emblem of the reward of the righteous. The picture is printed in colors, on heavy paper, and, if framed, will make an appropriate ornament for any Christian home. It will be a constant reminder of the Great Leader, of the sacrifice he made for our redemption, and a stimulus to right living.

Price, single picture,	50c
Three pictures,	\$1.00

Brethren Publishing House
Elgin, Illinois

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

Elgin, Illinois.

289.05 I 51 Jul-Dec 1912 Vol. 14

70 Million Dollars Expended in Idaho

during ten years in building canals and altering watercourses to provide irrigation for 2,330,500 acres of land under 46 Carey Act segregations and 2 Government reclamation projects. The result—*homes for thousands of settlers*, in a section rich in soil, rich in water, and immeasurably rich in the agricultural production resulting from the combination of the two.

The Story of the Agricultural Growth of Idaho

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This Section
Cater to the
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THE INGLENOOK

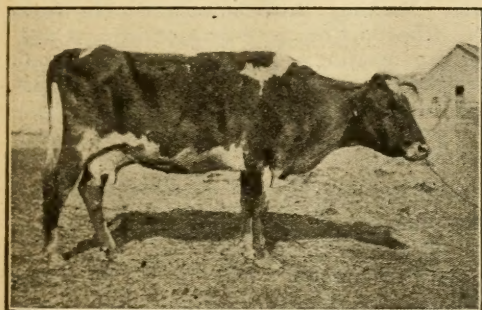
Vol. XIV

July 2, 1912

No. 27

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



A Very Old Tuberculous Dairy Cow.

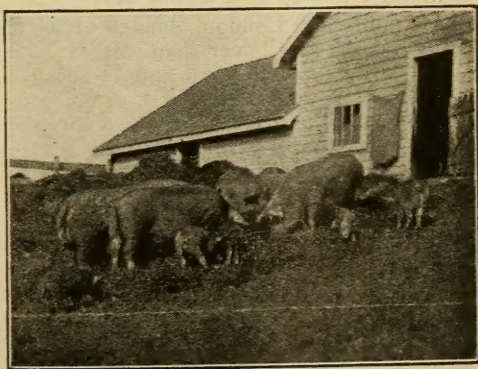
Infant Mortality and Sanitation.

THE time of the year is now here when hundreds of children will suffer and even die because of the carelessness of dairymen and milk dealers. Not all the deaths of infants during the summer months are preventable but a large percentage of them are, as has been proven by actual tests. In former issues we have mentioned how the death rate in New York City and other places has been reduced by a thorough inspection of the milk supply. One of the most conspicuous examples of the close connection between infantile deaths and the milk supply is found in the city of Omaha.

It was in the year 1910 that the city had a very severe typhoid epidemic, which when examined into, was found to have its origin in impure milk. The public became aroused. Ordinances were passed and full powers of inspection and control were put in the hands of the city's health department. Then after a thorough inspection with bacteriological tests reports were published in all the principal daily papers, giving the names and addresses of the milk dealers. The results were published

according to the government score card in such a way that rivalry was started among the milkmen in the effort to secure the highest standard. At present sixty-five per cent of the milk used in Omaha is from tuberculin tested cows. The remaining thirty-five per cent is pasteurized. All milk is quickly cooled and kept cooled until it reaches the customer. Most of it is delivered within a few hours so that it reaches the consumer fresh. Because of the publicity and inspection by the health department the dairymen keep their barns clean and well drained. Before the present ordinances were passed very few of the barns were whitewashed inside.

Now, you ask what the result of all this is. It has lowered the infantile death rate, making it lower than the average, which is sufficient to encourage other cities to become interested in their milk supply. At the Conference on Infant Mortality held in Chicago last fall (I refer to the meeting of the American Association for the Study and Prevention of Infantile Mortality) Professor Ravenel of the University of



Hogs Rooting in a Manure Pile.

Wisconsin made a statement backed by figures that at least 30 or 40 per cent of the tuberculosis in city children has its origin in milk from infected cows. Is there not some reason, then, for a large city, or a small one for that matter, to require the dairymen to have their cows tested for tuberculosis? There are other reasons for high infantile death rates which we cannot discuss at this time, one of them being improper ventilation which causes about 15 per cent of the deaths of young children in the cities.

City ordinances are of little value unless they are actively enforced by a live health department as in Omaha. Concerning the work there, Health Commissioner Connell says: "All the daily papers have not only been willing but anxious to publish these reports each month, which they have done free of charge, and they deserve the gratitude of every citizen of Omaha. The health department receives telephone calls almost every day, of inquiry regarding the scoring and why their dairyman's score this month is lower than some other dairy."

Bulletins and reports on tuberculosis are numerous and you can secure them from experiment stations nearest you or the national department of agriculture. In the *Agricultural Yearbook* for 1908 there are two very striking illustrations which are here shown. The cow is an old one and affected with tuberculosis. Such cows have been known to live for six years spreading the disease in the meantime. The hogs are rooting in a manure pile taken from a stable where tubercular infected cattle are kept. More than half of the hogs contracted the disease within six months. No other comments are necessary other than that it pays in more than one way to be sanitary.

Rural Nursing as a Social Service.

It is said that London, congested as it is, has a death rate lower than many of the most healthy rural districts, simply because the country has been neglected while preventive measures have advanced in the city. It is comparatively easy to secure the services of a trained nurse in the city but not so in the country because of the distance from hospitals and railroads and because many nurses either do not care to take cases in the country or are actually not adapted to the work. There are many instances when a nurse can do more for a patient than a physician—and death rates mean more than figures to us when they concern you or me individually. Dr. Welch

of the Johns Hopkins Medical School thinks that the nurse can be of greater value in the country than in the city. The rural nursing movement is not a new thing in the United States. A short history is given in an article by L. R. Meekins in the *Country Gentleman* for June 8.

Miss Ellen Wood after graduating from the Training School for Nurses at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in 1896 began work in the vicinity of her own home in Westchester County, New York. She continued this work, with the exception of a brief period when she went as a volunteer nurse in the Spanish American War, until her death on August 9, 1909, which was caused by overexertion. She formed the District Nursing Association of Northern Westchester County, now a permanent useful organization. The association has one thousand members who pay as dues from one to twenty-five dollars a year to defray the expenses of nursing those patients who cannot pay. Probably half of the services are for those too poor to pay the nurse, and this we consider one of the most valuable things accomplished because it frequently nips in the bud the causes of general epidemics. One large insurance company seeing the benefits of good nursing pays for the visits to its own policyholders. During the year ending June 8, 1911, the nurses made 6,808 visits in 36 different localities. There were 1,428 different cases. In the article referred to a mention is made of the variety of cases treated. "An outbreak of typhoid fever was investigated and checked. An old lady with an infected toe was nursed three months and cured. Scarlet fever and measles were nursed. A child that was ill with pneumonia and whooping cough at the same time was nursed and saved. An invalid for nearly two years with chronic ulcerated gastritis was visited three times daily for two months and is now in good condition and working. A homeless and demented woman was cared for. An appendicitis patient was aided to recovery. A bedridden old lady has received weekly visits from the nurses for ten years. Numerous free and successful operations have been made on poor children. Homeless children have been replaced." Such is the work done in one county of one State, all because a single nurse had an ideal and lived by it. The labors of Miss Wood have been an inspiration to many others and as we shall see the movement is about to take on a national aspect very soon. There are numerous other cases in the

United States where nurses have done social service in the country, sometimes aided financially and sometimes not. It is estimated that there are about three thousand nurses in the United States doing rural work.

The Red Cross is about to take up the work on a more extended basis, making use of its thorough organization in uniting the many small nursing societies formed for local needs.

Notes.

Not long ago in northern Iowa one farmer shot another because he would not keep his chickens at home. It was a small affair but it led to a quarrel and this terminated in the shooting. Wallace's Farmer thinks that every township ought to have an arbitration board with powers to settle all small disputes like the one referred to. If every man in the township, the writer thinks, would bind himself by writing to abide by the decision of the

arbitration board, then all small cases of trespassing could be settled without serious quarrels and court trials.

The Child is a new magazine of sixty-four pages formerly issued under the name of Children's Charities. It is published in Chicago and will be devoted to dependent children, delinquency, juvenile courts and related subjects. Some writers of the first number are Sherman C. Kingsley, S. W. Dickinson and Woods Hutchinson. Address The Child, 23 S. Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Crisis, the official organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, gives some figures on lynching. It says the records of lynchings since 1885 show that there have been 2,521, not quite one hundred a year. The figures are worth considering. The Crisis is a comparatively young magazine, only a little over two years old, and shows a circulation of 12,000 copies.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

The Gains of This Political Year.

Candidates will come and go, and parties will rise and fall with the decades or the centuries, but the political life of the people must go on, and their government must live and serve the ends of common justice and the general welfare. This struggle of 1912 is chiefly significant because of its relation to the great perennial movement for the betterment of human conditions through the improvement of the organs and instruments of government. Whatever may have been the exact outcome of the Chicago and Baltimore conventions, there will be permanent gain to the people of the United States by reason of the struggles of 1912. In some of the States, the new primary laws have been imperfectly drafted. They can be greatly improved. It costs a good deal of money to operate these primary systems, and there are still some people who prefer to have our political arrangements made for us quietly by little groups of interested gentlemen, conspiring in secret. But the people of the country will not be induced to return to any such methods. The President of the United States is no longer a modest executive official, obeying the Constitution and seeing that the laws are enforced. He has become an arrogant ruler, exercising power in a more personal way

and with more profound effects than any other ruler on earth whether czar, emperor, sultan, king, president, or prime minister. The people will no longer be content merely to choose in November between two candidates, one called "Republican" and the other called "Democratic,"—selected for them by hidden forces having interests of their own to be served. The people will insist upon having a part in the earlier selection of the candidates, as well as in the later and final election of the President himself. We have gradually come under a personal government; and since this means much to the people, they will insist upon selecting their ruler.—From "The Progress of the World," in the American Review of Reviews for July.



The Nominations and After.

The Record-Herald of Chicago believes that it would have been far better for the Republican party, as a great, vital, historic organization if the convention at the Coliseum, with the acquiescence and encouragement of the rival leaders, could have nominated a third man, a man progressive enough, and strong and fit enough, to unite the torn and disorganized party. The precedent of 1880, when the Republican convention solved the problem which the stubborn

Grant-Blaine fight presented to it by turning to Garfield, naturally suggested itself to many impartial observers, as well as to Republicans not irrevocably committed either to Taft or to Roosevelt. But fate decreed otherwise. The year 1912, which has broken so many political records, has also disregarded the available "parallel" of 1880.

The outcome—the nomination of Taft and Sherman by the "regular" convention, and the tentative or provisional nomination of Roosevelt by the Orchestra Hall gathering—must be recognized as the logical and inevitable result of the bitter, fierce, unhappy personal and factional fight in the party. "No compromise" was the emphatic Taft, as well as the Roosevelt, order to the last, and it was practically impossible for the adherents of either of the leading candidates to disregard their mandate. The President and his supporters insisted on a "vindication," while the Roosevelt adherents, in view of their charges of machine rule, fraud, "theft" and "larceny," felt themselves bound in consistency to reject all suggestions of peace and to insist that Taft was the natural "beneficiary" of the "grossly illegal convention."

And what now? The wisest observer cannot answer that question. Time is needed for sober second thought. The situation is too grave, too full of peril to justify hasty action and a course inspired by passion and wrath. Col. Roosevelt was sagacious and wise in accepting his nomination from the "new party" subject to a most important condition—namely, that "the sentiment of the people at home" be sounded and another national convention held under less adverse and unsettling circumstances deliberately and freely to select the standard-bearer of a new party—if the final, careful decision be that a new party is needed as an instrument of progress.

Thus alike patriotism, political sense and expediency unite in enjoining patience, heart-searching, calm reflection and deep study of all the factors and elements—some of which are still in the making—of a most extraordinary political situation. What is done is done. The period of recrimination and denunciation is over. Let all disaffected Republicans "think nationally" and remember that the interests of the republic are paramount, and that parties are but means, tools, instruments created and fashioned for great and noble purposes. Needs beget issues and vital issues call parties into being. If the cause of progress be secure and triumphant, it matters not which party, faction or school claims the nominal victory.

The Church or the State.

Some of our readers will no doubt remember the disgraceful Cudahy-Lillis episode at Kansas City, Mo., two years ago. The press dispatches of June 18 told of the reconciliation of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Cudahy, who were divorced by Judge Slover as a result of Mr. Cudahy's sensational attack upon Jere Lillis. The press dispatches say:

"Last week a reconciliation was effected and the two returned to housekeeping in the apartment that has been occupied by Mrs. Cudahy since a short time after the divorce.

"The second union involves the church, and follows the age-old question of the supremacy of the church or the state. Is a canonical law greater than a law of the government? In the Cudahy case, it has settled itself that what the church has bound together, no law can break asunder.

"For the Cudahys were reunited on that idea. Catholics in religion and heredity, they came to the belief that their marriage in the Catholic faith, in Omaha, Dec. 24, 1899, was not broken by the divorce decree granted by Judge Slover."

It would seem to an outsider that here is a clear-cut case of civil law vs. church. If the Catholic church can plead "conscience" so can the Mormon church in its practice of polygamy, but such plea was never recognized. There are certain beliefs in which our government recognizes the conscience of the individual or of a church, but as marriage is conducive to the welfare of the state, it also has its legal aspect and this government has never recognized the power of any church above that of the civil law. As the Cudahys, contrary to the rules of their church, sought redress within the civil law, they should now be estopped from pleading the church law.

If the news dispatches are correct, their present union must be viewed by society as the cohabiting of an unmarried man and woman, since the decree of divorce rendered them the same as though they never had been married.

The Catholic church in its ne temere decree has taken an arbitrary stand on marriage, one that is directly opposed to the law of this land, and if it is granted the power to control marriage, then it is above the state, for this country, to paraphrase Abraham Lincoln, "cannot endure half state and half church."

A. H. Rittenhouse.

EDITORIALS

Last Call for Fifty Centers.

Before the next issue of the Inglenook comes out the time will have expired for the special offer which we have been making since May 1. A very large number of subscriptions have come in and during the last few days an unusually large number have reached the office. Subscriptions will be accepted at the 50 cent rate until July 4. At that time the special offer expires and the regular rate of \$1.00 per year will go into effect again. No matter when your subscription expires, if you care to take advantage of this offer, your time will be extended from the time of expiration. If you have any friends who would like to take advantage of the special offer before it expires, tell them about it so they can send in their order immediately.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen.

Coming down to the office this morning I met a young man whose feet didn't quite track, whose clothes were shabby, linen soiled, slouchy hat carelessly hanging over his hind ear and an expression of "to let" in the windows of his eyes. I don't know just where he belonged and I have no idea that he knew where he was going, because he was entirely indifferent to everything that was going on around him. There was a time when he certainly had more sense than he appeared to have when I saw him. Just what induced him to leave that common sense in his native land would be hard to say for I had no conversation with him. All I got from him was the odor as I passed him. It reminded me a little of the gasoline stink from a wrecked automobile, only I should prefer the gasoline odor. At some time in his career he got the idea that it was "bright" to do some of the things that the other boys of his community would not do. He felt that it was beneath his dignity to do favors for his father or to work at an honorable trade where he would be paid reasonable wages. Leaving all the better things behind him he started out to carve a career for himself. Unfortunately he must have been sidetracked and found himself unable to steer back to respectability. He may have been lost, he may have strayed as a matter of choice or some one may have stolen his manhood and left him to his own sad fate, but it was clearly evident that he was far from a desirable port, and he had already reached the land where there was a

premium on husks, to say nothing of the rinds he may have been chewing at the time. Just where the satisfaction of such a career comes in has never yet been demonstrated. Those who have been down where they eat husks say it is better to stay away.

Caring for Other People's Property.

Two types of property owners are very clearly the result of a habit formed early in life. There is the man who keeps his property neat and clean and constantly makes an effort to increase the value of it by careful treatment; and there is the man whose premises have something of an "expecting to" appearance. The latter treats his own property just as he formed a habit of treating other people's property early in life. He is easy, careless and sometimes even slouchy. When he was entrusted with the care of some one else's possessions he was indifferent and at times destructive in handling them. If you will observe, a renter who will abuse another man's farm, either because of pure laziness or for the sake of taking all that he can possibly get while he has the advantage, will when he gets property of his own treat it in exactly the same way. Try as hard as he may he will never get away from that habit which he formed while he was a renter. He will abuse for the sake of immediate gain, never keeping in mind the fact that careful treatment will in the long run bring results and at the same time increase the value of his property. Careless habits in farming may give the farmer an easy time of it but they never increase the value of property. The man who looks well to the future welfare of his property was at some time very considerate in the handling of other people's possessions. He was neat and careful in handling other people's stock and machinery when he was entrusted with their care. He may not have gained much by it at the time but his present possessions are a testimony to the fact that his habits brought visible results when he got to be a property owner himself.

Religious Garb in Public Schools.

Some time ago the United States Government took some of the Indian schools into its own hands which formerly were in the hands of the Catholic church. When the schools were taken over the Catholic teachers were retained, and practically the same course of instruction was continued

that had been given while the schools were under the supervision of the church. All the teachers continued to wear the Catholic garb which is distinctly sectarian.

Commissioner Valentine issued an order that no religious garb should be worn in any of the schools, because the church and state are separate and distinct institutions and the state should not be colored by sectarianism. Such a ruling was entirely fair and in harmony with the principles of religious liberty and freedom of thought for which our country stands. The Catholics at once made a complaint to President Taft and he ordered the ruling of Commissioner Valentine to be suspended until an investigation is made.

The Catholics complained on the grounds of interference with their religious liberty. It is exceedingly strange how people get worked up about religious liberty when they feel that anything interferes with the position they chance to be holding, and have no regard for the religious liberty of other people who have intelligent convictions on the same questions but who differ with them in a very marked degree. Would you want your children to be under the instruction of a Catholic priest or a Catholic nun, and have the Catholic garb constantly displayed before your children? Likely not, and yet the Catholic claims that any order from the government which prevents him from displaying his Catholic garb at any time he chooses when he is employed by the government, regardless of the beliefs and convictions of other people in an interference with his religious liberty.

It seems that "everybody in this world is a little peculiar but thee and me and even thee is a little peculiar."

Sane Living.

"It is wiser to be good than bad; it is safer to be sane than mad; it is better to be happy than sad."—Browning.

If all of us lived perfectly sensibly there would be no suffering nor sorrow in the world. It is because some of us eat too much, and some of the rest of us dress too foolishly and somebody else lives too selfishly that a part of the rest of the people either have the headache or a heartache or a badly bent bank account, or are up against it, with the dumps in general. Just ordinary sensible living is the keynote to happiness both for ourselves and for those to whom we are expected to make some contribution of happiness. Abnormal living has always brought suffer-

ing to some one and it likely always will unless the conditions of well-being are changed so that the now abnormal state would become the normal. We have been sadly misled by the pleasing sensation which comes by an abnormal act, thinking that was for the time being an enjoyable moment. We had not stopped to realize that we were making a mad plunge into an experience which instead of making us stronger and giving us a larger capacity for life was really taking away our strongest pillars and making the first advance toward suffering in the near future. Eating brings one a pleasing sensation, and he who eats merely to satisfy that sensation soon finds himself suffering with indigestion. Had he always lived sanely his digestive system would always have remained normal. There is some pleasure in dressing, but when one dresses merely to satisfy that pleasure, that one will sooner or later not only have a poor bank credit but will be looked upon as a silly parader. Sensible dressing will avoid both of these embarrassing experiences and will help one to hold the respect of friends. Sane living means long life, good health, many friends, a contented mind and a light heart.

The Call Ahead.

Every normal man has at some time of his life heard a call ahead which lured him on out into fields that to him were entirely new and unexplored. If he followed the call faithfully and kept his ear open for the voice whenever it should speak, he will have had the pleasure of going on out into larger fields of life, each obedience to the call making it possible for a more important message at the next occasion to call him higher. For the man who fails to heed the voice of his possibilities, there it a continual narrowing and deadening of the visions, until finally they never come to him at all. He cannot lay the blame on the voice for not coming to him because it was his own listlessness that dulled his ears until no impression is made upon them any longer. It was his indifference that turned his mind away from the fields of interest and development until finally he settles down to a monotonous routine of duties thrust upon him and remains there lamenting that others so far outstrip him in the living activities of the world.

Behind us lies the field of past achievement. Round about us lie the opportunities of present success, but before us lies the great untrammelled plain of possibilities

toward which the "still small voice" is faithfully calling us and inviting us to partake in the making of a richer, better and happier world. The voice can only call. Having done that its mission ceases. Merely hearing the call and not making a campaign for a forward movement is as absurd as for a crew of threshing hands hearing the dinner bell and making no

effort to get to the table and then cussing because they have nothing to eat. Don't fuss. When you have an inspiration move on and get busy. There is more pleasure in moving forward and keeping busy than there ever can be in standing still and growling about what you do not like in the other fellow. The minute you start moving you will feel better about him.

OUR YOUNG AGRICULTURISTS' PAGE

Prof. F. W. Markwood

Corn.

WHEN the white man came to America, he found the Indian using corn. For that reason it, in addition to its name maize, is called Indian corn. It is a strictly American crop, the most important of American agriculture. It is king of the cereals, and the backbone of farming in our country. Live stock of all kinds are fed upon rations into which it largely enters. It feeds more human beings than any other grain. It grows in all sections of America.

A soil rich in decaying animal and vegetable matter, loose, warm, and moist, but not wet, will produce a better crop of corn than any other. Corn soil should always be well tilled and cultivated. Begin cultivation before planting. Plow deeply, destroy all clods with a disk or spring tooth harrow; the soil surface should be made mellow and fine. When manure is not available, commercial fertilizers will prove profitable on poor lands.

The best way to plant is with the horse planter, which plants evenly and regularly in hills, or drills. A few days after planting, the cornfield should be harrowed with a fine tooth harrow, to loosen the top soil, and kill the grass and weeds germinating at the surface. A little work now, while the crop is young, will save many days of harder labor. Corn must have constant cultivation for two especial reasons: 1st, to destroy the weeds that would take the plant food and water; and 2d, because constant stirring of the soil allows the air to circulate freely through it, loosens the surface soil, and greatly aids the plant growth.

Deep culture, however, is not wise; it may disturb or destroy the branching, spreading corn roots, which is sure to lessen the yield. Cornstalks ought not to

be burned or left standing, they make good food for horses, cattle and sheep; and should be saved by the use of the husker and shredder. It is too bad that many farmers underrate the value of this as a food for their stock.

The Farm Garden.

Every farm ought to have its garden, for vegetables for the table, small fruits, etc. It should be within convenient distance of the farmhouse. The spot selected should have a soil of mixed loam and clay, and every foot should be made rich and mellow by manure and cultivation. It should be laid out in a long, narrow strip of land, keeping constantly in mind convenience of cultivation, so tilling with a one horse cultivator may be done. Everything should be planted in rows; here is a good plan of arrangement, beginning at one side:

Two rows to corn for table use; two to cabbages; beets, radishes and egg-plant; two to onions, peas, and beans; two to oysterplants, okra, parsley and turnips; two to tomatoes; then four on the other side can be used for strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, currants and gooseberries.

The keynote to success in gardening is to constantly stir the soil, keeping in view these four objects: 1st, to destroy weeds. 2d, to ventilate the soil. 3d, to enrich the soil. 4th, to retain the moisture by keeping it from evaporating, which means that keeping the surface of the land well stirred prevents the moisture from leaving the soil so quickly.

Horses.

Horses are not natives of America, but we have a great many different kinds now. Where food was abundant and nutritious, and climate mild and healthful,

the early horses developed large frames, and heavy limbs and muscles. Where food was scarce, and climate cold and bleak, the animals became dwarfed, as the ponies of the Shetland Islands. The varying circumstances under which horses have been raised, originated the different breeds.

Here are some of the different breeds of heavy, or draft horses, and places of their development: Percheron, from France; Clydesdale, Scotland; Belgium Draft, Belgium; English Shire, from East England; Og Carriage, or Coach breeds: Cleveland Bay, England; French Coach, France; German Coach, and Oldenburg Coach, Germany. Of light, or road breeds: American Trotter, America; Thoroughbred, England; American Saddle Horse, from Kentucky.

The heavy draft, or work horse, has

short legs and stocky body. Roadsters are lighter in bone, and less heavily muscled; the neck is long and thin, but fits nicely into the shoulders. Every farmer ought to become, by observation and study, an expert judge of forms, qualities, types, defects, and excellencies in horses.

A horse has a small stomach, and the food should not be excessively bulky. The horse should be well groomed every day. This keeps the pores of the skin open, and the hair bright and glossy. When horses are working hard, harness should be removed during the noon hour; always blanket the horse in cool weather, when, upon stopping work, he is wet with perspiration, for the animal is as liable as man to get cold in a draught; and such exposure may entirely ruin a fine animal. Treat the horse like a man should treat the best and most faithful of all his brute friends.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH THE SAVIOR OF OUR COUNTRY!

A. H. Rittenhouse

AT a recent meeting of the Catholic Knights of Columbus held in the Elgin Coliseum severe blows were thrust at Protestantism. The next day the Elgin News gave the following report of the meeting:

Catholicism versus Protestantism allied with "the slimy beast of Socialism" was the battle predicted last night by speakers at a banquet of the Knights of Columbus at the Coliseum.

Victory for the Catholics over evils tending to destroy both nation and people it was said, would result.

Equal suffrage was decried as a menace to the country. The alarming increase in divorces was declared an impending danger.

The Catholic faith was praised as the only faith permitting God to limit the progeny of man, according to one speaker who scored the dangerous decrease of the birth rate.

Catholicism was declared the only solution, religiously and politically, for problems confronting the nation.

Three hundred persons, members of Chicago council, No. 1,555 and Elgin council, No. 654, together with numerous visitors listened in attention to the prediction that Christopher Columbus would soon become a saint.

Declarations that Catholicism gave America to the world brought forth rounds of applause. Speakers were: Rev. Joseph Hantz of Beloit, Wis., William N. Brown of Chicago, State Deputy LeRoy Hackett, James O'Brien of Chicago and Rev. J. J. McCann of Elgin.

"The United States is your country, my country—the country of Christopher Columbus, which Catholicism gave to the world," declared J. C. O'Brien of Chicago.

W. N. Brown, the next speaker, said, "There are two powers in the world—one Protestantism, representing that great evil of materialism now sweeping over the country, and the other the Roman Catholic church."

"The slimy beast of Socialism, destroying the home and nation must be fought," he concluded.

Regarding equal suffrage Rev. Hantz said, "We should refuse the right of suffrage to women. The ballot is not their place."

Father J. J. McCann reiterated his statements saying, "The women don't need the ballot. Their place is at the home where it was intended that they should exert an influence."

A debt of gratitude is due the speakers at the Knights of Columbus banquet for

so clearly outlining the issues before this country. They certainly left nothing to be desired in the way of claiming glory for themselves and their church.

It surely was a surprise to many to learn that this country is "the country of Christopher Columbus, which Catholicism gave to the world." Christopher Columbus never saw this country. His discoveries were confined to Spanish America, and we have a fair example of Catholic influence and progress (?) in the history of these countries. Further, Christopher Columbus, with all due apologies to the Sir Knights, was nothing more nor less than a pirate, bent on conquest, and his crew was the worst set of cutthroats that ever sailed the high seas. It would be quite fitting indeed for the Catholic church to canonize Christopher,—Saint Colombo,—doesn't that provoke a smile?

The Cabots have more claim as the discoverers of this country than Columbus, and our history begins with the Pilgrim Fathers. The 22d of December should ever be a more memorable date in our history than the 14th of October. Whatever of freedom and liberty and progress this country enjoys today is due to Protestant influence. The worst evil confronting this country today is Roman Catholicism, and since our Catholic friends have laid down the gage of battle, we shall see if the spirit of Protestantism is dead.

What is this institution that the Sir Knights speak so boastingly of as the only hope of this country from destruction? Its history is written in blood. When it was in full ascendancy, that period of human life is referred to as the "Dark Ages," and the Protestant Reformation was the sunrise of intelligence and the dawn of human progress. Examine her history in the life of the nations.

Spain, once the proudest nation of Europe, has long been humbled,—the result of Catholic influence. France, that hotbed of infidelity and the evils that the speakers decried, came to its grief by the same influence. Belgium, a Roman Catholic nation, is today in a state of turmoil, and the Roman Catholic clergy are compelled to hide themselves for fear the populace will mob them, and the members of these mobs are not Protestants but Catholics. How far has South America advanced during the century? And yet South America has been wholly under Catholic influence. How about the Latin nations of North America,—Mexico and the Central American States? Their history is in line

with all other countries where Roman Catholic influence has predominated. Cuba, long under Spanish and Roman Catholic rule, is today still unfit to handle her own destinies. The Philippines, where the friars long held dominion, were in the depths of ignorance and degradation when our country secured them. The history of the almost unbelievable oppressions of the Roman Catholic clergy in these islands is contained in Senate Document 190, the evidence being taken by William Howard Taft, then governor of the Islands, and the document was transmitted to the Senate by President William McKinley. The Catholic hierarchy suppressed this document, but it is still being printed by private parties.

Now, with all this evidence before us, as a matter of history, it does take colossal nerve to get up and declare such an institution as the Roman Catholic church the only safeguard of this country from destruction. Today the leading nations of the world are the Protestant nations of Germany, England and the United States. In both hemispheres the northern nations are Protestant and the southern nations Catholic, and need any more be said?

However, if this evidence is not sufficient, take social conditions in our own country today, which the speakers decried as being so bad. The legalized liquor traffic has its staunchest ally in the Roman Catholic church. Over three-fourths of the saloon-keepers of the large cities are Roman Catholics. Connected with the liquor traffic in the cities is the social evil. Miss Jane Addams and other social workers say the social evil is largely carried on in connection with the sale of liquor and if its sale could be stopped, at least one-half of the social evil would stop with it. Now, in all candor, is any institution hand in glove with such an evil a friend of morality? The same is true of Sunday desecration. Just a few weeks ago a "field day" was held in one of the ball parks in Chicago for the benefit of the Paulist choir, and it was held on Sunday afternoon.

Here in Elgin the St. Mary's Roman Catholic church took in nearly ten thousand dollars within six months from two "bazaars," the chief features of which were public dancing and a "wheel of fortune," the latter a gambling device pure and simple, and its operation should have been stopped by the chief of police. These things do not make for morality or righteousness.

Then again the Catholic church gave to

the world the word "Jesuitical," which Webster defines "designing; cunning; deceitful; crafty."

Go into the realm of politics. In New York Catholic Tammany is the controlling power. Need I enlarge? In Chicago it is the Roger Sullivan brand with the Catholic label that is the synonym of all that is bad in politics. The Western Catholic, a newspaper published at Quincy, Illinois, issued a million copies in defense of Lorimer and Edward Hines, whom it styled "a true patriot and a fellow Knight of Columbus." In San Francisco it is the Patrick Calhoun brand of politics.

Catholic priests are ever insulting our public schools, and Cardinal Gibbons refers to them as one of the five evils of the country. Why? Because they say they are "Godless and irreligious," and they are doing all they can to make them so by removing the use of the Bible even in a non-sectarian way. The worst criminals this country ever saw have come from the parochial schools. The six Polish boys convicted of the Guezlou murder in Chicago, four of whom were hanged, were the product of the parochial schools. It was the most fiendish and wanton murder ever committed in Illinois. The worst forms of slugging and thuggery in our large cities, violence in the labor troubles, is committed largely by Roman Catholics. The McNamara brothers, the arch-fiends of diabolical cruelty and violence, are Roman Catholics. The Camorristi, the terror of modern Italy, is a Catholic organization and at their recent trial a Catholic priest was one of the prisoners.

I do not say that the Catholic church countenances these crimes, but I do say that as an institution the church never has helped to solve the great social problems and never will, as it is organized. It professes to be concerned about the home and

the decreasing birth rate, and yet it advocates its clergy to live in celibacy and its women workers to lead the same life. What can such men and women know of the problems of parents or of the "home and fireside"? Such an institution alone could promulgate such infamous decrees as the *ne temere* decree and the *motu proprio* decree. The *ne temere* decree declares among other things, that "the marriage of a Roman Catholic and a Protestant by a Protestant minister or a magistrate is no marriage at all." The *motu proprio* decree threatens with excommunication any Catholic who cites before a civil magistrate any member of the Roman Catholic clergy.

The stage has long been setting for this issue. Our politicians have been subservient to the Roman Catholic hierarchy, the public press in general dare not print much that is antagonistic to it, but now that the issue has been made so plain by the Sir Knights, it is time for Protestants to get a little backbone and get on the "firing line." Political conditions today, observers say, much resemble those just before the Civil War. Then it was a question of State rights, with the specter of slavery in the background,—and a great political party was split apart. Today it is a question of representative government by all of the people instead of by a "representative part of the people," with the specter of Roman Catholicism in the background,—and a great political party may be rent in twain. This, however, will be a battle of ballots,—not bullets,—and every true Protestant should inform himself of the issues, and see that his ballot is cast that this government will endure as a government of the people, by the people and for the people,—and not turned over by sycophant politicians to be a "government of the priest, by the priest and for the priest."

RELIGIOUS GARB IN GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS

THE government of the United States, through an unfortunate incident, is face to face with a serious problem.

In taking over certain Catholic Indian schools, the government took over with them the teachers theretofore employed in them without even the formality of a civil service examination to test the fitness of the teachers. Here was the first mistake. The second was in permitting

these teachers, government employees, to continue to wear their religious dress and display religious insignia in the school-rooms. The situation was, in effect, this: the government was now maintaining and supporting Catholic schools instead of the Catholic church having to support them as heretofore. The same buildings were used, the same teachers employed, and the same religious garb and religious insignia were

in evidence. To all appearances and for all practical purposes the schools were still religious schools, Roman Catholic schools, but supported by the government.

Commissioner of Indian Affairs Robert G. Valentine, recognizing the incongruity and the illegality of the situation, ordered that all teachers in the government employ should cease to wear religious garb or display religious insignia in their schoolrooms. This order has created a great stir among Catholics, and President Taft revoked the order until such a time as a hearing could be given to all parties concerned.

We quote from the Outlook of March 30 the following very pertinent comments on the present situation:

"We see nothing on the face of Commissioner Valentine's order which is not wholly in harmony with the essential principle of complete separation of church and state in education; but if the President believes that the order is not in harmony with this long-established principle, we are very glad that he has called for a full hearing. We urge a full attendance at the hearing of all those who are interested in government education.

"If it is impossible for the government of the United States to conduct Indian schools in which the principle of the separation of church and state is absolutely maintained,—not merely nominally but actually, not merely in letter but in spirit,—then we believe that the whole system of government Indian schools should be abandoned. For it will be better for the country, Catholic and Protestant, to abandon its Indian schools and to turn them over to denominational missions or to private philanthropy than to jeopardize in the least degree the principle of the separation of church and state, upon which rests, in the last analysis, the religious liberty of every denomination and of every individual.

"The welfare of the Indian is important, but far more important is the right of every American citizen to form his own theological beliefs without the aid, the advice, the influence, or the compulsion of government."

Concerning the same matter the United Presbyterian of Feb. 29 says:

"We join with the great body of the Protestant people of the country in protest against the unbecoming and un-American admission of denominational and sectarian influence in the government schools. It is a fixed and settled principle in our national administration that the church and state are separate. It is an unwarranted

intrusion. It belongs to the persistently followed effort to give the Roman Catholic church a direct recognition in our public school system. It is a line of action that would not be allowed in any other connection. There is no infringement of personal rights in the prohibition now revoked, for such distinctive recognition of a church, or religious association, carries with it a personal influence which may become a potent religious proselytism.

"The question has been passed upon in some of the States prohibiting distinctive religious garb in the school as inconsistent with our school system, and un-American.

"We exceedingly regret the action of the President. There was no call for his interposition. There is no good that can come out of it. One can not avoid the thought that political influence entered into the case. If it is found desirable to rent such buildings, it should be remembered that renting buildings does not include the teachers and pupils.

"The effect of this revocation is to continue the admission of teachers who are not required to submit to the civil service examination. A different and a lower grade of teachers is admitted to the exclusion of the public teachers. These schools, so allowed, cease to be under full government control while yet under the national support.

"We trust such a general and influential protest may be made that Commissioner Valentine's order may be restored and the government placed on the true American, non-sectarian basis."

The New York Weekly Witness, in its issue of Feb. 21, goes into the merits of the case in the following vigorous manner, heading its article, "Government Support for Catholic Schools":

"The schools involved in this dispute are schools which the Catholic church for a time conducted as avowedly sectarian mission work—work designed to make Catholic converts. For similar enterprises no Protestant denomination would ever dream of trying to get public support. But Catholic priests still stick to it that public tax money ought to pay the expenses of their parochial schools, and in the Indian schools of the federal government they seem to be working for a practical exhibit of their theory. So they have persuaded the Indian Bureau to take over one after another of their mission schools and finance them out of the national treasury. The schoolhouses are rented from the Catholic church and the Catholic teachers are put

on the public pay-roll without even the formality of a civil service examination, which other teachers in the same work are not allowed to escape.

"Of course, when this transfer takes place, a pretense is made of secularizing the schools. But the same schoolrooms are used, the same distinctive symbols of papal ideas remain displayed on the walls, and the same monks and nuns continue to teach, wearing just as before the dress which invests them with religious authority in the eyes of the schoolchildren. In some cases instruction in Roman doctrine and ceremonial is even given in school hours.

"From conditions of this sort the whole broad problem of upholding the religious impartiality of the American commonwealth rises into view. Protestants would deem it a disgraceful subterfuge to unload their missionary institutions in any such fashion on the shoulders of the government. Shall they forbear to protest when Roman priests are practicing strategies so insidious for a purpose so un-American?

"Indian Commissioner Valentine got at the heart of the complication when he ordered sectarian clothing out of school buildings. He knew that if the order was enforced the Romanists would not be anxious to foist any more of their schools on the government.

"President Taft, vacating the order for the time being, calls the question "a matter of great delicacy," and says it should be further investigated. Well and good; let him investigate it. Perhaps he, too, now supposes it "only a fuss about clothes." When he gets to the bottom of the subject, he will surely see why Valentine thought differently. And we doubt not that by that time the President will think differently, too.

"The hearing suggested by the President was held before the Secretary of the Interior, Hon. Walter L. Fisher, on April 8. There were present at this hearing Hon. Robert G. Valentine, Commissioner of Indian Affairs; Rev. Chas. L. Thompson, president of the Home Mission Council;

Rev. Wallace Radcliffe, pastor of the New York Avenue (D. C.) Presbyterian church; Wm. H. Ketcham, superintendent of the Bureau of Catholic Missions; Dr. Laws; Edgar H. Gans, of Baltimore, attorney for the Bureau of Catholic Missions; Rev. S. H. Woodrow; Rev. E. B. Sanford, secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America; H. B. F. Macfarland, attorney for the Home Mission Council; Prof. W. W. Prescott, secretary of the Religious Liberty Association of Seventh Day Adventists; S. B. Horton, assistant secretary of the last-named organization; Hyland C. Kirk, president, and John D. Bradley, secretary, of the Washington Secular League; A. T. Jones; and Attorney Scoville.

"The hearing was a most interesting one, and we are glad to be able to give in this issue a considerable portion of the logical and unanswerable argument presented by Commissioner Valentine in defense of the order which he issued and which the President revoked. It is well worthy of careful study. The entire matter is now before the Secretary of the Interior, who will be expected to make a ruling as to whether the order of the Indian Commissioner shall be reissued, shall be issued in amended form, or remain revoked.

"We note that at this hearing the only persons who supported the revocation of the decree were Mr. Ketcham, the superintendent of the Bureau of Catholic Missions, and the Catholic attorney who spoke in the Bureau's interests. Protestantism and Catholicism, on this issue, stood squarely opposed to each other. If on all issues where a union of church and state exists or is threatened, Protestantism would stand as definitely opposed to the proposition as it did in this case, it would be vastly better for Protestantism, better for the country, and more difficult for the hierarchy to carry out its un-American ideals and purposes. But for Protestantism to do so, it must face squarely about on the question of religious legislation, especially Sunday legislation."—C. S., Liberty.

DANGERS OF SPITTING

"Ninety-five per cent of our consumption," says the North Carolina State Board of Health, "comes from careless spitting, coughing and sneezing," particularly on the part of the consumptive, but also from people who are apparently healthy. Spit is frequently laden with

deadly disease germs, particularly that of consumptives.

"When one coughs, spits or sneezes, a great multitude of tiny drops of spittle are violently expelled from the mouth and nose. The largest of these drops can be readily seen. A large number of smaller droplets can be found if a mirror or piece

of glass is held before the face when coughing or sneezing. A tremendous quantity of still smaller droplets are discharged in the form of an invisible spray or mist, which floats about in the air for some time. Scientists have found that when a man coughs, spits or sneezes in a large hall or room where the air is quiet, these tiny, invisible germ-laden droplets will float in the air for a distance of 25 to 100 feet. These tiny droplets in the form of mist or spray may be breathed in by other people, or they may settle on objects with which they come into intimate contact, such as food and clothing. Viewed in this light, such conduct is at least impolite. Furthermore, it is dangerous to the public at large to have careless people actually coughing, sneezing and spitting germ-laden

matter into their faces, even if it is invisible and in the form of fine mist."



One dirty milk man can cause more sorrow than all the criminals in Chicago.

Dirty air kills the most fathers and mothers. Dirty milk kills the most children. The fathers and mothers may be able to save themselves. The children can't.

You can strain the manure out of milk, but you can't strain out the typhoid fever.

The filter can take the dirt out of ordinary milk, but it requires pasteurization to take out the death.

If robbers killed ten men in the residence districts, what a noise there would be—but if dirty milk kills 100 babies in the congested districts you wouldn't hear a sound—except the sobs of the mothers.

THE PREVENTABLE PERILS SURROUNDING THE CHILD

One baby out of every five dies before reaching the age of two years.

About 80 percent of these deaths are from preventable diseases.



THE REASON WHY

Mrs. Ida M. Kier

THE ministers in a certain county of this State have recently given up their preaching, and have taken up newspaper work. This has caused much comment among the people, especially the church members. "Why is it?" they ask.

But this leaving the ministry for some other vocation seems to be a common thing at the present time, for in spite of the fact that there are more preachers in the world today than ever before, with hundreds of new ones entering the field each year, there are also hundreds who are leaving it each year, either to return to some former occupation, or to take up a new work in a new locality. Again, why is this?

Many of us believe there is no calling higher than that of the Christian ministry; not that the minister himself is better than other men, but his office is of divine appointment, and therefore great. The responsibility is equally as great, for every minister of the Gospel is responsible for what he preaches, and how he preaches.

In business life the employees who have the most responsible positions are the ones who receive the largest salaries. But though we say the responsibility of the minister is greater than that of any other man, we can not say that his salary is even as much as that of the average cashier or head bookkeeper.

Of course, this does not apply to the evangelists who get from one hundred dollars to sometimes even five hundred dollars for one week's service, but it is true of the hard-working home preachers with families to support, who, with their small salaries and church donations, can barely make both ends meet. The small salary, then, will be found, in nearly every case, to be the reason for the change of profession.

Our preachers should be better paid. The church member who considers that money-getting is the highest evidence of brightness, efficiency, and usefulness, can not blame the preachers if they never enter the pulpit again, for the man who can do his pulpit work with power and effectiveness can certainly get more money at some other occupation.



FLY WARFARE—YOUR WEAPONS.

Swatters.—Home-made variety consists of 8-inch square of wire netting attached to 18-inch wood handle. Use liberally.

Traps.—Good where flies are swarming. See special trap for attaching to garbage can.

Sticky Papers.—Buy them at the drug store.

Screens.—Put up early; keep up till snow flies.

Poisons.—A good formula follows:

- 1 pint of milk.
- 1 pint of water.
- 1 tablespoon formaldehyde.
- 1 tablepoonful sugar.

Mix and pour enough on piece of bread placed on saucer to thoroughly saturate. Place on window sills and where flies swarm.

N. B.—Keep your neighborhood clean and you'll have no flies to battle with.



REMINISCENCES OF THE WEST

J. L. Switzer

"And when the battle's over
We shall wear a crown,
In the New Jerusalem."

THE long unending conflict now fairly begins, with Bro. Allen Ives in the lead, tireless, unflinching, confident and good-natured leader as he was. With much patience did he and Sister Polly Ives throw wide open the doors of their humble home at Burr Oak to all the hospitable needs of the church. There our council meetings were held. There we worshiped and took sweet counsel together. There, for years, were the bountiful tables spread, and there was the loving, hospitable welcome ever waiting to receive with glad hand the needy and the poor. The penitent and the seeker were especially made welcome. Out from thence ever flowed the perfume of love and unmeasured devotion to the upbuilding of the kingdom of God's dear Son.

The baptismal font in White Rock Creek was near their home, and out from loving, devotional services held within the circle and radiance of that blessed home went often the penitent to the troubled waters. The Burr Oak churchyard was near by, and many were the bereaved whose hearts were comforted by the comforting words and loving sympathy that flowed from the heartfelt ministry of Brother and Sister Ives.

Ministerial duties often called Bro. Ives away from his home. During his absence Sister Polly was the guardian angel of the home. Well and happy did she preside. Kindly did she minister. During the great grasshopper plague, in 1874, her home was thronged with the destitute, seeking relief. Her table was kept furnished then upon the "meals at all hours" plan, and none were turned away empty during all that arduous, trying time.

But the spiritually hungry were here especially provided with manna and meat and oil of joy and the water of life, so that the fame thereof being noised abroad, the Macedonian call soon began to come in from every quarter, and the work was more extended and arduous.

Squire Marsh had buried three children, one after another, with scarlet fever. The funeral discourse so wrought upon him and his family and the neighbors, who

came and packed the house and stood up during all the services, that they demanded an immediate revival series of meetings, ending in thirteen conversions. This was followed by a union meeting at a school-house four miles away, resulting in thirty more conversions. During this series of meetings the house was packed night after night by persons who were only too glad to find standing room in the house.

A call from a dear sister and her husband who also had lost some children came in. They wanted meetings. They wanted to hear the blessed Gospel preached once more. They had left home and friends away back in old Ohio, a happy family, and now their dear children were in their graves and their house, a one-room frame structure, was freely offered for religious services.

The neighbors flocked in, afoot, on horseback, in lumber wagons, came for miles, and the most intense interest was given to every part of the services. One old lady in particular, who sat on a bench opposite the speaker, literally, and at times audibly, repeated the words of the preacher as he spoke, so intently did she hang upon the blessed gospel message. I tell you, there was inspiration in such meetings!

A Cumberland Presbyterian minister from Iowa, who had not yet exercised in his ministerial function, since coming to Jewell County, began to be roused up. He lived in a sod house, but invited us and demanded that services be held there. Several members were hence added to the church. From another series, held in the winter, seven were added. One sister was rescued from the Catholic church, and afterward her daughters, and afterward her husband, came.

Meanwhile the work at Burr Oak was spreading. Everywhere respect and attention were given to the preached Word. Everywhere the Word was fruitful, and much of the good seed seemed to fall into good ground. In summer and in winter the Gospel prevailed and grew.

The nonconformity question of obedience gave us very little trouble. The people were plain and poor. Pride had little

or no possession of their hearts, and consequently was not there to choke and hinder the growth of the good Word of God.

Our experience greatly impressed upon us the eternal significance of our Savior's words: "How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven."

It shall always be a great source of satisfaction to me to remember my fellowship, for years, with a people whose hearts were measurably devoid of pride, and to

have witnessed the much more ready acceptance of God's Blessed Word, when pride is not there. "Pride," said Neighbor Calvin, "has taken possession of the church, and we cannot get it out." This he said lamentingly when witnessing the better effects of a pure and untarnished doctrine.

We had our inning. The Sword of the Spirit began to prevail, and the desert began to blossom. Such, in my estimation, is correct and successful missionary work, "without money and without price."

EVENING CHITCHAT

Ruth Cameron

IN almost every family there is some person whom all the others dread to tell when anything goes amiss.

Once in a while it is the mother; sometimes it is a domineering son or daughter; far more often it is the head of the house.

A friend of mine fell and broke her arm. She was a middle-aged woman and was quite ill with the pain and shock. Her husband was absent at the time and she decided not to let him know about the accident until his return. The day before he was to arrive she became so frightened at the thought of telling him that her fever went up to a dangerous pitch, she actually became delirious and the nurse heard her murmur over and over again, "What will Harry say?"

Of course, the fall was entirely an accident—one does not break one's arm on purpose. And yet the thought of telling "himself" actually frightened the poor lady into a delirium.

This case is extreme, but it illustrates the queerest feature of the whole matter—that it is not only the things for which they are to blame but even the most palpable accidents which the other members of the family dread to tell to the fault-finding one. The expressman, in spite of all warnings, gouges a piece out of the hall paper; a neighbor's puppy digs up the newly planted flower bed; the butcher sends up a bad piece of meat—surely for none of these things is the mistress of the house culpable, and yet her dread of telling him about the unfortunate accident clouds over her whole day.

Once upon a time there was a man who, although at heart a very kindly person,

had gradually drifted into this attitude. One morning the housemaid broke an expensive vase, and, as usual, his wife began to dread the terrible moment when she should have to tell HIM. She was not feeling very well and the dread wore on her nerves more than usual so that by night she was almost sick.

As it happened, her husband was in a particularly good humor that evening, and when she finally summoned up courage enough to tell him, he said, very pleasantly, "Well, dear, that's too bad. You always liked that vase. Do you suppose I could find another one for you?"

Thereupon, his wife, who had expected an entirely different response, actually burst into tears from sheer relief. Explanations followed, during which the husband, being a man of unusual perception, realized the attitude he had been taking, and solemnly resolved to be more reasonable in the future.

I doubt if any of these dreaded folks realize how much happiness they spoil. Oftentimes they are led into this attitude by their women folks' readiness to apologize and cringe in regard to any unfortunate happening. Tyrants of any sort, as I have often said, are partly other folks' fault.

Are you in the least degree such a tyrant? Or are you doing anything to help make one?—Chicago Journal.



Wary.—The Prisoner—"There goes my hat. Shall I run after it?"

Policeman Casey—"Phwat? Run away and never come back again? You stand here and I'll run after your hat."—Everybody's Magazine.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Dear Children:

We are back at home again and are glad for it. Today Dan is twenty-one years old. If we were home we would give him a dish of ice cream, not saying anything about the licking he would get because mother and I together could give it to him. Well, two of our four children are now, according to law, themselves and for themselves. From now on Dan will, in the eyes of the law, be responsible for his life and conduct. That means a whole lot too.

Sunday morning we went to Malmö for breakfast. Took a nine o'clock train for Landskrona. Brother and Sister Mauritsen, Bro. Niels Johnson, Bro. Andersson and a sister whose name I have forgotten went with us. By ten o'clock we reached the burg and were met by Bro. Weijler's thirteen-year-old "flicka." She remembered me and the candy I gave her three years before. She led us to their home far out in the suburbs of the city. The first thing was to serve us coffee and cake. This was at eleven. Then we sat around and visited till 2:30, when we sat down to dinner. Then at four we had meeting. A goodly number of people gathered. My interpreter was a young man who had been about all over the earth, a blacksmith by trade. He had been in Brooklyn, Spokane, Philip-pines, Calcutta, and had just come home a few weeks ago from Bombay. He was not a Christian, and the general opinion is that he was caught in the house of the Lord doing a work that touched his heart more than perhaps any other there. I talked about "Peace Which Passeth All Understanding," and he was of those who did not have it. He was not a good interpreter, and I shall not venture with his kind again. The lady interpreter is a good Christian lady who knows the Bible, and that is a great help.

After meeting we took a walk, all of us together, out by the seashore among the pretty flowers and villas, as they would call our home in Elgin. There was much to enjoy and remind us of home. We all walked together and chatted with the bunch as much as possible. On the way in the morning I was going through their hymn book here and trying our tunes and

found two that we could use,—"Jesus Saves," and "Just As I Am," by doing a little changing. I sang them for the party, and you should have seen their faces light up as they heard the tunes! They listened and finally joined, and I stayed by it till they learned the tunes. At prayer meeting this evening I mean to use them. How they appreciate new songs! One thing is sure, if these people forget us they will never forget those two tunes.

We returned to the mission house rather early, and as we were tired soon went to bed. They gave us a bed three feet wide and five feet four inches long. But if short for my six feet we slept fine. I would not have thought about the size of the bed, but mama asked me to take the measure and I did so.

Monday morning we started for home intending to visit some members on the way. We came down the road to a place,—I have forgotten the name,—and left the train. We took to the country, walked the road till we came to a big ditch. There we turned and walked along the bank of the ditch down thru field and pasture, passed thatched-roofed homes with house and barn all in one and filled with children galore, until at last we came to the home of Sister Olin. Her husband died four years ago. He was a fine minister and well-to-do man. He gave, nearly ten years ago, the ground for the meetinghouse in Kjöfinge. We received a warm welcome and soon were drinking coffee and eating cake. Then we visited. She took us into her garden. Yes, we in America must sit back for we can not show a garden like hers. Mama was simply surprised beyond measure. The neat walks hedged in by boxwood trees of different ages, the path rounded high in the middle and the edges showing the marks of teeth and rake. Gracefully these paths lead thru the garden and on either side such fine vegetables; also fruit trees that were bearing apples, pears, cherries, bushes and all kinds of ripe gooseberries, and on every hand "Var så god," which meant, "Please help yourself." Finally, we meandered to a dense cluster of trees right in the center of the

(Continued on Page 749.)

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE THIRD BEATITUDE.

J. C. Flora.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."—Matt. 5: 5.

You may think that there is but little, if any, difference between the "poor in spirit" and the "meek." The poor in spirit is an acquired virtue, while meekness is a passive virtue. The spiritually poor may be arrogant, high-tempered, and impulsive, while the meek are just the opposite in disposition.

The constitution of many of us is directly opposite to meekness. In all of our efforts and attempts to do things we feel that we are slighted or that our work is not appreciated. Do you not know some one who is always in a fret and finding fault and feeling slighted? Such a one does not demonstrate the characteristics of meekness. Do you not know of those who feel that they do not enjoy the rights and freedom that they ought to be recipients of? In business they feel that their neighbors are trespassing on their rights. In church affairs they contend for the non-conservative thing. In fact, they spend most of their time trying to get what they deem justice. Their energy is spent for destruction instead of construction. You have seen people who worry and fret about almost everything. A hundred and one things seem to bring them trouble that would not disturb the meek.

There are those who for a long time rebel against God. They criticise and find fault with everything that pertains to Christianity. On the other hand, there are those who quietly submit their life and influence to him. They are willing and anxious to know his will concerning them, and then freely do the things that he asks them to do. They do not spend their time trying to do away with his commands or trying to divert their meaning, but in meekness do whatever they are commanded to do.

I just now recall a saintly old father who had many perplexing problems and difficult tasks to perform. It seems as if everyone was trying to agitate him and cause him to lose his temper and do or say something that he would be sorry for. But the old father was the very impersonation of meekness, and all the forces that could be brought against him could not dispossess

his meek spirit. This one trait, perhaps more than all others, has characterized the Quakers who have quietly and in meekness filled a very prominent place in our American history. Our own people, including a few other small denominations, have always stood for the quiet and meek life. I do not know of a greater compliment that might be passed upon a community of people than to say they are modest and always demonstrate the quiet and simple life. We may feel sure that such a disposition is similar, in many respects, to that of Jesus himself and that it meets the commendation of this beatitude.

If we are meek we will be gentle toward our fellow-men. One of our greatest duties is our relation to our fellow-men. This relation may be one of selfishness, indifference, envy, hatred, or haughtiness, or it may be one of love, gentleness and meekness. This does not mean that we should always approve of everything our fellow-men may do. In many cases we can not, but we need not show the displeasure with strong rebuke or indecent fault-finding or harsh criticism, but rather in meekness yet firmly show our disapproval.

The meek have a disposition to be calm when others around them are excited. Did you ever observe in a game or contest of any kind where most of those interested were aroused, their passion raised, and yet one or two walked around in perfect repose? In time of excitement some may be possessed with the mob spirit, others irresponsible for what they do, and still others may be calm and undisturbed. Those who have such poise and repose have many things in their favor. And again, if the meek person does become enraged and lose control of his temper, it is soon all over. In a few moments his ruffled spirit has been pacified and he is perfectly willing to make everything right.

This beatitude may not be so clear to many of us, as it was to the Japanese nobleman who said that "this had been the hardest sentence in the English Bible to understand." He noticed who had the earth, and he couldn't just understand the meek. The beatitude is true just the same though appearances are against it. When you go into the mill and see some lordly fellow swelling around he is really the "old man." That quiet country parson-

looking man over there is Mr. Wanamaker. That important man with the great voice is the elevator starter.

To those who are meek, to those who are quiet, to those who are unassuming come the richest blessings of life. We may not think so, but it is true. Meekness has a tendency to promote our health, wealth, comfort, and safety and in fact, all the joys of life. It is to the truly meek that the larger blessings come, and they may come, and often do come when you least expect them. Our extremity is often God's opportunity. The springs at the base of the Alpine Mountains are fullest and freshest when the summer sun has dried and parched the verdure in the valleys below. The heat that has burdened the arid plains has melted the mountain glacier and snow and increased the volume of the mountain stream. Thus, when adversity and sorrow have dried the springs of earthly comfort and hope, God's greatest springs of salvation and love flow freshest and fullest to gladden the heart.

Who are the meek people of the earth? We all answer in unison that as a class they are the farmers. And the farmers own the earth. The meek shall not only inherit the earth beneath, but they shall also be welcome recipients to heaven above.



LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME.

(Continued from Page 747.)

garden. Inside by a narrow entrance we stepped and sat down to a table and lemonade and cake were brot to us. It was a dreamland, to say the least. She has a fine little toy spaniel, and mama petted the dog all the time. She has a half-grown daughter. Her front room is occupied by a store which she runs with her house-keeping.

We finally had to say good-bye, and soon were at the home of a brother and wife whose little house was interesting because of its smallness. I had to stoop, of course, to get in. But their hearts were large. The sister hastened and brot us some pears to eat and after a few words we said good-bye and went on.

Then we walked down thru field and by a sleeping running brook, passed more thatched-roof cottages with stables in the other end, until we came to the home of Karen Hansen. She is the sister that years ago was healed of a cancer, that had already eaten away a part of her nose and face. The healing came thru anointing, her great faith and answer to fervent prayer. When mama understood you

should have seen the expression of joy in her face that she was in this home. Of course, the first hospitable thing the sister did was to give us some preserved raspberry juice and serve it with cakes. Then mama spied her loom, where she weaves fine bedspreads. Mama would bring home a bedspread, but it is too heavy. So I arranged with the sister to weave a pillow cover for the sofa, with mama's initials, "A. M. R.," in it. She will have it ready for us in September when we leave. It was hard to leave this home, but on we went to the railroad, down the track to Kjeffinge and to the outskirts of a town to see a sister, who was not at home. Of course, I might remark that it had set in to rain slowly. But what matters that? We walked on just the same, came back and took the train to Furuland, where we visited the home of Bro. Lindell, one of our ministers. They have a good home. He had an organ and I played, "Home, Sweet Home," and some other tunes. After worship here we went to the train and reached our home at 6:30, tired and glad we were back. We walked over seven miles and mama said she had trouble "to track." I do not wonder at that. This is her first turn at long walking and it is not her last if she is to keep up with these dear people.

We had hoped for mail from home last evening, but there was none. I met the District Mission Board and went over all their matters. This morning mama complained a little and did not go along with me to town for breakfast. I took my lesson,—no mail at all,—and came home for work. But, by the way, before I reached home Bro. Jönsen, of Vanneberga, called on mama, and they just looked at each other. I then stepped on the scene and words began to come. I had a talk with him. In two weeks we will be at his place having meetings. He is the father of that family of fifteen children whose picture we have at home.

Say, you tell Lena Long that I bot her a European present this morning, and if she does not like it then it is because I have become thoroughly Swedish and don't know what will make her smile. I bot a similar one for mother and those two will be the only ones of the kind in America, as far as I know. I never saw the like, and when mother saw them she said that was just it. You must tell Lena to be good till we get back. But I must close and take up other work. God bless you at home, is our prayer.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

M. Andrews.

To make a good cement for china or glass, into a thick solution of gumarabic stir plaster of paris until the solution assumes the consistency of thick cream. Apply with a brush to the broken edges and join together. In three days' time you cannot break the article in the same place, and the whiteness of the cement adds to its value.

Pulverized alum and sugar equal parts, ten grains of each, mixed with the beaten white of an egg, will cure croup instantly. If the first dose fails, repeat.

Clean the milk strainer by rubbing salt through it. If you have a furnace deposit all waste papers and scraps in it, and about every two weeks through the summer burn it. This will not only take the moisture out of the pipes and chimney, thus preventing rust, but will also rid you of the trash.

To clean bearskin, and to keep from removing the curl, mix gasoline and flour together, so as to make a thick paste; then apply it to the goods, and then let dry thoroughly, when the gasoline will escape and the flour will dust out. It is also good for knit yarn goods.

To polish silverwear or jewelry, put a piece of burlap in the oven and let it brown to ashes. It will polish jewelry to look like new.

To preserve brooms, dip them in a kettle of boiling suds once a week, and they will last much longer, making them tough and pliable. A carpet wears longer when swept with a broom cared for in this manner.

Always moisten with the tongue the wrong side of the buttonholes of starched collars, cuffs and shirts just before attempting to button them. That will soften the starch slightly so that they will button easily, and they will never tear out.

Use discarded bedspreads for bath towels. Cut them the size desired and hem all around, and you will find them as serviceable as Turkish towels for the bath.

To clean and revive black taffeta silk, take as much whiskey as required and rub well into the silk. This will not only remove all dust and grease, but will make the material look like new.

To clean white wool, rub with ground rice, using a pad of cotton to apply it.

Brush out, and the cloth will be found quite clean.

It is said that coal may be made to last as long again by taking a large handful of common washing soda dissolved in half a gallon of warm water and throwing over about a hundredweight of coal, allowing it to dry before using.

Before attempting to drive a nail through wood, push it through a thin cake of soap. It will then go through the wood easily without splitting in the least.

To frost a bathroom window, make a very strong solution of epsom salt and vinegar, apply with a brush and afterwards go over it with white varnish.

To brighten colors in faded wool work, wash in soda and water and dry in the open air. Faded colors become bright under this process.

Tumblers that have contained milk should be rinsed in cold water before being washed in hot. Putting a milky glass in hot water will cloud it permanently.

If a lemon has been cut and only half used, the remaining half may be preserved by placing it cut side down on a plate and covering with a glass. This excludes the air and will keep the lemon fresh for some time.

To keep milk put a pinch of baking soda in it as soon as it arrives. This will do much to prevent the turning sour.



"The Comfort of It."

Nowhere, in all the world, can a woman be such a power as in the home; and all recognize this fact, and that a home in the true sense of the word is impossible without the feminine touch. It seems possible, sometimes, for an effeminate man to make things in a degree "homey," but only the true, feminine touch can give to the habitation its most wonderful charm. Without it, there is always a lacking. Sometimes I dream of the "cave" mother of the long ago ages, who lovingly scraped together the leaves of the forest and the grasses of the fields for beds and couches of ease for the man and the little ones who came to her. I often wish I could know what to understand." He noticed who had the to follow her throughout the day as she passed from one duty to another, making a secure hiding place for the little human

creatures for which her life was so freely given. There was love in those rude cave homes, too, if only the crude love of the animal for its mate and its young; and I fancy it was the maternal, rather than the wifely love, that kept her to her often arduous duties of provision and love of home—a habitation where our choicest possessions may be safely kept, whether the material or the emotional. Down deep in the nature of every woman is the instinctive longing for love, wifehood and motherhood, however feebly it may burn, and nothing except brutal abuse can ever utterly quench its light. The woman now developing through the transitional stage of the age is just as home-loving as her sisters of long ago; but she has learned some hard lessons, and her ideals have expanded. She works just the same as the long-gone cave sister, in the same lines, but not in the same ruts. Wherever the woman is, whether there be mate or child, or loneliness, the home shows through—a touch here and there of the fingertips, and underneath it all, we find the home mother—the cave woman. Many women, wise and good and beautiful, true, gentle, affectionate, sympathetic and cheerful, are neither wives nor mothers by law nor by nature; but every woman is a home maker in some degree.



Perfuming the Summer Wardrobe.

In order to properly perfume one's personal apparel, care should be taken to buy the best ingredients for the perfume or the sachet, and use but little of it, a single drop on a garment. Laces, handkerchiefs, lingerie, should all get their odor from their lying in boxes or drawers lined with sachet powder bags; the odor should be faint and delicate, and only pure drugs should be used. Always patronize a reputable druggist, though it may be more expensive at first. The sachet powders, etc., ordered through the mail, or bought over the counters of cheap stores, are not often lasting, or satisfactory.

For sachet powder to lay about among the clothing, or hang in wardrobes among dresses, get the best grade of Florentine orris root, and fill little china silk bags with it. Lay these sachet bags wherever you want the perfume. If perfumes are good and pure, it only takes a short time for the odors to permeate the wood or linings, and impart to anything contained in the receptacles the faint, delicate scent one likes best. A single grain of musk,

well wrapped in cotton to prevent its becoming too strong, is practically imperishable, and will soon lend a very rich fragrance to the garments. A drop of genuine attar of roses will do the same; but each of these is very expensive.

For a good sachet powder, which a reliable druggist should mix to insure purity of drugs, take ten grammes each of powdered tonka bean, cloves and cinnamon, all powdered; twenty-five grammes each of benzoin powder, sandalwood powder, orange peel powder; fifty grammes of lavender flower powder, and 500 grammes of orange flower powder.

This will make a quantity sufficient to fill large sachets for lining drawers of dressers, or trunk trays, or bottoms of boxes. To make the sachets, have thick cotton wadding, open in halves and on the one sprinkle plentifully of the mixture, cover with the other half, tack or tuft or loosely quilt the two together, and lay where wanted.



The Summer Thirst.

We are constantly being told by those who are presumed to know, that altogether too many fluids other than pure water are used during the hot season. Some authorities even go so far as to claim that all such beverages as lemonade, plain soda, tea, coffee, and other fluids are drug drinks, and not only serve to create an abnormal thirst, but produce various gastro-intestinal disorders. Digestive disturbances are very prevalent during the summer season, and it is a question gravely discussed as to how much these ailments may be due to the soda fountain habit, when we consider the nature of the stuff dispensed therefrom. A great deal of the ice cream sold at stands and in cheap restaurants is made of untested and stale milk, the flavoring more or less impure, or made of harmful ingredients already well on the way to decomposition. Although such disturbances often pass away quickly, in many cases they lead to chronic intestinal diseases and persistent disorders of digestion, which are very hard to overcome. It is said that Americans consume greater quantities of unwholesome stuffs than any other people, and are largely a nation of invalids. The stuffs sold on the streets and corners at a cent a glass are very attractive to little children, who hasten, whenever they get a penny, to drain as many glasses of the liquid as their means will command.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—Is coffee injurious to the body? G. I. H.

Answer.—That depends on the way coffee is made and on the condition of the body at the time it is being used. The way coffee is ordinarily made it is decidedly injurious to the body and brings on serious effects. When one feels the need of coffee as a stimulant it is an indication that its use is proving harmful and that it should be discontinued. There is very little food value in coffee. It serves more as a whip to drive the system along than as a source of nourishment. Better results can be secured from some of the cereals, such as postum or barley, which are free from the stimulating effects found in coffee.

Many people who at one time thought coffee was an absolute essential for their breakfast have quit using it and feel better physically than they ever did while they were using it.

There is a marked difference in the quality of coffee that is on the market. The cheaper grades are more harmful than the better grades. Here perhaps is one secret as to why coffee today shows more harmful effects than it did in former years. Ten years ago a very good grade of coffee could be bought for twenty-five cents per pound. As the cost of living has increased, the price of coffee has correspondingly increased, and many people who were accustomed to buying twenty-five cent coffee have continued at that price and are now getting an inferior grade which is leaving more marked evil effects, whereas formerly they purchased a very good grade for the same money. Today both postum and barley are cheaper than the poorer grades of coffee and are less harmful than the better grades of coffee.



Question.—How can a young man make a little money for himself when he is kept busy at home? D. E. R.

Answer.—There are a number of ways by which a young man can make a little money even though he is kept quite busy with his regular work.

Pick out an acre or two of ground that is being neglected on your father's farm and get your father's permission to use

that ground for yourself. Clean up all the weeds and grass from the ground and fertilize the ground well with manure. Then plow and harrow the ground thoroughly and plant a crop of something that will find ready sale in your community. If you live in a corn country, you can do well by writing to your agriculture college and to your department of agriculture for instructions on breeding corn. The process is very simple. Breed a good quality of corn on your acre of ground and you will find more market than you can supply in selling seed corn the next spring. If you are not interested in corn, try potatoes, onions, or asparagus, or any crop that you may choose but make a specialty of that one crop and learn all there is to be learned about that crop. Be sure you give your ground scientific treatment and give your crop scientific care and your one acre will produce more than any other one acre on the farm.

If you do not care about trying the cultivation of an acre of ground, try raising a pen of hogs or chickens or buy a calf and learn how to care for and handle cattle. Make a special study of whatever you try and make that one thing pay.

Be sure you pay your father a proper amount of rent for the use of that acre of ground, or if you have live stock pay him for the feed used. Or you might give him half of the profits for the feed used.



Question.—Is there any profit in planting an orchard on a farm? S. A. L.

Answer.—If the orchard is planted and left to grow and take care of itself it does not pay and is not worth the time, money and ground it takes for it. If the orchard is given a reasonable amount of time and attention it can be made to pay as well as any crop on the farm. Just planting a tree and then paying no more attention to it will not produce any fruit. It needs to be pruned every spring. The ground needs to be worked so the air can get down to the roots, and it needs to be sprayed to protect the fruit from the stings of the insects.

If an orchard could be made to be productive without any care or attention every lazy man would set his whole farm in orchards. The reason so many orchards are not productive is because the farmers who own them are making a specialty of some other crop and do not give the orchard any attention. Most of these

farmers are located so that they find some other crop more profitable, perhaps because they have a better market for it, and so give all their attention to that phase of farm work.

However, it is much nicer to have fruit from your own orchard and get it fresh from the trees than to depend on buying it when it is shipped in. Sometimes it is shipped in and sometimes it does not reach that section of the country at all. Even when it is shipped it generally is not fresh because it had to be picked before it was quite ripe. It will not take very much time nor labor to care for a few trees. Many farmers, perhaps, were too ambitious for a good orchard and planted too large a one so that they were not able to care for it and so became discouraged and concluded that it does not pay at all.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Puzzled.—Willie.—“Pop what are ‘ancestors’?”

Father.—“Well, I’m one of yours—your granddad is another.”

Willie.—“Oh! But why is it that folks brag about them?”—New York Globe.



Misleading Evidence.—Gentleman (engaging groom)—“Are you married?”

Groom.—“No, sir, I was thrown again a barbed-wire fence and got my face scratched!”—The Tatler.



HE STUTTERED TOO.

Three strangers were in the Pullman smoker, when one of them turned to another and asked:

“H-How f-f-f-far is it t-to P-P-P-Pittsburgh?”

The man addressed made no reply, but got up and left the car. The stutterer then turned to the third man, who gave him the information.

A few moments afterwards the third man met the one who had left the car and said:

“See here! Why did you go out without answering, when that man asked you a civil question?”

“D-D-Do you think I w-w-wanted to g-g-gget m-y head knocked off?” was the answer.—Ladies’ Home Journal.



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butcher was telling his wife of the arrival of a new summer resident.

"She came in today," he said, with enthusiasm, "and I can tell you she's a real lady, brought up select and exclusive. She don't know one cut o'meat from another, nor veal nor mutton."—Youth's Companion, nor veal from mutton."—Youth's Companion.



ACCEPTING RESPONSIBILITY.

Molly, the new cook, had a habit of keeping her mouth ajar the greater part of the time. The habit annoyed her mistress exceedingly, and one morning she lost all patience.

"Molly, your mouth is open," said the mistress.

"Indeed, ma'am, so it is," said Molly, grinning. "I opened it."—Youth's Companion.



A NEW IDEA.

"Your honor," said the arrested chauffeur, "I tried to warn the man, but the horn would not work."

"Then why did you not slacken speed, rather than run him down?"

A light seemed to dawn upon the prisoner. "That's one on me. I never thought of that."—Houston Post.



SARAH'S SQUANDERINGS.

In Concord, New Hampshire, they tell of an old chap who made his wife keep a cash account. Each week he would go over it, growling and grumbling. On one such occasion he delivered himself of the following:

"Look here, Sarah; mustard-plasters, fifty cents; three teeth extracted, two dollars! There's two dollars and a half in one week spent for your own private pleasure. Do you think I am made of money?"—Lippincott's.



His Objection.—"Don't you think the coal-mines ought to be controlled by the Government?"

"I might if I didn't know who controlled the Government."—Life.



Joy Complete.—"We've got a brand-new mahogany piano," said Mr. Cumrox.

"But nobody in your family can play it."

"Yes, that's the best thing about it."—Washington Star.

THE INGLENOOK

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The INGLENOOK

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¶ The Nook is just zine you want in your weekly visit it carries essays on subjects ering; up-to-date, to-provoking editorials; that which is clear, ing in life. And then ous Field," "House-Hints," "Questions "Among the Books" and occasionally, a few "Brain Lubricators."

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Ill.

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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THE INGLENOOK

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RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Summer Schools for Country Ministers.

THE Presbyterian Department of Church and Country Life has been active in establishing summer schools for ministers who are working in rural districts. With its active coöperation four special Summer Schools will be conducted this summer, one in the East, one in Wisconsin, one in Missouri, and the fourth in Colorado. Last summer we mentioned the course offered by the Auburn Theological Seminary. This institution is conducting a second summer course from July 8 to 20 with some additions to the work of last year. There will be lectures on "The Church for the Working Farmer," "Social Service in the Village and Country Church," "The Minister and the Country Church," "The Pastor and the Educational Activities of His Parish," and "Fundamental Principles of Moral and Religious Education."

During the Summer School at the University of Missouri, July 22 to August 9, special courses will be given for the benefit of the country minister in Economics and Sociology. Of course these courses will be non-sectarian. Similar courses of instruction will also be offered at the University of Wisconsin by the University Pastors' Association.

It is also encouraging to note that the State agricultural colleges are realizing what they can do for the country minister and school teacher and the close connection between good morals and intelligent farming. The following agricultural colleges are offering special courses during the summer for ministers and other workers interested: Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass.; Connecticut Agricultural College, Storrs, Conn.; New York State Agricultural College, Ithaca, New York;

Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pa.; Rochester Agricultural College, Rochester, New York; University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.; University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.; University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.; Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.; Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kans.; Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon.

We are not attempting a complete list of summer conferences and schools devoted to the needs of the rural workers, scores of which will be conducted all over the United States. The Young Men's Christian Association and the Y. W. C. A. conduct conferences and camps wherever the local needs are great enough, and several denominations are offering conventions and conferences for rural workers. Perhaps the Presbyterian Church is the best organized in this class of work.

A Pioneer Rural Worker.

Nearly every reader knows of Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, but few take time to inquire into the history of the institution. The college has been in existence for seventy-nine years, having been established in 1833. It was founded by two persons, the Rev. John J. Shipherd and Mr. Philo P. Stewart, who had received their enthusiasm from reading the life of a pioneer country minister in France—John Frederic Oberlin. It is about this minister rather than the college that we wish to write.

His active work began in 1760 when he made a complete surrender to his God and ended in 1826 when his life passed away. John Oberlin was well educated, having been graduated from college at the age of eighteen and having received his degree of doctor of philosophy when only twenty-three years old; and what is equally as im-

portant, he had received a thorough home training from his German parents. This home training together with his educational achievements gave a sturdiness to his character that counted so much during his life ministry. At the time of his conversion he made this promise: "I give myself to thee this day in the most solemn way. I consecrate all that I am and all that I have, the faculties of my soul, the members of my body, my portion and my life." After a short service as chaplain in the French army he accepted a call as pastor to a poor community in Waldersbach, a mountain parish in France, where he lived a most remarkable career. We would be doing an injustice if we failed to mention that John Oberlin was not alone in his ambitions. He was married to Madeline Witter in 1768 and the two united their hopes and ambitions for the future. They recognized more than one need among the mountain people of Waldersbach. They saw, as we are only beginning to see now, that religious work cannot be isolated entirely from all other lines of endeavor. Progress must be made along the whole line. Their parishioners needed mental development and the Oberlins sought to supply that need. They built schools for teacher training. The country needed development. John Oberlin had good roads constructed and other improvements made for the good of his people. Unfortunately the happy coöperation of husband and wife was of rather short duration. Mrs. Oberlin lived only sixteen years after her marriage, when she departed, leaving John alone to complete their life work which they had planned. With renewed consecration he pressed forward and his life is well put in his own words, "The best work for me is where I can do the most good with the least recompense." At one time they were about to come to America to work in a community in Pennsylvania, but just then the Revolutionary War broke out and they could not come. The lives of these two people amid the extreme hardships and persecutions of their day have been the inspiration of more than one young person during the last century. Oberlin College, itself, stands as a live monument to the one who saw the need of mental development in connection with religious work.

Professor Clifton F. Hodge.

Last summer the newspapers were full of the accounts of fly-catching campaigns conducted in several cities in the United States. In all probability the idea originated in the mind of Professor Hodge, of



Clifton F. Hodge.

Clark University. His plan was to give prizes to the children for the largest quantity of flies caught. One boy in Worcester, where Professor Hodge lives, caught twenty-two quarts of flies in a single day last summer. Two hundred and thirty-two children entered the contest. Mrs. Robert M. La Follette writes a short sketch of Prof. Hodge and his work in the June American Magazine, to which we are indebted for the photograph. She says that Mr. Hodge believes in educating the children rather than trying to do much with the parents since the latter are frequently too old to take to such ideas. Prof. Hodge says: "We cannot hope effectively to reach parents—heterogeneous, busy, untaught, scattered, often foreign, immoral sometimes themselves. Hence our main hope is through the schools, to save the young from falling into the mire and being contaminated through ignorance." Mrs. La Follette clearly shows our inconsistency in destroying those creatures which do us good and letting live those that harm and even kill us. "We are exterminating many of the finest species of game birds and mammals the continent has produced. We have despoiled our forests, until devastating floods are followed by widespread water-famines and droughts. Even the best ele-

ments of our soils are being washed away to befoul our rivers and harbors. All this flood of loss and wreckage can be stopped by adequate education."

Marriage of Relations.

There are sixteen States which prohibit the marriage of first cousins on the ground that it is not for the best of the race that children be born from persons closely related. It is very much for the same reason that the marriage of persons made physically unfit by some disease is prohibited. We have mental defectives enough now to fill our asylums and more besides, and it is certainly wise to enact some preventive measures. Many people think that the marriage of first cousins in itself is the cause of mental weakness in the offspring but this theory needs some qualifications. Dr. Arner of Columbia University has made a very thorough investigation of this subject and has obtained some fig-

ures that bear study. On an island where 700 people lived isolated and where they intermarried for several generations he found not a single case of feeble-mindedness. Again, in another community, smaller than the one above, where intermarriage was common, deaf-mutism was also common. It is claimed that about thirteen per cent of the consanguineous marriages in this country result in defective offspring. Those figures and the results of careful investigations into the subject tell us clearly that if we take into consideration the next generation we must conclude that the marriage of first cousins is not best. When children are born from near relatives in all probability the weaknesses of the family are inherited. That may be the reason for defective children. This rule does not always hold as has been shown, but the percentage is sufficiently large to be taken into consideration.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

A New Party.

Never has a political party started with such strength as the National Progressive promises to show. The Republican party grew by gradual accretions, having begun as the Liberty party, then as the Free Soil, and finally attained power as the Republican. The minor parties, Know-nothing, Temperance, Populist, all started small and gained a certain strength. But it looks as if the Progressive party were beginning strong, controlling important States and commanding unlimited backing in money from men of great wealth. The Taft wing of the Republican party had in the convention the Southern States, which it could never carry and in which it could get few votes, while strong Republican States were in the Roosevelt column, and their delegates have deserted the old party for the new. Whether they can carry their people at home we cannot tell, but they believe they can. In that case we do not see why they may not control as many votes, and carry as many members into the Electoral College, as can the Republican party with its candidate. The Republican party has suffered a serious and possibly fatal blow.

A new alignment of parties may be necessary. It has been anticipated for some time when it has been observed that there have been no moral principles, and none of any other kind, to separate one party from

the other. The old Republican party that elected Lincoln had principles. It forbade the extension of slavery, and in war it abolished it; and then it spent years in the attempt to reorganize government in the seceding States on the basis that all men were free and equal. But when it seemed necessary, under President Hayes, to leave the protection, or suppression, of the negroes to the States, the Republican party ceased to take any more interest in the care of them. Meanwhile the debt caused by the war required a heavy income, and the party put heavy protective duties into its platform. Soon protection became the party's chief political asset, money instead of principle, and in a measure, to a degree greatly exaggerated by partisans of the other side, the high tariff favored wealth, and the Republican party came to be called the party of millionaires, although huge fortunes were equally amassed by railroad kings, gold kings and mining kings of both parties; but the talk of the tariff by the Democrats, who wanted it just the same for cotton and sugar, and the talk about bosses, found in both parties, helped the charge that the Republican party was the party of privilege. —The Independent.



The Republican Platform.

There are several excellent planks in the platform adopted by the national Republi-

can convention. The currency plank, although vague, is satisfactory, and especially significant and notable is the clause which promises investigation of coöperative agricultural banks and other credit facilities in rural communities. The trust plank leaves something to be desired. The reference to a "federal trade commission" is ambiguous. There is not in the plank the proper and needful emphasis on the desirability of constructive legislation safeguarding "big" but beneficial and economically necessary corporations. There is no positive recognition of the truth that size is no test either of legality or of safety in a corporation. Supplementary legislation naming and clearly defining criminal offenses is advisable, but its importance is distinctly secondary.

The tariff plank is particularly open to criticism. "Some of the existing import duties are too high," the plank states, and a nonpartisan tariff commission, with readjustment of rates to conform to changed conditions, is advocated. But the "test" frankly adopted four years ago, the test to which the President appealed in his reciprocity campaign—namely, the cost of production—has been dropped. Why?

The tariff plank of 1908 said: "In all tariff legislation the true principle of protection is best maintained by the imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American industries."

The new plank declares that duties "should be high enough, while yielding a sufficient revenue, to protect adequately American industries and wages." This may mean anything—or nothing. What is the test of "adequate" protection?

The Democrats regard the tariff as the leading issue of the campaign. The high cost of living makes it such to the average man and woman. The Republican plank is too vague and marks a step backward.—Record-Herald.



American Women Against Lawlessness.

The club women assembled at San Francisco cheered one of their prominent speakers when she opposed the expression of any sympathy with the extreme, militant suffragettes in England, whose policy of window-smashing, assaults on officials and "hunger strikes" in prisons is playing havoc with the cause of suffrage. American women, the speaker said, could not afford to encourage violence and lawlessness; there was too much of that in the world already.

The truth is, not a handful of the American women who are working for equal suffrage have a word of approval for the British window-smashers and rioters in the "movement."



Belmont Meets Bryan.

An indication that William Jennings Bryan's fight is against the financial interests as a body and not personally against any of the men usually identified with Wall Street was an incident that occurred in the Belvedere at Baltimore.

Mr. Bryan and his brother were in the elevator going to their rooms on the ninth floor. When the car reached the third floor Perry Belmont stepped aboard.

At first the New York financier, who had been bitterly denounced by the Nebraskan, did not notice who was in the car. When he glanced around he started to step out, but then thought better of it and remained.

He looked embarrassed. As the New Yorker, after a glance at the westerner, turned partly around, Colonel Bryan saw him. Instantly his face broke into a smile.

"How are you, Mr. Belmont?" he asked, extending his hand.

Mr. Belmont's face relaxed into part of a smile as he shook hands.

"It's pretty warm," was his perfunctory reply.

"Yes," said Mr. Bryan. Then looking directly at Belmont he asked, "Were you there?" referring to the convention.

"I was," replied Mr. Belmont.

"Quite a demonstration," remarked Mr. Bryan, genially.

"It seemed to be," said Mr. Belmont, noncommittally, as he turned with evident relief to get off the car. The conversation did not seem particularly agreeable to him.

Mr. Belmont could not fathom the commoner's way of doing things.

Saturday, before the Bryan party went to the Armory, the New York financier was moving around the hotel lobby. He seemed nervous and ill at ease. That family conference of Bryan's was evidently known to him and he expected that in spite of Mr. Bryan's kindly greeting there was more of the same kind of "hot stuff" being cooked for him.

In striking contrast to the nervous attitude of the New Yorker was the bearing of the commoner. Cool and collected, with an air of victory radiating from him, he prepared for the great struggle he expected to come.

EDITORIALS

The Boy: A Potentiality.

A striking appeal is made for the boy by Elbert Hubbard in *The Child*:

"Something about boys attracts me strangely. The grimy, tousled, ragged boy on the street! I cannot help having a profound respect for him. A boy is a man in the cocoon—you do not know what it is going to become—his life is big with many possibilities. He may make or unmake kings, change the boundary lines between states, write books that will mold characters, or invent machines that will revolutionize the commerce of the world.

"Yesterday I rode horseback past a field where a boy was plowing. The lad's hair stuck out through his hat; his form was bony and awkward; one suspender held his trousers in place; his bare legs and arms were brown and sunburned and briar-scarred. He swung his horse around as I passed by, and from under the flapping rim of his hat he cast a glance out of dark, bashful eyes and modestly returned my salute. His back turned, I took off my hat and sent a God-bless-you down the furrow after him.

"Who knows? I may go to that boy to borrow money yet, or to hear him preach, or to beg him to defend me in a lawsuit; or he may stand with pulse un hastened, bare of arm, in white apron, ready to do his duty, while the cone is placed over my face, and Night and Death come creeping into my veins.

"Be patient with the boys—you are dealing with soul stuff."



The Tyranny of Speed.

Perhaps few of us realize the speed of our age so well as those who occasionally can see us from a new angle. Kate Masterson in Lippincott's said:

"A committee of citizens taking a distinguished Japanese gentleman on a tour of the city showed him the Subway during the rush hours. The passengers, as usual, were rushing after and crowding wildly into the halted and packed cars that waited at the platform, although another, invitingly empty train was entering the station.

"The Japanese gentleman inquired why the passengers did not wait for number two. He was told that the first train reached the bridge three minutes ahead of the second one. He mused a moment. 'What they do with three minutes?' he asked wonderingly.

"He had not yet learned of our great national speed insanity. We ourselves are not quite aware of its intensity and its ugliness, for we really have not had the time to consider it. The rush habit has us gripped, and the way in which the hurried manner takes from our work, our play, our study, our domestic lives, and the emotional upheavals on which all romance and tragedy are based, and which constitute life itself, are not half sensed or appreciated by us as we whirl by.

"Breaking records has become a fashion, and it is always speed rather than excellence that is the test. We are slow in but one thing—artistic accomplishment, until we go abroad and breathe in the more leisurely atmosphere; get a whiff of the sea scents—a drift of good music—a stroll over the gravel among the marbles of the Salon.

"Speed, hurry, rush—doubtless they are effective as commerce accelerators, but they are death to æsthetics. We have ceased to write letters, we propose marriage by wire and hold the wire until we hear the answering coo. Nothing can be funnier than the way in which we take our holidays. And an ordinary evening's joy is a Marathon between the office, the dressing-room, the supper, then home.

Life to us takes on the guise of scenery passed through on a fast express. Houses, humans, cows, sheep, flash by in confusion. We get impressions rather than clear views. Even our friendships, our loves, and our hates are misty, indistinct affairs, that come and go and become dreams.

"Our memories are blurs, for the rush of today is upon us, and tomorrow is treading upon our heels. A hand-clasp and goodbye, and we part from a comrade, each hurrying on his own way, for there is no time for cronyship. Our national gait and our quick lunch system have made countless thousands merry. We are in the Push!

"The speed-maniac may call upon us to observe our own achievement, our progress, our healthy democracy, and a lot of other things. But is the art of living rightly not worth while? Are we getting as much out of life as we might if we stayed our pace and went more slowly down the path that leads into the sunset?"



Heading Off Mosquitoes.

Cities and communities can rid themselves of mosquitoes this summer or largely abate the pest if they take the simple precaution outlined by Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the Bureau of Entomology of the

Department of Agriculture; that is, to kerosene the sewer traps in their vicinity, a precaution that has never been suggested before but that Dr. Howard found last year in Washington was absolutely necessary in a successful mosquito fight.

He started out to track the mosquito to his lair.

He found the lair in the back yard and areaway of every house in the city. Every house has a sewer trap, small pool or mud hole in the back yard or the areaway or both.

This forms just the sort of stagnant pool in which mosquitoes most freely breed. It was found on investigation that every one of these traps was simply swarming with

mosquito "wrigglers" and in many of the vacant houses the whitewashed walls of the areaway were black with adult mosquitoes who found a shelter there.

The remedy was obvious and easy. A cupful of kerosene poured into each trap after a rain protected it against mosquito infestation for weeks. The same was true of the street sewer traps but on a larger scale.

There is a trap that does not give this harborage to the mosquito, but few towns are going to the expense of laying new traps when a little kerosene will accomplish the same end. It is not a nice idea to be visited by swarms of mosquitoes that breed in sewer filth.

OUR YOUNG AGRICULTURISTS' PAGE

Prof. F. W. Markwood

Cattle.

OUR improved breeds of cattle have descended from the wild ox of Europe and Asia, and have attained size and usefulness through care, food, and selection. Their uses are so familiar we need scarcely mention them,—their flesh is a part of the daily food of man; butter, cheese and milk are on every table; their hides go to make leather, their hair for plaster; their hoofs for glue, their bones for fertilizers, ornaments, buttons, and many other uses.

The chief beef, or meat breeds, are: Aberdeen Angus; (Scotland), Galloways, also from Scotland; Shorthorn, or Durham, from England. The chief dairy or milk breeds are the Jersey, from the Isle of Jersey; Guernsey, from the Isle of Guernsey; Ayrshire, from Scotland; Holstein, from Holland and Denmark; and the Brown Swiss from Switzerland.

The beef cow is square, full over the back and loins, and straight over the back; the hips are evenly fleshed, legs full and thick, and the neck full and short. The eye should be bright, the face short, the bones of fine texture, and the skin soft and pliable.

The dairy cow is altogether different. She is decidedly wedge shape, the back line is crooked; the hip and tail bones are prominent, and the thighs thin and poorly

fleshed. There is no breadth to the back, as in beef cattle, and little flesh covers the shoulders; the neck is long and thin. The udder of the dairy cow is most important. It should be full, but not fleshy, well attached behind, and extending well forward. The larger the udder the more milk given. The dairy type produces neither good nor profitable meat; and the beef cow gives little milk, since her food goes rather to fat than to milk.

"Scrub cattle" are not profitable. To secure a healthy or profitable herd of beef or dairy cattle, the farmer should save the calves whose sires are fine, standard stock, and whose mothers are good, native cows. Every farmer cannot have pure bred stock, but by intelligent sorting, saving back and improving, he can build up an excellent herd. By keeping a careful record for some time of the quantity and quality of milk each cow gives, one can judge which are profitable to raise from and which are not. Good food, clean pure water, and good care are necessary to successful cattle growing.

Swine.

Swine are natives of Europe, Asia and Africa. In their wild state they were ferocious and dangerous beasts; greatly unlike our domesticated kind now. But men captured some of these wild animals, fed them abundantly on nutritious foods, and

accustomed them to domestic life, and in the course of generations, developed our present breed of hogs. The main changes were that the legs became shorter, the snout and neck likewise shortened, the shoulders and hams increased in power to take on flesh, and the frame was strengthened to carry the added burden. Their disposition became quiet and less roving.

The hog excels all animals in the cheap production of meat,—and when properly cared for and fed, they will make the farmer more than any other animal on his farm. The most profitable type has short legs, small bones, straight back, heavy hams, small, well-dished head, and heavy shoulders. "Scrub" and "razorback" hogs are very unprofitable.

The chief large breeds are Chester White, Improved Yorkshire and Tamworth. The medium breeds are Berkshire, Poland

China, Duroc Jersey and Cheshire. The small breeds are Victoria, Suffolk, Essex and Small Yorkshire.

Hogs will be more successfully raised if they are allowed to range in fields, and pasture-grass in the open air and sunshine. Cleanliness in pens is most important to reduce the danger of disease.

A boy whose parents were too poor to send him to college, once decided to make his own money and get an education. He bought a sow, and began to raise pigs. He earned the food for both mother and pigs. His hogs increased so rapidly that he had to work hard to keep them in food. By saving the money he received from the sales of his hogs, he had enough to keep him two years in college. Suppose you try his plan, and let the hog show you how fast it can make money.

IDEALS OF EDUCATION

E. E. Eshelman

THE ideals of education have changed from century to century and vary in different nations. Every writer of importance, on the subject, has had his idea of what education should accomplish in the pupil. With one writer it is "complete living" or "the harmonious development of all the powers"; with others, education is chiefly cultural in purpose, while still others assert that it is "to mold character," "give efficiency," "equip for service," "discipline the faculties," "furnish the means of getting on in life," "impart knowledge."—Plato believed that education should develop the knowledge and appreciation of the good and fashion the life of the individual in an all round manner for the service of the state. Aristotle indorsed Plato's state idea and also arrived at the exercise of the highest faculty,—the reason. The early Christian teachers emphasized moral education in order to combat the prevailing moral depravity of the Roman world. To Locke education was the cultivation of virtue. Spencer gave us the aim as "the adjustment of the individual to his environment," and Froebel aimed to develop the child through nature to God. Thus have scientists, philosophers, teachers and theologians thought. All these are true in part or in whole but none of them alone is complete and sufficient for all times and peo-

ples. The final answer must be given by each age and nation for itself according to its own peculiar social, political and religious conditions. Among Christian educators today there are four particular things that are being emphasized and, rightly too, for in them we find the highest and best that education can give. These are: "The Transmission of Culture," "The Formation of Virtuous Character," "Efficiency in Social Service," and "The Glory of God."

1. First, then, we educate for the transmission of that which is valuable and helpful to the world which has come down to us from past nations and generations. It is for this purpose that we have schools, teachers, books, apparatus, etc., for it is only by education that this culture can be adequately passed from one age to another.

We have been born into a civilization, a literature, a religion. In the words of Pres. Butler, "The child is entitled to his scientific inheritance, to his literary inheritance, to his aesthetic inheritance, to his institutional inheritance, to his religious inheritance," or to use the phrases of Charles Cuthbert Hall, "we are tenants in trust," "tenants in residence" and our work is to pass on to succeeding generations the trust into which we have been born, not diminished in worth, as is the manner of some conscienceless tenants, but enhanced in value.

The scientific inheritance into which we have come must be conquered and advanced. By constant, persistent and strenuous effort man enters this inheritance and masters it by knowing it. He must understand it. The more scientific facts he acquires the more complete will his life become. Inspired by the truths discovered, and by his relations to his fellows it is the part of man to endeavor to increase the sum of knowledge, or by the influence of his personality, enhance its value to the following generation.

Each individual is born into a literature. The great ideas of the world's master minds are preserved for him. The literature of Greece and Rome with its richness and beauty is before him. The myths of our Teutonic fathers give him the origin of our sturdy English virtues. He may follow the development of human thought in the history of the race; read the emotions in her poetry and song; study her deeper philosophy in the classic prose of the ancient and modern world. The mastery of language is the key to this inheritance. This must be placed side by side with the scientific and other fields of truth. This also must be held as a sacred trust to be enriched and passed on to posterity.

The third great inheritance of civilization is the aesthetic, the appreciation of the beautiful and the sublime. It contributes greatly to human happiness by refining the sensibilities and developing the sympathies. The real value of life and its meaning are enlarged as we view the work of the sculptor or painter. The baser passions are subdued and the loftier stimulated. The cultivation of the love of the beautiful in art, in sculpture, in music, in nature, in life, is one of the great problems of education of the present utilitarian age. Our schools need to hold fast the great idea of Dr. Schauffler,—“Education for avocation.” They need to give culture, impart the aesthetic taste, teach how properly and profitably to enjoy leisure.

We are born into a complex of social institutions, the school, the state, the industrial institutions, the church, etc. It is the function of education to bring the individual into harmony with these and prepare him for the task of furthering and developing them to greater perfection.

The present generation enjoys a wonderful **religious heritage**. No one can fail to recognize the large place the church has played in the personal and national life of the world. The progress of events makes it necessary that a great deal more atten-

tion be given to religion in education.

The tendency to separate entirely religious and secular education is lamentable and must be counteracted by more definite instruction in home and church and by reenactment of laws to promote religious teaching in the school.

2. It is the prime importance of this last idea of the growth of the higher religious and moral phase of life that has led the Herbartian school to fix upon the **formation of character** as the supreme aim of education. It follows as a necessary complement of the transmission of culture. Culture or civilization is not an end in itself. Its transmission is of value only when it is the means of developing more virtuous character, for culture and character should go hand in hand and where character is lacking true culture cannot exist. Hence the formation of virtuous character is a most important aim of education. By **virtuous** character we mean those traits that are peculiar to man himself as a result of his thoughts and actions. If these are strong, manly, good, he is virtuous in character, for character is simply the sum of all our habits,—physical, mental, spiritual. The school should, therefore, throw about the student such an environment as will tend to produce the formation of strong, manly, virtuous habits. Few things are sadder today, as one views the field of education in the public school and college and university, than the prevalent low ideals of life and the frivolous and immoral conduct of pupils and students. The institutions which are dedicated for the upbuilding of character become the occasion, if not the cause, of its undermining. Too frequently it is due to the low ideals and indifference of instructors. Our aim in teaching should be, and must be if we are true to our profession, the forming of character more nearly like the perfect pattern for character—Jesus Christ. To do this, it is necessary that the teacher himself have this aim before him. Let us remember that while it is possible for one to be a scholar and lecture on his subject it is not possible for him to be truly educated unless he possesses a character that is virtuous and aims to produce a like character in his pupils.

3. Perhaps there is no idea more before educators for an aim today than that of “efficiency for social service.” It is truly a worthy ideal;—one that is noble and beautiful and one that calls forth the altruistic and sacrificing spirit. What is more beautiful than a true, honest, sincere life spending itself for the betterment of soci-

ety! It is the unselfish service of men and women of character that has made our nation what it is today; that has advanced Christian education to its present status; that has established and preserved our religious liberties. The lives of service and sacrifice of Jesus and Paul, of Washington and Lincoln, of Carey and Morrison, of Speer and Brumbaugh are living examples of the eternal truth that the world is made better and souls are saved at the cost of life blood. When the story of each life is written it can be truly said that he lives longest and best who having been saved himself reaches out and draws his fellow-men nearer to heaven and God, who lays down his life for his friends. The motto inscribed above the entrance of an eastern college should be that of each individual and institution. It is, "Educate for Service." What the world needs today more than anything else is men and women with virtuous characters going forth in the name of Jesus to give themselves and their all in service of humanity, thereby serving God best.

4. Over these three noble ideals, Christian education must write with letters of gold, "For the Glory of God." For indeed culture apart from this is empty vanity. Character is without real foundation and social service is a chimera. Of course to the one who has no brighter outlook for the future, who anticipates no higher plane of living beyond this narrow horizon, who can think of no infinite communion with an infinite God of love, this thought is void of content. But to one who knows the beauty of being in touch with the Divine, who sees in everyone about him a spark of that divinity that shall never die

out and who sees in each one an opportunity to fashion a beautiful soul, nothing to this one can be more glorious than the glory of God. For the glory of God is the infinite harmony of all of God's beings with himself and he who points a soul to the path of right, and makes it easier for him to do and be right, is promoting God's glory in that life and in all the lives about him who will respond to the upward call.

That education which has not given the possessor a clear conception of his relation to Jehovah and his Christ, or which does not make him more receptive to divine influences is a failure. It is closing the avenues of the light of life and that course if persisted in will ultimately end in spiritual blindness and death. If man is, as Augustine says, "incurably religious," that is, intuitively recognizes his relation with a Supreme Being and is not tranquil in soul till those relations are properly adjusted, then the individual whose education has not caused him to reach out and try in some way to so adjust men and God is not only not living up to his level best but is failing in his highest social service. He is not developing virtuous character nor is he transmitting true culture.

It may be truly said, then, that the aim of education should be the transmission of culture for the formation of virtuous character that will spend itself in service to society, that God may be glorified.

Oh, that more men and women, who, molding their lives after the pattern of the ideal Man, Jesus, would, like him, give themselves in sacrifice and service that men everywhere might be in tune with the Infinite.

THE DANGERS OF DUST

Don L. Cash

SIMPLE, common, everyday dust, the bane of the tidy housewife, the torment of the cleanly citizen who goes upon the streets of ill-kept towns, wafted from every breeze without, stirred by every footfall within, this is the significant subject to which these few words are devoted.

Dust. We all have a general idea as to what that means, but let us study it a bit closer; let us ask and answer a few questions. What elements does it contain which place it in the front rank of the

causes of consumption and like diseases? What is the nature of these elements? How do they accomplish their deadly work? How may we guard against them?

All those forms of minute vegetable life which swarm in millions upon the earth's surface, are called, in general, microorganisms, or germs. The most prominent and important variety is called bacteria. These organisms are so small that many millions clustered together would not make a mass larger than the head of a pin. While some are comparatively harmless to man, other

species of bacteria are capable of producing some of the most widespread and dreaded of human diseases,—such as tuberculosis, consumption, etc.

Bacteria become dry, are more or less pulverized and ground up by passing time, and finally are swept away as a part of the dust in the air. All sorts of deadly disease-producing germs may thus become a part of the floating dust, driven hither and thither by air currents. When the buoyancy of the air gives way, they settle in myriads to the lowest available resting places, whatever they may be. If they float inside a house, where there is little active air passage and poor ventilation, they are very apt to remain, unless special means are employed to get rid of them.

They are readily breathed in with the air; according to latest leading physicians, with every twenty breaths we may take in from 11 to 376 germs! This is getting down to the fine point, but the general, big, important fact is this: if we are surrounded by dust, and breathe dust-laden air, we are surely taking these germs into our bodies, in proportion. The especial germs you are breathing right now may not be of the harmful sort, the germs you take into your system tomorrow may be the most deadly. It depends. It is just chance, when you are surrounded by that element in which all varieties thrive so enormously—Dust. I wonder if you would take the same chance with two bottles of identical fluid, one deadly, the other harmless, and unknowing, choose one and drink it?

A great deal of misery and disease,—persistent catarrhs,—irritating and weakening coughs,—is caused directly by inhaling dust and its incident germs. These cause such a degree of irritation of the lungs and air passages of persons who constantly inhale them as many thousands of people do, as to deprive them of robust health, or predispose them to acquiring diseases which with unirritated lungs they would easily resist.

All bacteria do not become dried, and so a part of the air, to do harm; the greater disease-producing bacteria are taken into the body alive; they do not flourish apart from the bodies of men and animals; but a condition of dirt, dust and insanitary refuse favors their propagation so much that they increase many times faster than in condition of cleanliness, ventilation, pure air and sunshine.

Bacteria may produce many diseases, among them—consumption, typhoid fever,

Asiatic cholera,—a most dreaded and fatal disease,—erysipelas, some forms of blood poisoning, diphtheria, etc. Consumption is the most widespread and fatal disease known to man,—but it is, could we but secure cleanliness in the air we breathe, and the food we eat,—a distinctly preventable disease. According to late and excellent authority, one-fourth of all the people who die are carried off by this disease. In Europe, 1,000,000 persons die each year from consumption; which is about 3,000 each day. In 1911 in the U. S. over 100,000 persons fell victims to the disease. If you have ever watched the progress of this terrible malady in but a single case, can you imagine the misery and pain and suffering which those figures represent?

The prevailing seat of consumption is in the lungs. It is plain to be seen that most consumptive people become infected through inhaling constantly air in which the deadly bacilli are contained. Why is it London has the largest yearly count of consumptive deaths of all cities, here or abroad? Merely because in its close, narrow streets and insanitary little courts there is hardly room for the pure air and the sunshine of the outer world to penetrate. The great mass of the people scarcely have room to exist; and the resulting conditions of dirt, and dust and refuse,—insanitary, germ-teeming environment, is what causes the fearful mortality each year from that dread plague, consumption.

When in London in 1910, I took several excursions through the really terrible parts, where the human family exists in primitive fashion, in damp, dirty alleys, where the sunshine and the air which the more favored of God's people know, never peeps. What conditions could be more favorable to the production of deadly germs? The conditions in that city, of all cities, are terrible; and I remember telling Prof. Maule of the Tubercular College that the lower city impresses me as a huge death trap; and sadly he agreed.

But whether in city or not,—anywhere, everywhere, the Closed House should be a symbol of terror; it is a potent power in swelling the world's yearly death list.

The house where sunshine is excluded, where fresh air rarely enters, and where certain rooms are kept closed and the blinds carefully drawn, except on state occasions when the rooms are opened for use, and the accumulated dust is allowed to ply its evil hand among the occupants; the house where dust is allowed to collect,

to hide its germ cargo in heavy draperies, in hard to clean, secured-to-the-floor carpets, in curtains hard to clean, in nooks and corners rarely disturbed, everywhere where thorough cleanliness, air passage and sunshine are not, there are sources of danger. Avoid them.

Throw open your houses! They were not made to be vigilantly shrouded in protecting darkness, or closed tightly from "harmful and disturbing" outside influences such as air and light and sunshine! They were meant to live in! Live in them! Let in the air and the sunshine,—how you would pine for them if they were not! Let your home be a **HEALTHY HOME**; rugs easily taken up, furnishings sanitary and

away from corners and nooks; draperies and curtains light and easily cleaned.

Throw open your doors and your windows! Use the powerful natural weapons in combating dust-germs and disease; indeed, there should be no combat; they need not exist. You of God's country, living in almost extravagant abundance of fresh clean air and sunshine, use them! Appreciate them!

The people who are blind to their value, who underestimate their worth, are helping to raise each year a crop of millions upon millions of deadly disease germs; and are needlessly rushing Father Time to mowing down thousands upon thousands of human lives, long before their time is run.

A DAY IN JUNE

Amanda Bjelkstrom

IT was a beautiful day with such clear, bright sunshine I had never known until I reached South Dakota some months previous. I was sitting in my little "eight by ten" shack fulfilling the requirements of the law which would eventually make me the proud possessor of one of Uncle Sam's quarter sections of prairie land.

The creek crossed one corner of my claim affording water for the horse I loved to mount, and my dog running by my side, canter across the beautiful grasses and miles of lovely variegated flowers on the endless stretch of prairie.

I boasted of being sole owner of a large cottonwood tree down by the creek, a rare possession, indeed. I used to look longingly at its ever swinging branches and fluttering leaves just feeling the comfort of sitting in its shade reading my new book or studying,—the while enjoying the cool breeze which is almost continuously blowing,—when invariably through my mind would pass some of the numerous rattlesnake stories which were sure to be told to every tenderfoot.

I would turn with a sigh of regret and enjoy the bit of shade my shack afforded.

On that particular June day I was sitting by my table, pen in hand, ready to engage in my favorite pastime—writing letters—when the sudden barking of my dog attracted my attention.

Looking south toward the Saddle Buttes I saw the top of a camp wagon moving leisurely along. I watched until it came

in full view, then soon disappeared again behind a large knoll. Supposing it to be some new homesteader hunting his quarter section of land it was soon forgotten as I proceeded with my letter writing.

It was customary for me to go for a pail of water and jar of milk about five o'clock, but that day as I was baking bread the supply was exhausted by noon. I felt I was unusually blessed in having a near neighbor who had just been there a month, and about one o'clock I packed my jar in my pail and started thither. On starting I saw two riders off to the south and two off to the west. This was unusual as days often passed without my seeing anyone.

Going over the edge of a knoll I suddenly came across two more riders, near enough now to see they wore regular cowboy uniforms. Now it was all clear to me! The camp wagon and riders all belonged to the "roundup." Yearly they scoured the country gathering up all stray stock. Several young men representing each of the larger ranches did the riding. During a part of the day they gather up all the stock within a given radius, then cut out those of an unknown brand or those not branded, known as "slicks." These wandered over the prairie until encountered by some one in need of beef, then suddenly disappeared.

Hard riding is required in "cutting out" and the boys become quite skilled, seldom missing their aim when throwing the lariat rope.

I discovered, also, that the pictures I had

seen of handsome cowboys were not overdrawn for they present a very picturesque appearance in their uniforms mounted on a fine western pony.

The camp wagon contains the cooking outfit. At meal time they gather around this portable kitchen, each receiving his "handout" consisting of biscuit, potatoes, beans, and beef—the latter always plentiful because of easy access to the herd. Not a big variety you may think, but riding a half day in this invigorating atmosphere creates an appetite which considers the quantity rather than variety of foods. Then seating themselves on the bosom of Mother Earth they prove a very jolly company as they dispose of their rations, for the westerner is truly credited with being entertaining.

To return to my homecoming, I attended to my bread-baking and if you ever saw the ordinary "bachelor's" sheetiron stove you will know I was kept constantly busy turning the burned side from the fireplace to let the other side burn awhile and vice versa, the while refilling the fireplace with the famous fuel the prairie afforded those who could not haul coal fifty miles. This is quite generally used by new settlers and though it burns up exceedingly fast, does make a great amount of heat. I was very pleasantly interrupted by a caller—one of

the cowboys whose acquaintance I had made while at the road ranch the previous spring. He had been riding for some time and though he evidently carried his shaving apparatus with him he was in need of a hair cut and said on coming in he hardly knew if to apologize for leaving on his hat or take it off and apologize for his uncut hair. He did the latter, however. After catching my horse we rode out to see the cattle which numbered about five thousand. It was a rare treat for me as I had never visited the "roundup" before. I should like to add that the cowboys with whom I have made acquaintance were without exception as manly, kind and obliging as one could expect from any young man.

The roundup is a thing of the past, large herds being almost unknown. The claim shanty is passing out of existence. A railroad has taken the place of the stage line and the exciting times of early days are henceforth only memories. Not all past experiences were pleasant, as any girl who, alone in a distant country, casts her lot among the unknown, will testify. Yet I for one would not think of regretting the move, and dearly love to let my mind wander back over those days and dwell on the pleasant memories, knowing the Divine Parent is ever watchful over his children wherever they may be.

A FEW HINTS ON THE CARE OF BABIES

Freida Wagner

Chapter I.

WHEN a baby is hungry or has a pain it will cry. Crying is the only way a baby can let its protector know if anything is wrong.

A baby is well when it sleeps eighteen hours out of twenty-four, when it gains a few ounces every week, when it nurses every four hours, when it has a soft yellow stool every day without medicine or other help and when it is happy and contented.

Chapter II.

After six months a baby can have gruel, fruit juice and meat juice or soup. Do not give it solid food. Do not give it stuff to chew until it has teeth to chew with.

Always try to have the baby breast-fed. A breast-fed baby is stronger and healthier than a bottle-fed baby. Mother's milk is

the food for the baby. If properly breast-fed it stands a better chance of escaping summer diarrhea.

If the baby is given cow's milk from the bottle it should be certified milk. Certified milk is milk which has been inspected in every way before the buyer receives it. The inspector inspects the milk to see if it is pure milk, if the bottles are clean, etc.

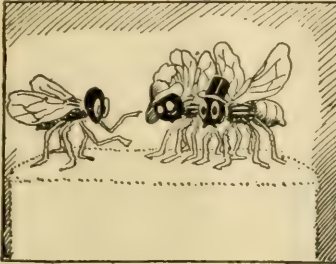
The baby's bottle should be a large bottle, so that it can be easily washed. One should also have a nipple that can be put over the bottle easily. Do not use a long tube, for it cannot be washed easily.

Before the milk is put in the bottle, the bottle should be boiled in soda water. The milk should then be put in the bottle and placed on the ice until feeding time.

The baby should be held when fed. Just because it is so unfortunate as to have no

DO YOUR SWATTING EARLY

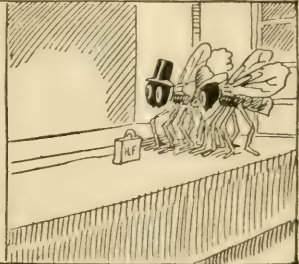
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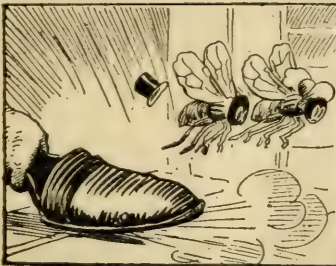
A May wedding.



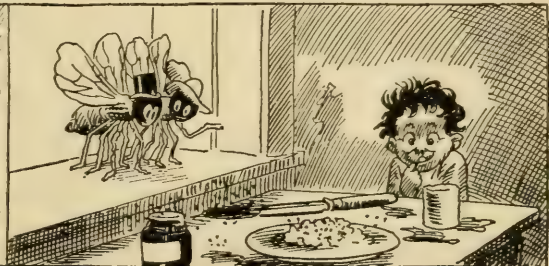
"Come fly with me and we'll pick out a nice dirty house to live in."



"This looks too clean. We can't live in a place that's clean. The people don't like us. That's why the place is so clean."



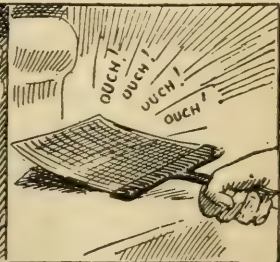
"I don't like this custom of throwing shoes at newly married people. Let us go elsewhere. Let us go to Swatless Town."



"Ah! This looks nice and dirty. This is where we will feel at home."



Mr. Fly has a pleasant dream of days to come when he will be surrounded by billions of bouncing little flies.



But a vigilant boy scout swats him and he is no more. One swat in May is worth a million in September.

Moral—A swat in time saves 900,000,000 swats four months later.

breast milk is no reason why it should miss the mother's arm and care.

When the baby has diarrhea stop giving it food and give it a little barley water. If the baby is not better in two days call a doctor.

Do not nurse the baby every time it cries. When the baby has colic it is mostly caused by over-feeding, by feeding it solid food, by giving it candy or fruit, by using unclean nursing bottles, etc. Feed the baby every four hours. When the baby is thirsty give it a little water. Milk is the baby's whole meal, just as potatoes, meat and soup are our meal.

Chapter III.

Keep the baby's feet warm and head cool. Dress it very lightly. Do not put clothes or blankets on so tightly that it cannot move its hands or feet.

A mother must be healthy to care for her child. She should not drink alcoholic liquors, but should drink milk or corn meal gruel. She should not worry or overwork if she can help it, as it spoils her milk.

Do not force soothing syrups down the baby's little throat. To give the baby soothing syrups is like murdering it, for the syrups contain opium which sometimes kills the baby.

Keep flies away from the baby and its food. Flies carry disease.

Do not let people kiss the baby or take

it up in their arms and bounce it up and down like a ball. Do not rock the baby or take it up every time it cries. When a baby throws up it is sometimes caused by rough handling. Do not give it medicine without the doctor's orders.

Chapter IV.

The baby should sleep by itself in a freshly aired bed. In hot weather do not let the baby sit by the hot stove, but take it out in the shade or to some cool place.

To allow the baby to sleep comfortably take a basket and a mattress and a light blanket, but do not tighten the blanket so that the baby cannot move its limbs.

Do not try to dress the baby so that it looks fancy and all fussed up. Starched clothes are unhealthful for young babies. If the baby's dress is to be starched use just a little starch so that it will not injure the baby. Starched clothes scratch the baby and mark his little body. Keep the baby's clothes loose.

Chapter V.

Illness and death must be prevented by

1. Absolute cleanliness.
2. Keeping the baby cool.
3. Right feeding.

4. Plenty of boiled water, cooled, but not ice, to drink.—Bulletin Chicago Health Department.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Dear Children:

When one has much work, time goes by very rapidly. On Tuesday evening we went to town and I had a lesson. Teacher ran over time and the waiter was slow at the restaurant, and so we did not get through in time to visit Nielson's and practice singing, as we had intended. We had the usual turnout at prayer meeting and I again spoke with still more freedom than before. We reached home about eleven. Wednesday it was the same story over, save that mama had a sore toe from her new shoes and did not go to town. I spent the day in translating a Swedish article Risberg had written about the church and had the satisfaction to know he said little worth noticing. Class meeting last evening was very good here in Limhamn, though

the crowd was a little slim. We have learned that here all churches close Sunday-school during July and August. Satan does not have good enough chance if they do not. Mama and I declare that if we lived here there would be Sunday-school or know the reason. We managed to get home and to bed by ten o'clock, and that was a real treat to have a good night's rest.

Today I began writing up the organization of the church in Swedish. I propose to make several carbon copies, so that the ministers will have a kind of guide in their work. They do not know, and how can they do as they should? That they need it, is every day more apparent. It is slow work until I have a vocabulary accumulated. I propose to have several criticise it and thus get it just what it ought to be. This, how-



Mrs. Royer Smiling at the Eel.

ever, is making me a pile of work.

We had a good letter from Dan and one from Aunt Mollie. We were glad for both.

Mama is sporting a pair of soft Swede slippers that she thinks pretty fine for her feet. They certainly are comfortable and warm, though I have seen more fussy ones than these.

We are both well, but little Ove, the fifteen-months-old boy in this home, is sick and we are sorry we cannot help much.

God bless and keep you ever.

Later.—It is after ten as I take my typewriter into my lap and write you. Tomorrow we go to Simrisham and will return on Tuesday; so it is better that I get this agoing towards America or there will be a whole week before you hear from us.

Thursday evening mama and I went to Malmö to prayer meeting, and she had rather much walking, for her new shoes had fussed up a blister on the end of her little toe. The meeting was of the usual attendance. The discussion was on Romans three, and that is a hard one for me in English, and why should I undertake it in Swedish? I said nothing but was digging on some other things in the Bible.

Friday I spent the day in writing on church organization, and am much encouraged over what I was able to do. Last evening, or in the evening, I went to call

on Frederick Johansen, had coffee and a most pleasant chat with them. Mama did not go on account of her toe. It is getting so that I can make them understand very well, and I am enjoying myself very much too.

Yesterday morning the fish woman, whose picture I sent you,—mama is smiling at the eels,—tackled me at the station for a picture. She could not appreciate my inability to flow the Swedish words and she was one among forty; and I quickly studied retreat by asking her to write her name and address in my book. She did it and did it well, too. I promised to mail her a picture today. Well, this evening I concluded to hunt her up. Had little trouble in doing so. I first met three women in the back yard chatting. They called her and she came in a hurry. When she saw the picture she threw up both hands in joy. I gave her one and had five others, and she bought those and wants more. When I told her I was sending them to America you should have seen the look of triumph that came across her face. Her husband came and I had a crowd around me and the Swedish made the air blue. I kept up my end of the string as best I could, but once in a while one would say: "Han förstor inte," meaning, "He does not understand," and that was right. I promised to have more printed and I will do so next week. I would not take \$5 for that film. A splendid combination.

All day I worked at my table writing. This evening we went to Sjolín's for coffee and I chatted with them for an hour, much to their interest. I believe that if I had four weeks of training I could, without difficulty, preach to these people. My heart yearns to do this. Mama's toe is very sore, but she thinks it is better tonight. We are well and happy in Jesus. God bless you at home.



Wrong Symptom.—"Doctor," said Mrs. Fawncy, "I believe I have gout."

"What is your husband's salary, Mrs. Fawncy?" asked the doctor.

"Why, he receives \$25 per week."

"You are troubled with rheumatism," replied the doctor.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



Unappreciated Rewards.—Mother—"The teacher complains you have not had a correct lesson for a month; why is it?"

Son—"She always kisses me when I get them right."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

THE RESULT

Ada Van Sickle Baker

ANNA LAYTON wore a look of depression on her beautiful face as she walked down the quiet street of her home town. She felt very discontented with her life in general, and wished for the hundredth time that things could be different.

Her mirror had told her it would be a hard matter to find a finer face. Her regular features, fair complexion and warm-brown eyes seemed the perfection of loveliness, and certain friends had hinted that it seemed a pity to waste such beauty in the small village of Deepford; and Anna had generally come to the point where she agreed with them.

The whistle of an incoming-train sounded shrilly in the distance, and the girl paused near the station to watch the engine and its trailing coaches glide into view. It was one of the pleasures of her life to watch the flying trains that breathed of life and excitement, and to look at the stylish passengers whom she could see through the windows.

The girl gazed at them longingly. "Oh, to be able to dress as those people dress to travel, and live a life crowded to its fullest capacity with pleasure," she thought. Her brown eyes wore a wistful expression as she caught a glimpse of a proud, stylishly dressed woman, whose head was adorned with an enormous velvet hat, over which a willow plume fell in soft, elegant beauty.

Then, as she gazed, the train came to a stop, and a young man of about twenty-five stepped easily to the platform. The eyes of Anna Layton took in the handsome appearance of the stranger. He represented the hero of her girlish dreams, as after gracefully depositing his suit-case on the platform he stood, tall and straight, and gazed about him, while an amused sort of smile covered his lips.

He was dressed in the most approved style, and his patent leather boots, kid gloves and gold-headed cane proclaimed him a gentleman to the unsophisticated girl. She drew an involuntary sigh as the thought flashed in her mind that he represented a station in life far above her own humble one. Then in a moment her heart throbbed wildly, for he was advancing up the road in her direction.

She blushed rosily, and half turned away; but with easy, swinging strides he was

soon by her side. Then, doffing his cap, he smiled engagingly, and in a musical voice asked if she could direct him to a hotel.

Her eyes dropped, then came up to his own, and in their clear depths, the man of experience read the inexperience of their owner.

Hesitatingly, for to her it seemed she was addressing the most wonderful person in the world, she told him how he could find the village inn by following the road for a short distance, then turning to the right.

He smiled again, for Fred Waldron had learned the power of that smile, and had used it on many an unsuspecting person. Then he told her that although her directions were charming, they were somewhat vague, and asked if she could repeat them.

"Why, it is but a short distance, just beyond my own home, and—"

"Oh, and you are going the same way?" eagerly. The blush deepened on her fair face, and she answered, "Yes."

"And would it be a great imposition for me to walk with you? Although I can find my own way perfectly in any large city, by streets and numbers, you know, these winding village roads are quite confusing."

And while her girlish heart throbbed in an ecstasy of joy, he walked by her side, narrating a little anecdote that completely charmed her. Then, turning abruptly to her, he asked:

"And are you content to spend your life in this uninteresting little village?"

He saw the hot blood mount to the roots of her hair, and a mist of tears dim the warm-brown of her eyes, as she, with childish frankness, told him of her discontent, and how there was no one to sympathize with her, in her longing to visit the great cities, of which she had heard so much, but had never seen.

He looked at her closely, admired her beauty, and in a few well-chosen words told her so, while the color came and went on her rounded cheeks.

"But why do you spend your life here, when rare opportunities are open in the city, to one of your beauty and intelligence?" he asked.

"Because my people are here, and I know no one in the cities," she replied.

"But you would not long remain a stranger there. You would find friends by the score. I, for one, would be glad to be your friend, Miss Anna."

She hesitated a moment, then told him that her parents were unwilling that she should have anything to do with strangers.

He had expected this, but laughed in his easy, pleasant way, and told her they would probably have the same objections to offer when she was twenty years older, and was she willing to sacrifice her young life in such a fashion, because of the prudish whims of her parents?

The temptation came when the girl was the least able to resist it, and when the tempter came in the form of a handsome and shrewd young man, whose first glance had seemed to capture her heart, it was doubly hard for her to stand brave and fearless for the right.

Before she left his side they had planned to meet, secretly, the following evening. The next day was a dream to the young girl, who alternately longed for, and yet feared the meeting with the handsome stranger. The longing for a new life in the city, and stern duty, as her parents had taught her, waged an incessant warfare the whole day long; but at last, as the shades of night fell, and her mother was confined to her room with a headache, and her father settled himself with his paper, the girl left the secure shelter of her home, and went forth to meet the man who had attracted her.

When she arrived at the appointed place, he came to her with eager, outstretched hands, saying:

"Oh, Anna, I feared you had changed your mind, and I would have to leave without a glimpse of your face!"

A wave of fear swept over her. What if he should have left, and she would never have seen him again? Then it was easy for him to pour out his love, for he was really attracted, for the time, by her beauty; and ere many clandestine meetings had taken place, she had promised herself to the handsome, but unworthy traveling man.

Those were hours of unhappiness, for when she would view her parents, seated by the table, in the evening, perusing their well-worn Bible, and note the look of almost sacred joy on their dear old faces, her heart would reproach her bitterly, but her lover's voice was alluring, and with some excuse she would leave the presence of her parents and go forth beneath the starlight to listen to his words of love.

At last, after many persuasions, she consented to forever leave the protection of her home, and go away, as the wife of the one she had known such a short time.

With bitter self-reproaches she stole out of her home one night, a suit-case containing a few of her best clothes in her hand. Turning at the gate she cast one last glance at her home, which she was leaving for the sake of one unworthy of her. She was met by her lover, and they took the train for the city of which Anna had often dreamed. A marriage ceremony was gone through, and Anna Layton was a happy bride. But, oh, for such a little space of time!

The knowledge of her husband's unworthiness did not come all at once, but slowly, at first; then more rapidly, as in sheer recklessness of spirit he let her become acquainted with his true self. She grew faint with fear when often he would fail to come home for weeks at a time, and tales of his reckless life would come to her ears. Then, when one day she met him on the street with people of evil report, and they laughed in her face, her poor heart broke.

Long she sat in the darkness of her room that night, while her eyes seemed like great coals of fire, and her head throbbed in painful unison with her heart. Then, packing a few clothes, she went out into the darkness, and taking the ten o'clock train returned to the home of her youth.

It was in the gray of the early morning that a figure stumbled up the Layton walk and fell a broken-hearted wreck on the very steps where, a few months before, a beautiful blooming girl had softly stolen down to meet her unfaithful lover.

It was the poor old father that saw her, and bore her tenderly in his arms, and laid her on the couch, while her mother knelt in an agony of grief, and ministered to her needs.

But her efforts were useless, for after a day of raving delirium, the spirit of the young woman left its body of clay, and soared to its Maker, while the only word that had left her lips was the one: "Forgive," as with trembling arms she had held up a tiny flower of a daughter, to her mother's outstretched hands.

But she died with a smile on her lips, the first that had lighted up her features for many months, as her mother kissed first her face, then the little one's, and softly said:

"She shall be my little Anna. I shall always love her as my own."

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE FOURTH BEATITUDE.

J. C. Flora.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."—Matt. 5: 6.

BUT few of us really appreciate what it is to be hungry. Our conditions are such usually that when we become hungry or thirsty our wants are immediately supplied so we seldom if ever come to the point of real hunger. I judge the same is true of spiritual things. We are so completely absorbed and enwrapped in the things of the world that we never come to that point when we really hunger and thirst for higher spiritual blessings.

To hunger or to be thirsty does not necessitate poverty. The wealthiest may become very hungry out in some desert or on some mountain expedition, yet they are not just where they can obtain food. They have plenty of money and would gladly exchange it for food but it cannot be had. So it is in spiritual things, it does not need to be those who enjoy but few spiritual blessings who may become hungry for righteousness. It may be those and more generally is those who may be already enjoying rich spiritual blessings.

This thirst is to be for righteousness. What is righteousness? All the good things that may come to one, prosperity, education, friends, home, health, happiness, power, and peace. The young man who is hungry to be something will succeed. The family from which Carl Nelson came was large and there was no money but weekly wages. Carl worked in the mill and saved every cent he could. He went to school during the winter and out of times waited in a restaurant. The next summer he worked on an ice wagon. After that he sold kitchen ware from door to door. And thus he "hung to it." You can foresee the result. He is a rising lawyer. Has all the work he can do—is "filled." In addition to his profession he has a Bible class of over two hundred men. The fellow whose only hunger is the pay envelope and "good times" gets nothing. If you never want good things you will never get them.

If a child thirst for knowledge he is going to be filled. He will do for himself, and the world seeing his thirst will sympathize with him and help him. So if a man thirsts

after righteousness he will be filled; not by merely thirsting, but because his thirst will move him to do his best, and God will sympathize with him and help him. We naturally thirst for the things that are good, but the natural desires of so many of us are diverted. We begin to taste of the things that are not good. At first they may not be enjoyed but we continue and soon the time comes when our life is completely enthralled by the unrighteous things. Our desires have been diverted, our ideals have been changed, and our hopes are blighted.

We cannot quench our hunger today for tomorrow, for each day brings hunger. Our appetite continually calls for food for the nourishment of our bodies. Food must be supplied often in order that blood and tissue may be produced. So it is with righteousness, we cannot attend a love feast or a revival and get sufficient nourishment for an indefinite time. No, but we must hunger and thirst for spiritual growth, for the good things of life daily. The man that has a thirst for money will lend every effort toward securing it. The man that desires to travel will do his utmost that he may realize his desire. The man that seeks pleasure will direct his energy along that line. So must the man who hungers and thirsts for righteousness be willing to labor and spend every effort that he may come in possession of the thing that he longs for. Are you just as hungry for high things as good things? Have you as good a mouth for religion as for strawberries and cream? Happy indeed are you. No fellow was ever hungry to be kind, truthful, helpful and Christlike who was not filled and that quickly.

If we hunger and thirst for righteousness what is to be the result? We are to be "filled" to our complete satisfaction. What is to be filled? Our soul. And there is only One who can fill our soul and that is God. There may be friends and loved ones that may bring many joys into our life but there is only One who can fill the soul. Why then not hunger and thirst for spiritual things? After all the soul is the real man. It is what is eternal. And God has promised to fill our soul with the happiness of heaven if we will do his will.

Some may wonder about the degree; the text says we shall be filled. Our happiness

shall be complete. Our cup will run over. A little puny child was brought into a London hospital for treatment, and on his arrival the nurse gave him a glass of milk. Before lifting the glass to his lips the fellow asked anxiously, "How deep may I drink, miss?" How much that question told of the poverty of a home where a glass of milk had to be shared among many! He could hardly believe the nurse when she told him to drink it all. How deep may we drink in our thirst for righteousness! God made us for righteousness; we shall be filled, wherefore we are blessed.



THE VALUE OF THE INITIATIVE.

Jennie Taylor.

WHAT is meant by the initiative, and why is it considered such a valuable quality? This is what Webster says: "The initiative is the introductory step, or movement; that act or movement which originates or begins; the right or power to introduce a new measure, or course of action."

And those who aim to be progressive are ever ready to welcome improvement.

Why does the employer keep watch over the employee who is able to find new ways to do old, everyday things?

The one who is original when occasion requires is the one who is more apt to win promotion when promotion is in order, or the opportunity presents itself.

Housekeepers often give this word concerning a servant to a friend to whom the servant has applied for employment:

"She is very faithful in doing the work if she is told what to do and how to do it, but if the work is not planned out for her, she does not accomplish anything. For example, if I go away and forget to tell her about the meals, there will be no preparations made when I return." Would this be a good recommendation?

There is plenty of work in the world for all. It is waiting for those who are ready to do it.

Moses was chosen as a leader of the Israelites. He probably selected for his helpers, men who could decide questions for themselves, who could make a new path through the wilderness, who would not be helpless when they reached unexpected difficulties.

Because Leonidas, a Grecian youth of only twenty-one years, was determined to

save his country from the Persians, he took steps beyond those of his most daring countrymen and the Cross soon triumphed over the Crescent.

The spirit of civilized nations is generally assumed to be such that reforms and developments are always acceptable. Progress seems to be a slow process, yet, at times, it has enjoyed a very rapid growth.

After the fall of Constantinople and the rise of the Ottoman Turk, some one was obliged to find a new trade route—hence the discovery of a new continent. Columbus, braver than his contemporaries, took the initiative and made his perilous journey across the great unknown waters.

The chosen Twelve took the initiative, or introductory step toward carrying the Gospel into Asia; there the good word was rejected and the far East remained unenlightened. The same disciples turned toward the West. Finally, through their far-reaching influence both Europe and America have become Christianized. Now, after many centuries, each country in its turn is sowing the good seed in the remaining heathen lands. Even Asia is opening her gates to the "foreign barbarian" and, through the help of her own students, is now welcoming the same truths which she refused to accept before America was discovered or Europe was civilized.

The world at present is struggling with problems that it cannot solve; yet, the results will be found to the satisfaction of all, if those taking the initiative will work out each part of those problems and stand firmly till each good cause is won; for the right must eventually prevail.



THE CROWN OF CHARACTER.

There is a loftier ambition than merely to stand high in the world. It is to stoop down and lift mankind a little higher. There is a nobler character than that which is merely incorruptible. It is the character which acts as an antidote and preventive of corruption. Fearlessly to speak the words which bear witness to righteousness and truth and purity; patiently to do the deeds which strengthen virtue and kindle hope in your fellow-men; generously to lend a hand to those who are trying to climb upward; faithfully to give your support and your personal help to the efforts which are making to elevate and purify the social life of the world—that is what it means to have salt in your character.—Henry Van Dyke.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

NEW WRINKLES, HELPS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Conducted by Mrs. John M. Douglas.

In Ten Parts.—Part I.

HOUSEWIVES, in nearly a half century of active and intimate home life, I have learned and proven, by experience and experiment, the things which I shall present to you through our Household Helps Department from week to week; and I assure you that any of them may be introduced into your home with help and profit. If, in the course of this department, each of the Inglenook's lady readers shall have gleaned some new help or idea that will enable her to use a quicker, better method in some of the household duties, or will help to lighten or overcome some of the cares and troubles which all housewives meet, I shall feel amply repaid.

A TEST for butter: In all the history of food adulteration, the manufacturers of imitation butter rank among the earliest and greatest offenders. Often an expert cannot distinguish their product from the genuine article of pure dairy make, unless familiar with this simple test:

Place a piece of butter two or three times the size of a pea in a tablespoon or tiny sauce pan, and hold over a gas jet, or any small blaze. Pure butter will boil quickly and quietly, throwing off many small, foamy bubbles. The imitation article will crackle and sputter, like a stick of wood in a hot fire.

Cake Making Hints.

Have the tins greased, the oven hot, and everything ready before beginning to mix the cake, as delay in getting it baking after it is once mixed is dangerous. Many cooks prefer lard to butter for greasing the tins; because butter is apt to blacken the cake.

Beating eggs and butter makes them light, but beating flour makes it tough,—this is why flour should always be added to a cake last, and as lightly as possible. In adding the whipped whites of eggs, as in macaroons, fold them in lightly so as not to break the air cells.

When a cake cracks open as it rises it is a sign that too much flour has been used. If it rises in a cone in the center, the oven

is too hot. In filling cake tins, you should get the mixture a trifle higher on the sides than in the middle.

Eat Your Medicines.

Eat your medicines, do not drink them, or struggle to swallow them in the form of pills. Most of us need a tonic in the spring and summer; because of the long winter, when we get little green stuff for food, and a great deal of greasy food—sausages, grid-dle cakes, mince pies, sugary preserves, and such things. This brings about many spring and summer ills, blotched skin, impoverished blood, biliousness and often malaria. The system does not call for harsh and unpleasant doses,—nature has wisely provided, in perfect form, just the tonics necessary.

One of the earliest green foods is the dandelion,—full of nature's own salts and bitters for the stimulation of the liver. Then there are rhubarb, lettuce, cauliflower, asparagus, spinach, strawberries, lemon and other citric acid fruits. The simple dandelion should be eaten boiled or steamed in the form of "greens" well seasoned. Lemons baked, and the pulp eaten, or the juice of lemons, oranges or grape fruit are the best remedies for a torpid liver. Lemon juice in drinks, with little or no sweetening, serves the same purpose. Of these, the lemon ranks first. The orange is a cleansing food, and grape fruit is invaluable for fever.

Rhubarb is another of the great tonic foods, containing oxalic acid, a great moderator. It can be served in many ways. One need never weary of it, for it may be baked, stewed, steamed in cubes, used in salads, combined with raisins, prunes or pineapple,—in shortcakes and even in gelatines; but do not, I beg of you, use it in pies, for pastry should have a small place in the menu of a person in the least ailing, and especially in the spring. Later in the season comes the strawberry. The best of them are the natives, picked from the sun-kissed hills, but the cultivated berries are nearly as valuable, forming a wonderful restorative and containing citric and malic acids, with a remarkable collection of mineral salts. Strawberries do not agree with some. This may be overcome by the adding of a little cayenne pepper or bicarbonate of potash.

Pineapples are the greatest of throat and stomach helps. They contain a digestive principle called "bromelin," which is nearly identical with pepsin.

Next to the dandelion is spinach, easy to secure and supplying the necessary "bulk" or "ballast" so necessary in cleaning the intestinal tract. It is, in reality, as the French call it, "the broom of the stomach."

Still other wonderful spring and summer tonics that may be eaten with relish are the vegetables, such as carrots, watercress, lettuce, romaine, onions, and cauliflower. These are all "brain foods," because of the quantity of phosphorus they contain. Asparagus stimulates the kidneys, and at the same time acts as a laxative and a valuable bulky food.

To Purify Cisterns.

To purify cisterns, and also to remove the unpleasant odor, suspend in the water a porous bag containing one or two pounds of charcoal. Allow the bag to remain in the water about 24 hours, occasionally stirring the water. This process will remove all odor. If the water is very bad, use more charcoal,—it will do the work.

To Destroy Ant Beds on Lawns.

Make a small hole in the center of the bed and pour in the hole gasoline or bisulphate of carbon, and cover the hole. The fumes will penetrate to all parts of the bed and the ants will vacate.



THE HOME DRESSMAKER.

M. Andrews.

How to Sponge and Shrink Wool Goods.

—Cover the ironing table smoothly with an ironing blanket, clip the selvages and lay the material on the blanket, placing it right side down if single fold, or either side if double fold. Have a heavy muslin cloth a yard wide and as long as the table. Wring this out of water and lay it over the material. Pass the iron slowly over the muslin and steam it. Then remove the muslin and pass the iron over the material until it is dry. In this way sponge the whole length of the goods, moving it along the table. If the material is double fold and too heavy for the sponging to affect both sides at once, turn it over and sponge it again on the other side.

When all is ready for the cutting, smooth out the creases in the pattern with a warm iron. If the material is double width, do

not open it, but place the pattern pieces that are marked to be cut on a lengthwise fold, with the edges so marked along the fold edge of the goods. Place the other pieces to the best advantage, the largest first and the smaller ones around them observing the cutting line of perforations which must run exactly lengthwise of the material. Single-fold goods must be doubled lengthwise, or crosswise, as best suits the shape of the pattern piece, arranging all the pieces before cutting, so that you will not chance to run short of material. Sometimes a change of arrangement will save considerable goods. Such as broadcloth, having a nap, must be cut so that the nap runs in the same direction on every piece. Figured materials should be cut with care, so that none of the figures will be upside down. Large and conspicuous figures must be matched, in order that they may appear in the same position in both fronts, both sides of back, and so on. To assure this, see that the figures lie over one another, with right sides together, and then cut both sides at the same time.

Place weights on the pattern and pin along the edges. Use large, sharp shears for the cutting. A tracing wheel is useful to mark perforations when the material will retain the mark and not be damaged by the wheel. Let the wheel follow the line of perforation for darts, tucks, etc., and see that the impression is made through both pieces of material at the same time.

When the tracing wheel is not practical, tailor's chalk can be pressed through the perforations onto the material. As the chalk will be on one side only, use tailor's tacks to mark both sides at once. Take a double thread and baste along the chalk marks, taking two short stitches and one long one, the latter loose enough to form a loop. Baste the whole line in this way, and then pull the two pieces apart as far as the loose threads will allow. Pass the scissors between them and cut the threads. The ends of the threads remaining in the pieces will mark the line.



A Soft Answer.—"You seem to be an able-bodied man. You ought to be strong enough to work."

"I know, mum. And you seem to be beautiful enough to go on the stage, but evidently you prefer the simple life."

After that speech he got a square meal and no reference to the woodpile.—Detroit Free Press.

DIRT AN' FEVER

Frederick Moxon



"What are the women swattin' for?" said Flies-on-Parade.

"To clean you out, to clean you out," the Colored Comic said.

"What makes you look so gay?" said Flies-on-Parade.

"I'm thinkin' of the sport I'll have," the Colored Comic said.

For they're swattin' Dirt an' Fever, you can hear the swatters play,

The womenfolk the country through are swattin' all the day,

They've vowed a hygienic vow to chase the bugs away,

An' they're swattin' Dirt and Fever in the mornin'.



"What makes that woman get so red?" said Flies-on-Parade.

"It's awful hot, it's awful hot," the Colored Comic said.

"What makes her bloommin' hair fall down?" said Flies-on-Parade.

"She's gettin' mad, she's gettin' mad," the Colored Comic said.

She is swattin' Dirt an' Fever, she is chasin' of 'em round.

Out of twenty million insects she has knocked one to the ground,

An' she'll drop in 'arf a minute, for she's past two hundred pound,

Oh, she's swattin' Dirt an' Fever in the mornin'!



"That insect was a pal of ours," sobbed Flies-on-Parade.

"'E's only shammin' 'e is dead," the Colored Comic said.

"We've drunk her dope a thousand times," said Flies-on-Parade.

"It only poisons cats and dogs," the Colored Comic said.

They are swattin' Dirt an' Fever all around the blessed place,

Yes, the womenfolk are swattin' an' are sweatin' in the face,

To rid the town and country of a national disgrace,

While they're swattin' Dirt an' Fever in the mornin'.



"What's that so black agin the pane?" said Flies-on-Parade.

"That insect's come to life again," the Colored Comic said.

"Who's that a-pantin' on the couch?" said Flies-on-Parade.

"A woman fightin' 'ard for breath," the Colored Comic said.

She is done with Dirt an' Fever, for it isn't any play

To run round an' swing a swatter, so she's chucked the thing away;

Ho! she'll want a lemon squeezer for the balance of the day,

After swattin' Dirt an' Fever in the mornin'.—Lippincott's.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Last Words.

In a New York hospital, a cadaverous Spaniard, with the aid of oxygen and a pump, was staving off the final moment of exit.

Rallying temporarily, he stretched out a hand and clutched the arm of the nurse, motioning her to lean over and put her ear to his mouth.

"My doctor go?"

"Yes, he's gone."

"Shut 'e door."

She walked over and pushed it to.

"Lock him," he begged—it was the custom to humor the dying.

He beckoned her closer and pulled her down to him again. "You make promise?"

"Yes, indeed; what is it?"

"Get paper, pencil, and—what you call?—envelope."

Shielding his writing with one hand, he managed to scrawl a single line on the note-paper and to address the message, but before loosening his hold on the paper he called her to him once more.

"Now you promise for me again? You promise you not show this to doctor?—not show it to night nurse?—not to anybody? Just mail it—you promise?"

She nodded.

He slipped the sheet from the envelope and read the short scrawl once more, grinning with what had every appearance of fiendish exultation.

"That fix him," he whispered. "That fix him."

An hour later, when the doctor returned, he found the nurse crying.

"He died fifteen minutes ago, and I don't know what to do. I ought to mail this, but I'm afraid it's some Black Hand business or something. Would you be willing to look it over and see if it's all right to send? You read Spanish." She handed him the letter.

He glanced at the one single line and shook his head.

"Is it a Black Hand message?" she whispered.

"No," he said plaintively; "it's to his brother. He just writes, 'Don't pay the doctor.'"—Jane Burr.



All that keeps some men from being economical is a larger income.—William J. Burtcher.

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The Rural Philosopher.

When I think o' the tarrible prices them undertakers is chargin' these days, it ain't the high cost o' livin' so much as the high cost o' dyin' that's botherin' me.

They say them motorin' folks brings a pile o' money inter the country deestricts, but ez fur ez I can see they take it away with 'em when they go, 'cept when we kin induce 'em to vi'late the speed law.

I tell ye, Bud, credit's all right in its way, but when a runnin' account gits a head start on ye, it's an all-fired hard job ketchin' up with it.

Ef them fellers that's allers growlin' about not gittin' their just deserts in this here world really got all that ought to be comin' to them, there'd be a pile o' black eyes on this airth.

I ruther guess, Hiram, we're all on us more or less heathens. "Tenny rate I allers hev a sneakin' notion when I'm prayin' fer the heathen, I'm puttin' in a good word fer myself.

Prohibition? Waal, I reckon the chief accomplishment o' these here Prohibition laws is to make fellers jest a leetle less ostentatious in their drinkin'—that's all.

Ef this here glorious country of our'n hed a few less muck-rakers and a few more fellers thet was willin' to hoe potatoes, I kind o' think those dogs we bin agoin' to fer so many years'd hev to turn around and run some to ketch us.

The way I size up them summer boarders is thet they come off here to the country not so much fer a change o' scene as fer a change o' clothes.

When a feller tells me thet what's enough fer one is enough fer two, I call'the thet in his family he gits the first helpin'.

We can't help judgin' fellers by what the poets call their environment. Take the skunk, fer instance. It ain't the skunk so much ez the atmosphere in which he lives thet's responsible fer his bad reppytation.—John Kendrick Bangs.

The Height of Assurance.

A man was charged with stealing a horse, and after a long trial the jury acquitted him. Later in the day the man came back and asked the judge for a warrant against the lawyer who had successfully defended him.

"What's the charge?" inquired the judge.

"Why, your honor," replied the man, "you see, I didn't have the money to pay his fee, so he took the horse I stole."—J. J. O'Connell.

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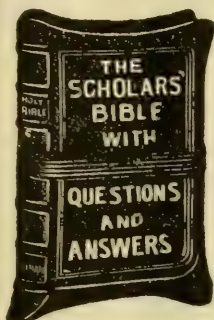
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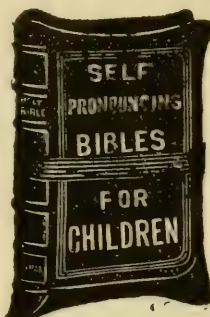
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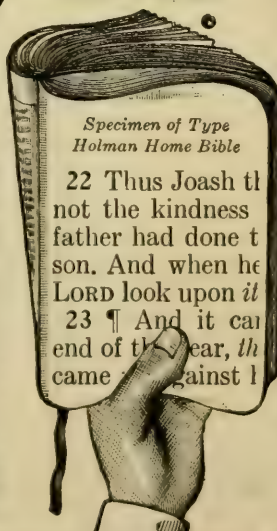
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Beth'le-hem of Ju-
days of Her'od the k

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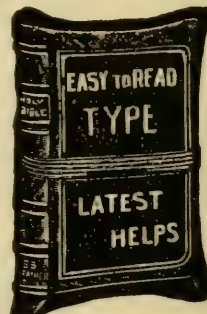
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The text is self-pronouncing, by the aid of which children can learn to pronounce the difficult Scripture proper names.

For
Teachers
and
Preachers



Size 8 x 5 1/2 inches.

Holman
Self-
Pronouncing
Large-Print
Teachers'
Bibles

SPECIMEN OF TYPE

the priests, the Le'vites, the
the singers, the Ne'th'i-nims,
they that had separated then

Containing New Copyrighted Helps:
A Practical Comparative Concordance.
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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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Elgin, Illinois.

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during ten years in building canals and altering watercourses to provide irrigation for 2,330,500 acres of land under 46 Carey Act segregations and 2 Government reclamation projects. The result—*homes for thousands of settlers*, in a section rich in soil, rich in water, and immeasurably rich in the agricultural production resulting from the combination of the two.

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**The Fruits from
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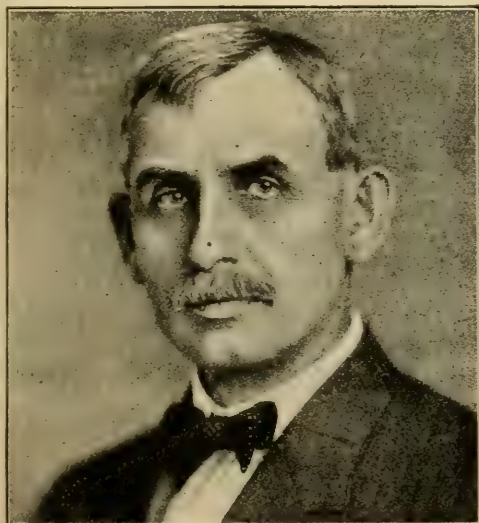
Vol. XIV

July 16, 1912

No. 29

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



Eli M. Rapp.

A Live Superintendent.

FOR some years past the writer has been ashamed to say that he was born and raised in the State of Pennsylvania because of the rotten politics and antiquated institutions. Since we have left the State conditions have been changing slowly (whether our absence has had anything to do with it we do not know) and we no longer hesitate to mention the old Keystone State. We are not going to tell about how the political air has been clarified at the recent elections and primaries, much as we are interested in the affair, but we wish to mention a few things about a county superintendent of schools, Eli M. Rapp, who is superin-

tendent of the schools of Berks County, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Rapp began his career as county superintendent in 1896 and has been re-elected ever since. His platform is that farm children should be educated for the farm and by this principle he has been getting results. Through his influence the term has been lengthened, salaries raised and the qualifications of a teacher made higher. The result is better schools. In order to stimulate an interest in farm life two clubs were formed, the Boys' Agricultural Club and the Girls' Domestic Science Club. The slogan of the former is "Better farming" and of the latter, "Better housekeeping." The two clubs hold an exhibition every year which is said to be a miniature county fair; the boys exhibiting farm products and the girls needlework and cookery. These contests as elsewhere in the United States have aroused a greater interest in better farming; and, which is also frequently the case where agriculture is taught in the schools, the boys raise much better crops than their parents. Superintendent Rapp issues a special diploma to those schools which measure up to a certain standard of which the following are some of the conditions as printed on the application blank:

"Are there shutter fasteners on the shutters or is the teacher compelled to invoke the aid of a friendly rail from a nearby fence in order to keep them quiet on a windy day?"

"Is the schoolroom provided with a globe? N. B.—A globe costing less than three dollars will answer all purposes. A \$10.00 globe is a waste of money."

"Is there a sufficient supply of dictionaries? N. B.—Dictionaries over ten years old are out of date."

Superintendent Rapp issues a self-grading success certificate to his teachers and when they fall below fifty per cent he advises them to quit teaching for the good of the schools as well as themselves.

We take the photograph from the American Magazine from which the material for the greater part of this article is taken.

Street Carnivals.

This is the season of the year for street carnivals and cheap tent shows in parks and amusement centers, when nickels and dimes drop continuously into the boxes of the ticket sellers. It is the season of the year when ambitious cities either hold a fair of some kind or contemplate one at some time in the future. Next winter thousands of the patrons of these cheap but expensive attractions will be walking the streets in search for bread, will be seeking help at the various relief stations. Now you think that we are going to condemn the one who patronizes the carnival. We are not. We have been to the place ourselves when nothing but a spirited exhibition or recreation of some kind would drive away the clouds of despair or fatigue. You may call us by any name you wish but facts are facts and that is what we have to deal with in this world. There is a motto hanging above me which says, "No man is really a man who has lost out of him all of the boy," written by Beecher, and it describes the situation exactly. No matter how old we are if we are normal human beings we desire recreation of some kind or other, and by recreation we mean sitting on the porch reading the paper as well as attending the circus. The difference is a matter of taste and culture. The tawdry shows that accompany the street carnivals cater to a certain class of people, we are accustomed to say. The statement is true but it is entirely wrong to believe that every one who attends these attractions desires just such shows and nothing better. There are sufficient data available to prove that many of the patrons of public dances, vicious shows and vulgar sports will attend attractions of culture and uplift if they are given an opportunity. What would you think of a man who would go into a country where there are no churches, where there were only circuses, prize fights and houses of prostitution, and then condemn the people for attending these places instead of going to church? Would you not think he had better build a few churches first? No, we shall not criticise the man

or woman, the boy or girl, for attending vulgar amusements until there is something better offered.

This summer, we are told, New York City is having a great summer carnival which will continue for three months. It is a great commercial undertaking, being backed by many of the principal business men of the metropolis, and it is supposed that it will add \$500,000,000 to the business of the city. The Hotel and Business Men's League of Greater New York seems to be the moving factor in the organization of the enterprise. Now, there is something strange about this affair. It is said that not one artist, sculptor, or musician has been asked to cooperate in the planning. The reason is that the carnival will not be conducted for cultural purposes. The aim is simply to make money out of the ignorance of the people. After all, would it not be much better to enlarge and beautify the parks, conduct free open air concerts or similar attractions at a nominal admittance, make playgrounds for the children where not only they may get some sunshine and fresh air, but where the mothers and fathers may also rest after the day's work? That is just what progressive men and women are trying to do in every city; they are trying to replace the evil by the good, the worthless by that which is of moral value. Some time again we may tell you of a special instance of this.

Child Welfare Exhibit at St. Louis.

During the month of May a large child welfare exhibit was held in St. Louis, at which there was an attendance of over 158,000. These exhibits are conducted in order to create a greater interest in sanitation, health and adequate wages. Photographs, statistics, summaries, demonstrations, and apparatus make up the exhibit. The needs of St. Louis as set forth in the exhibit are:

A wider use of the schools. An amendment to the constitution favoring this will be voted on in November.

The creation of a Public Recreation Commission, whose duty it shall be to supervise all commercial amusements.

A board of children's guardians to place children in private homes.

The erection of an isolation hospital.

A system of trade and vocational guidance schools in connection with the public schools.

A department of child hygiene in the board of health.

Changes in the present housing laws so that privy vaults will be abolished and

WE FOLLOW ONE ANOTHER

POVERTY CHILD LABOR UNSKILLED LABOR LOW WAGES

THIS CIRCLE MUST BE BROKEN

UNTRAINED CHILDREN FORCED TO ENTER INDUSTRY.

95% of their Fathers are living, but the Wages of the Unskilled Man are seldom enough to support an Average Family.

\$12. per week - \$624. per year - is the largest wage of an Unskilled Laborer.

\$15. per week - \$780. per year - is the smallest income on which a family of five or six can be supported in St. Louis.

Most of the Children of 14 Years are contributing to the Family Income.

In 70% of the Families, over 50% of the Children are Wage-earners.

90% of the Children who enter Occupations untrained remain Unskilled Laborers.

193

Investigation by the School of Social Economy

more light and air admitted into the tenements.

A living wage for men and women so that young children need not work in factories.

According to the researches of the School of Social Economy, the average wage of the 87,000 workers in St. Louis is so low that a family of five cannot live upon it. That is why so many small children are put to work.

A Minimum Wage Law for Massachusetts.

The Lawrence strike may have taught Massachusetts a lesson; at any rate the Legislature has passed a minimum wage law and at the same time created a Minimum Wage Commission whose duty it shall be to recommend wage scales and to publish in the newspapers of the counties the names of those employers who refuse to pay a living wage or comply with the recommendations of the Commission. A chance is given the employer to appeal his case to the courts if he wishes. Here there seems to be a weak point in the law; however, the chief strength of the measure lies in the publicity provision. The act went into effect July 1, which gave the employers who were lax in the matter of wages an opportunity to raise the scale. This bill met with a different experience than most reform measures which are introduced into the State legislatures. There was scarcely any opposition in either the House or the Senate. The House voted for it unanimously.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Valentine's Fate.

A crisis has been reached in the affairs of the Indian Office. Indian Commissioner Robert G. Valentine is slated for retirement and it is authoritatively stated that Secretary Fisher has been instructed by the President to recommend his successor. It is alleged that the President has decided to oust Valentine if he cannot be induced to resign. Valentine telegraphs from Massachusetts that he has not yet resigned and his friends are wiring him begging him to stick and permit the President to dismiss him from service.

The trouble leading up to this state of affairs has been Valentine's stubborn sup-

port of the efforts of his officers to prevent the selling of liquor to Indians and his famous "garb" order forbidding the wearing of any sectarian uniform by teachers in the Indian service. The President promptly suspended this order and found that in doing it he had picked up a hot horse shoe. Then he vented his wrath by the resolution to oust Valentine from the service.

The "garb" matter was turned over to Secretary Fisher, who held hearings in the matter and tried to effect a compromise between the Catholics and Protestants. In this he failed and recently it was given out that the matter would soon be "settled." It is rumored that the plan of "settlement"

is to sustain Valentine's order, which would appease the Protestants, and then fire Valentine and replace him with a pro-Catholic who would nullify the order. That would more than satisfy the Catholics and leave the Protestants with an empty victory.

At any rate the Catholics are jubilant today at what they call their "victory," whatever that may be.



The "Cost of Living" Issue.

All agree that the average man or woman is deeply interested in the "high cost of living." The Chicago and Baltimore platforms alike recognize this explicitly, and Colonel Roosevelt specifically mentions the cost of living as a matter that will receive particular study and discussion from the third party. The consumers want relief here and now, Mr. Roosevelt is reported as saying, and remedies must be honestly sought and found.

What the third party, when formed, will do with the high cost of living issue, time will tell. Meanwhile let us glance at the platforms already before us.

The Chicago platform says positively that the protective tariff is not and cannot be the cause of high and rising prices. It says nothing directly about trusts in this connection, but promises a scientific inquiry, as well as steps to remove "any abuses that may be found to exist" in order that the cost of necessities may not be artificially increased. The scientific inquiry is to be international and exhaustive.

The Baltimore platform takes issue with the Republicans sharply on this question. It charges the tariff system and the trusts with responsibility for high prices and promises "substantial relief" through tariff revision and the "breaking up" of trusts and combinations. There is no promise of any scientific inquiry.

Here, then, is a direct issue. The intelligent voters must consider the question in all its bearings. The Republican platform offers no ready solution, while the Democrats propose to "solve" the problem by reducing tariff duties and attacking combinations under the Sherman act or a "stronger" act. The difference is material and practical. Voters who want an inquiry cannot support the Baltimore program with its risks and effects on business, while those who favor drastic action against combinations and protection will not be content with an inquiry. We repeat, there is an issue here, and not a quarrel over mere words.

Party Emblem.

It would be a good time now for the Democrats to go back to the rooster as their party emblem. It was Thomas Nast, the famous Republican cartoonist, now dead, who gave the Democratic party the donkey emblem way back in the Greeley campaign, and it was likewise he who made the G. O. P. elephant the sign of the Republican party. The elephant is a dignified emblem enough, for it stands for size, power and intelligence, but the donkey is absurd, being noted only for its loud and offensive braying, its unreasoning stubbornness and its blind willingness to carry heavy burdens for others and stand hard beatings. Why the Democrats should have accepted an emblem of this sort, gratuitously foisted on them from a hostile source, and allowed to take the place of the rooster is hard to understand. There is something inspiring in the chanticleer, proudly strutting about, awakening the world with his clarion notes of victory and defiance and imagining himself master of the world. However, perhaps the Democrats got out of the habit of using this emblem of victory during the long period when they had so very few victories to crow over. Now that the fates and some others have given them such an unusually good chance to win, they ought to readopt the rooster as their insignia. Whether they can live up to him or will drop back into the donkey role will of course depend entirely on themselves.—The Pathfinder.



Sought Control, Not Office.

Men hold that Bryan was seeking in Baltimore not office but control. They insist that the relations of Mr. Bryan and Governor Wilson are not much more than casual as a matter of fact; that the two men are not intimate; that they have not been working under any understanding and are not now; that they indulged in no long conferences during the intense and prolonged contest and that there was between them no clique of mutual friends.

When Bryan asked each of the aspirants about the selection of Judge Parker for temporary chairman, it was with the detached air of a judge on the bench toward an attorney at bar and when Wilson answered the inquiry in a way which met Bryan's favor more than the replies from the others, Bryan set out, independently and in his own way, to make Wilson the nominee.

EDITORIALS

Play or Work?

It would be interesting to go about for a day, asking every one you meet to give you his idea of play. The man who sits at a desk all day looking over books would probably say: "Play is to be out under the sky with nothing but a canoe between myself and the water of the river." But the boatman who rides up and down the river daily would wish to stretch his legs on land, and find his play indoors.

The busy seamstress would like to throw aside her sewing and take a railroad trip to a near-by town. But the traveling secretary would find her recreation in sitting quietly at home, sewing dainty seams in the garments she so seldom finds time to make for herself.

Does it not throw a rather interesting light on the task that often becomes so tedious to know that for some one, under other conditions, it would really be play? In fact, when we try to define the difference between work and play we are rather hard put to it. Some one has suggested that work is that for which you are paid, while play is that for which you pay. And one would think, from the way most of us hurry through the hours of work to reach the playtime, that we found much more joy in paying than in being paid.

The truth is that we often overlook the joys of work, which form the solid meal of every normal life, with play as the dessert. It is only fretful children who are all the time crying for dessert, without enjoying their bread and butter and meat. The sweeping of a room, if done under proper conditions, should bring the same physical benefit as exercise in a gymnasium; and the correct adding of an account should furnish a mental stimulus equal to the winning of any game of skill. Then, too, there is joy that play cannot bring; the exhilarating sense of something worth while achieved. No one who has not experienced this thrill has really lived, and no one who does not experience it often has a full title to all other joys of life.

When the golden age arrives, we shall recognize as the true aristocrats, whatever their family or purse, those who find happiness in accomplishing their tasks, and are proud of them when they are done.

Recreation and Life.

The unbroken monotony of a life may

lead one to recklessness and even drive one to despair, when there is no diversion to give the mind an opportunity to get its normal bearings. John Collier in giving a bit of his experience said:

"I worked in a mine when I was nineteen years old, in the old South, twelve hours a day for a dollar a day. When the day's work was done, I used to go to my little cabin, eat, get in my bunk and sleep until the whistle blew in the morning at six-thirty. Then I went to the pit's mouth and down into the shaft and I picked—day after day, most of the time on my knees because the drift was narrow. Along about Friday, I, a young, eager-hearted boy, would begin to be so tired, to feel the weariness of that labor so, that I wanted a chance of escape. How was I going to get away from it? It was a little, common, dirty, mining town; just one place where there was even light and music, and that was in the crowded saloon. I had never drunk before I came into this mining camp; been raised on a farm; didn't even know the taste of liquor. I went down into that saloon; I listened to the music. I threw two or three beers under my belt, and I thought I was happy, but I was not.

"The next morning I had a head that told me I hadn't been happy, and still I would go the next week and do the same thing, not because I was bad but under the condition of things it took possession of me. Now I found myself going back physically, becoming heavy and logy. There was no sort of opportunity. Finally I went on a brake beam to Colorado and got a job in a mine there. I worked eight hours a day, got four dollars a day, and worked only six days in the week.

"Life changed for me—I had leisure. I had opportunity. I began to study at night. I bought books. Then the whole world changed for me because of the change in my industrial condition.

"You say that if you give leisure and better wages to some men they will spend it in saloons and loafing around. Doubtless that is true. And if you give more dividends to some men, their sons will buy automobiles and give them to chorus girls. But I am not going to judge either class by the vicious members of that class. In other words, honor and truth and well-meaning are not special privileges of any group."

Menace to Public Health.

Ten acres of swamp or marshy land in a county can breed enough mosquitoes,

malaria, and typhoid to seriously affect the health of the entire county and greatly lessen the industrial efficiency of the community.

In the United States are swamp and marshy lands that aggregate an area almost as large as all England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales combined. There are more than 75,000,000 acres, approximately 118,000 square miles. The area of Great Britain is 121,390 square miles, including the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands.

The swamp area of the United States is almost as large as the States of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio combined. It is as large as New York, Illinois, Massachusetts and New Jersey.

The crops of these 75,000,000 acres are snakes, frogs, mosquitoes, fevers, and alligators. Only the frogs and alligators are of any value of any kind. The mosquitoes, according to Dr. Ayer, a mosquito specialist of New York, cause the death of 250,000 persons every year. There is no way of estimating the total number of deaths caused by typhoid, malaria and other diseases bred by the swamps and spread all over the land. They must number into the hundreds of thousands annually. The economic loss because of lessened efficiency, stagnated ambition, curtailed energy, is enormous. The baneful influence of the swamps extends all over the country for a fifty per cent efficiency in one section inevitably puts a greater burden upon those who live in sections where the efficiency is on the hundred per cent basis.

For the public health and the public wealth, is the slogan of the National Drainage Congress, organized at Chicago recently for the purpose of bringing about the drainage and reclamation of this 75,000,000-acre pest hole, in a comprehensive national manner.



Parents Who Become Slaves.

Parents generally do not choose to become slaves to their children, but unfortunately many of them allow themselves unconsciously to make sacrifices that are harmful to the children and destructive to the parents. Virginia Terhune Van De Water in *Good Housekeeping*, in discussing "Ordeals of the Middle-Aged Woman," makes the following statements which apply to fathers quite as much as to mothers:

Women who have sons and daughters, in their desire to promote the comfort of their children neglect their own health of body and mind—especially the latter. If,

therefore, you have children—nay, because you have children—make the best of your life, for their sakes as well as for your own. If you have a daughter in whose clothes you are interested, keep up an interest in your own also. Insist on dressing as well as, or even better than, your daughter. She has youth to help her look well; you are no longer a fresh and pretty girl. She wishes to go into society; you must go whether you really wish to or not. She wants to keep up with the topics of the day; you should want to even more. Refuse to fall behind the young people in pleasure or mental activity. I do not urge any matron to dress like a young girl, but I do urge her to dress like a bright, good-looking, interesting woman. Believe yourself to be all that and live up to the part. When a lecture or fine music attracts your attention, do not say with a little sigh of renunciation, "The children must hear that," but "The children and I will go," or, if either must renounce this delight, let it be the son or daughter.

Does this sound cold-blooded, hard-hearted and self-seeking? It is not. I regard children as the greatest blessings God ever gave to woman—the reward of her womanhood. And just because they are all this I hold that a woman owes a duty to them that is just as great as caring for their physical needs and morals—in fact that helps her care for these last—the duty of providing them with a mother who shall be their comrade, their friend, their confidant, who shall keep pace with them in their enjoyments and enthusiasms. The mother who does this will forget to grow old.



A Woman Who "Hired Out" to Her Husband for a Vacation.

The following letter won a prize of \$25 offered by The Woman's Home Companion for the best account of a vacation. It was written by a woman who lives on a farm in Wyoming:

"To begin with, then, I'm a rancher's wife, and was a farmer's daughter, so I know what it means to get up early and work till late. I've read a great deal about vacations, but not much about vacations for the woman on the ranch.

"Most women who live on a ranch know something about horses, and can harness and drive a team. Now everyone knows that to people who have always worked with their hands, idleness is not rest, and that recreation comes quicker and surer from a change of work; so I 'hired out' to my husband.

"We have seventy-five acres of alfalfa, and here in the West men are scarce and wages are high, so I hired a girl to do the housework and take care of the children, while I donned a pair of overalls, a jumper, a broad-brimmed hat, and a pair of stout gloves, and went forth to take my vacation.

"The first day I mowed, and the first night I kicked levers and drove horses all night. I wasn't so enthusiastic the second morning, but I mowed some more, and raked some, and that night I slept; and I slept every night that followed during the harvest, for I 'stayed with it' till the hay was in the stack, doing team-work altogether, and when we were through, my husband said I was 'the best man on the job.'

"I was decidedly a better woman, for I had gained five pounds of flesh, stronger nerves, harder muscles, and a coat of tan that hasn't all worn off yet.

"I told the girl that I was not to be consulted about anything, so I shifted the whole responsibility of the household, and did just as the men did; washed, ate my meals, and then rested till time to start to work again.

"My girl cost me four dollars per week, and I made twelve, which left me a clear gain of eight dollars per week in cash, besides the other good things. I felt so rested when I took up the reins of the household again, that what had before been a task was now a pleasure. Really, it did seem good to cook a meal once more, and I had not thought it possible.

"And next year I'm going to do it all over again."



"SERVICE."

Mack Isbell.

If you shall sing one little song
To set another heart a singing;
If in despondent hearts your words
Shall set the joybells ringing;
If deeds you do from day to day
Shall to another point the way
To greater heights for mind and soul
And clearer vision to behold
The Christ; then count your every ill
As good, since these his laws fulfill.

OUR YOUNG AGRICULTURISTS' PAGE

Prof. F. W. Markwood

Sheep.

THE sheep was probably the first animal domesticated by man; and today is found wherever man lives.

It is found domesticated or wild, in every latitude, and finds sustenance and thrives where other animals can scarcely live. It provides meat and clothing, and is one of the most popular and easily cared for of animals. Sheep increase rapidly, mature early, and their flesh is wholesome for food. Every farm should have its flock. Sheep improve the land on which they are pastured, they are docile, easily handled, live on a greater diversity of food and require less care than any other kind of live stock. In mixed farming, there is enough food wasted on most every farm to maintain a small flock of sheep.

Sheep may be classed as follows: 1. Fine woolled breeds: American Merino, Rambouillets. 2. Medium woolled breeds: Southdown, Shropshire, Horned Dorset, Hampshire Down, and Oxford Down. 3. Long woolled breeds: Leicester, Lincoln, Cotswold.

The first are grown for wool principally,

—the second for mutton first, wool secondary; in the third group both wool and mutton are important. The wool is valuable in proportion to the length and evenness of the fibre, and the density of the fleece.

Farm Poultry.

Our geese, ducks, turkeys and domestic hens are all descendants of wild fowls. The domestic fowl of today has four well-defined uses: meat production; egg production; feather production, and pest destruction. The farmers of the U. S. a year or so ago got nearly \$150,000,000 for the sale of eggs alone!

Our fowls need dry, warm, well-lighted and tidily kept houses. They must have, if we want the best returns, an abundant supply of fresh water, and a variety of nutritious foods. For cold, rainy or snowy weather, they should have a sheltered yard. Their bodies and their nests must be protected from vermin. In good weather they should be allowed a range wide enough to give them exercise. Geese, turkeys and ducks are not so generally raised as hens, but there is a constant demand at good prices for those fowls.

The popular varieties of the domestic hen are: 1. egg breeds: Leghorn; Minorca; Spanish, and Red Cap. 2. Meat breeds: Brahma; Cochin; Langshan. 3. General purpose breeds: Plymouth Rock; Dorking; Rhode Island Red; Wyandotte. 4. Fancy breeds: Polish; Game; Sultan; and Bantam.

A great many people raise fowls by means of an incubator for hatching and a brooder as a substitute for the mother hen (in which to place the chickens after hatching). Poultry raising is a very pleasant, profitable business if one studies to conduct it rightly.

Machinery.

Farm tools, implements and machinery are now highly improved. The toothed, horse-drawn cultivator has replaced the "man with the hoe." The slow, back-breaking grass sickle has gotten out of the way for the horse mower and rake. The old, heavy, sweat-drawing cradle has slunk into

the backwoods, and in its stead we have a horse or steam-drawn harvester, which cuts and binds, and even threshes and measures the grain in one operation. Instead of wearily making a furrow at a time, with a gang-plow one cuts many furrows at a time. But the farmer of the future must know these things well: what machines he can profitably use; how to manage them, and how to care for them.

The machinery of today is too complicated and valuable for bunglers to destroy; and too costly to be left in fields and under trees to rust and rot. I have often seen new hayloaders, and even as complicated and delicate machines as binders, in fields in mid-winter, the tops sticking from a snow drift! Future farmers, what do you think of that way of doing? You must learn thoroughly the uses of the different machines; you must give them decent care when using them, and house them when not in use.

COLUMBUS OR CABOT?

A. H. Rittenhouse

AN organized effort to give the Catholic church undue honor is now being made in the efforts to laud Christopher Columbus as the discoverer of this country. June 8 a monument, paid for by public money, was unveiled in Washington, our national capital, and already twenty-three States have declared Oct. 14 a legal holiday. The affair at Washington was not a national affair, as the exercises were controlled by the Knights of Columbus, a Catholic secret order; and the celebration throughout the States are practically Catholic church festivities.

The attempt to divert undue credit to the Catholic church as the beneficiary of their convention should be resisted. Already Catholic papers say this country belongs to them by right of discovery, because Christopher Columbus was a Catholic, sent out by a Catholic queen, supported by Catholic money, and Columbus took possession of the land in the name of the Virgin Mary, and for the queen of Spain. Such doctrine as this taught in Catholic schools is likely to lead to disaster to some one.

For the benefit of those who need some information on this line we quote from a sermon of Bishop Wm. S. Perry, of Iowa, delivered at St. Paul's church, Baltimore, Md., some years ago:

"We, throughout American history, read of the struggle between the Latin nations and faith, and the English nations and religion, for the supremacy of the North American continent, including these United States. This contest began when Castile sent forth Columbus to discover the New World, and when the Roman Pontiff issued his bull recognizing the discovery of America as in the interest of Spain, and of the Roman Catholic church. It is clear that there was no intention to allow any other people or religion except Spain and Rome to share the benefits of the discovery of America. The bull of Pope Alexander VI. (the Borgia) makes this plain. Francis I., of France, later emphasizes this, and then the struggle continues.

"England never recognized the alliance between Spain and the Roman Catholic church, nor the claim to territory growing out of it. Little recked Rome that Sebastian Cabot would discover the best part of the Western world, carrying to it the liberty which England's Magna Charta secured. On June 24, 1497, Sebastian Cabot sighted the North American shores, off the coast of Labrador, and sailed south along the coast of Newfoundland and New England. It was Cabot who first found, in spite of the decree of the Roman Pontiff, the territory now held by the United

States and Canada. This priority of the discovery of North America emphasized England's dislike for Spain, and Spain's jealousy of England.

"Strange, indeed, would have been our religion, the features of our government and of our estate, if the standard of Spain had been raised on our shores. But God, in his providence, provides a different destiny, when he designed that North America should be settled by the robust English and Scotch race; that ours should not be like the territory of Mexico and of the South American republics. Let us in our congratulations, public and private, heartily thank God that Columbus did not discover the territory of North America; and that we do not owe our freedom of religious faith, nor of speech, to Rome. The bull of Borgia was not allowed, by the reckless tracing of a line on a map, to dispose of the territory of the United States, for God's hand was there, ordaining that the (so-called) successors of Peter should not control the religion of the territory, or the destiny of North America.

"The discovery of Cabot was thirteen months before Columbus discovered the

coast of North America. Cabot's eyes had first seen, and his feet had first trodden, the soil of America for England's queen and church. To him also belongs the credit of knowing what he had discovered—a new world—while Columbus still thought he had discovered the East Indies, or the fair land of Cathay.

"The struggle is not yet ended, for God intended it to go on between the two civilizations, the two religions, the two races, from the discovery of America to the present day. The old claims, the old assumption, exist in Rome today. The Roman Catholic church now seeks to control things, and at this time it is specially important that the principles which we are now forming and the problems now threatening should be studied.

"We owe nothing to Columbus or to Spain. Our nationality, our liberty, our history, our literature, our culture, are due to the acknowledged power of the principles of the survival of the fittest, and to the settlement of North America by English soldiers, sailors, and other colonists. The ruling ideas, the very turn of our thought, the manhood of our people, declare who was in the struggle for the Continent."

MARKET DAY IN OYONNAX

Paul Mohler

ONE of the most interesting institutions in this interesting country is market-day. Each town in this part of France has its regular weekly market-day when buyers and sellers of all rank come from far and near for business. Some merchants indeed seem to do nothing else but travel from town to town with their movable counters and awnings and stocks of goods. They have good outfits too, sometimes motor-driven trucks of no mean order.

That reminds me of one of the most successful lines of Protestant missionary work yet undertaken in France. M. Sainton, a Protestant evangelist working under the direction of the McAll Mission, has travelled from town to town attending these markets or "fairs," as they are sometimes called, to sell Bibles and Testaments. During that time he has sold more than 30,000 New Testaments, and the Mission has at last bought him an automobile to accelerate his work. Certainly the opportunity is a great one, and the need is also great.

Naturally, each local market is modified largely by local conditions. For example, the city of Bourg is in a section of country especially devoted to the raising of poultry. Naturally the Bourg market is largely a poultry and egg market to which dealers go for supplies from all directions. Oyonnax, on the other hand, is a manufacturing town whose only agricultural export that I can see is live stock, and perhaps a little grain and hay raised on the surrounding mountain-sides and valleys. The Oyonnax market is a retail market in which the daily needs of the household are anticipated. This is the only market of which I am qualified to speak definitely.

Market-day in Oyonnax is Monday. Each Monday there is a market, but the big market is the first Monday of each month, which is also the local pay-day. On that day, the hundreds of celluloid comb and barette makers, that is, the workmen, are given a holiday in which to pay their debts and blow in their extra cash. It is a day of business, merriment, drinking, and of

course some disorder, though as a rule the French are too careful of their dignity to appear on the street drunk in the daytime. The last three big market-days here have been made memorable by notable crimes, the last one, just the other day, being marked by the murder of the local judge by a disappointed litigant.

But there is ordinarily nothing unpleasant about our market-day, and it is quite interesting to attend and do your buying with the crowd. There is an air of good-nature and sociability about a French crowd that puts you at ease. I have seen enough of dickering, and heard enough of "barking," but cannot now remember a single angry altercation in the Oyonnax market. And when you remember that this is a town of 10,000 inhabitants, the great majority of whom are laborers, many of whom do much of their buying at the market, that is saying a good deal for the French.

Of course the market occupies a good deal of ground. Not all of it can be held together, there being separate sections for each kind of merchandise. When I go to the market, I reach the live-stock section first. That is held in the open air at the "Place de l'école," a rather extensive terrace planted to trees but without grass, in front of the boys' schools. There, on a fine market Monday, will be quite a crowd of men and many cattle. There are generally some sheep, perhaps a few goats, donkeys and cows; but the great offering is of oxen. I do not remember having seen a single horse on the market.

The oxen are all yoked (by the horns), but never tied. Their drivers will lay the goad across the necks of the oxen and leave them stand for hours while they gossip or fish for buyers. I shouldn't wonder if there is as much shrewdness and trickery in ox dealing as in horse trading, but I don't know. Certainly the oxen are matched with much care and presented on the market in good shape. Most of these oxen seem to be cream-colored, and they are certainly fine lookers. I have seen some excellent driving by some of these "oxmen." When you bring a load of logs nearly one-hundred feet long down a steep hill, and turn a corner in a narrow street without touching a building, you have to be something of a driver. I like to look at the ox-market, but I never buy. I go on to the next department.

The big Catholic church stands down toward the center of the town perhaps one-hundred yards off the main street (Grande Rue), toward which the ground slopes ra-

ther sharply from the church. To the left of the church and extending along its side and forward, is a level strip of ground with trees but no grass. Here is the principal food market-place. Each dealer, who may or may not be a local merchant who takes part in the weekly market also, has his or her stand, just a rough counter with canvas awning, easily erected and removed. One has cheese, another fresh meat, just like a butcher shop; then come the fruit and vegetable stands and sometimes seeds and flowers. I don't know where they come from, but there are always vegetables and fruits for sale. So many "salads" are eaten here. Sometimes lettuce, cress, dandelion, spinach, but often just "salad." The French cannot eat without salad. The vegetables may be raised near this section of country somewhere, but such fruits as strawberries and cherries must come from much further south at the time of year they are first offered. Indeed we could buy green peas all winter, and green beans quite early. Such vegetables as well as strawberries and cherries are sold here by weight.

By the way, did you ever smell a cheese counter? I never did till I came here. I have a very poor nose, but I can locate these French cheese counters all right. In America, most of the cheese is comparatively fresh and sweet to smell, while the limburger is carefully enclosed in wrappers. But here, the freshest cheese you can buy has something of a carrion odor, and there are several varieties that excel in strength. It is really surprising what a center of power one little counter piled with a half-dozen varieties of cheese, all cut and exposed to the open air, can become. It is a battery with extensive range and great penetration.

In front of the church there is always a double line of peasant women, each with her basket on arm or at her feet as she stands and waits for buyers. She may have eggs, butter, cheeses, nuts, apples, honey, a chicken or two, a rabbit, some green vegetables or flowering plants, or it may be some article of manufacture. She may have tramped miles carrying her offering, without being able to sell it, but this is her one chance of the week to meet the buyers face to face. I may say that, in principle, I like to buy of them, but often I find their prices higher than those of the dealers, perhaps because they expect me to bargain for lower prices, which I never do.

Beyond the peasant line are the dry-goods, boots and shoes, hats and caps, novelties and notions counters; quite a

little city altogether. You can buy a knife from a pile on the ground, ranging from a little boys' jackknife to a big butcher, for six cents; and wonderful things for 10c at the bargain counter.

Just outside the big portal by the side of Grande Rue you will find the demonstrators of new contrivances, shoe-buttoners, clothes-hangers, etc. We don't have all the new things in America.

Not far from the Portal is the Grenette, the building in which is a big room used as a grain-market and auction-room. It is somewhat quieter than the Chicago wheat and corn market, but these people at least deal in real grain. I suppose a building is needed to shelter the grain as it is offered for sale, but it seems to me that the town

ought to provide at least a roof for the poor peasant women who often walk many miles with their produce only to be driven from the market by the bad weather before they have sold.

Now that reminds me that I have not mentioned one of the peculiarities of this country and its market days. This is a very rainy country; and if there is one day above all others when it is sure to rain, that day is Monday, the Oyonnax market-day. Again and again I have seen a fine Sunday when everybody was out in the open air, followed by a rainy Monday. Often the buying has scarcely begun when both buyers and sellers are driven to shelter. Our teacher says, "It always rains on market-day, it is a custom of the country."

ICE CREAM AND ICED DRINKS

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley

WITHOUT considering the character of iced foods and drinks, one element of danger is common to all of them. When the external temperatures are high, radiation from the body is retarded and a feeling of discomfort, due to temperature, is experienced. It may be that the actual temperature of the body is not increased, because this can come about only as the result of disease, but all the avenues of disposing of the excess of temperature are called into active service. Chief among these are the pores of the skin, from which large quantities of perspiration pass, and this, on evaporation, produces a cooling effect, due to the fact that when water passes from a liquid to a gaseous state it absorbs a large quantity of heat. This heat comes from the body, and thus the temperature of the body is kept uniform, although the external temperatures vary greatly and may be very high.

The sudden chilling of the esophagus and walls of the stomach cannot be looked upon with indifference. The digestion of large quantities of an iced food or beverage is attended with more or less danger, due to the cause mentioned. The sudden chilling of the walls of the stomach closes the excretory pores, stops the flow of pepsin, and favors the condition of acute indigestion. A rhymed reminder of this effect may not come amiss:

"Full many a man, both young and old,
Has gone to his sarcophagus,

By pouring water, icy cold,
Adown his hot esophagus."

A General Precaution.

To all persons, young and old, who wish to eat ices or drink iced beverages in hot weather, let this word of warning be given: eat or drink very slowly. Not only will the relief which is desired and the pleasure which is secured be increased by this precautionary retardation, but the general effect of the cooling food or beverage will be greatly enhanced. Mothers, especially, cannot be too insistent in cautioning their children to consume ices and iced beverages with deliberation. The habit once formed will not be difficult to follow, and much suffering may be avoided and danger averted.

I should not for a moment advise total abstinence from articles of this kind, but only a method of consumption which shall avoid any possible danger from the general chilling effects which are produced. Particularly if one has been engaged in active exercise or hard labor, resulting naturally in thirst due to the loss of much moisture from the body, the greatest care should be exercised in drinking cold water or other cold drinks.

What Is Ice Cream?

Among the most common of the iced foods which come into their vogue in July is ice cream. What is it? The answer to this question would be difficult. It is not

so difficult, however, to say what it should be. This product undoubtedly should correspond to its name, which indicates that it is composed essentially of cream, and custom has established that it be sweetened with sugar, and flavored with some natural, harmless material.

We cannot define ice cream without first defining cream. Many definitions have been given of cream, but the name conveys the same idea to all. It is the product separated from milk on standing or by centrifugal action, and consists of a concentrated mass of fat particles. In cream, however, are all of the constituents of milk, namely, water, casein, milk, sugar, and mineral waters.

The Legal Definition of Cream.

Legally, cream has been defined by the Congress of the United States as a product secured from milk in the manner above described, and containing not less than twenty per cent of butter fat. This definition applies only in the District of Columbia.

In the regulations issued by the secretary of agriculture, fixing standards for food products under authority of Congress, cream is defined as follows: "Cream is that portion of milk, rich in milk fat, which rises to the surface of milk on standing or is separated from it by centrifugal force, is fresh and clean, and contains not less than eighteen (18) per cent of milk fat."

The best cream is separated from milk as soon as it is drawn from the udder and while still warm, by running it through a separator. The principle of the separator is based upon centrifugal action, and the difference in specific gravity between the milk fat particles and the rest of the milk. The fat of milk is not dissolved in the milk, but is suspended in small particles throughout the mass, and it is to this suspension of fat particles that the white color of milk is chiefly due. The fat particles are lighter than the other constituents of the milk, and hence, if subjected to centrifugal action, the fat particles gather on that part of the whirled liquid nearest to the axis. The heavier particles of milk go toward the circumference.

By the use of an appropriate whirling machine called a separator, the fat particles can be almost completely separated from the other part of the milk. This separated cream should be at once cooled and kept at a temperature not above fifty, and better not above forty degrees Fahrenheit. It should also be used, if possible, within twenty-four hours after separation. Such cream, drawn from healthy cows, in a

cleanly manner, is pure, wholesome, and does not have a very high bacterial count. This is the material which should form the bulk of ice cream.

Standards for Ice Cream.

The secretary of agriculture, under authority of Congress, has also fixed standards for ice cream, which are as follows:

1. Ice cream is a frozen product made from cream and sugar, with or without a natural flavoring, and contains not less than fourteen (14) per cent of milk fat.
2. Fruit ice cream is a frozen product made from cream, sugar and sound, clean, mature fruits, and contains not less than twelve (12) per cent of milk fat.
3. Nut ice cream is a frozen product made from cream, sugar, and sound, non-rancid nuts, and contains not less than twelve (12) per cent of milk fat.

A great many of the States have adopted these standards for ice cream, but, as is usually the case, certain manufacturers who make a cheaper product have bitterly opposed them. The usual appeals have been made to higher authorities to suspend the action of these standards and to allow anything which looked like ice cream, and was frozen, to be sold under that name.

In a case brought in the District of Columbia by the health office against the manufacturer of a debased ice cream, which had a very low content of butter fat and a very high content of bacteria, and which contained a thickener to make it hold up for an indefinite period, testimony was given to the effect that ice cream could be properly made without having either milk or cream in it, and the judge of the court upheld this theory and refused to apply the standards which have been fixed by the Department of Agriculture under the authority of Congress. Later, however, the judge of the Federal Court in Cincinnati upheld the standards as legal, and no higher judicial authority has yet reversed his decision.

There is no doubt of the fact that the great majority of consumers of this product stand sturdily for the high standard of purity here set forth. The question is simply how long will the mercenary interests of those interested chiefly in making money by using cheaper ingredients be allowed to control in this matter?

Unfortunately, the trade journals devoted to this industry have quite uniformly taken the side of the debased product, and the amount of bitter vituperation which has been poured upon the heads of those who stood for the pure standard is only an illustration of what every official who does his duty to the people may expect from the vested interests.

Ingredients of So-Called Ice Cream.

A list of the materials which one may often get in ordering ice cream is of a kind to restrict the demand when the knowledge of the number and nature of the ingredients is spread abroad. First of all, attention may be called to the fact that a large amount of so-called ice cream contains no cream at all. It very often does not contain so much as whole milk. Very often skim milk is one of the ingredients, and still oftener condensed milk, which frequently contains even less butter fat than the normal average of milk.

In order that as little ice as possible may be used, and the resulting frozen product still hold its shape, various thickeners have been employed. Among these may be mentioned starch and gelatin. As regards wholesomeness, if the starch and gelatin are pure perhaps no question can be raised. There is, however, a question of deception and possible injury from long keeping, which is of the greatest significance.

The consumer supposes that the consistency of an ice cream, that is, whether it is hard or soft, is determined by the degree of freezing, and since one of the principal recommendations of a product of this kind is its temperature, any process by means of which a higher temperature can be maintained and the apparent consistency of the product retained, would be a deception. Moreover, starch is not cream, and especially if it is to be used by invalids or very young persons, starch itself may prove highly injurious. Therefore, both for ethical reasons, to avoid deception, and for hygienic reasons, to avoid injury, starch in any of its preparations has no place in ice cream.

Gelatin is often made from materials which are themselves inedible. Sometimes it is manufactured in glue factories, and no one can tell just where glue ends and gelatin begins. The bacterial content of the gelatin is often very high, and the bleaching agents which are used in whitening it are not always completely removed. Gelatin, therefore, may be ranked with starch in so far as its presence in ice cream is concerned. Ethically, it is improper to use it, and it may also threaten health. Pure ice cream needs neither starch nor gelatin, nor any other thickening agent.

Another constituent which is often found in ice cream is eggs. In regard to eggs, the same remark may be made as in the case of starch. If the eggs are fresh there can be little, if any, objection to them on the ground of health. The addition of eggs, however,

to a product of this kind makes it a custard and not a cream, and ice cream does not imply in any way a product containing eggs. A mixture of fresh, wholesome eggs with ice cream might very properly be offered to the consumer under the name of frozen custard, without deception and without injury.

"Homogenized" Cream.

An implement was recently invented for use with milk and cream, called a "homogenizer." Briefly, this machine has for its purpose the breaking of the granules of the fat, so that they may easily become distributed in the form of an emulsion in a milk or cream. This is accomplished by subjecting the milk or cream to a tremendous pressure, in strong vessels capable of bearing the strain, and forcing it through orifices which are smaller than the fat globules. The fat globules thus are of necessity disintegrated and distributed throughout the mass in the form of an emulsion.

It may be suggested that there can be no objection to a process of this kind, that it even might promote digestion, et cetera. The fact of the case is that milk which is homogenized becomes as thick and viscous as cream, and cream which is homogenized becomes extremely viscous, and, apparently in both cases, a much larger quantity of fat is present than is actually the case. The effect of homogenization is therefore deceptive.

Naturally, homogenized milk or cream, when worked into ice cream, would seem to contain more fat than is really the case. If this element of deception were removed, in my opinion, there could be no possible objection to the process known as homogenization. When we remember that, with the addition of a little bit of annatto, an ordinary milk might be passed through an instrument of this kind and come out as beautiful, thick, viscous, yellow cream, the possibilities for deception are very much increased.

This process is now coming largely into use in the manufacture of ice cream, the practice to a considerable extent being to mix butter which has not been salted, or salted butter which has been washed to remove the salt, with skim milk, and then to pass this mixed mass through a homogenizer, from which it emerges as thick and viscous cream. Thus the ice cream which you buy at the present time may have been made from skim milk and butter.

Peril in Fourth of July Ice Cream.

The greatest sale of ice cream in any one day of the year takes place on the Fourth

of July. There is naturally a big demand for the raw materials, which sometimes may be difficult to supply. It is very common to place ice cream in cold storage for several weeks before the Fourth of July, to supply the demand.

It is not an uncommon thing, in reading of the accidents due to this patriotic celebration, to find included with them cases of ptomaine poisoning, attributed to ice cream. Good mothers will take care that the ice cream their children eat on the Fourth of July is not the stored kind. There is no food product that bears storage so poorly as milk and cream, and it is the consensus of opinion among hygienists who have studied the milk and cream problem that the only safe way to preserve either of these products for any length of time is either by condensation and sterilization, or by drying. Even with the utmost care milk and cream are found to deteriorate in protracted cold storage.

Arsenic in the Coloring Matter.

One of the unfortunate tastes which have been cultivated in this country is a desire to eat highly colored ice cream. To my mind the natural color of the rich cream is the most attractive one that could possibly be used, but on the Fourth of July, particularly, red, white and blue colors are much in demand. The white is not difficult to obtain, since the "cream" which very commonly enters into the composition of ice cream is more the color of skim milk than of any other dairy product. The red, blue and green colors of ice cream are usually imparted by aniline dyes. Aniline dyes are unobjectionable for fabrics, but are always out of place in food products.

I need not dwell here on the dangers attending the use of coal-tar colors (in other words, aniline colors) in foods. Out of many hundreds of such colors that have been made, only seven have been deemed safe enough for toleration by the authorities of the Department of Agriculture, and even these seven are permitted to carry a certain amount of arsenic. If it is necessary, in order to sustain a man and prevent starvation, to use products containing arsenic, they might be tolerated, but when we consider that perfectly wholesome and nutritious food can be obtained in sufficient abundance for the needs of man, without the addition of articles containing arsenic, there can be no possible excuse for tolerating them at all. It is extremely difficult to get aniline dyes free of arsenic. It should not be at all difficult to exclude these dyes from food products.

I cannot cite specific cases where the color in ice cream has produced serious or fatal illness. Such proof is indeed most difficult. For instance, if one were made ill by ice cream, this illness might be due to a number of causes: first, the shock produced by the cold; second, the presence of large numbers of irritating bacteria; third, the development of ptomaines; and fourth, contamination of the cream by the container. Symptoms produced by all of these causes might be very much alike, hence it would be quite impossible to distinguish definitely between them.

The danger from these colors in ice cream is not that of serious illness or death, but of a continued attack upon the vital centers, due to the character of the material and its probable contamination with arsenic. Arsenic is what is known as a cumulative poison. Small quantities of it at first often appear to be advantageous, and it is used by physicians in certain cases as a tonic, but continued use, even in small quantities, is always dangerous, and hence the part of wisdom is to exclude it, in so far as possible, from foods.

My advice is to refuse to eat any food products colored with aniline dyes. The natural colors of the ingredients of food products are the only ones, to my mind, which should ever be permitted, and the yellow tint imparted to ice cream by the cream itself is the only color which may be safe, aside from those which are in natural fruits or fruit juices used for flavoring purposes. Red colors can easily be secured from small berries and other fruits, and these should be the only ones tolerated.

Clean Places of Manufacture Are Few.

Above all, the places where the ice cream is made should be under careful supervision. By such supervision the character of the raw materials is ascertained, whether fresh cream or some substitute therefor is employed, and the condition of the apparatus and of the factory in general from a sanitary point of view is determined. In the paper just quoted the following data were given:

"During the course of this investigation fifty-three manufactories of ice cream in Washington, large and small, have been visited in order to determine the sanitary conditions prevailing where this food product is manufactured. In 62.2 per cent of these places the ice cream is made in the basements or cellars. In nearly all cases they are improperly constructed to meet the demand of sanitary conditions. The ceilings are low and generally show a gross

collection of filth and cobwebs on the rough joints overhead. Occasionally a cellar is finished with a metal ceiling or plaster, but even when such improvements are noticed the absence of natural proper light or ventilation generally makes the cellar basement in Washington an unfit place for the manufacture or preparation of ice cream. Many of the buildings are of old-time construction and were not originally designed for the present-day purposes. With such construction as they show it is practically impossible to keep the average basement or cellar in a proper and fit condition for the handling of milk, cream, and milk products, no matter how honest and thorough may be the attempts of the tenants to do so.

"In many cases the tenants have much to contend with and report that their landlords are wholly unwilling to make alterations or necessary improvements, and if such are made it must be done entirely at the expense of the tenant. Sometimes, however, the fault does not lie exclusively with the landlord. Very frequently the basement in one of these establishments is used not only for the manufacture of ice cream and frozen dainties, but also as a storage room for all the old waste which may have accumulated for years past—old, broken furniture, scraps of metal, cast-off clothing, broken boxes, barrels, moth-eaten rugs, matting—in fact, one may find just such worthless stuff as generally collects about the dwelling house in the course of time. Such articles must of course pollute, and most dangerously, any food products which are brought into their proximity.

"While the premises are themselves of insanitary construction, an immense benefit would accrue to the consumers of ice creams, charlotte russes, cream puffs, custards, etc., if a general housecleaning on the part of the tenants were demanded and enforced."

A classification was made, so far as possible, on the basis of "clean, dirty, fair, and filthy." Three places, or 5.6 per cent, were found clean; sixteen places, or 30.1 per cent, fair; nineteen, or 35.8 per cent, dirty; and nine, or 16.9 per cent, filthy.

The sanitary studies made in other cities show that Washington is no worse than many other places, and perhaps not so bad.

There is perhaps no common article of food in which the method of manufacture and distribution needs a more thorough overhauling than in the case of ice cream. It seems strange that those engaged in this business should exhibit such hostility to all proposals which have been offered for the

betterment of their product. Instead of injuring business in the manufacture of ice cream, the adoption of the use of only proper and pure materials, the maintenance of a sanitary factory, and provision for a prompt distribution of the product, would do more to increase the volume of trade than could any other thing.

Ice Cream Cones.

Another form in which ice cream is largely sold is in conical containers made of wheat flour and baked to a crisp. Where these cereal containers are fresh and clean they are not objectionable.

In order, however, that they may keep for a long time and in all parts of the country, and over long periods of transportation, it was a common practice some time ago to put borax or boric acid in them as a preservative. Large numbers of shipments of cones of this kind have been seized and condemned under the Food and Drugs Act. Where ice cream cones are sold it is highly important that the health officer should see to it that they are clean, wholesome, freshly baked, and free from added injurious substances, like a chemical preservative.

It would not be, in my opinion, to the best interests of the happiness and welfare of children to prohibit sales of cones. If the materials thus dispensed are clean, wholesome, and free from any contamination, there seems to be no valid objection to their use, provided the parents of children who buy them are aware of the fact that they are eating this kind of food.

There is a distinct difference in the attitude of makers and dealers respecting what should be designated as ice cream. A large number of manufacturers believe that ice cream should have at least as much cream in it as the minimum standard requires, that is, fourteen per cent, and a large number of States have fixed that as the legal standard. Another large contingent of manufacturers and dealers has violently opposed a standard of this kind, claiming the right to call by the name "ice cream" any frozen, sweetened and flavored product which resembles cream in any respect.

It is evident that any attempt to prescribe a minimum quantity of cream in a product of this kind will be stoutly resisted by certain manufacturers and dealers, and pursuing this kind of reasoning to its legitimate result, it is evident that any product which looks like or resembles ice cream in any way, even if it contains no dairy product whatever, may be made and sold under that name.—Good Housekeeping.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Dear Children:

We are back at our room and quite glad to be here again, and now I must tell you of our trip.

At 10:35 Bro. Andersson, Mrs. Eckberg, our interpreter, and we started for Simrishamn. This is a village of 2,000 on the extreme eastern coast of Sweden at its southern end. Nothing of interest transpired during our Sunday morning ride. The fields were ripening to the harvest and the country for the most part looked very beautiful. But mama had an English lady to talk with and she lost no time. I read and napped. About one we reached our destination and were met by Bro. Cederholm and Bro. Högbert. It was raining a little and we walked out into the country where Bro. Cederholm lives. We want no warmer welcome anywhere than we received there. At once coffee and later a meal was served us and we walked back to town for a four o'clock service. Few people were there but we had a good meeting just the same. Five members live here. After meeting we returned and spent the evening pleasantly and slept soundly. Monday morning we walked back toward the sea, came back, took some pictures, and then I called on a neighbor Swede who used to live in Belvidere and Beloit and has been in Elgin. He was rebuilding his house that had burned down. It was interesting to see the walls and construction of a Swedish house.

After the noon meal mama, Miss Cederholm, her father and foster sister and Bro. Andersson and I started for the seashore to see the sands of Simrishamn. I wanted to take a picture but had no films and could buy none. The shore is very interesting as the waves come rolling in from the sea. The sand is broken granite and it is as clean as water can make it. So mama simply played in the sand as a girl would do.

Then we took a circuitous route back to town and passed a swallow village. This was very unique and interesting. Along the seashore there is a high cliff. In the side of this these ground swallows have dug holes and nested. There are hundreds of holes and swallows dart in and all around all the time. That was an inter-

esting thing to study. We have read of such things; now we have seen.

A little farther on we came to the swine village. Simrishamn will allow no hogs to be kept within the corporation. The residents out along the sandy waste of the seashore have small pig pens and keep their hogs in them. Well roofed and provided for winter here on regular streets are pig houses like a small village. I should judge there were a hundred sheds in this village. They told us there was another on the other side of town. All the pens had floors, good bedding, the hogs white and clean. It was a sight to go through the "swine villa," as they call it. My! I should like to have had a photo of it, but I had no films and so could not.

We returned to town, took coffee with a Sister Nielson, who is a widow with two children. Her husband was a butcher and died of consumption some years ago, leaving her little. She is running a boarding house and is doing well. While at the table Mrs. Eckberg told a new story on the Irishman that I think is a little the best yet, and I here relate it: Two Irishmen agreed to help each other in case they ever were hurt in the navy. A battle was on and Pat's leg was shot off. True to promise Mike came and was carrying him off the deck when a bullet shot off Pat's head. Mike seemed not to have noticed this and was carrying Pat down the gangway when the captain met him and asked him why he was carrying a body with a head off. "Sure," said Mike, "has Pat lied again? I always knew he was a big liar before. He told me that his leg was shot off, and now you say it is his head."

Last evening we had another small but good meeting. Two widows, Bro. Cederholm, wife and daughter make up the membership here. They are all such fine people, but I wish there was some way of opening up a more effectual work here.

No wonder that Algot is such a fine boy. He is but the reflection of a fine home indeed. His mother is very homesick for her boy and twice at the table left the room to cry when reference was made to him. But she conquered herself and was much amused when I said I was going to eat a

dinner for Algot. We gave them good-bye at six this morning, and our visit there will be a bright spot in our journey in Europe.

Well, we journeyed along seemingly at a snail's pace until we were pulling into the train yard of a place called Smedstrop. All of a sudden a cow jumped over the fence, ran in front of our train and the little watch charm of an engine, and the next car managed to crawl over her, but when the mangled cow reached the hind truck of our car she seemed to have doubled up in such a way as to throw our truck off the track. All of a sudden we were riding on the ties and such a clattering and racket. Of course, we did not know what had happened, only it sounded like as if we were off the track. In the course of some rods the train was stopped. But, say, these little engines! They are the oddest thing a-going anyhow. The steam chest and piston rod are under the engine instead of at the side.

At last we were off again. At Tomillalla we stopped and went into the country and visited Bro. Högbert. He is a potter by trade and for the first time I saw clay in the potter's hands. It was simply wonderful how the clay will respond to trained hands and what remarkable things they can make. We had a good dinner. They had cooked chicken for us and it was good.

Then we came on home by three. Found six letters awaiting us, and among the number one from Dan, and were glad for all of them. Mama is very tired and is resting on the lounge asleep. I shall now close and call on a brother, then go to witness meeting and be home after ten o'clock. It is a continual go here, more than mama likes, but she stands up well under it.

I hear through Father Miller that Aunt Nettie has been sick, but I have not a word from my father about it. I do not understand that. I am glad to know Nettie is out of danger.

God bless and keep you ever, is my prayer. We are as well as can be.

Affectionately,

Father and Mother.



RICH NEW YORK GIRL WHO WORKED IN A LAUNDRY.

In the July American Magazine, Ida M. Tarbell tells the life story of Carola Woerishoffer, a girl of rich parentage in New York, who absolutely refused to live in luxury on the money which was hers by inheritance and chose to go through the real experiences of life which make for the up-

building of genuine character. This girl, who was killed in an accident at the age of 26, achieved a great work for women's trade unions before her death, but earlier in her experience she worked for four months in a laundry under precisely the conditions that were imposed on the other workers. In fact, those who worked with her had no knowledge of her identity. Of this experience in the laundry Miss Tarbell writes in part:

"As she was determined to shirk nothing she was regularly at her tub or mangle or feeding machine at 7:30 A. M., and whenever the work demanded it she stayed on into the night. There were no provisions for seating in the long work period, frequently the rooms were practically unventilated, always more or less stifling from steam and damp. In some places she found neglect and uncleanness adding to the disagreeable features inevitable in the industry. She worked days over unguarded machines where the girls told her cynically: 'You didn't get burned today or yesterday, but you sure will some time, everyone does.' That she must have often suffered disgust, pain and fatigue is certain, but she makes no record of it. It is only by accident, indeed, that one learns that she was conscious that it was a hot summer! She is telling in her scrupulous, restrained way of the ventilating provisions in the different places she worked: 'In one place where the investigator dipped shirts in hot starch at a breakneck pace,' she says, 'she was at first struck when she went out to lunch by the coolness of the day. That night she discovered that the thermometer had registered 96 degrees in the shade!'

"Or take this: 'One of the ironers was eager to tell her past pampered life as a cook "off Fifth Avenue." "Sure, and it was a fine time I had there, but," she added with a sigh, "it was there I met my misfortune." "And what was that?" some one asked. "Me husband," she said, and then explained how it was through his illness that she had been brought upon her present arduous days. "Standing on your feet nine hours a day five days in the week when you are well on in life is no joke."'

"Her strict control of herself, the easy terms she fell into with the girls, gave her a reasonableness toward the work and an understanding of how and why they, as a rule, accept cheerfully and as a matter of course its hard conditions. That is, understanding and not emotion ruled her investigation."

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."—Matt. 5: 7.

THE merciful are those who are piously and charitably inclined to pity those who are in want. Those who are willing to succor and encourage persons who may be in misery. This is a golden opportunity for all of us. There are none of us that are so destitute that we can not do something for those who need help. We do not need necessarily to show our mercy by giving of material things to those who are in want. There are many other ways that we may show mercy. If we have not the means but the willing mind, God will accept our interest and willingness to do.

Jesus at all times showed the spirit of mercy and compassion on those about him. He was so sympathetic that when he came in contact with any one he was constrained to be merciful and relieved them of their sorrow or trouble. We ought to seek to be more like Jesus and be more merciful. We will come to have sympathy and love for those who need it by always helping some one every opportunity that comes to us. We grow by taking exercise. We will become more merciful by doing little deeds of kindness wherever our hands find something to do.

There are many conditions of men that are objects of mercy. There are those who are ignorant. They have not developed their mental powers. In many instances they may not have taken advantage of the opportunities that come to them. If they had been interested they might have obtained an education and been a much better citizen and had greater influence in the community. There are thousands of others who were not situated so they could obtain an education. School advantages were poor. Home conditions were such that they could not spend the time nor money. They may have had a widowed mother with younger brothers and sisters who were dependent on them for a living. They must work from early morning until late at night and twelve months in a year to provide food and clothing for those who were dependent on them. Whatever may be the cause you know that everywhere there are those who are ignorant. Many of them are sorry that they did not employ their time

better when younger. Life is more or less unpleasant for them, and they are often embarrassed because of their limited knowledge. They do not deserve our criticism, but our encouragement. They do not deserve to be made sport of, but our sympathy. They are not only objects of mercy from their own individual standpoint, but from the standpoint of the civilization and culture of the community.

We find those in every community who are careless. They are careless in their home. They are careless in their farm work. They are careless about their language and social influence. They are careless in their dealings with their fellow-men. In a short time they run through with a fortune. In fact, in every sphere of life they seem to be careless. Such people are objects of mercy. Who arouses our sympathy more than those who at one time may have been well fixed, but who have come to poverty, or those who may have held a place of honor who now are considered disrespectful? It is no uncommon thing for such people to become so distressed and discouraged with life that they commit suicide. Do they not need our sympathy and encouragement? Men and women of great possibilities, who could easily regain their former position if they might obtain the love and mercy of neighbors and friends instead of harsh injustice and severe criticism.

Here is a neighbor who is just about as low in sin as it is possible to get. He is a barkeeper and he spends his time in the saloon or in the gambling room. His family is so much in need of the love and association in the home. Satan controls his life. Sin has completely ensnared him in the meshes of her vicious net. Do we have mercy and compassion on such as we ought? We never have the courage to invite them to Sunday-school and church. We say it is no use, that he is already too far gone. We forget that God's mercy is sufficient for the vilest. We should never give them up. We ought to try to reach them. We are not the judge to determine when every available effort has been tried. Our mercy ought to be sufficient to pray and to labor that every effort might be made for his salvation. But still more impressive objects of mercy are the pure and innocent who are

yielding to their first temptation. Our hearts bleed in sympathy for those who are just having their first experience in sin. Then is the time to save them, before they become hardened in sin. Save them here, and you have saved not only a soul but a life.

There are many who sorrow around us. Those who lose health, those who lose friends, those who have grave disappointments, all need our most sincere love and mercy. It is very touching to see some one who on account of accident has become a cripple for life. They need for us to manifest a spirit of mercy by helping and encouraging them in every way possible. What is more touching than to see three or four helpless little children mourn over the loss of a dear mother? Does not our sympathy go out for them?

Everywhere we see those who are in want. They are destitute of sufficient food and clothing, and of everything that makes life joyful and happy. How is it possible that those of us who have plenty have grown so cold and indifferent toward these unfortunate ones? We do not seem to consider them as objects of mercy. The text says that we are to receive mercy as we give it. May more of us have the mercy that the coal driver had in New York, who, during a big coal strike, went with a load of coal into the East Side, with directions to deliver it to several parties and collect for the same. He did so. When he returned he handed in what money he had to the man in the office who, after counting it, found it several dollars short. "You have not given me enough," says the proprietor. "I know it," said the driver, "but everywhere I went little children came to me and held out pails, baskets and boxes. Some of them were crying. They were all shivering with cold. Now you can take the balance out of my pay or discharge me, or turn me over to the police. I could not refuse each one of them a little." "I guess," said the employer, "you can keep right on at least for the present."

If we are merciful we shall obtain mercy. First, we receive it from men. If we greet the mirror with a smile, we shall meet a smile. Just so if we give mercy we shall receive mercy in exchange. Second, we shall receive it from God. God's mercy endures forever. His supply never gives out. He supplies us with mercy for every emergency, and his mercy is sufficient. It will sustain us and keep us from all harm and danger, if we will only trust and serve him.

THE SUMMER DINING-ROOM.

THE country housekeeper, handicapped by many disadvantages, can teach us much of what simple ingenuity can do to improve undesirable circumstances.

In an old-fashioned farmhouse, there was no dining-room, and the kitchen, where the big wood stove roared, was insufferably warm during the summer months.

The city visitor was surprised to see how easily her hostess had overcome the deficiency.

From rough material a roomy porch was built across the back of the kitchen. From similar material a table was built. Two windows and a door opened from the kitchen to the porch.

For the window nearest to the stove a screen was constructed by making a frame the size of the window, covering it with mosquito netting, and hanging it to the outside of the window frame by hinges like a door. To the inner sill was added a broad shelf. Her food prepared for the meal was placed, and easily set on the table through the window.

The other window was taken out entirely, and on the inside was set an old cupboard, from which the back had been removed. The window blinds covered with the netting protected the outside, and dishes could be removed or returned to the cupboard without entering the house.

Vines were planted about the porch, and it was cool and inviting. Plain wooden chairs that the weather could not affect were used. The floor was painted, that it might be more easily cleaned.

Here the family ate their meals, and here the dishes were generally washed. The dining table, being undisturbed, was ready in the kitchen for cold or stormy days.

The next spring, as soon as warm weather approached, the city woman began thinking of that out-of-door dining-room. For a small outlay she screened her own back porch and planted vines, and here she installed a family dining table. So beneficial did this prove to the whole family that she considered it worth actual dollars to them.

A long cloth flapping in the breeze is entirely out of place in such a room, so she made cloths just the size of the table top, and here was another saving, in laundry work.

The average housekeeper does not get into the air and sunshine enough. Out-of-door living is inestimable in its benefits, and need not require costly trips or expensive improvements.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

NEW WRINKLES, HELPS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Conducted by Mrs. John M. Douglas.

DANGERS of a Dishcloth.—The dishcloth distributes more disease germs than any other household article. Although the washing of dishes is the most important part of domestic routine, its method shows little improvement since Eve cleaned the platters of the first meal outside of Eden. The one kitchen operation upon whose thoroughness the health of the family may depend is the one to which the least care and thought are given.

Usually any handy piece of cloth is picked out,—it may be a piece of torn underwear. China, glass, silver and iron pots all go into the same pan, and the cloth is more or less vigorously applied to each in turn. The water, at first clean and sudsy, becomes dirty and greasy. The dishcloth, which has become dirtier and greasier, is twisted into a wet cloth and left until the next meal. Only when worn out is it replaced by another.

Now disease germs are picked up everywhere. They are in the street dust, on the straps of cars which you grip on your way home, on the handle of your door, on your clothing. The hand is the great germ carrier. The roads by which the germs find their way to the dishcloth are many. The carrying of a fork back and forth from an infected mouth will leave a number of flourishing colonies in the remains of the meal. Germs from hands not sufficiently cleaned are left on the handles of knives, forks and spoons, and upon the edges of plates. The infected utensils go back to the kitchen and into the pan with the others. If the servant has germs on her hands, she will certainly wipe them off on to the dishcloth.

If you take a dirty rag and rub it over a piece of board you will see that no dirt has been left upon the really smooth portions, but that a number of little holes and scratches have become dark. This is because the rag has left behind, in each of these little irregularities, some of its dirt. In the same way, a dishcloth passing over the surface of the dishes, leaves in the little cracks and flaws bits of grease, and if there are any disease germs, it leaves them, too.

The best way is to keep a plentiful supply

of dishcloths made from crash toweling, which is cheap and handy,—and does not offer the possibilities to germs as the regular, common loose-woven stuffs.

A small cup of vinegar and cornmeal kept on my sink and used on the hands in place of soap, keeps them in good condition and removes stains.

When first I take the cork out of a glue, cement or any kind of bottle where it is liable to stick, I rub its edges with a little lard and it always comes out easy thereafter.

A young girl in our neighborhood begs old magazines from her friends and cuts out favorite stories. She binds each story separately with passe partout binding. Stories cut from newspapers are pasted on sheets of heavy paper, which are bound or stitched together. These are very convenient for invalids or sick persons to read, and in cases of contagious disease, they can be burned after reading.

It often becomes necessary to put screws in plaster walls without attaching them to any woodwork; but when we turn them, the plaster gives way and the screws fall out. Yet a screw may be inserted in plaster to hold pictures, etc., very firmly. Enlarge the hole to about twice the diameter of the screw, mix a little plaster of Paris and water, fill the hole, and insert the screw; it will set immediately and hold like iron.

I lately found out how to make ice cream freeze quickly: when the freezer is fully packed with ice and salt, and you are ready to begin turning, pour in a quart of cold water. The cream will freeze in half the usual time.

For the Young Housewife.—White Bread: Boil four good sized potatoes in about a quart of water; when done, pour off water, mash potatoes fine; add three heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, then add the potato water; mix well and strain; let stand until lukewarm, and then stir in a cake of yeast foam that has been soaked in a little water; keep in a warm place. Stir sponge about 7 P. M., keep warm, mix into stiff dough when risen sufficiently, and keep in a warm place till morning; then mold into loaves, let rise, and bake.

Old Fashioned Corn Bread: Two cups of sour milk; one cup sour cream; one heaping teaspoonful of salt; one even teaspoon soda (dissolve in hot water); one egg, white flour

one part, and cornmeal two parts, enough to form a thick batter. Pour into tins, and bake in a quick oven.

Ginger Bread: One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of cloves and cinnamon, one tablespoonful of ginger, two teaspoonfuls of soda in a cup of boiling water, 2 cups of flour and 2 well-beaten eggs the last thing; beat well and bake slowly.

It may be helpful to some readers to know how I managed to keep food during very hot weather without using ice. Get a wooden box (the one I used was 20 x 25 inches, and 12 inches deep); remove top and bottom, leaving only the four sides. Use unbleached cotton cloth for the bottom, tacking it securely around the edges on the outside. Use original top with a strip of wood nailed crosswise two inches from each end, and fasten to the box with two hinges. If one wishes to keep the box locked, the other side may be secured by means of a hasp and padlock. Place the cloth bottom on the brick, or cement, cellar floor; you will find that everything keeps perfectly cool in the warmest weather. Where there is no cement or brick cellar bottom, a stone slab or shelf will answer the same purpose.



HEARTS.

(Continued from Page 808.)

ways looked, only the shutters were all closed, and a great spider web, spun across the top of the front door, showed that the door had been closed for some time.

The man walked around the house. Unmowed grass waved in ripples in the back yard, and crept up between the boards of the walk. The stalks of last summer's flowers nodded forlornly in the breeze. Going to the shutterless window, he peered into the empty room. A feeling of dumb pain seemed to settle over him, as he saw the silent corners, where once stood the articles of furniture, which had once seemed a part of the house. There was no use to linger. The place was vacated, and not a thing left to designate where the girl had gone.

Suddenly, a fear almost choked him: What if she were dead? His limbs could scarcely carry him fast enough over into the neighbor's yard, where he went to seek information. But the woman who opened the door was a stranger. She only knew that the lady had moved away three months before. He tried other places and was greatly surprised to find most of the old

friends had moved away. A few remained who regarded him with surprise. Some treated him with coolness, and it was easy to see he had been censured most severely for leaving his sister so unceremoniously. Not one could tell him just where Edith had gone. She had left suddenly, and it had been a surprise to all. To a few friends she had confided that she intended to move to a large city, not far distant, and as she had no large means at her command, intended to rent a small store room, where she would sell home-baked food.

Thoroughly sick at heart, Guy Hazlett left for the city, but as it was a very large one, he felt perhaps he would never find her, and he blamed himself more than he had ever done in his life, as he realized she had perhaps left home on account of the unutterable loneliness that had overwhelmed her.

The days lengthened into weeks, and he sought for her continually, with no success. He made the round of endless bakery shops, but no sweet-faced sister greeted him; and he began to think it was like searching for the fabled pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

He was very discouraged, one chilly Saturday night when, after traveling the streets till he was footsore, he was forced to admit he must soon abandon all hopes of finding her.

With-lagging footsteps he turned into a quiet street, resolved that after traversing the business part of this street, he would return to his boarding house, and the following Monday would start for home.

He passed with listless eyes the stores with their windows filled with the goods that were sold within. Suddenly, he seemed rooted to the spot, for in a small but brilliantly-lighted show window were displayed appetizing pies, cookies and cakes. In the very center an immense cake rested, on its elevated stand.

Beneath the bright lights its white surface glittered, while the tiny red hearts, with which it was adorned, in the old remembered way, showed to good advantage.

He entered the bakery and was disappointed when a young girl, a stranger, advanced to wait on him.

"Can you tell me the person's name who owns this place?" he queried. He saw the girl's hesitation, and he smiled.

"I am Guy Hazlett and am looking for my sister, Edith. I felt sure she was here."

"You are not mistaken. She is in the adjoining room. Come this way, please."

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HEARTS

Ada Van Sickle Baker

GUY HAZLETT leaned back in a chair of his miner's cabin and gazed thoughtfully into the coals, glowing in the grate. Everything about him was neat and orderly, showing that, if he chooses, a successful miner can be a successful housekeeper, too.

But, someway, the very neatness of the room seemed to oppress him. The stillness irritated him. Every chair was in its accustomed place, the lamp set in exactly the same spot it always occupied, and its bright beams shining through a glittering chimney, revealed the spotlessness of the entire room.

The only sounds were the tick, tick, of a small alarm clock, on the mantel, the crackling of the fire in the grate, and an occasional short bark from a large dog, stretched full length before the comfortable blaze. The young man arose, glanced out at the darkness, and gave a light shiver, as the drip of the cold rain came distinctly to his ears.

"Strange," he murmured, half aloud, "that I should have quarreled with my only sister, a twin sister at that, and the only living near relative in the world! What a pleasant life the old life was when, upon returning from a day in the office, Edith would be at the door to meet me. Then, there was always some pleasant surprise in store for me, a new song to run over, a new story to read aloud, or some dainty for the tea table, to tempt my appetite. Edith was always a thoughtful girl, and she well knew when a fellow had worked hard, all day, he appreciated some little, unexpected comfort. I truly believe, of all the dainties she ever prepared, her cakes tickled my palate the most of all. I always did have a sweet tooth, anyway! Edith was certainly a fine cake baker. There were spice cakes, and gold and chocolate, and dozens of others, she knew how to make." The man paused as visions of the array of sweets came up before him, then resumed, his only listener being the dog who had awakened and was sitting before his master, regarding him thoughtfully.

"It seems to me, of all the cakes that Edith baked, the white snow cakes, decorated with numerous small, red candy hearts, really pleased me the most of all. Perhaps the decoration had the most to do with it, for Edith had a really artistic

eye, and those white cakes, with their rows and circles of crimson hearts, were about the prettiest things I ever saw!"

The man paused again; and this time a look of sorrow settled over his face.

"How did it happen that I treated Edith so miserably? Just because a few trivial words were said; that provoked me, I let my temper run away with me, and in anger left the sister who had always been so kind to me, and have kept my whereabouts a secret from her ever since.

"If she would have had a mother or other relative to go to, it would have been a little better, but she was all alone. The only comfort is the thought that she was strong physically, and held a good position as bookkeeper. But that does not alleviate the bitter sorrow, at the thought of what she must have suffered, on account of my foolish obstinacy.

"Well, I've had enough of it, and tomorrow will see this fellow returning to the sister I left three years ago, and what is more, my mining interest has turned out first-rate, and Edith can live in comfort the rest of her life."

The man arose, stretched himself and took the alarm clock from its shelf.

"Four o'clock, sharp," he said as he wound it. "I must catch the six o'clock train, in the morning; and tomorrow night I will be in my old home, I hope."

It seemed he had been asleep but a short time, when the little clock sent its buzzing alarm out on the stillness of the room, and Guy Hazlett sprang out of bed with the enthusiasm of a boy.

"Now for a hurried breakfast, then the train, and then home," he exclaimed, gleefully.

Once aboard the train the wheels could hardly revolve fast enough to suit the man, so great was his eagerness to see his sister, and when the brakeman shouted, "Springdale!" the young fellow sprang to the well-remembered platform with alacrity.

Straight to the old home he went, never once pausing to gaze at well-known places of his boyhood. But when he whirled around the corner and looked with larger eyes at the second house from the corner, his beautiful dream fell into emptiness.

The house was there, just as it had al-

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—Give the songs recorded in the Bible and where they are found.—C. B. E.

Answer.—There are a large number of them. The entire book of Psalms is a collection of Hebrew songs, many of which have been set to music in our time. The songs of Moses are found in Ex. 15; Num. 21; 17; Deut. 32; Rev. 15: 3. The song of Deborah, Judges 5; of Hannah, 1 Sam. 2; of David, 2 Sam. 22; of Mary, Luke 1; 46; of Zacharias, Luke 1: 68; of the angels, Luke 2: 13.

Question.—Is there anything that will kill Canada thistles, or is there any way to get rid of them?—H. S. C.

Answer.—The best way to get rid of Canada thistles is to keep them from going to seed. Make a desperate war against them by cutting them down before they go to seed. Be sure to get every one of them. Do the same thing next year and your farm will be practically free from them, unless your neighbors have their farms full of them. If their farms are full it is almost a hopeless case. If they are a new thing in your community it will be time well spent to cut down all of them, as rapidly as they appear. The longer they are allowed to go to seed the harder it will be to kill them out.

Question.—Where can I gain more information about Child Rescue work?—S. T.

Answer.—"The Child" is a monthly journal devoted to child welfare, published by Children's Charities Incorporation, 508 Hearst Building, Chicago. Price, \$1 per year.

"Everybody's Friend" is a monthly publication edited by D. E. Cripe and published at Stillwater, Okla. Price 50 cents per year.

"The Defenseless Child" is a little book on child rescue work by Mrs. Josie Dayton Curtiss, Marengo, Ill. Price 50 cents per copy, postpaid.

Question.—If the eels in our creeks and smaller streams go to the ocean to breed as stated in the June 18 issue of the Inglenook, how do they get back over the dams which cross the creeks every few miles?—A subscriber.

Answer.—Only a small per cent of our

entire number of creeks have dams. Those which do have in many cases are small so that they are easily passed by the eels. The large dams which would be too large to be passed by the eels require a larger stream of water which affords a good breeding place for the eels, even above the dam. The breeding places above the dams are the exception and not the rule. Conditions for breeding are more favorable in large bodies of water so the eels naturally seek those places.

Question.—Is it correct that the Mississippi River runs up hill from its source to its mouth? If so, why is it? Father Lambert in his reply to Ingersoll says it does run up hill about four vertical miles. Is that possible?

Again, why does water curve around the earth?—J. L. S.

Answer.—Father Lambert is partly correct in his statement, although it is not a scientific statement. If a horizontal line could be drawn from the mouth of the Mississippi in the direction of its source we would find the end of the line about four miles higher than the source, due to the curvature of the earth. That would make it appear as if the water flows up hill four miles to reach the mouth of a river. However, in scientific measurements this would not be up hill at all. Up hill can only be measured by elevation from the sea level. Water curves with the curvature of the earth because of gravitation which is practically equally strong at all points of the earth's surface which makes the sea level practically the same all over the earth's surface. Since it is so nearly the same at all points the sea-level makes it a very convenient point from which to start in measuring all elevations. When we say a mountain is ten thousand feet high we mean that its peak is ten thousand feet above the sea-level. All water which falls above the sea-level will seek the sea-level through the forces of gravitation, and so flows down hill. That makes all rivers flow toward the ocean. Now even though our horizontal line drawn from the mouth of the Mississippi toward its source would miss the source by passing about four miles above it, the fact still remains that the source is a good many thousand feet higher above the sea-level than the mouth and so the water flows toward the sea-level.

This is true of all bodies of water. Gravitation draws the water toward the earth and so makes it curve in harmony with the curvature of the earth,

WHY ONE GIRL WENT WRONG.

Clinton Forsythe.

WHEN I was a lad twelve years old my father lived on a farm in one of the Eastern States.

Our nearest neighbor, a man by the name of Jacobs, owned and lived upon the farm joining ours on the north.

Mrs. Jacobs died when I was quite young. She left two daughters aged six and eight years.

Mr. Jacobs married again when his first wife had been dead two years. The daughters objected strenuously to the stepmother proposition.

The eldest, whom we shall call Helen, was openly rebellious. She had been used to having her own way since the death of her mother; her father being very indulgent to both girls.

Babe, as the youngest was called, was mild tempered, kind and affectionate while Helen was disobedient, bold and impudent.

The stepmother had no trouble winning Babe's affections but Helen was in a state of open rebellion all the time; ready to resent any authority her stepmother might try to exercise.

Helen was not a bad girl at heart, and with different management might have been a good girl.

As is generally the case, the neighbors did not discourage Helen when she complained to them about her stepmother, but rather urged her not to submit to her rule.

There was a family living in the same neighborhood whose reputation was unsavory to say the least. There were two girls in the family whose characters were questionable. Helen Jacobs fell under their spell. She was influenced by them and they gloated over their conquest for the Jacobs family was in good standing in the community.

When Helen had been seen with these girls a few times she was ostracized socially. When she saw the young people avoided her at their social gatherings she became despondent.

We were not greatly surprised when we learned one morning that Helen had left home without leaving any word as to where she was going.

Years passed by and people ceased to talk about Helen Jacobs. Perhaps the gray-haired father thought about her; but if he did he never mentioned her name to anyone.

I had now finished public school and my father had decided to send me to medical

college. A western institution was chosen as my place of learning.

I had only been there a short time when I was asked to assist some other students who conducted services on Sunday afternoons in the slums.

The work was new to me; however, I consented to go and render any assistance I might be able to give.

One Sunday afternoon as two other students and myself were conducting services we saw a woman slip in at the door, glide into the back seat and shrink into the corner. She seemed out of place in that crowd of coarse, rough looking people. She was thinly clad, her face was thin and pale. A black scarf was thrown carelessly over her head.

There was something strikingly familiar about this stranger. Where had I seen those large brown eyes before? I found myself looking in that direction many times during the service. She seemed to avoid my glances. Each time she caught me looking at her she shrank farther into the corner. Finally I decided I had found Helen Jacobs.

After the services were over I went directly to her, called her by name and asked if she remembered her old schoolmate, Carl Butler. She said I had made a mistake; she was not the party I thought she was and she had never seen me.

I begged her pardon and passed on. I made it my business to find out where she was living and as much of her history as I could.

I found her home was an old shanty in the worst part of the city. I learned that she was living with a negro of the lowest class. I also learned that she was unmarried and that the negro mistreated her dreadfully, being insanely jealous of her.

She stayed away from the services for several Sundays. One day when the services were nearly over she came in as before and shrank back in the corner as if she feared some one would see her. After the services I determined to approach her again for I was sure she was Helen Jacobs and I wanted to help her to live a better life.

She denied her identity as before, but I confused her so by questioning her that she burst into tears and said, "Yes, I am Helen Jacobs but I have sunk so low I am ashamed to even claim the honored name my father bears. I am heartily sick of this life and would change it this minute if I could. I was so homesick I could not stay away from the services any longer. I knew

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that you would be here and the thought
that you had lately looked into the faces
of my loved ones forced me to come that
I might see you."

I said, "Would you leave the life you are
living if you had somewhere to go?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "but I am afraid the
negro would kill me rather than see me
go." I said, "If you will go to the Mission
Home I will see that you get there safely
and are protected while you are there."

She said she would gladly consent to
any arrangement I might see fit to make.

She said I must not come alone for her.
A policeman must accompany me and even
then I was running a great risk. I learned
the negro was a gambler and was usually
away from the shanty from about 10:30
P. M. until 3:00 o'clock in the morning.

The next evening was decided upon as
the time I should make the venture. I
secured the services of a policeman and
we arrived at the shanty at the appointed
time. We found her alone and still ready
and willing to go with us.

Before we boarded the car (for the Mis-
sion Home was a mile away) we saw
some one following us. We soon learned
it was the negro. He had doubtless been
told I was inquiring about the girl and he
was keeping an eye on her movements.
The woman began sobbing piteously. I
told her we would see no harm came to
her. The policeman kept an eye on the
negro, for he boarded the same car, while
I looked after our charge.

We knew the negro was a desperate
character and we felt very uncomfortable
when he peered sneeringly through the
glass in the door, for he did not come in-
side.

When we arrived at our destination we
quickly alighted and entered the building
which was near the crossing. The negro
swung carelessly off the car and walked to
the opposite side of the street and sat
down on a pile of boards some workmen
had left.

Leaving the woman in charge of the
matron and explaining the situation we
took our leave. The negro was still sitting
on the lumber pile when we boarded the
car to return to the city.

In less than a week I called at the
Home. The matron said the negro kept
her charge in a nervous state all of the
time as he had been seen about the Home
every day since she came. He had tried
many times to gain admittance.

Helen Jacobs came into the room clad
in clean new clothes, looking much better

but very sad and nervous. She said she was afraid the negro would harm some one or burn the building. In her talk that day she told me why she went wrong.

She said:

"You know I was a disobedient, wilful girl when I was at home; but I want to tell you I was not immoral. I know I should not have gone with those Gray girls when I knew they bore bad names, but I did it merely to show my stepmother I could do as I pleased. As I said before I was not immoral, neither were those girls while I was with them. As you know people commenced talking about me. I overheard remarks about my character that were false, false, false. When I was convinced I had lost my place in my home and in society I ran away. My path has always been downward. I said to myself: 'People say I am bad and I might just as well be bad.'"

"I thank you for coming to my rescue. I was in the depths of despair. I tried to pray but the heavens seemed as brass. Since I came here and mingled with these good women my heart is lighter and I know the Savior will hear and answer my prayers in his own time and way. I am trusting him. I mean to repay your kindness by helping girls who may be situated as I was—afraid to leave, afraid to stay."

I had a letter from the matron of the Home a few years ago and she said: "Helen Jacobs is one of our best girls; a devout Christian, a willing and efficient worker."

"The negro finally ceased his visits and it is to be hoped we may never see him again."



HEARTS.

(Continued from Page 807.)

He entered the room noiselessly, and the figure of a girl, standing by a small table, caught his attention. She was adorning another glittering cake with red candy hearts. With a glad cry, Guy Hazlett sprang to her, and snatched her in his arms. She gave a frightened exclamation, which turned to great gladness when she saw who it was.

"Just look," she said, in mock seriousness, after the greetings had somewhat subsided, "you naughty brother; you have spoiled the cake I was decorating with red hearts."

"Don't grieve, sister," he replied. "Had it not been for the tiny red hearts on the cake in the window I might never have found my sister!"

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

July 23
1912

Vol. XIV
No. 30

The INGLENOOK

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THE INGLENOOK

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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIV

July 23, 1912

No. 30

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Foreign Child Labor Legislation.

IT has been our policy heretofore to confine these notes to the United States, believing that one field covered is better than several partially so; but some remarkable advances have been made abroad that it is worth our while to take notice. Greece, the country from which we should least expect reforms, has passed a child labor law modern in every respect. Mr. George H. Moses, the American Minister at Athens, Greece, has made a complete report of the legislation. The employment of children under twelve years of age is forbidden in mills, factories, mines, or outdoor work such as messenger service, in restaurants, bakeries and hotels. After a period of five years these restrictions will also apply to children under fourteen and others older who have not completed a required amount of school work, and no person can be employed more than ten hours a day who is under eighteen. The Greek law embodies a regulation which is rather novel, one which we have never heard of in this country. Women are to have a recess of at least two hours daily, all employees having the recess at the same time. An exception is made on Saturdays when a one-hour recess may be given. The employment of children under sixteen and women is also forbidden on Sundays and holidays. Exceptions to any part of this law can be had only by a special royal decree when a rush of work or other extraordinary circumstance warrants it. During the past few months there has been much discussion in the American press about the employing of children on the stage and practically nothing has been done by the State legislatures. Greece will not allow children on the stage under fourteen years of age. We notice another ruling which

should be made by every State in this country. Pregnant women shall not be employed eight weeks before and four weeks after confinement and during this time the employer shall consider the absence as a leave rather than a reason for dismissal. The importance of such a law is evident to all those familiar with city work.

The United States Consul, located at Bradford, England, also makes a report of child labor legislation in Yorkshire. Previous to this new law children were permitted to attend school part time and work for wages part time but now only those who have attained a certain standard in the schools will be allowed to work in factories. The restrictions are so severe that it is almost the same as complete restriction of employment under fourteen. In Yorkshire, alone, there were 9,265 children attending school half time and working the other half.

The Social Awakening of India.

A most significant movement is now in progress in many of the countries of the East where woman has been a passive part of society. It reads like an echo of western civilization. The Review of Reviews contains two articles on the Orient, showing how the women in China and India are helping to throw off the old traditions which have held them slaves for generations. The author of the article on India, Basanta Koomar Roy, says that the people are beginning to see the foolishness of the early marriage of children. "The girls are generally married and become mothers, in many cases, at an age when they should be in school. The girl mothers often die in childbirth or their health is shattered for the rest of their lives. The boy husbands are hampered in many instances in their future careers by the responsibility of supporting



A Hindu Woman Who Edits a Magazine for Women.

a family, and quite often are obliged to subject themselves to drudgery which, but for their marriage, they could have escaped. Early marriage stands in the way of education, especially that of girls." Contrary to the old custom, many of the Hindu boys refuse to marry until they have completed their education, and of course the girls have to wait until the boys are ready to marry. In some of the reform societies it is said that one can find girls of twenty or thirty years unmarried. On account of the deferred marriage many of the girls are enjoying the benefits of a university education. Parallel with the movement for later marriage is the one for intercaste marriage which is almost as great in importance since it touches to the quick the thing that has held India down for years and which has hindered the progress of missions—caste.

Intercaste marriage has been sanctioned and participated in by many of the most

important men and women in India and this has had much to do with spreading the idea among the masses. The remarriage of the widows is also recommended by Indian social workers. In 1901 there were 19,487 widows below the age of five; 938,725 between the ages of twenty and twenty-five; and 2,267,361 between thirty and thirty-five. The marriage of widows has been forbidden no matter if they were left alone when very young, mere children frequently.

Only one out of every 141 women in India can read and write, which does not give their thought very much latitude. One of the women leaders of India is quoted as saying the following at the Social Conference in Calcutta: "Does one man dare to deprive another of his birthright to God's pure air which nourishes his body? How then shall a man dare to deprive a human soul of its immemorial inheritance of liberty and life? And yet, my friends, man has so dared to in the case of Indian women.

That is why you men of India are today what you are, because your fathers, in depriving your mothers of that immemorial birthright, have robbed you, their sons, of your just inheritance. Therefore, I charge you, restore to your women their ancient rights, for it is we, and not you, who are the real nation-builders, and without our active coöperation at all points of progress, all your congresses and conferences are in vain. Educate your women and the nation will take care of itself, for it is true today as it was yesterday, and will be to the end of human life, that 'the hand that rocks the cradle is the power that rules the world.'

That the women of India take such an important part in the awakening of their country is important indeed, and it is surprising too when we consider how long they have been slaves to the men. The photographs are of Sarala Devi Chowdhury, formerly principal of the Maharani College for women; and of Pratiba Mukerjee, an Indian poetess.

Politics and Reform.

This is the year when we shall hear political speeches and political promises galore. We have been hearing no little of politics preparatory to the nomination, but it is all over now, the candidates are chosen to represent whoever they will, all being supposed to represent the people. You may call some of us cranks if you will but there are a great many people in the United States who would like the candidates to express themselves on some social issues that have been agitated for some time. It is to be learned what the political parties will do in the matter of promises this fall. Why can we not have child labor, old age insurance, good roads and a dozen other such things as national issues? Why can-

not some of our party leaders agitate some reforms in State and township government and make it political material? Those are things that are dear to the hearts of many Americans. The average farmer for instance is interested in local progress as well as the formation of gigantic manufacturing industries. There are some ridiculous things happening in our country. Legislation is carefully arranged for the few who do our manufacturing and the farmer is also carefully supplied with a selection of garden seeds through the "special favor" of his congressman. It raises my temper every time I see one of those packages. Is it possible that our representatives in congress have nothing more to do than waste their time as seedsmen? Then again the franking evil is closely allied to the seeds. If a private citizen wishes a government report he is supposed to get it through the "courtesy" of his congressman. For instance only a few thousand copies of the Agricultural Yearbook are distributed by the department. The majority of them are distributed by the congressmen. If it would be for the good of the country one could not object but when the distribution is used for political pull then there is time for private citizens to say something. But perhaps since we are not of the cloth we do not know what we are talking about. We may be wrong but it would seem that there are men in this country who are capable of filling public offices and at the same time are interested in national reforms that are reforms without a joker attached. Is there not a man in this country big enough for the Presidency and at the same time willing to advance movements that thousands of good people desire? The few weeks ahead of us will tell the tale.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Campaign Will Soon Be Opened.

There will be no political hiatus this year between the adjournment of Congress and the opening of a presidential campaign. Congress, hurry as it may to finish, will overlap the campaign activities. Not in many decades have the respective party managers prepared for such an early start. Aug. 1, instead of Sept. 1, probably will see things in operation all along the line.

Chairman Hilles of the Republican na-

tional committee has been spending some time in consultation with State leaders from all sections of the country preparatory to launching work from the New York headquarters in a short time and from the Chicago and Pacific coast branches as soon thereafter as possible. The Democrats, who met at Chicago to organize, seemed fully as desirous of getting quick action. The third party campaign may be said to have started already, although the formality of naming the ticket and presenting its platform will not occur for three weeks.

Prohibition Convention.

The national Prohibition convention concluded its labors in Atlantic City with the nomination of the party standard bearers of four years ago—Eugene W. Chafin of Arizona, for President, and Aaron S. Watkins of Ohio for Vice President. In each case the nomination was made by acclamation after a single ballot had indicated the preference of the delegates.

Four candidates for President were placed in nomination against Mr. Chafin. They were F. W. Emerson of California, Finley C. Hendrickson of Maryland, Aaron S. Watkins of Ohio, and Andrew Jackson Houston of Texas.



A Blow to Third Party Prospects.

The Third Party movement has lost two strong supporters in Senator Cummins and Senator La Follette. These two men have largely been the brains of the insurgent movement within the Republican party. They were working along reform lines even while Roosevelt was President. Now Senator LaFollette requests Mr. Roosevelt to publish his receipts and expenditures in the campaign of 1904. This alone shows that the Wisconsin Senator is not anxious to enlist under the standard of the Oyster Bay prophet. Besides, the newspapers in his home State, that have been his staunchest supporters in the past, have come out in favor of Woodrow Wilson.

LaFollette's hesitancy to throw himself into the third party movement coupled with Senator Cummins' public announcement, is a serious drawback to the formation of a virile new party. Senator Cummins states his position thus: "The Republican voter who believes that President Taft's nomination is tainted holds in his own hands the opportunity to rebuke and punish."

To anyone at all conversant with the English language this must mean nothing more nor less than vote for Wilson.—The New Era.



Democratic Platform Briefs.

Downward revision of the present tariff duties, especially upon necessities of life, and a gradual reduction, so as not to interfere with or destroy legitimate industries.

President Taft arraigned for vetoing tariff bills of the last congress.

Blame for high cost of living put upon the tariff.

Need for enforcement of criminal features of anti-trust law.

Additional legislation to crush private monopoly.

Prohibition of holding companies, interlocking directors and stock watering.

Republican administration condemned for "compromising with Standard Oil Company and tobacco trust."

Presidential preference primaries and direct election of national committee.

Party pledged to enactment of law prohibiting campaign contributions by corporations and unreasonable contributions by individuals.

A single presidential term of six years.

Extravagance of republicans denounced and call made for economy.

Efficient supervision and rate regulation of railroads, express companies, telegraph and telephone lines and a valuation of those companies by the interstate commerce commission and also legislation against over-issuance of stocks of these corporations.

Revision of the banking laws as will give temporary relief in case of financial distress and denunciation of the Aldrich bill prepared by the monetary commission.

Method of depositing government funds condemned and the party pledged to the enactment of a law for the deposit of such funds by competitive bidding in state or national banks without discrimination as to locality.

An investigation of agricultural credit in Europe to ascertain whether a system of rural credits may be devised suitable to conditions in the United States.

Party pledged to the enactment of legislation to prevent devastation of the lower Mississippi Valley by floods and the control of the Mississippi is declared to be a national rather than a State problem.

Maintenance of a navigable channel recommended.

Employes' compensation law.

Encouragement of agriculture, and legislation to suppress gambling in agricultural products.

Fostering growth of merchant marine and speedy enactment of laws for safety.

Pure food and public health demands.

Reorganization of the civil service laws.

Law reform legislation.

Russian treaty and citizenship abroad.

Parcels-post and extension of rural delivery.

Generous pension policy favored.

EDITORIALS

Ambition Versus Contentment.

There are two extremes that must be guarded against lest they become the means of our undoing. They are contentment and ambition. Contentment has been the cause of the defeat of many a brilliant prospect, where if only a reasonable amount of initiative had been used and the man had assumed the risk of the untried his career would have been entirely successful. Ambition has been the cause of the defeat of an equally large number of men, where if a reasonable amount of judgment had been used the man could have held himself within the bounds of successful attainment. There is always danger of letting our ambitions get the upper hand of our better judgment and taking risks and assuming responsibilities that we will never be able to meet. Sooner or later we are faced with bankruptcy and failure followed by disheartenment which will finally lead to a loss of respect for one's self as well as for one's friends. If there can be a combination of ambition and contentment we are more likely to hold ourselves within the bounds of possible success. We need enough ambition to keep us on the lookout for everything that will contribute to our sane advancement, and having found an opportunity we need to take advantage of it and make it yield its maximum of results. Absolute contentment will prevent us from ever moving out of the tried path that has brought us good results in the past. It is the enemy of our best possibilities. A reasonable degree of contentment will not bind us unalterably to our past record but it will mellow our ambitions and check us from extravagant ventures. The one extreme of being hide bound by contentment is quite as bad as that of being ruined by ambition. Both are needed in a properly portioned degree for the attainment of our highest possibilities.

The Freethought Federation.

We have before us a small circular of the American Secular Union and Freethought Federation, of Chicago, holding for their motto "The maintenance of equal rights to all: Special privileges to none." After reading it one is almost tempted to wash one's hands because of its filthy, libelous attacks upon the foundations of decency and respectability. It was this bright set who succeeded in taking the

Bible from the public schools of Illinois. They call themselves the Freethought Federation and the propaganders of liberal thinking. The misuse of scriptural texts, quoting them with no regard whatever for their setting, the slanderous attacks upon the Mosaic God, and the misinterpretation of biblical commandments at once show that the name which they have taken for themselves is a rank misnomer. It is an indication not of freethought but an absolute dearth of thought. Every sane thinking man is willing to take the facts in the case when he takes up a point for dispute but this federation flaunts about in typical Braggadocio style, making statements which have no foundation, giving interpretations to scriptural texts which the biblical authors never intended they should have and calling themselves the remarkable originators of liberal thinking. Liberal thought is an essential element in the progress of Christianity and in the development of enlightened civilization, but it is exceedingly unfortunate when a set of unenlightened men so mistake the vacuums in their thinking domes as to believe that they are freethinkers and hand out their "nothing" labeled "Liberal Thought." All truth invites thoughtful investigation. Liberal thought is the result of sane investigation and a clear perspective of the relative phases of truth. It is important that we remember that not all that is labeled "liberal" or "thought" or "truth" is true to its label.

The Mosaic God still rules the universe and he will continue to do so long after the American Secular Union finds its bones bleaching along the shores of Lake Michigan. They think they are freethinkers but they still have a number of "thinks" coming.

The Kind that Evens Up.

A dozen men in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car were discussing the shocking downfall of a Boston minister. The tide ran all one way. Most of them were young—evidently business men, not idlers. For a time the injury done by one recreant minister seemed a crusher. His crime was made to discredit all preachers of righteousness. To listen was to feel the foundations of good citizenship crack and crumble.

Suddenly a quiet man in the corner removed his cigar, laid down the morning paper which he had been reading, and put his finger on a modestly printed news item. "Hear this," he said. "It is in the same

daily news. A hardy bishop of Alaska reports that he has covered thousands of miles on snowshoes, with only an Indian guide. Mercury seventy degrees below zero often—generally fifty degrees below. This clergyman is physician to the sick Indians; he is dentist; he is adviser; he marries them and buries their dead. He begins and ends it all with the teachings of the Christian religion. Often he walks hundreds of miles on one trip. Often on his sledges he takes provision to the starving solitary miner's hut."

"That's the kind that evens up!" broke in one young man. Every man echoed the sentiment. In a moment the whole sentiment that was slumping in social ruin was changed. Men smiled as in real relief.

Perhaps the worthy bishop, now in New York, will be comforted to know that his heroic story, on the same page of the day's history with noisome treason to all virtue, is like the "salt of the earth." It cures putrescence. He had no idea, no forecast, that the noble and sweet music of his Christian life was to be sounded in this great city on this precise day. But something always happens to prove that the virtue of mankind increases.

There is no man living who has no day star—none who has not, somewhere, sometime, seen the face of a human being that was so illuminated by goodness that it is an infallible proof of all things that are good and true.—The Evening Mail.



Human Pride.

A German scientist has recently investigated the value of the materials making up the human body. He discovers that, in the case of a man weighing 150 pounds, there is the value of \$2.50 in its fats. The iron, which is esteemed so essential to its vigor, is hardly enough in quantity to make a nail one inch long. But there is enough lime to whitewash a good-sized hen-coop. Of albumen there is a sufficient quantity to provide for one hundred hens' eggs; there is enough phosphorus to put heads on 2,200 matches, of sugar nearly a teaspoonful, and of salt a mere pinch. The whole comes to \$7.50, for which one could hardly purchase a good piece of farm apparatus. It is said that "beauty is only skin-deep"; but, in the open market, one could buy the materials of the human body for almost a song. Yet it is the entire concern of multitudes of minds. "The Lord God made man of the dust of the ground." "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

Types of Fear.

It is easy enough to scoff at the man who is filled with fears, but it is a painful sensation when the tide turns and one suffers the same pains of fear that a little earlier were scoffed at. No one is entirely free from fear and at some time in life the unpleasant sensation is experienced. The editor of the American Magazine said:

Every man who thinks at all is afraid of death. He may be more afraid of something else, of loss of honor, health or money, of going to a dentist, or, like the man in Pickwick, of life without buttered muffins, but he chooses death only as a bad alternative for a worse. If he is not afraid of one thing you may be sure he is afraid of another. A man will go up to the clouds in a balloon who wouldn't go down into twenty feet of water in a submarine. A steeple-jack may be afraid of dogs and a lion tamer of riding in an elevator. We know a man who has made a great reputation for coolness under fire in battle, who gibbers with fear whenever he has the stomachache. One man fears fire, another burglars, another railway trains, another measles.

Conduct in an emergency depends on many things besides those abstract qualities known as "cowardice" and "courage." A man is apt to act calmly when his surroundings, at the time the peril presents itself, are customary and familiar, when his nerves happen to be sound, or when he has time to meditate on his action and weigh carefully its consequences.



THE CAMEO.

Clara Ophelia Bland.

(A bridal gift.)

Clear cut against the stone,
A woman's face,
The carving hath been wrought,
Methinks, with grace,
And showeth white.
So may your lives,
As on they wear,
'Gainst Time's background be traced.
By Faith, whose care
Shapes all aright.



Flunked.—"How's your son getting on in college?"

"Not at all. Every time there are two men on bases, and it's his turn to bat, they bench him and give a substitute hitter a chance."—Detroit Free Press.

OUR YOUNG AGRICULTURISTS' PAGE

Prof. F. W. Markwood

Feeding the Dairy Cow.

SUCCESSFUL dairying depends largely upon proper feeding of the dairy cows. A farmer should ask himself these questions: 1st. Am I feeding as cheaply as I can? 2nd: Am I feeding the best rations to produce milk and butter?

I wonder what the best ration for a dairy cow is? Let us see. Ration means a sufficient quantity of food to properly support an animal for one day. The proper ration for a cow contains material for muscle, for blood, and milk. The animal needs, in the first place, food that contains protein, which is a food element that builds flesh, bone, blood, hair and milk. To keep warm, the animal must, in the second place, have carbohydrates and fats. Those foods must be mixed in the proper proportion. So the proper ration for a cow is a ration that, without waste, gives both in weight, and bulk of dry matter, a sufficient amount of digestible, nutritious food. 2nd. It is a ration that is comparatively cheap. 3rd. It is a ration that has the milk forming food (protein) in the right amount to the heat and fat making food (carbohydrates and fat). Send to the Secretary of Agriculture for the bulletin on the Feeding of Farm Animals, which is very interesting, and explains how very important it is that dairy cows be rightly rationed, or fed. For a farmer who has a silo, here is a fine ration for his dairy cows: Cowpea hay, 15 lbs. Corn stover, 10 lbs. Corn ensilage, 30 lbs. Cotton seed meal, 2 lbs.

Care of Dairy Cow.

The cow is one of the very best money makers on the farm, and she should be comfortably housed, well fed and watered, and most kindly treated. Every good farmer ought to follow these rules:

Feed at regular hours. Cows, like people, thrive best when habits and meals are regular.

Milk at regular hours.

Brush the udder carefully with a moist cloth before beginning to milk.

Cleanliness in handling the milk is very important in dairying.

Always milk in buckets that have been scalded since the last using. The hot water is sure to kill all germs that collect in the dents and cracks of the utensils.

Never let the milkpail remain in the stable or barn; milk rapidly absorbs impurities. These spoil the flavor, and cause the milk to sour.

Never scold nor strike the cow. She is a nervous animal, and rough usage always checks the milk flow.

Milk.

Milk is Nature's first food for mammals,—because it is a perfect food. It contains water to check thirst, ash to make bone; protein to make flesh and muscle,—and fat and sugar to keep the body warm and furnish food and energy. The different kinds of milk: Whole, or unskimmed; skimmed and buttermilk, are too familiar to need any description. Skimmed milk, we know, differs from unskimmed in the withdrawal of the fat or cream.

So if calves are fed on skimmed milk, we should also give some other kind of food, like cornmeal, to take the place of the fat withdrawn. A calf cannot thrive on skimmed milk alone; but with the addition of some fatty food, it makes an excellent ration for calves, pigs and fowls.

Cream.

Cream is simply a mixture of butter-fat and milk. The butter-fat floats in the milk in little globe shaped globules. Since these globules are lighter than the milk, they rise to the surface. Skimming is a gathering together of these butter-fat globules. As most of the butter-fat is contained in the cream, pains should be taken to get it all from the milk. Cream must be allowed to "ripen," or sour, in order that it may be more easily churned. Churning is the only process necessary to collect these fat globules in the compact shape we call butter.

A revolving-barrel or a square box churn is best; as they have no inside fixtures, and are easy of operation. This kind of churn "brings the butter" by the falling of the cream from side to side as the churn is revolved. Never fill a churn more than one-third or one-half full of cream.

Churning.

The proper temperature for churning ranges from 58 to 62 degrees, Fahrenheit. Test the cream when it is put into the churn; if it be too cold, add warm water until the proper temperature is reached; if

too warm, add cold water or ice until the temperature is brought down to 62 degrees. Do not churn too long, for this spoils butter. As soon as the granules of butter are somewhat smaller than grains of wheat, stop the churn.

Then draw off the buttermilk; and with a temperature as low as 50 wash the butter in the churn. This washing with cold water so hardens the granules that they do not mass together solidly, and so destroy the grain.

THE WORLD A SCHOOLHOUSE

J. C. Chason

VAST educational strides are being made in all directions. The facilities for learning are being more rapidly improved. There is no excuse for ignorance today. When we consider the splendid schools and colleges and think of the difficulties that confronted our forefathers, we can not help but wonder if their brains were not brighter than ours, that they forged to the front with such distinction.

There were limited opportunities for learning a generation ago. The log schoolhouse, distantly located, with its crude benches and its blue-back speller, constituted the foundation of learning. It was no easy matter to trudge for miles through all sorts of atmospheric vicissitudes in order to acquire an education. Yet the boys who sat in those rude log huts as the sunlight ventured through to write its shining prophecies upon their happy and studious heads, are the men whose names have been written highest on the scroll of fame, and whose deeds are worthy of our emulation. After all, the world is a schoolhouse in which we can grasp an education by applying ourselves. It is not necessary to study in the modern palaces of stone and marble to master the arts and sciences. It is more comfortable to accept the modern conveniences, yet the man or woman, boy or girl, who earnestly desires to mount the ladder of learning can do so under the most simple surroundings and without the advantages offered by the city.

Usually men are diffident about expressing opinions on subjects with which they are familiar and some of the brightest minds are cloaked in silence, not because of the lack of knowledge, but the lack of the means of expressing it. This is why our up-to-date educational systems are to be encouraged. They give confidence where confidence would otherwise be lacking. In chemistry men listen to Leveisier, in astronomy to Herschel, in poetry to Shakes-

peare, in pottery to Wedgewood, in music to Beethoven, in philosophy to Plato. Each science, each branch of learning, has its recognized authority. But it must be remembered that the first factor in the larger education of today is this world in which we live and love and work and weep and laugh and die. For in no mere figurative sense the world is our schoolhouse. Nothing short of this vast, mystic, wondrous world justifies the institutions of learning throughout all lands. The little red schoolhouse on the hillside, the log cabin at the country crossroads, the pile of buildings emphasizing the importance of the modern college or university, all exist for the purpose of showing students how to find their way physically, mentally, socially and morally about this great schoolhouse we call the world.

Emerson had this great truth in mind when he said, "He who knows the most, he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments is the rich and royal man." The world is packed with wondrous things. The world will afford anyone a liberal education if he will use his eyes and ears and simple senses. The woods tell one story, the fields another, the flowing waters a third and equally enchanting story. The rocks, the sands of the sea, the stars of heaven, each and all contribute to man's learning, if he will but avail himself of the privilege. Education is the golden hammer which breaks down the four walls of the classroom, sending the scholar forth to behold the limitless horizons of the world and all that within them lies.

Education naturalizes us as citizens of the universe. The universe, vast, deep and broad, is but a handful of dust which God enchants. Standing in this teeming world the imagination flashes back to the time when our globe was a fiery mass of nebulous matter. The next stage consists of

countless myriads of similar atoms roughly outlined in a rugged cloud ball, glowing with heat, rotating in space with inconceivable velocity. Then we behold the transformation of this cloud mass into solid earth, a place of habitation for man. If the cornerstone of our schoolhouse was laid in that far-off dawn of time, evidently some one has been to considerable patience and pains to equip our alma mater. We can never learn too much, we can never fathom all of the mysteries of the world, but education is opening the way, and there is an opportunity yet to discover additional secrets which Nature has so carefully guarded for all of these centuries. Do not confine

your entire attention to the schoolroom. Let your boys and girls study the world in which they live. More can be learned by watching and noting the movements about us than can be learned from dusty books. The schoolroom is merely the preparatory station. It is well to accept the advantages of the schoolroom and then go boldly forth into the world and demand our rights. We can devote each day to something new. The lessons of life are never fully learned, the secrets of Nature have never been fully solved.

In this great schoolroom of the world the larger education can be obtained, and all should strive to excel in securing it.

A WINTER AND A SPRING IN FRANCE

Paul Mohler

BY the time this reaches the Inglenook, we shall have passed through two whole seasons in France, a winter and a spring. As the weather is the most interesting thing in the world, I am sure you will be interested in knowing just what kind of a climate we do have over here, anyhow.

Well, to begin with, it is but fair to admit that we have not seen a regular Oyonnax winter at all. "The oldest inhabitants" all agree that there never was such a winter before; it was so warm. Ordinarily, I am told, there is enough snow here for a couple of months of fine coasting and sleighing. I think there must be some truth in it from the stock of sleds, skates and skis the shop-windows exhibited during the holidays.

But for once, all the prophets were caught napping, and Oyonnax had a warm winter. There was not a single day when the ice would hold me up, and what little snow fell in this valley soon melted. Indeed there has been hardly a day since we came when I could not have found wildflowers in bloom in the fields or in the woods. There is a little low-growing, blue-flowered sort that could always be found winking up out of the close-cropped meadow grass. By the middle of January, the primroses were in bloom, and they stayed with us till the violets came. What a wealth of them there was, and how bright and pretty they were in their quiet daintiness!

All winter we enjoyed the wooded moun-

tains. The dense, dark green of the pines, the deep, soft moss, so rich and abundant, the beautiful evergreen ivy, the slender, delicate ferns that sheltered themselves under the rocky ledges, clinging within the crevices. One day I even found some large-leaved ferns that had escaped the frost, sheltered by the pines on the mountain-side. On the open hillsides the boxwood turned brown, but in the forest, it kept its green. Of course the holly and the mistletoe held their own.

No, it didn't snow much, but how it did rain! Being a Missourian, I should not have minded that; but I got at least enough even for a Missourian. I don't have to be "showed" again on that point. This is, by the way, a rather rainy country. They tell the story of a man who visited Oyonnax for the first time. After rain had fallen more or less for several days, he ventured to ask an Oyonnaxian if it rained here all the time. "No," said the native, "it snows sometimes."

And spring? Well, we have had a regular coquette of a spring. Some days it warmed up just lovely and promised all sorts of favors, but the next thing we knew, we were snubbed good and hard. The poor fruit trees have been sadly puzzled. Some trustful ones opened their blossoms even in March, while others more cautious waited. One very careful apple tree is just now (June 1) in full bloom. But in spite of her waywardness, spring has brought us a world of beauty. Such a

wealth of wild blossoms, I am sure I never saw. Besides a host of ordinary flowers, all pretty but none distinguished, there were whole meadows full of daffodils, the kind the poets write about; so many you just couldn't pick them all, and so sweet that a handful would scent a whole house. Then the lilies of the valley blooming in the woods; I could hardly believe it. I have not mentioned the beautiful daisies in the meadow or the glorious poppies in the wheat fields. I suppose they are just weeds here, but I have seen plenty of flower gardens that might well be glad for them.

As for the farms and gardens, they have come out too. I find that the French are real gardeners when they try. I have a garden myself, but it is away behind some others. Now if you want to compare seasons with us, I can give you some points that may help you. Just now, wheat is headed out, and the early strawberries are ripe. That is just a little behind middle Missouri, as I remember it. When you reflect that we are in the latitude of central Minnesota, you can see that we are not too slow.

It will not do to close this weather talk without telling you how the French appreciate fine weather. They are great people to be out of doors. They work outside as much as they can. They eat outside. Indeed it would interest you to see our neighbors eat their breakfast. A group of men in one place, and a group of women in another, each with a bowl of soup and a spoon, eating, talking and listening, all in the open air. In fine weather, it is the rule for the cafes and restaurants to take possession of the sidewalks for their little tables and chairs. There, under an awning, their patrons sit and eat or drink and talk. Some hotels even serve dinners in front of their establishments to those who wish the open air. But I think the funniest thing I saw along that line was down at our public fountain the other night. It was already nine o'clock when the wife sent me for some water. It was raining too, but when I got to the fountain, there by the side of a building, partly sheltered from the rain, was a man squatting on his heels, eating a bowl of soup. When he had finished, he gravely arose and started off in the rain.

Oyonnax owns a fine pine forest, located on the mountain-side near the town. The pines are quite thick, and the older ones tall. Through it flows a "petite riviere," making music over its rocks. There are open, grassy places, and altogether it is a

lovely place even in the winter. How the people do appreciate it! We see them going by every fine Sunday or holiday with their baskets, prepared for a good time. They build fires and cook their lunches as they please. I cannot help thinking how wise the community is in keeping this land in timber. It was waste land until planted some years ago to pines. Now it is not only a lovely pleasure-ground, but a source of much profit besides. Some years the town sells as much as \$40,000 worth of timber, nearly all profit. Even private land-owners have learned that it pays to plant trees, and they are planting tillable soil to pines. But that is off my subject.

There is one thing we do miss here at the time when it ought to be most in evidence. That is wild life. We have been out in the fields and woods many times, but have seen neither squirrel nor rabbit. Not even a chipmunk or a badger. As for birds, there are a few feeble songsters, too timid to show themselves, and some English sparrows. I did see one crow one day when I was on my way to Geneva. He looked very lonesome. The children claim they saw an eagle one day when out with their teacher, but I haven't seen even a hawk. Still in spite of all this, I see men go out with guns. I don't know what they find. They must go far out into the mountains to find anything to shoot. They certainly have done thorough work around here. How desolate it all seems!

What a wonderful season spring is anyhow! You'd think that even spring would lose its power in such an aged land as this; but it is not so. She has the same magic influence in fields and woods, in men and maidens, now as ever. Spring is ever young, ever full of promise. Thank God for spring.



Hope.—"And you still have hopes of influencing old Titewad to become a regular attendant at your church?"

"Yes, and I am more sanguine than ever."

"You are?"

"Yes. If the Government really begins the coining of half-cent pieces I regard it as a cinch."—Houston Post.



An Old Hand.—Mrs. Regstaff—"Did your husband ever try his hand at sustained fiction?"

Mrs. Percollum.—"Did he? For at least ten years he's been trying to make me believe he likes my cooking."—Chicago Tribune.

FRESH AIR THE BEST OF ALL TONICS

FOR opening the eyes, making the nerves thrill when one is tired, there is nothing like the oxygen of pure air, said Doctor Kellogg, last Monday evening. If, however, we lived in an atmosphere of pure oxygen, we should be very short-lived, probably five or ten years at most. This elixir of Nature's, accordingly, is diluted for us with about eighty per cent nitrogen, leaving only about twenty per cent oxygen. And some people think they can not bear that large proportion, so they shut themselves up indoors where they can get nothing but contaminated and polluted air.

We are very careful to have the water we drink clean and pure, and we take great pains to know positively that we have pure water, but how little attention we give to the air we breathe! In a great many cities throughout the country one will find the air polluted with the smoke of the chimneys, and in addition there are a great number of festering sewers, gutters, cess-pools, garbage boxes and various other sources of filth and infection scattered over the city that destroy the purity of the air.

In India there is a splendid way of manufacturing cholera: in some parts of that country the water supply is inadequate, so the people dig hollow places and use the water that collects in these stagnant pools during the rainy season as the village water supply. They bathe in them, do the family washing in them, and then use them for drinking purposes. A thing like this seems impossible to us, yet in this country we do the same thing, only using air instead of water. We shut ourselves up in a tight room—in a church for instance—and while a preacher is trying to hold up splendid ideals to us we sit in our pews and breathe the same air over and over again—air that was scarcely sufficient for five minutes we breathe for an hour or more. Now, every time we breathe we spoil three cubic feet of air, rendering it unfit to be breathed again. We do not ventilate for the purpose of getting oxygen to breathe, but in order to get rid of the air we have polluted. Here is a barrel full of water, say. If some one came along and washed his hands in it we should not think of drinking from the barrel; we should think it polluted. The hands, however, are a very small surface compared with the lungs, which have two

thousand square feet of surface, or one hundred times as much as the entire body. With each breath we take, the oxygen that passes over that two thousand square feet of surface, washes away the impurities of the blood which are brought there to be carried away.

Ordinarily people do not consider the rapidity with which the air is polluted. The filth is not in sight, so no consideration is given to it. If our breath were blue, so that every breath sent out from the lungs were colored blue and was visible, we should see a very horrifying spectacle. It would not be very long before the air would be so blue one could not see through it. I want to impress it upon your minds that these impurities are not imaginary, but are very real, tangible things. We find them with the microscope or with chemical reagents, so we know they are there.

Some years ago I saw an experiment in Paris that was extremely interesting. There was a series of air-tight jars, each with a rabbit in it. The air was sucked through from the first rabbit with a pump to the second rabbit, so that the second rabbit had to breathe air that had been breathed by the first rabbit, while the third rabbit had to breathe air that had been breathed by the two previous rabbits, and the last rabbit had to breathe the air that had been breathed by all the rabbits. The first rabbit got along all right and lived for six months; the second rabbit had died off in two or three weeks and had to be replaced, and the last rabbit died within a few days, so it was necessary to put a new rabbit into that jar very often. What was the difference? Just this: the first rabbit had pure air to breathe, but the next rabbit had to breathe the air which the first rabbit had polluted, and each time the air was breathed by the succeeding rabbit it became more poisoned, so that the last rabbit had nothing but poison to breathe, and in proportion as the air was poisoned the rabbits died.

Now all the air we are driving out of our lungs is laden with some of the worst poisons of the body, so it needs to be carried away and fresh air put in its place. That is the reason why we feel so much better when we have been out in the fresh air for awhile. Shut up in a counting room, or office, or some other closed place, a man

finds himself with a thick head, and confesses that his energies are debilitated and his efficiency lacking; if, however, he goes out into the open air for a few minutes he can come back to his work with a clear brain and do double the amount of work he did before. Our houses should be supplied with air that is just as good as can be found on the face of the earth, for there is no reason why we should not have just as good air indoors as outdoors.

Still Living in Caves.

Away back in the ages somewhere, in the ice age, I suppose, when the great glaciers were rolling down from the pole, our ancestors in Europe found the weather so cold that they had to move into holes in the ground, and the strange thing is we have never got out of the hole. We are still down there in the cave, the only difference being that we have extended the cave up above the ground and put a roof over it and have become so used to living in caves that we simply dig holes in the ground and put roofs over them. We have added one story after another to the hole in the ground, but it is nothing but an extension of the hole. There is not the least common sense in shutting ourselves up in this way, and breathing poisoned air. Peary, Shackleton, Scott and Amundsen, men who have gone to the extreme limits of the earth, where the temperature is sometimes down to seventy degrees below zero, were able to live right out of doors just as the grizzly bears do; they lived out of doors all the time. When it came time to go to bed they simply climbed into a sleeping bag, covered themselves with a blanket of snow to protect themselves from the cold, and would go soundly to sleep. We do not have to

be shut up between four walls. We can live in the open and survive.

Fresh Air and Tuberculosis.

The value of fresh air has only recently begun to be understood. At one time it was thought to be the cause of tuberculosis, but now it is known that fresh air is the only thing that will cure this dreaded disease. Tuberculosis is a house disease, not a fresh air malady. Post-mortem examinations show that nearly one-half of those who live and die in cities have at some time suffered in some way from this dreadful disease, which shows the close relation that exists between tuberculosis and the extreme lack of ventilation and the excessive temperature of the majority of city dwellings.

Eat and sleep and work out of doors. There are all sorts of devices to insure one against getting chilled when sleeping outdoors. There are sleeping tents, sleeping bags and caps; devices which slip into the window so one can breathe the air from a tube and at the same time have the body protected in the shelter of the room, while architects vie with one another in devising sleeping porches. These need not cost much and with the help of a carpenter one can be built onto the house with small outlay.

Some of us have become so sophisticated that we seem frightened at the thought of having to sleep in the open air, and have a terrible fear of the sky and of the fresh air and of the sold air, but we must somehow get rid of this fear of the great outdoors and get a liking for the pure, sweet, fresh air that Heaven gives us, which is the real elixir of Life.—Battle Creek Idea.

WELL WATER

OF course, Mr. Webster, of dictionary fame, was no joker, but when we find him defining the word "well," as "a hole sunk into the earth to reach a supply of water" and in almost the same breath, as it were, further defining that word as meaning "good in condition, desirable, or not ailing," we are constrained to remark that at least he gives evidence of having had a keen sense of the humorous. It has been our observation that the average "hole sunk into the earth to reach a supply of water" is anything but "good in condition, desirable, or not ailing." Rather, such holes are sinks of in-

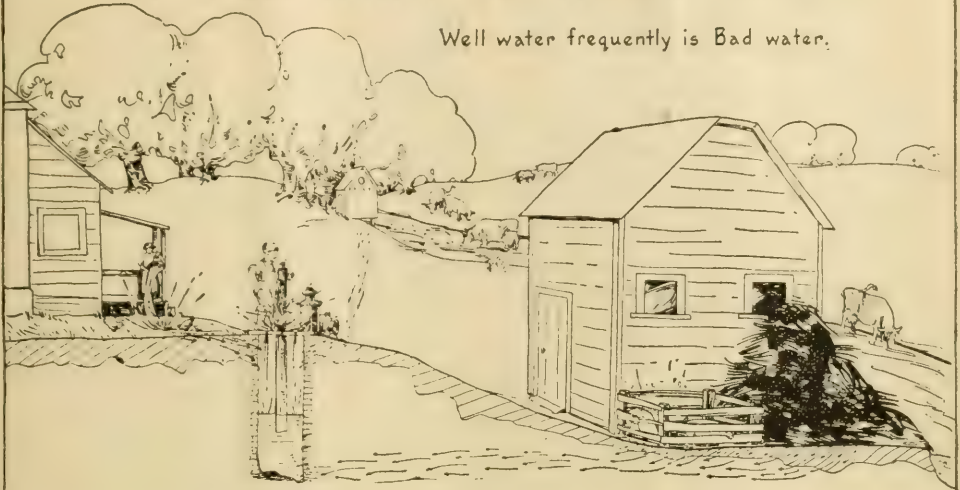
iquity; places from which you get all sorts of unexpected things mixed up with some water.

Let us consider the average farm well. On the average farm we find it dug, often shallow dug, in close proximity to the privy vault, to the pig sty, to the slop ditch, or to the manure pile at the barn-side. With every rainfall the unspeakable filth from these places and wastes is washed overground or through the earth to the well. Instead of being a receptacle for pure water it becomes the receptacle for every possible kind of filth in liquid form.

Many people have an idea that in the

LOOK WELL TO THE WELL IF YOU WISH TO KEEP WELL.

Well water frequently is Bad water.



Shallow-dug wells
dig many deep graves.

Perhaps that "fine mineral flavor"
you notice in the water comes
from the barn yard—or worse.

Katherine
Field
1914

Chicago Health Department Educational Poster No. 95

Designed by C. H. Clark Drake - 1914

process of being strained through the ground all liquid which seeps into the well is cleared or filtered of everything harmful. Such an idea is far from correct. What really does happen, and unfortunately too, is that visible filth is removed in the process of ground straining, while the more harmful invisible filth remains. We say that it is unfortunate that the visible filth is removed; if it remained it would effectively serve as a warning against the use of that water.

So as to all water in general, and as to well water in particular, bear this thought in mind—all is not pure that sparkles.

It behooves every man and woman going to summer resorts or to country places for vacation periods to acquaint themselves with the kind of water they must drink. At a large number of these places the water is vile, and that's the chief reason why so many of our citizens return to their homes following vacations with attacks of typhoid fever.

There are two ways to treat water to make it safe for human consumption. One way is to boil it for three minutes and store it in sterilized bottles in cool places.

The other method of treatment is as

follows: Dissolve a teaspoonful of chloride of lime in a cupful of water, making sure that all lumps are thoroughly broken up, then add three more cups of water. Stir the mixture well and allow to stand for a few seconds in order that any solid particles may settle. This mixture, if kept in a tightly stoppered bottle, may be used for four or five days, when a new solution should be prepared. Add one teaspoonful of this milky-looking solution to each two gallons of water to be purified and stir thoroughly, in order that the weak chlorin solution will come in contact with all the bacteria which may be present. Allow this to stand ten minutes. This will give, approximately, one-half part of free chlorin to a million parts of water and will effectually destroy all typhoid and colon bacilli or other disease germs in the water. The water will be without taste or odor and the trace of free chlorin will rapidly disappear.

The last described method is one which is now being recommended in the health literature of the country. On account of its simplicity, effectiveness and small cost, it is particularly well adapted for use by private families, campers and those living in summer resorts.—Department of Health.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Dear Children:

We are now at Vanneberga and have been here since Saturday evening. The ride on the train was nothing unusual. At Malmö I had time to write Father Miller a good long letter, and then we went through the country by harvest fields and so on until we came to Hesselholm. Then we changed cars to come out to Winslof and were met by Bro. Jönson who had an open-like spring wagon to haul the women folks out, while we men took to our heels. At Hesselholm two young men met us who I thought were members, but afterwards learned that they were not, but were coming to the meeting to be baptized and that will be attended to today and should not be confused with the baptism of the three to be counted later.

The Swedish spring wagon is a high affair. They want to be sure that the wheels never touch the bed and they do not either. Yet the wagon beats walking if it is the kind I had to take. I had been over the path before and yet it was interesting. We went through fields, woods and over some stone fences until at last we came to the church and home. I stopped and sized up one field. It was about the size of the block we live on, and had a stone fence around it, three feet thick at the top and over four at the bottom, and nearly four feet high, the stone having been taken out of the field to build the fence. I saw no stones in this field on the surface, and from appearance it is a good field. But later I saw a similar field with stone fence around it and mama and I could not see where the stones were missing. That is the character of this part of Sweden. Yet, in spite of this, they raise plenty of good things. The homes are as clean almost as in villas and the country is well-to-do.

Coffee was served upon arrival and meeting at eight. Before the meeting began I was told there were two for baptism. I preached and the message touched the heart, but* they do not do things as we do in America, and so after my strong appeal to accept Christ which should have been followed with an invitation, they sat awhile in silent meditation. A song was sung, a fervent prayer was offered and the people were

dismissed. Well, I had been told that there was going to be baptizing yet that night and I was indeed puzzled. But I waited the coming of events and they were along in a short time. After all the people who were not members left, they began talking with the candidates who proved to be a Mr. Svensson and wife and Albert Lunden. They first read Matt. 18, and after having their consent on that, talked to them about war and these other subjects that they lay before the applicants at home. Then they had a season of prayer, and the lay members prayed and such a season I never witnessed before as I now recall. Then they said they would go to the baptizing. It was half past ten then. I asked where it was and they said the place was over a half hour's walk from here far into the woods. That was too far for mama, and I nothing daunted put on my overcoat and rubbers ready for anything. About a dozen of us started out into the moonless night, though clear and so crisp that an overcoat felt very good. We had two lanterns in the party. On we went down the road chatting cheerily until we came to a gate leading into what proved to be a very stony pasture. Soon we came to woodland and on we wound about through brush, under vines, over stones, ducking here and twisting there and going, till I thought we never could find the way back. At last we came to a stone fence. Over that we scrambled and still farther on into the woods. But now the roar of the waterfall was heard and the darkness thick enough to cut for even the stars were shut out from overhead by the thick growth of trees. Finally we came to the waterside, rough, rocky and by the dim light of the lantern I saw a little waterfall below and another above. Here was an eddy deep enough to baptize. The sides were so steep and rocky that I hardly saw how they would get down, but it seemed they had been there before me and they were at ease. To one side the men went and changed clothes in the brush. The women had stayed back a little for the same purpose, and I stood there in the dark singing, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," for I thought of that more than anything else. Bro. Andersson talked to me a little, but I was not dis-

posed to talk. My heart was full and I was thinking. All was ready and the men came forth. Bro. Jönson climbed down into the water and the two men were baptized the way we do at home. They had to make a big leap to get out of the water. Then the sister was taken in too. She was not well clad; the water was cold, and she had trouble to kneel. My! how I did sympathize with her, but she came forth, too. Then they stood there and changed clothes in the brush as the rest of us waited. I stood in the dark again. I heard the murmur of the water; I saw nothing but the darkness about me. I thought of home and the familiar baptismal scenes there, of the easy carriages and comforts and contrasted them. At last I thought to look up, and, peering through the small opening in the trees, I saw a star and I felt God was here and perhaps more than in the homeland sometimes. I never would have tried to get out of that place, but the elder led the way and at a little before twelve we were home again and all happy. Supper was served and at about two o'clock in the morning we were in bed.

Sunday we had a big meeting at two. None in the morning, for the morning was gone when we got up after nine. I had a talk with Bro. Westdall who wants to keep the Sabbath as the Lord's Day. The case is a little puzzling to me.

At two meeting began. Because many people came in late, Bro. Andersson was asked to preach until the people were all in. Then I took hold and my heart ran

towards a revival sermon, and though I talked through the interpreter, my eyes were dimmed with tears. Now they had two sermons, and I thought that enough. No, two young men whom we met at Hesselholm were called upon to bear testimony, for they had been evangelists and they wanted to hear from them. The one is twenty-four years old, ten years ago joined the Salvation Army, afterwards became an independent evangelist. The other is twenty years old, had rheumatism and says he was cured by prayer. These two spoke and closed with prayer. Then a general prayer meeting was held. I think six or seven led in long prayers. Finally the meeting closed and I looked and it was nearly five. At the close about half the people went away, but about thirty-five stayed for supper which was served on the same little round table we ate from three years ago. Mama is getting lessons on serving coffee, and so on that she will practice on her family, I fear, when she gets home. A walk after supper, some singing and at ten we were in bed again.

These people are most expressive of their affection for each other. The morning is bright as I write and it is nearly ten. Soon breakfast will be served. Mama is sitting on the sofa with a Swede and trying her best to tell him about America. She is soaking up Swede in spite of her indifference. And now I will close for this morning, and will add again after the baptism today. I hope all is well at home. How often during the day you come to our mind!

WHEN JOHNNIE REBELLED

Bess Bates

MAMA, just look at Johnnie's hands. Why can't he wash before he comes to the table?" demanded Margaret as she frowned across the table at her small brother.

"Johnnie, have you washed?" asked Mr. Manners rather absently from behind his newspaper which he was looking over before the late breakfast. "If you haven't, go and do it at once."

"I did," indignantly burst out Johnnie.

"He isn't clean. Just look at those hands and his ears! It's a disgrace to have such a dirty boy," continued prim Margaret.

"I saw you wash, Mr. Johnnie," put in Nell who was younger than Margaret and

made eight year old Johnnie her especial charge. "You just smeared a little water on your face and rubbed the towel over it. I guess you better go and do it right."

"Children, children," exclaimed Mrs. Manners who had just come in from the kitchen to put a plate of hot pancakes on the table. "Leave the poor boy alone."

"Poor boy!" mocked Amy, the middle daughter and fast acquiring Margaret's prim ways. "Poor boy, mama, you are positively spoiling that baby."

During this discussion Johnnie had sullenly considered his plate.

"What's all this fuss this morning?" demanded Mr. Manners tossing his paper crackling to the floor. "Johnnie, if you

haven't washed, go and do so at once."

"I did wash."

"He is just as dirty," chorused the girls.

"Well, go and get cleaned up at once. Don't let me see you at the table again so dirty."

"The girls never have to wash," angrily exclaimed Johnnie as he departed for the bathroom.

The breakfast proceeded in silence. Nell and Amy giggled a little; Margaret sat in dignified silence as became her fifteen years; Mr. Manners was occupied in bolting his pancakes in time to catch his car; Mrs. Manners was fully occupied in keeping the table supplied with hot cakes. Johnnie soon finished and went into the sitting room. Shortly Nell and Amy began to clear off the table. Johnnie heard them talking and involuntarily listened.

"Isn't Johnnie something fierce?" asked Nell of Amy.

"I should say he is."

"His face and hands were a fright."

"Yes, and mama makes a regular baby of him."

Johnnie waited for no more but grabbing up his cap left the house in a rage. At the door he was met by Buster, his bedraggled collie pup who shared all his joys and troubles. Johnnie was too angry even to speak to Buster but the dog followed quietly to a secluded spot that those girls didn't know about. Johnnie seated himself on a stump. Buster licked his hand and then lay down beside him.

"Those blamed girls," exclaimed Johnnie, "those blamed girls!" He never dared speak that way before them but it comforted him now to do so.

"I guess nobody cares for me," he continued. "I might as well be dead. Wish I could just do something to make them sorry."

Then Johnnie had an inspiration.

"I guess I will just run away and make my fortune. Then when I come back they will be sorry. That's the way Jack did in the story book."

Johnnie was desperate. It had not only been this morning that those girls had caused him trouble but almost every morning, and not only in the mornings either, but many times every day, they tormented him. So he called Buster and started off to seek his fortune.

"Guess we better go down town and get a job. We got to have money to live, Buster," he philosophized. "I guess I could be an office boy like papa has in his office.

They don't have nothin' to do but sit around and run errands."

Johnnie plodded on and on, for he lived in a small city, and before he reached the business section his ch bby legs were aching.

"Mebbe we better sit down and rest, Buster," he said at last and seated himself on a convenient horse block.

But he did not sit long for he contained a good deal of the same determination that made his father an excellent business man."

He plodded on again until he came to the business section of the town where offices and stores line the streets.

"We will try the finest ones first, Buster. They will pay the most," he decided.

Stopping before a pretentious office building, he opened the door and went boldly in. A stout man was bent over a desk busily working. No one else was in the room but from behind a thin partition which did not reach the ceiling, he heard voices.

"I want a job," he murmured as he slyly touched the stout man's elbow.

"Well, well, what's this!" exclaimed the stout man turning about in his chair and eying him over his round spectacles.

"I want a job," timidly repeated Johnnie.

"Well, well, and does your dog want one too?" asked the stout man, and there was a kindly gleam in his eye.

"No'm, I mean no sir. I'm going to support him and make my fortune and get even with those girls," explained Johnnie all in one breath.

"Well, well, and where have you worked before," asked the stout man and the gleam brightened in his eyes.

"I—I never worked, not for money anyway, just did errands for mama and the girls and things like that, but I can work awful hard." Johnnie straightened himself up as tall as he could, trying to impress the stout gentleman with his prowess.

"Well, well" again exclaimed the stout gentleman. "Why did you say you were going to leave your retired life for a strenuous public career?"

"Sir?" Johnnie looked puzzled and the tears started in his eyes. He was finding that getting a job was quite puzzling business.

"Come here, my boy," said the stout gentleman, kindly holding out his hand, "and tell me why you want to work and why you don't want to stay at home and your name and everything." As he spoke he drew Johnnie on his knee and even stooped to give Buster an encouraging pat.

(Continued on Page 833.)



Gail Bernice Holtz.

HEALTHY BABIES

We present here the first of a series of illustrations of healthy babies, and a statement from the mother as to the care the child received. If you have a healthy baby in your family, send us its picture and tell us how the mother cared for the child, to keep it in good health.

This is the photo of Gail Bernice Holtz,

little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Holtz. Her nourishment has consisted mainly of the supply God intended for little ones, and good, pure milk from a selected cow.

The little one was 18 months old when this picture was taken. She lives in Richland Grove Township, near Sherrard, Ill.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE SIXTH BEATITUDE.

J. C. Flora.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."—Matt. 5: 8.

THIS beatitude is more far-reaching than any other one. It pictures the holy life. Its reward is complete happiness. In it we have religion in a nutshell. In it we have holiness and happiness fully described and put together.

"Heart" in the Bible, includes the whole inner life, not merely the feelings. And a pure heart is one that is clean and not tinged with any impurity. We have things about us on every hand that remind us of purity. The snow that comes down from the clouds is perfectly white and pure. It possesses no impurities. The flowers that open their beautiful blossoms with their rich colors and fragrant odors remind us of purity. Did you ever stand at the foot of the mountain and see the water run from beneath its surface as clear and pure as crystal? Have you not looked into the face of a harmless, innocent little child and said to yourself: "How pure"? A pure heart, then, is one that has not absorbed the impurities about it, one that has not been touched by the evil surrounding it, but one that has kept itself clean, harmless, innocent and pure.

Our hearts must be kept pure from fleshly lusts. Today there is no sin that brings such remorse upon our beloved nation as the great social evil, when hundreds of our best girls are led into the great "white slave traffic," where in all of our large city houses of disrepute and ill-fame are run openly in fear of government and reform. In our smaller towns are houses of questionable reputation, and even in our great country homes in the still hours of the night the mantle of shame is disclosed. We need to keep our hearts pure. We should not even look upon any of the opposite sex with an impure motive. Think pure thoughts, and your acts will be innocent.

The things of the world come into our life and are so likely to choke out the things that are good. There are those that come to have a longing desire for more money. They sacrifice principle and pleasure and everything that they may acquire more wealth. They allow money to come between them and their God. There are those that long for honor and renown to

that extent that they will sacrifice right in order that they may be held in high honor and permitted special privileges. There are those who let dishonesty get complete control of them. There are those that acquire evil habits and lose their influence for good.

If we want to keep our hearts pure we must guard the small things. In one of the Virginia campaigns General Grant and his staff were gathered one evening in a country farmhouse, the officers about the fire and Grant a little removed with his chin on his breast, sitting in silence. The officers were telling stories. Presently one of them said: "I have a very good story to tell," and then to indicate what was coming he added, "I think there are no ladies here." There was an unexpected ripple of laughter, in the midst of which Grant looked up and quietly remarked: "No, but there are gentlemen here." The story was not told. Do we need argument to show us that gentlemen must be clean in heart?

Covetousness is another sin that overshadows many a life. Many men often have high ideals and desire to do the things that are right, but as they grow older they come to the point where they lose much interest in the general welfare of humanity, and come to center their interests more in self. They look at friends who have fine horses, and apparently everything they want, and they conclude that such a life is the one for them. So they set out on the life struggle for worldly possessions. They are envious of the person with his automobile and private car and that travels everywhere. In this struggle they soon lose real contact with life, they dethrone the lofty ideals that once possessed them and an impure and envious heart begins to rejoice in their life.

The condition of our own heart has much to do with our attitude toward others. To the impure heart every woman has her price. To the dishonest heart every man is a rascal. To the stony heart every man is lifeless. In the divided heart mammon reigns. On the other hand, to the pure heart the Divine is in everything. I know a woman who finds God in all her acquaintances because her own heart is so pure. If our hearts are pure we will not be faultfinders, but we can see so much good in everybody and in everything that our

time is completely absorbed in commenting on the good things.

The purer our heart is the better our vision of God will be. Pure admits of comparison. We speak of the silver dollar being pure, when we know it has a certain per cent of alloy. We speak of water being pure, when we know it has certain minerals dissolved in it. So we may speak of a thing being pure and still we may speak of something else being purer. The same is true of the heart. We know of a certain friend that does almost everything about right, and we say that he lives a clean life. We begin to compare his life with another very earnest and very devoted friend, and we soon conclude that he lives a more ideal life than the first one, so we conclude that his life is still cleaner than the first one. Then let us not conclude that we are perfect, or that there is no room for improvement. There is always room at the top, is true of the spiritual life as well as the material. Our hearts are not absolutely pure. We must strive faithfully toward perfection.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The perfection of the soul's happiness will be to see God. We can only see him through faith in this world, but if we continue faithful here we may be permitted to see him face to face over there, for we shall see him as he is. The pure in heart will be satisfied with nothing less than to see God. Do we not long to see those that we love? Our relation would never be complete toward one we love unless we were permitted to see him. So with our Savior, if we love him our joy shall not be full until we are brought into his majestic presence and shall actually see and experience for ourselves.

Our life is not to be judged by its outward appearance. We may know something of a person from outside appearances, but God works on the heart. The inner man is what counts. There is a story of a colored man who came to a watchmaker and gave him the hands of a clock, saying: "I want you to fix these hands. They have not kept time for six months."

"Where is the clock?" answered the watchmaker.

"Out at the house."

"But I must have the clock."

"Didn't I tell you that there was nothing the matter with the clock except the hands? And I have brought them to you. You just want the clock so you can tinker with it and charge me a big price. Give me the hands."

And so saying, he went off to find some

reasonable watchmaker. Foolish as he was, his caution is very much like that of those who try to regulate their life without being made right on the inside. And the reason they won't put themselves into the hand of God is that the price will be too great. But God says he can not regulate the hands unless he has the heart.



WHEN JOHNNIE REBELLED.

(Continued from Page 830.)

Johnnie was touched; one tear in spite of his efforts to the contrary rolled down his cheek quite pathetically.

"Well, sir, I will just tell you. I don't like to talk about my family very much," he said proudly, "but I will just tell you. It's those girls. They think I have just got to be so clean all the time and keep me washing and washing like everything, and I don't have manners to suit them and they talk about me when they do the dishes and papa don't pay any attention to me but just bosses without ever asking why or nothin'. I believe I could stand the girls if papa would just treat me like I was growing up some but he don't. He and mama think I am the baby. I just wish I had a little brother so I wouldn't be the baby anyway. And I just thought I would run off and make my fortune. So I thought I would get a job as office boy and I come to you first."

"Let's see, what did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say but it's John Weyland Manners. Those girls call me Johnnie."

"Well, well, I thought so. Well, well, I wonder what I could find for you to do?" The stout gentleman seemed quite buried in thought. In fact he and Johnnie had become so occupied with each other that they had not noticed that the voices had ceased across the thin partition.

"Well, well, I'll take you on. You can sit over there while I write a note for you to deliver." The stout man turned to his typewriter and began to make the keys click rapidly.

"Now," he said when he had finished, "you take this note and go in that room there, and tell Mr. Wells that I want to speak to him, and give this note to the other gentleman that you will find there." He raised his voice as he spoke until his words sounded quite loud and distinct. Indeed Johnnie met Mr. Wells at the door coming out and went on in the room to deliver his note. Buster followed closely at his heels.

(Continued on Page 835.)

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

NEW WRINKLES, HELPS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Conducted by Mrs. John M. Douglas.

PLANTS can be left on the window sill nights, whatever the weather, if a newspaper is placed between the windows and the plants. This is especially valuable nights in the fall, and is just as effective the coldest nights in winter.

When placing a dish directly on ice to cool, put a fruit jar rubber ring under it, and it can not slip.

To clean hair brushes, dip the brushes in and out of strong soda water until the bristles are clean, taking care not to wet the backs. Rinse in clear, cold water and place in the air to dry. Do not dry brushes by the fire or in the sunshine, as the bristles will turn yellow.

A delicious new peanut confection is made as follows: Skin and chop two cupfuls of roasted peanuts, and add two cupfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and the whites of four eggs beaten stiff. Drop upon buttered paper by the spoonful, and bake to a light brown in a quick oven.

To remove paint from window glass, rub well with hot, sharp vinegar.

After using the pickled peaches out of the jars, all housewives have wondered what to do with the delightful spiced vinegar. This gives a delicious flavor, if saved and added to the mince meat you make; or, if you buy your mince meat ready prepared, a little of the vinegar gives a pleasant flavor.

Somebody has suggested the idea of painting the lower cellar step white if your cellar is dark, thereby preventing mishaps, and doing away with feeling for the last step as you go down.

Pierce the smooth bottom of a tomato with a fork, and hold over the fire a few seconds. The skin will crack, and can be removed easily, without the inconvenience and delay of waiting for water to boil.

Take the clean, healthy peelings of pears or peaches, cover them with water, sweeten to taste, and boil until about the consistency of syrup; then put in bottles or glass jars and seal. This homemade preserve will be found to be an excellent substitute for maple syrup, and is very inexpensive.

Many housekeepers are annoyed to find their silver tarnished, although they have

carefully polished it before putting away. Try putting in the silver chest or drawer a generous-sized piece of camphor ice, and you will be delighted to find your "best" silver always ready for immediate use, if it was free from tarnish in the first place.

Simply Prepared, Delicious Soups.

Bouillon: Purchase about six pounds of beef and bone (soup bone), for ten persons; cut up the meat and break the bones; add two quarts of cold water, and let simmer slowly until all the strength is extracted from the meat. It will take about five hours. Strain it through a fine sieve, removing every particle of fat, and if there is more than ten cupfuls, reduce it by boiling to that quantity. It is delicious, and very strengthening and satisfying to invalids or convalescents.

Plain chicken soup: Cut up the chicken and break all the bones; put into a gallon of cold water; let it simmer for five hours, skimming it well. The last hour, add to cook with the soup a cupful of rice and a sprig of parsley. When done, let the kettle remain quite a few minutes upon the kitchen table, then skim off every particle of fat with a spoon. Then pour all on a sieve placed over a deep dish. Take out all the bones, pieces of meat, and parsley. Press the rice through the sieve. Now mix the rice, by stewing it with the soup, until it resembles a smooth puree, and season with salt and pepper.

Chicken with rice: Clean your chicken thoroughly, and put in cold water; let it boil until tender, adding from time to time hot water or stock to make the amount of soup wanted. When the chicken is done, strain the soup, add one-half pound boiled rice, cut the chicken in suitable pieces, and put in the soup. Season with salt and pepper.

Clear tomato soup: One quart of tomatoes, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Boil the tomatoes until soft, and rub through a sieve. Season with the butter, salt and pepper. Heat thoroughly and serve. One cup of beef stock may be added if you so desire.

Drop dumplings for soup: One coffee-cup of flour; scald with soup, beat hard. When cold, add an egg and beat hard. Dip spoon in hot soup, and drop a dumpling about the size of a white walnut. Boil,

without cover, two minutes in the soup.

Tomato soup: One quart of stock, one teaspoon sugar, one saltspoon of pepper, one can of tomatoes, one teaspoon of salt; stew tomatoes and rub through a strainer; and add all to the boiling stock.

Noodle soup: Put soup bone in kettle, cover well with water; add salt, tomatoes, celery, little onion and carrot, also parsley. Let it boil slowly for four hours. Strain and return to kettle, when boiling, add noodles and let boil ten minutes.

Potato soup: Boil four potatoes soft and mash them in a tureen with two beaten eggs and one ounce of butter, pepper and salt, pour over this one quart of boiling milk, and serve at once.

A problem that rises persistently to disturb the rest and sleep of the parents or nurse of the under-a-year-old baby is: How to keep baby's milk warm for the night feeding. If an alcohol stove is used, the milk must be kept in a refrigerator up to the time of heating, each process entailing worry and bother. The use of a thermos bottle means expense, and no little trouble sterilizing the bottle. Instead, buy a good quality, gum-rubber hot water bag; fill with very hot water before retiring; fold the nursing bottle in it, and wrap the whole in heavy cloth. At the desired hour, the milk will be found warm and ready for the feeding. It may not be necessary to get out of bed!



WHEN JOHNNIE REBELLED.

(Continued from Page 833.)

"Wy-e-e, papa!" exclaimed Johnnie, too astonished to hand out the note. He was a little scared too for he had not expected to explain his new project to his father so soon.

"My son, come here," said Mr. Manners, huskily. He took the small boy on his lap and held him closely to him. Johnnie felt something hot and wet splash on his cheek. He put his chubby arm about his father's neck, saying:

"I won't be any office boy, if you don't want me to. I would just as leave not if you care."

"I care, John, I care more than I can tell. I heard what you said. Come on back, John, and I will see that you are treated like the man that you are."

"I guess it won't make any difference what the girls say if you care, and I guess mebbe I didn't get my face very clean this morning, but I'm going to tomorrow, though."

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

A Graveyard Episode.

Two fellows had been nutting and on their way home they had to pass a cemetery which was surrounded by a high stone fence. They thought this would be a good place to stop and divide the nuts, so they crawled over this high wall into the cemetery and in doing so they dropped a couple of nuts on the other side of the wall.

They sat down by the wall and opened the sack and began dividing them in two piles, "One for you and one for me! One for you and one for me." And so on. During their division of the nuts an old Irishman passed the cemetery and he thought he heard voices inside so he quietly sneaked up to the stone wall and sure enough he heard them say, "One for you and one for me. One for you and one for me."

This frightened poor old Pat and he started on a dead run toward home. He met his pal, Mike, on the road, and he said, "O, Mike, just as I was coming past the cemetery I heard the Lord and the devil dividing up the dead." Mike said, "Be gorry, Pat, you're either drinking too hard or you're dreaming."

"No, sor," said Pat, "come along and hear it wid your own ears." So they went back and crawled up close to the wall and the two fellows were still dividing their nuts, "One for you and one for me. One for you and one for me," and as they got to the last nut in the sack one of them said: "What shall we do with the two on the other side of the fence?"

At this Pat and Mike jumped up and ran like deers and Pat said, "Now didn't I tell ye so?"



Agreed.—"My dear girl," said her mother-in-law, "any woman would be satisfied with what John says he gives you."

"So would I."—Puck.



Over the Counter.—On a business trip to the city a farmer decided to take home to his wife a Christmas present of a shirtwaist. Going into a store and being directed to the waist department, he asked the lady clerk to show him some.

"What bust?" asked she.

The farmer looked around quickly and answered: "I don't know; I didn't hear anything."—Ladies' Home Journal.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—From where did the River Brethren Church originate?—A. L. N.

Answer.—The River Brethren are supposed to be of Mennonite origin. They originated in a colony of Swiss who settled near the Susquehanna River in eastern Pennsylvania in 1750. During the revival of 1770 congregations were formed among the converts, with Jacob Engle as their pastor. In many points of their faith and practice the River Brethren resemble the Mennonites and in many points they resemble the Church of the Brethren.



Question.—In the Lord's Prayer where we ask forgiveness as we forgive others, does it necessarily mean that God is to us as we are to our fellow-men?—F. W. G.

Answer.—Yes. This is the keynote of loyal fellowship. When we ask Jehovah to hold the same relationship toward us that we hold toward our fellow-men we at once become conscious of the fact that our fellows are a vital factor in our existence and that we have specific obligations to perform toward them. When we hold a feeling of enmity toward them we shut out our highest possibilities of growth. Hence, this prayer which serves to mellow our feelings toward all men and specifically toward our "debtors." For a further discussion of this subject see the article on "The Forgiving Grace" by J. C. Flora, in the Inglenook of January 23, 1912, page 104.



Question.—What is your opinion as to long matrimonial engagements?—F. W. G.

Answer.—An engagement of a week is too short and an engagement of six years is too long. It is generally desirable to have an engagement of a year or two. The period of engagement should serve as an opportunity for the contracting parties to learn to know each other's likes and dislikes and should bind them together in their common interests. When two people start out to spend their lives together there will necessarily need to be some adjustments made on the part of both in order to make their lives blend properly. They must learn that married life is a partnership with both parties holding an equal share and each having an equal interest in

the welfare of the home. When the engagement is too short they are likely not to properly understand each other and then they start out on the wrong track by a lack of confidence and by misunderstandings. Long engagements are harmful from the fact that the contracting parties are each year becoming older and will find it more difficult to properly adjust themselves to each other. Marriage is intended for men and women, not for boys and girls. Boys and girls are not old enough to get married and they should not bind themselves in engagements expecting to wait till they get old enough. When they reach the age of mature judgment and are able to decide for themselves as to with whom they will spend their future they have plenty of time to select a desirable companion, to make an engagement of a reasonable length of time and to get married before they pass the desirable marriage age.



Mr. S. Christian Miller & Co.,

Gentlemen: Please cancel my subscription to the Inglenook. I enclose the objectionable clipping that is at the bottom of my decision. I am a Catholic, born and raised as such and broad-minded enough to appreciate a number of things in your paper, but will not help to support a publishing house that publishes such an infamous lie as is contained in this clipping. I defy you to prove the underlined assertions; if you can, you may continue sending your paper for all time. Presuming you are ignorant and not malicious, I will tell this much,—money never passes from the penitent to the priest in the confessional except as retribution—the priest giving it back to the injured person.

As for Catholics never doing anything after marriage but supporting the priests, who, pray tell me, supports the numerous Catholic colleges, schools, orphanages, hospitals, etc., but Catholics saving the State millions of dollars per year. Can you blame them for demanding of the government some recognition of their services and a voice in the legislature of that government? Anyone with an ounce of common sense will see the falseness of your statements and let me hope L. E. R. will seek for further enlightenment. You do well to be alarmed at the growth of Catholicity but your small paper puts up a hopeless fight when you attempt to down that church of whom its holy Founder said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell will not prevail against it"!

Trusting you will look a little deeper into this matter, I am,

Very truly yours,

Mrs. Eben Daily,

Ashland, Mont.

The above letter refers to our answer to a question concerning the growth of Protestantism in America, given in the Inglenook of June 25. The underscored lines referred to in the letter are the following:

"They may have been actively engaged in Christian work, but after they turn Catholic they take no part in religion beyond attending mass, paying for their confessional and supplying the fat priests with plenty of money."

Our friend is correct in her statement that no money passes from the penitent to the priest in the confessional except as retribution, the priest giving it back to the injured person. The priest is not even supposed to ask the penitent for any money but the penitent is supposed to make donations for the support of the priest. There is nothing wrong in making such a donation except in the fact that the priest is supplied with luxuries from the donations of his penitent parishioners many of whom do not have the necessary comforts of life. It all amounts to the same thing. Whether the money is paid at the time of the confessional or whether it is made as a donation, the parishioner has held over his head the continual fear of eternal damnation pronounced by the priest if the donation is not properly made. We have in our possession some of the curses that have been pronounced by the "Holy Fathers," against those who dared oppose their demands.

The Faith Healers are not supposed to ask for money any more than the priests, but they are permitted to take donations and they have a wonderful ability in getting large donations for their own support. They live with luxuries supplied with money donated by people who often have a very scant supply of the real necessities of life.

Concerning the support of the numerous Catholic colleges, schools, orphanages, hospitals, etc., there is no monopoly of credit on the part of the Catholics. These institutions are supported by both Catholics and Protestants. The annual tag day in Chicago, Pittsburgh, New York and other cities brings in a tremendous amount of money from the Protestants for the support of these institutions. The Catholic bazaars are patronized by the Protestants quite as freely as by the Catholics and the

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money is used for the support of Catholic institutions.

We are not condemning these Catholic institutions nor the Catholic laity, but the attack is against the Catholic clergy and the Catholic hierarchy, which is attempting to mingle the affairs of the church and state. What the Catholic institutions are doing for the public does not in the least deserve any official recognition in the way of support from the government nor any voice in the legislature. They do not deserve such recognition any more than the Protestant institutions of which there are a far larger number in the United States than there are Catholic institutions. Neither Catholic nor Protestant institutions have any right to take nor do they deserve support by the government. Such institutions belong to the church and in this land the church and state are absolutely separate and distinct from each other despite the fact that the Catholic hierarchy is making a desperate effort to spread its wings over the government, and place us under the domination of a foreign pope who has not the slightest conception about American liberties. Let the Catholic church carry on its work as a church but let it understand that there is a tremendous army of American citizens in battle array who will not have their government tampered with by any sectarian body.

It would, indeed, be a hopeless fight if the Inglenook were taking up this issue alone, but when all the Protestant journals are taking up the fight and are hand in hand with such organs as "The Menace" published at Aurora, Missouri, "The Protestant Magazine" published at Washington, D. C., "The Jeffersonian" published at Atlanta, Ga., and a score of others, besides the valuable service which is being rendered by the Guardians of Liberty, the Catholic world may know that the Protestants are not asleep.

The Christ who said, "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," still reigns without being circumscribed by any hierarchy. In America we are thankful that the gates of heaven are not in charge of Italian priests and Irish bishops. Among enlightened people the vile curses from a priest attempting to send a soul to the pangs of hell do not bind us in fear, for none is harmed so much by them as the priest himself. Religious toleration is the basis of American liberty.

THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY

PROGRESS

ECONOMY



BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

July 30
1912

Vol. XIV
No. 31

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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THE INGLENOOK

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July 30, 1912

No. 31

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

FOR several months past some periodicals have been filling space by describing the horrors of farm life for women, by telling of the endless day, the loneliness and lack of conveniences. There is a good foundation for many of these complaints because the wife on the farm has been neglected in more than a few homes; but, as the editor of Wallace's Farmer points out, we should be fair when we compare the farmer's wife with the wife in the town or city. In order to be familiar with the social problems on the farm as well as in the city, we try to keep in touch with the leading papers of both the East and West because public opinion is not the same the country over. The farm paper referred to above is read largely in the great Middle West and is frequently quoted by writers on social topics. The editor has a healthy view on many questions. Concerning the farmer's wife he says: "Some of our magazines and ladies' papers have at times worked overtime on what they call the tragedy of the farmer's wife. She is a pretty much over-worked creature, according to their story, who lives a life of misery and dies early, to be succeeded by No. 2, who is also worn out and is followed by No. 3. There is no joy and no gladness in her life. . . . It would not be so bad if these papers also described the tragedy of the farmer's daughter after she goes to town and stands behind the counter till six in the evening, and on Saturdays till ten, and goes home worn out in body and mind, and subject to temptations of which the farmer's daughter who stays at home is ignorant and to which she need not be exposed. They take the exceptional farmer's wife, and contrast her life with that of the exceptional wife of the merchant or banker or other well-to-do man. They forget that after all the majority of the farmers' wives

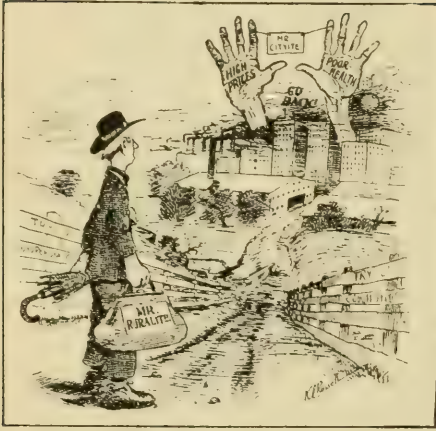
have an easier and altogether better time than the majority of the wives of the men in the city. She has at least pure air, pure food, and quiet, restful nights. She is no more the victim of insanity, nor do we believe as much so as her sisters in the city."

The writer then takes up the other side of the question by saying that many farmers' wives do not get their share of the prosperity. Quoting Proverbs, he says: "Give her of the fruit of her hands and let her works praise her at the gates." The wife works just as hard as the husband, and often harder, to buy a home and save for the rainy day but frequently she does not get the benefit of it. With the surplus funds barns are erected, silos built, water systems installed for watering the stock and more land purchased; while the wife in the house continues to work with the old cook stove all the year round, pump the water the same way, cook with the same kind of a kitchen outfit, sweep with the broom and lug heavy rag carpets out of the house twice a year at house cleaning time. She does not "get of the fruit of her hands." We may be entirely off in our reasoning but that is just the way it appears to us. You may think the matter over for yourself.

Pure Milk.

By a recent ruling of the Health Department of Chicago, 87 dairymen were shut out of the city. Until they improve their sanitation they will not be allowed to sell their product in Chicago. In order to improve the milk supply and instruct the dairymen, the health commissioner of Chicago issues a bulletin at regular intervals. In one of these bulletins he says: "The farmer who, dressed in dirty clothes and in filthy surroundings, milks a filthy cow, is sowing seeds of contamination and destruction which may sooner or later cause the

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN!



death of infants. If the farmer is unaware of this fact, he is woefully ignorant and should not be allowed to sell milk until he has learned the lesson of cleanliness. If he is aware of this fact, he is criminal in purpose and intent and the most stringent penalties should be provided to stop such work." The Chicago milk inspectors make their test from the cans as they arrive at the railroad stations and when too much dirt is found the shipper is notified. If he does not improve satisfactorily he is forbidden to make more shipments. The shut-out list has been published in the daily papers so that all may know of the conditions. In former issues we have mentioned the plan of publishing the results of the milk inspectors. It has proven to be efficient in numerous cities in the United States. Honest milkmen welcome it because it is a good advertisement.

There are many people who ridicule the idea of currying or washing a cow before milking her, saying that it is all unnecessary. Well, it may be in some cases where the cow has been on clean pasture for some time and never lies down in the dirt, but why not be sure about it? We know of a dairyman in our own vicinity, who is under no government inspection whatever and who does not receive an extra price for his cream, who keeps his cows clean by currying and has them in a stable where sunlight is plentiful. He finds it profitable or he would not do it. It does not take very much extra work to have a clean cow stable even if you cannot afford modern equipment. It is just as easy to remove the manure from the stable early

in the morning before the cows have time to tramp around in it or lie down as it is to do it later in the day. We are not talking theory, but experience. Further, it is no more difficult to curry a cow than a horse. Did you ever think why you curry a horse? Is it not to make him look and feel better? A well groomed animal does not require the same feed as an ungroomed one under the same conditions. You can easily arrange to clean your stable, brush the cows or wash them if necessary, brush your clothes, wash your hands and rinse out the milk pails before you begin the milking. By arranging your work with a little care it will take very little longer to be cleanly than to be filthy. Your cows will feel better and so will you.

It has been suggested by some one that we utilize our public school laboratories by having milk tested for the farmers. It is a good idea and one not entirely new. That is only one of the many things that a township high school could do for the community. The testing of milk and seeds would be an interesting study for the boys and girls whose homes are in the country and who are enjoying a high school training. It has been found to be so where tried. Chemistry and farm bacteriology can be taught profitably in every township high school. In the face of these facts and other ones just as important, there are farmers with families who say that a high school or special agricultural training will do their boys and girls no good.

Athletic Evils in the Country.

"Whoever heard of athletic evils in the country?" some may ask. In some communities there may be none because there are no athletics but that is not true everywhere. The country boy like the city brother wishes to imitate and when he hears of the laurels won by professional ball players he also sometimes longs for the same



Community Building.

prominence. Many of our local high school ball teams are miniature university nines or elevens in spirit as well as habit. Where there is inadequate or unwise supervision on the part of principals, high school athletics may be a means of swift ruin to the boys instead of healthy exercise which they should be. The idea of winning a game by foul or fair play is too easily acquired, and again when athletics are given undue prominence they absorb the entire interest of the school. Under such conditions a few are given too much exercise and the body of the school receive none.

Dr. John in the Rural Manhood points out the evils often found in country athletics where there is no supervision by a person properly qualified. He says that a church in a small town supported a ball team for which there was a big interest. "In order to have a strong team they actually hired a non-resident pitcher and paid him \$7.50 a game. The prominent man who was backing the team admitted the wrong of such procedure, but excused the violation on the ground that they could not have a winning team without the paid pitcher."

Another case is mentioned where two towns conduct games at an annual Old Home Week. "A wealthy physician in one town supports his home team and it is reported that it costs him each year from seven to nine hundred dollars to get the ball players together. . . . The other town is unfortunate, or fortunate as the case may be, that it has no man of money who can exploit either the community or the young manhood, therefore its team is badly beaten each year. A high school student who manages this team, declares, 'he is sick of the whole thing.'" There are cases where the public is so interested in semi-professional ball playing that games are scheduled every Sunday. In those and other ways what should be healthful exercise and recreation is made a curse to the community. How much better it would have been if the church mentioned above had supported a playground for children and a place of clean recreation for the older ones or park or countless other things that would have done some good. Instead they trampled honor under foot and encouraged dishonesty.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

A New Method for Determining Fat and Salts in Butter.

In a circular just issued by the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture a new test for fat and salt in butter is described. This test was invented by Roscoe H. Shaw, chemist in the Dairy Division, and is especially designed for use in creameries. It places in the hands of practical creamery men a simple, rapid and accurate method by which can be determined the percentage of fat and salt in butter. In connection with one of the reliable moisture tests already in use, this test makes possible the complete analysis of butter right before the churn. The new test will probably not require more than five dollars' worth of apparatus besides that already on hand in most creameries. The same centrifuge is used as in the Babcock test, and the same acid.



Andrew Lang Is Dead at Home in Scotland.

Andrew Lang, critic, poet and anthropologist, died at his home at Banchory, Scotland, on July 21. He was born at Selkirk, March 31, 1844.

As a journalist, critic, poet and historian Andrew Lang made a reputation as one of the ablest and most versatile of writers. His first publication was a volume of metrical experiments, "The Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," issued in 1872, and this was followed at frequent intervals with other volumes of dainty verse. Among others were "Ballads in Blue China;" "Ballads and Verses Vain;" "Rhymes a la Mode;" "Grass of Parnassus" and "Ban and Arrriere Ban."

In 1879 he collaborated with S. H. Butcher in a prose translation of the "Odyssey" and in 1883 with E. Myers and Walter Leaf in a prose version of the "Iliad," both regarded as remarkable for accuracy and excellence of style.

As a Homeric scholar he took high rank. His "Homer and the Epic" appeared in 1893. In 1899 he published "The Homeric Hymns" with essays literary and mythological, in which parallels to the Greek myths are given from the traditions of savage races.

No critic was in more request, whether for occasional articles or as editor of dainty reprints. His journalistic activities varied

from writing leaders for the London Daily News to miscellaneous articles for other papers and he was for many years literary editor of Longman's Magazine. To the study of Scottish history he brought a piquant style and a gift for disentangling complicated questions. In 1900 he began a history of Scotland from the Roman occupation, the fourth volume of which brought Scottish history down to 1746.

Valuable works on folk lore and on primitive religion helped to show Mr. Lang's versatility. In "Myth, Literature and Religion" he explained the irrational elements of mythology as survivals from earlier savagery and in "The Making of Religion" he maintained the existence of high spiritual ideas among savage races.



Lorimer and Archbald.

The Senate, on the 13th, by a vote of 55 to 28, adopted a resolution declaring that corrupt methods and practices had been employed in the election of William Lorimer, of Illinois, and that his election was invalid. This action was preceded by a debate of seven days. Mr. Lorimer himself spoke for twelve hours, on three successive days. Several Senators who defended him attacked Mr. Roosevelt. The discussion was full of bitter personalities. Mr. Lorimer denounced Mr. Taft, Mr. Roosevelt and many who had opposed him, especially those connected with Chicago newspapers, who had procured and published the testimony upon which the proceedings against him were based. In the course of his remarks he read the affidavits of three Southern delegates to the recent Republican convention, who swore that attempts to bribe them in the interest of Mr. Roosevelt had been made. These affidavits had not before been given to the public. Mr. Tillman was so affected by parts of Mr. Lorimer's speech that he wept and sobbed. He had a statement read when the vote was taken. Part of it was as follows:

"Since I was stricken with paralysis thirty months ago, I have thought often and seriously about death and the hereafter. That I am here at all is in some respects a miracle, and I know I must go hence and meet the Great Judge very soon. Knowing that, I cannot do otherwise than vote as my conscience dictates, and I believe this man is innocent of the charges brought against him. If he is driven from the Senate, as seems probable now, I hope he will consecrate his life and his great talents to the purification of politics in his native city, and

the uplift of his fellow-citizens in Illinois to a realization of their duty and danger. But whether he is expelled or not he ought to do this, and I believe if he does bravely fight for a purer and better government in Illinois God will strengthen his arm and he will return to the Senate vindicated by the people of that great State."

Mr. Cullom, who voted for his colleague last year, explained that new evidence had caused a change of his attitude.

When the vote was announced, Mr. Lorimer arose and left the Senate chamber. According to newspaper reports, Mr. Roosevelt says it was his fight and victory because "the whole thing would have been dropped" if he had not refused to attend a public dinner if Lorimer should be present. The House, on the 11th, by a vote of 220 to 1, impeached Judge Robert W. Archbald and appointed seven managers to appear before the Senate and demand his removal from office. These managers are Chairman Clayton and six other members of the Judiciary Committee. The single vote for the Judge was cast by John R. Farr, who represents the Judge's district. Judge Archbald, Mr. Farr said, was incorruptible and the soul of honor. On the 8th, thirteen articles of impeachment had been presented to the House by unanimous vote of the Judiciary Committee. The charges relate mainly to his business transactions with actual or possible litigants. He was appointed a District Judge by President McKinley in 1901, reappointed by President Roosevelt, and was made a Circuit Judge and assigned to the Commerce Court by President Taft in 1911.



Congress Takes Notice of a Third Party Showdown.

Politicians who have statesmanship for a side line—otherwise members of Congress—are looking forward to the new party convention at Chicago with particular interest because of the "showdown" that event will precipitate. Several seatholders in the houses of Congress are viewing the new party movement more seriously, with reference to their personal fortunes, than they did when the party split developed at Chicago last month.



Inconsiderate.—"If you don't stop nagging me, Emily, I shall shoot myself this very minute."

"Yes, that's just like you, when you know how nervous I am when I hear a shot."—Tit-Bits.

EDITORIALS

What's Pinching the People?

The reason the cost of living is so high is not because we are eating too much, but because we are not producing enough.

The plain fact is that we are not producing enough food to supply ourselves and afford a comfortable surplus for other countries. It may be said that this country practically made itself financially on growing cheap food for Europe. Now we have nearly 100,000,000 of people to feed, and the meat supply is growing less. There are fewer cattle, sheep and hogs actually raised than ten years ago, yet the population is 20 per cent higher. We must eat meat at a high cost or else put it in the class with terrapin for occasional deglutition.

The worst of it is that nothing is cheap. Eggs at the moment are cheaper than last winter. But a diet of eggs, bread and oatmeal is not very satisfying, even if it were wholly nourishing. We must eat less meat, more nutritious food regardless of palate, and perhaps we may force farmers to increase their yield. But it is certain that unless in the next ten years we manage to make the soil increase its yield per acre we are going on the financial rocks. We cannot stand the present cost of living. The women know it, and they are the real financiers of the country. Meat is soon to be among memories unless some changes are made in production.

Nature's Easy Fly Swatter.

Trapping flies has been the occasion for the invention of many devices, but no inventions have ever proven so successful as the Venus fly trap known to scientists as the *dionoea*, which in this country finds its home mainly in the swamps near Wilmington, N. C. A specimen transplanted into moss and rich earth will thrive in the house if kept very moist, and it makes the best kind of fly trap, for it is always on duty and looks after itself. As the older traps lose their vitality fresh shoots appear and new traps are developed.

The Venus fly trap is regarded as one of the greatest wonders of the plant world, for it seems to exercise a discrimination of taste that is more than human. It is provided with three delicate hair triggers and it exudes a sort of honey dew that attracts the flies. Woe to the fly, however, that touches one of the triggers, for quick as a flash the two heavy leaves of the trap close upon the victim and crush it, much

the same as an ordinary steel trap acts. There is no escape for the fly when he is once in. The plant then settles down to digest its meal of fresh meat—this being one of the very few vegetables that take to a meat diet. A species of gastric juice is secreted by the closed trap and the body of the fly undergoes a process of real digestion, so that the nutriment is absorbed by the plant. Then when the fly has been sucked dry the trap opens and disgorges the indigestible remains. Now the most wonderful thing about the Venus fly trap is that it knows the difference between a nice juicy fresh fly and either a dead or injured fly or any foreign substance such as a stick. Touch the triggers with a lead pencil and the trap will respond very slowly. Partly crush a fly so that it is not very lively and give it to the plant and it will still respond with very little show of appetite. But let a lively fly touch the triggers and snap go the jaws of the trap together, imprisoning it. Thus the plant prefers its meat perfectly fresh and also prefers to do its own killing. You have to be very watchful in order to see the fly trap in the actual act of closing, for the process is almost instantaneous.

Farm Place for True Life.

Some of those who are now living on the farm are casting longing looks toward the city and envy the man who can sit at his desk and have regular hours, whereas, many a man sitting at his desk wishes he might be out managing a farm. A writer in the *American Magazine* said:

"I think the farm is the only place where one can live naturally. The farm, to my mind, is the best place to bring up children. It is, so far as I know, the only profession where the children become an asset early, with equal advantage to themselves and their parents. It is also the only place where age is not made to feel its decrepitude and its helplessness. There is always something for grandmother and grandfather to do on a farm. The farm would be a perfect place for any of us to live if we could have the inspiration which the city affords us. Can we bring a measure of that?"

"The answer to this problem is what I am trying to work out. My ideal is to have a Brook farm, with the loafers left out. My field from which to choose is terribly restricted by the fact that none but workers need apply. I am thoroughly convinced that sanity and the highest use-

fulness are best promoted by a fair division of the labor between head and hands. A philosophical friend of mine has said he thinks there is more saving grace in a garden which will keep a person employed all day long, than in all the religions in the world.

"I have set myself seriously to the problem of providing a perfectly balanced ration, at a minimum cost, and nearly everything in that ration should be raised on this farm. We grow our wheat and grind it for our bread. We grow our own potatoes and all vegetables, fruits, large and small, and have our own eggs, chickens, pork, beef, milk, cream, etc. I have bought a steam canning outfit, and with it I can put up, in tin cans, everything imaginable, at first cost, direct from the field or the stable or the henhouse. I have canned pumpkin, corn, peas, beans, tomatoes, all kinds of fruits, canned chicken and beef—the trusts have no terrors for us. We put up our own ice. We cut our own wood in our own wood lot, and raise our own rye and buckwheat, if we want it, and make our own maple sirup."



The Shipwrecks of Middle Age.

Middle age is full of strange and pathetic eloquence, tinged with morbidness. It is like a maple tree that has turned red and yellow in the middle of the summer, where the beauty represents the unnatural flush of disease and decay rather than the natural beauty which is the outer exhibition of an inner ripeness and maturity. When Nature has obeyed her laws, God drops the robe of beauty over the oak and the elm in the autumn. But when there is a worm at the heart of the apple, the fruit takes on a premature beauty, that is fictitious and unnatural. And this woman, portrayed in "The Dangerous Age," exhibits a hectic flush and unnatural loveliness.

Nevertheless, the era of maturity is and always will be the oasis, lying midway between the unproductive fields of infancy on the one hand and extreme old age on the other. April opens the furrow and May sows the seed, but the ripe sheaves are always emptied down at the feet of September at its maturity. During the middle years of life the hand perfects its tools. In middle age the intellect writes its finest poems, its sweetest songs, its greatest books. During middle age the soul paints its greatest pictures, builds its loftiest temples, writes its greatest laws, achieves its best liberties. Maturity is the

golden age of the City of Man's Soul, and therefore maturity is the era of peril.

No vandal came to Rome when the town on the Tiber was a group of huts. But in the golden age of her maturity, when her strong hand had swept the world's treasures of ivory and bronze, of silver and gold, with oil and wine and wheat, with garments of scarlet and crimson, and with slaves and the souls of men, then came the Huns and Vandals, to loot and pillage, for wherever the treasure is, there shall the war eagles be gathered together. And when the woman's mind is enriched with culture, when her heart is adorned with treasure of affection, and the imagination has assembled every form of truth and beauty, then the more the years assemble, the greater her allurements, for men good and bad alike.

Youth and girlhood are too slender in their resources, and have but a scant loveliness. The beauty of early June is in the texture of the grass and the leaf, and that beauty is thin; the loveliness of the summer is a beauty that strikes into the very texture of the fruit. The difference between the washed-out color of a pink and white apple blossom and the deeper, richer tints of crimson and gold that have stained the ripe apple through and through with fast colors that cannot wash out, beneath which are the crisp juices that are this world's food, is the difference between the fleeting attractions of youth and inexperience and the abiding fascination of full womanhood and maturity. For one hand that is ever stretched up toward an apple blossom a hundred hands are reached up toward a bough heavy with clustered fruit. For one admirer known to a girl at eighteen, providing her life has developed naturally, the same girl of thirty-five will have a score. Therefore temptations stand 'round about the woman of rich middle life, like the old Roman legions, looking toward a treasure city.



Accommodating the Neighbors.

Neighborly accommodation is a virtue to be cultivated in every locality, even when one must sometimes be annoyed by Mrs. Perkins.

Uncle Jabez and Aunt Becky Pilcher, an easy-going old couple, lived next door to Mrs. Perkins, a worthy old soul, although a trifle lax in small matters. Borrowing from each other was a daily custom of the two women, all borrowed articles being carefully returned—if convenience permitted.

One evening Uncle Jabez asked for his daily paper, the Spicerville Herald, which, although a morning paper, it was his habit to postpone reading until the day's chores were done, and he could settle down to his after-supper leisure.

"Hem! Lemme see," pondered Aunt Becky, "what did become of that paper? Oh, yes, I recollect. I lent it to Susan Perkins this afternoon. I'll run and get it."

She returned soon, bearing a paper—not, however, the Herald—and a message from Mrs. Perkins. "Susan says would you just as lives have yes'day evening Times? Here 'tis. She says it's got nearly the same readin' in as the Herald, but it's narrower,

and don't fit her but'ry shelf half as good, and if you'd just as lives—"

Uncle Jabez looked a little doubtfully at the Times. "Couldn't I read the Herald first," he suggested mildly, "an' let her put it on her shelf afterwards, s'pose?"

Aunt Becky looked uncomfortable. "Well, I s'pose you could," she hesitated, "only Susan's got it on the shelf now, with things settin' on it, and it'd be some trouble to take 'em off. Besides, she scalloped it pretty deep, and the scallops cut into some of the readin' a good deal—"

"Oh, well," concluded Uncle Jabez resignedly, "nev' mind, then; gimme the Times. I reckon neighbors ought to 'commodate one another when they kin."

OUR YOUNG AGRICULTURISTS' PAGE

Prof. F. W. Markwood

Butter.

THE butter is now ready to be salted, after being well washed with the cold water. Use good, fine dairy salt; coarse barrel salt is not fit for butter. The salt may be added while the butter is still in the churn, or after it is put upon the butter worker. Never work by hand. The object of working is to get the salt evenly distributed, and to drive out some of the brine. Work butter twice, but one must be careful not to overwork it.

Delicate coloring, attractive stamping, and proper covering with paper cost little, and of course add to the ready and profitable sale of butter.

Dairy Rules.

1. Whitewash the stable once or twice each year; and use land plaster, muck or loam daily in the manure gutters of the stable. 2. On their way to pasture or milking place, do not allow the cows to be driven at a faster gait than a comfortable walk. 3. Give abundance of pure water. 4. Never change feed suddenly. 5. Always keep salt within easy reach of each cow.

Milking.

1. Milk with dry hands. 2. Never allow the milk to touch the milker's hands. 3. Require the milker to be clean in person. 5. Milk gently, quietly, quickly and thoroughly; never leave a drop of milk in the udder. 5. Do not allow cats, dogs or other animals around at milking time.

Utensils.

1. Use only tin or metal cans or pails. 2. See that all utensils are kept very clean and free from rust. 3. All cans and pails should be scalded as soon as they are used. 4. After milking, keep utensils inverted in pure air, and sun them, if possible, until again wanted for use. 5. Always sterilize the churn with steam or boiling water before and after churning. This prevents any odors or bad flavors from entering the butter.

Feed Crops.

Economy in live stock demands that a farmer produce all roughage, and feedstuffs on the farm; roughage, you know, is hay, grass, clover, stover, etc. In deciding what forage crops to grow, or grain crops too for that matter, a farmer should decide upon: (1) Crops best suited to the soil and climate. (All crops are not adapted to all soils and climates,—timothy and blue grass are most productive on cool, limestone soils,—cowpeas demand warm, dry soils.) (2) Crops best suited to his line of business; for a farmer, you see, becomes a specialist,—he gathers those kinds of live stock about him which he likes best and finds most profitable; he should do the same with crops. If swine raising is his business, how long ought he to guess what crop on his lands yields him the greatest amount of hog food? (3) Crops that give the most protein. It is the farmer's business to grow all the grass and feedstuffs that his animals need; and he should grow those which are rich in protein materials,—such as cowpeas, al-

falfa, clover, etc., then there will be little need of buying cottonseed meal, corn, or bran, etc., for feeding purposes. (4) Crops that produce the most. We ought never to call a crop a crop without considering how much it yields. Farmers should raise as much as possible, the best and most productive crops. Corn, for instance, yields twice the amount of feeding material to an acre that timothy does. (5) Crops that will keep the soil in best condition. A good farmer should always be thinking of improving his soil. He wants his land to support him, and to maintain his children after he is through with it. Cowpeas, clover and alfalfa add nitrogen to the soil,—and are fine feeding materials,—so these crops should have an important place in crop rotation. By proper rotating, proper terracing and draining, land may be kept fertile and rich for generations.

Birds.

What are the relations of birds to farming? They are not only beautiful and graceful; they do not only make the farm surroundings more pleasant with their songs and their nesting, but they help the farmer,

—help him in raising his crops, and protecting them from disease and insects far more than he, in many cases, believes and appreciates.

As to foods, birds are divided into three classes: 1st. Those which live wholly or almost wholly upon insects. Chief among these are warblers, cuckoos, swallows, martins, fly-catchers, nighthawks, whip-poor-wills, swifts and humming birds. We cannot have too many of these birds; they should be encouraged and protected and supplied with shelter and water.

2d are birds which feed upon fruits, nuts and grain: bluebird, robin, woodthrush, mocking bird, catbird and chickadee, cedar bird, meadow lark, oriole, jay, crow and woodpecker. Those who winter with us, chickadee, nuthatch, brown creeper and woodpecker perform a great service for us by devouring many weed seeds.

3rd are the hard-billed birds,—which live principally upon seeds and grain: canary, goldfinch, sparrows, and some others. Birds that come early, like the robin, bluebird and redwing, are of special service in destroying insects before the insects lay their eggs for the season.

SCIENTIFIC VS. MATERIALISTIC EVOLUTION

E. E. Eshelman

EVOLUTION, as the term is used today, has widely different meanings. Used with the word "materialistic," it means that all that exists, both organic and inorganic matter, evolved from "primordial homogeneous stuff under the laws of matter, force and motion" (1) without the intervention or influence of personality and spirit. Used with "creative" or "scientific" it is the theory that "the existing arrangement of the physical universe is the result of a continuous and progressive evolution from simpler and lower to more complicated and higher forms and conditions; and is an attempt to declare the laws in accordance with which the evolution goes on." (2) It acknowledges the presence of a creative power fixing the laws of the universe and directing the evolution from lower to higher forms. To many the word evolution carries only the idea that man has come from lower animal forms. This is a partially incorrect and unscientific use of the term.

Materialistic evolution, as a theory, is

now being largely abandoned by scientists as incompatible with best reasoning and judgment and in its denial of the existence of Spirit in the universe, both in a first cause or in man. Before it can be accepted as a law of nature four subordinate theories must be proven, none of which have been absolutely established. These are: The nebular hypothesis; the persistence of force; abiogenesis or spontaneous generation; and the Darwinian theory of the development of species.

Before considering that theory which has given subject to this theme, the second named above, scientific or creative evolution, a vote as to the strict meaning of the word "evolution" is in place. In its real meaning evolution has only to do with the development of one form or condition from another, and does not concern itself with the problem of origins. This idea has become associated with it through materialistic influences. Evolution, strictly speaking, presupposes existence. Darwin recognized this limitation of his theme and did

not attempt to go beyond one or more primordial forms. Huxley in dealing with the question of spontaneous generation says, "The fact is that at the present time there is not a shadow of trustworthy direct evidence that abiogenesis does take place or has taken place within the historic period during which an instance on the globe is recorded."

Evolution as the development of higher from lower forms and conditions according to fixed laws established by the Creator, has in it nothing that should cause fear from a philosophic or religious point of view. It is evidenced by the appearance of higher and lower orders in successive geological periods and by living and extinct genera. It is in full accord with our rational and spiritual experience of a progressive revelation of God. It is in complete harmony with the sacred writings, both the Genesis account of creation and the teaching of Jesus that the growth of the kingdom of God in the world is similar to growth in nature, first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.

As compared to the materialistic forms of the revolutionary theory the scientific form is far more rational, spiritual and in accord with Divine law. It is entirely consistent with the personality, or spiritual nature of man and the existence of a personal God. This cannot be said of the materialistic evolution, for in a purely physical process there is no place for person or spirit. If man is a personal being his origin must be consistent with his nature. The fact of personality must be attributed to some other force than matter and force. Even Wallace is obliged to acknowledge that near the beginning of the tertiary period an unknown cause began to accelerate the development of intelligence in the ape or "anthropoid being." It is evident that scientific evolution is entirely inconsistent with materialistic forms of evolution.

It should not appear strange to us that the Creator should from a lower and less organized form, through many intermediate steps produce a higher form. It is in accordance with the laws that we know and under which we live in nature. And whatever may have been the origin of man, whether it was by separate creation or from evolutionary steps from lower forms, it remains true that the lower his origin the more does his greatness magnify his Creator. Laying aside our feelings in the matter it does not seem unreasonable that God should have taken a highly organized

form of animal life and "breathed in it the breath of life, stamping upon it his own image, named it man," and man became a "living soul" instead of a mere creature of the earth as were all the beings round about him. Nor is it unreasonable to suppose that God should have formed many similar types of life, both animal and vegetable, by separate creations, which types we have named genera, species and varieties; and because of this similarity one to another we conclude that one developed from the other. In such matters we simply cannot be absolutely sure because of the absence of positive and conclusive evidence. The important fact to remember is that whatever may have been the plan followed, God was over all and his Spirit was in and through all directing and fashioning all according to those self-imposed laws by which he chose to govern his universe and be governed in his own acts.

Briefly stated, natural selection is the adaptation of organisms to meet and cope successfully with adverse conditions of existence. Darwin in his *Origin of Species*, page 117, summarizes it as follows: "Considering the infinite complexity of the relations of all organic beings to each other and to their conditions of existence, causing an infinite diversity in structure, constitution and habits, to be advantageous to them, I think it would be a most extraordinary fact if no variation ever had occurred useful to each being's own welfare in the same way as so many variations have occurred useful to man. But if variations useful to any organic being do occur, assuredly individuals thus characterized will have the best chance of being preserved in the struggle for life; and from the strong principle of inheritance they will tend to produce offspring similarly characterized. This principle of preservation, I have called, for brevity's sake natural selection. Natural selection, on the principle of qualities being inherited at corresponding ages, can modify the egg, seed, or young as easily as the adult."

Darwin was led to this theory by extended personal researches and examination of many specimens of fauna and flora in all parts of the world, both in the wild and domestic state, in zoölogical and botanical gardens and by correspondence with many naturalists.

The basis of the theory is the presence in each variety of these distinctive qualities necessary for its existence in the environment in which it is placed. With some it is the presence of organs for se-

curing food; with others, parts designed for protection and defense against enemies. Several illustrations will serve to make this clearer. The powerful retractile talons of the falcon and cat tribe gradually develop because those that had the longest claws were better able to catch their prey and so to outlive their fellows and thus by use to perpetuate the tendency in their offspring to develop long talons. So also by constantly reaching upward in search for high foliage the giraffe that could reach the highest would in cases of scarcity of food outlive the others. They would thus perpetuate the tendency to develop long necks and high fore parts. Similarly those animals that possessed colors best adapted to concealment from their enemies would inevitably survive the longest. In the same way, the balance often observed in nature—that the absence of one set of organs is compensated by another—is accounted for; powerful wings accompanied by weak feet or great speed making up for lack of defensive weapons or strong shells and massive protective armor in case of slow movement. It is from these considerations that the expression "Survival of the fittest" is applied to the theory. It is in its essence,—those animals and plants that can best adapt themselves to an adverse environment are the ones that continue to exist and so to perpetuate their distinctive protective means.

Over against the variation by natural selection of Darwin which requires several generations for its completion, is the mutation theory of Mendel, so named by H. de Vries. By this theory immediate changes in offspring from the natural or normal type of the parent are accounted for as well as those variations that appear through many generations. It is a familiar occurrence that characteristics entirely absent in one generation are markedly present in the next. According to the mutation theory, this variation as well as the many similarities, is due to the presence in the germ cell of factors which Mendel named "unit-characters" which give rise to a dominant and recessive type as well as the normal.

In order to grasp the principle more fully it is necessary to follow Mendel's investigations more in detail. Mendel was abbot of Brunn and prior to 1865, when he published his results, he made experiments in his cloister garden with the common pea, investigating, through long series of trials, the effects of crossing different varieties. His method was to study single pairs of

alternative characters at a time. Thus he found, that on crossing a tall with a dwarf and paying attention to those characters, that all the hybrids of the first generation were tall. He then called the tall, "dominant" and the dwarf "recessive" types. Allowing these to fertilize themselves, he obtained a generation that was made up on an average of three tall to one dwarf. Further experiments showed that the dwarfs always bred true, and also one out of every three tall, the two remaining tall behaving like the original hybrids in giving three tall to one dwarf. So in respect to this character he found there were three kinds of peas, dwarfs which bred true, tall that bred true and tall that gave a fixed proportion of dwarfs and tall.

Mendel clearly perceived that these changes were due to the constitution of the germ cell, so after long and careful study arrived at the conclusion that each cell contained dominant or recessive unit characters, some containing one of each, some entirely one kind and some entirely the other kind. (A further consideration of this phase of the subject leads into a study of heredity and sex more than the scope of this paper allows, but for detailed investigation see articles on Sex and Heredity in *Encyc. Britannica* and "Weisermann on Heredity.")

The conclusions arrived at by Mendel have been abundantly verified by many observers of both animal and plant life in many different characters; for example, the color and combs of chickens; toes, feet, and wings of other fowls; horns and length of hair of sheep; color of flowers; smoothness and roughness of fruit, etc. It is upon this basis that Luther Burbank makes his experiments to produce new varieties, and his investigations are perhaps the most conclusive of present day research according to this theory.

It has not been the purpose of this paper to enter into a detailed proof of the subject considered, but sufficient has been considered to state with relative certainty that:

1. The universe, both organic and inorganic, has evolved from lower to higher forms and conditions.
2. Materialistic evolution cannot adequately account for such development, inasmuch as it denies the influence of any non-materialistic force.
3. Scientific evolution does adequately account for such change, recognizing as it does the presence and influence of an external creative and directing spiritual force.
4. The mutation theory is the most plausible theory of evolution.

REMINISCENCES OF THE WEST

J. L. Switzer

THIS is the Fourth of July. All last night, all through the night, and yet this morning, the roar of fulminating powder disturbed our slumbers and polluted the air by its stench, and still the roar goes on: Boom! Bang! Boom! At our morning meal the question arose: Why do people do this and teach their children so? In whose sacrifice is all this expensive burning done? In discussing these questions, I became reminiscent and "Fond memory brought the light of other days around me."

"Where shall we worship on the Fourth of July?" said Bro. Ives. "And how shall we spend the day?" "The God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob" and the 'Prince of Peace' would not have us join in worldly carousal, and yet we must not forget that he it is that ordains the 'powers that be,' and that praise and thanksgiving for our blessed freedom should not be neglected or forgotten."

We had previously published, through the Christian Family Companion, that we were located near the geographical center of the United States, in a new and fertile land; that we were especially desirous to build up the Master's cause here at the center of our nation; that from this geographical center it was especially desirous that the truth and sound doctrine should go forth, radiating in all directions and bearing testimony that a nucleus was forming at the heart of our country from which, it might be truthfully said, would go forth the elements of sound wisdom and sound Christian doctrine. We gave our hands and our hearts to this proposition. Among the many converts to the above was an elder and prominent minister of the Baptist church. He came, apparently, with a true and full purpose of heart. He did not ask to be received on his baptism, but submitted cheerfully to the triune action, administered by Bro. Ives; and afterward, like Eld. Stein, furnished us much additional argument and proof that the triune action in baptism was the original and correct scriptural mode.

So far, so good. He did run well for a season. He wanted to preach, and by direct permission from Eld. Ives was allowed on some occasions to do so, very acceptably

to the people, and the church was seriously contemplating an action favorable to his request. But the Fourth of July came around, and the old inclination to "celebrate" in the old-fashioned, military way took a strong hold on him. He asked permission of Bro. Ives to go to Mankato and make a Fourth of July speech. Bro. Ives told him if he would go there and preach the Gospel to them and reprove their carousal and folly, he might go, otherwise he must of necessity withhold consent for any member of the church to partake of such ungodliness and worldly and unchristian foolishness.

He thought, in reply, that there could be no harm in being patriotic. Bro. Ives asked him if he remembered anything of the Civil War of 1861 to 1864, and how many of his brethren in the South had been shot to death by his brethren in the North, and how many of his brethren in the North had been shot to death by his brethren in the South; and whether he thought it befitting and wise in a Christian to celebrate and extol such practices, in pageantry and powwow to the god of war upon the altar of brimstone and fireworks.

"I remember," said Bro. Ives, "when your brethren, from their knees in the camp prayer meeting, girded on their deadly armor and went out to see how many of their brethren they could slay on the other side of the controversy. In deadly animosity they marched forth to destroy and to kill, while at the same time professing to be serving the Prince of Peace." And he asked him if he thought it a good thing to still meet to exult over and rejoice at the remembrance of such things.

Our would-be minister hung his head and seemed to be ashamed of his desire to go back again to the fleshpots that he had renounced. Yet the church seemed too tardy in recognizing his abilities, which he seemed to think were wonderful, and he grew restless. Soon after this two robbers were traced to his house by the sheriff and a battle with them took place in his yard early one morning, they having rendezvoused there during the night.

Later on a sister entered complaint against him for gross improprieties at her home, which, with other irregularities be-

ing investigated, led the church to withdraw fellowship from him.

Agreeably to the feeling of Bro. Ives, and by the consent of all the members of the church in council, it was decided that the proper way for Christians to celebrate the Fourth of July would be to meet and celebrate the death and sufferings, not of the heroes of strife and bloodshed, but of the Prince of Love and Peace, from whom all our blessings flow. Accordingly, a large roll of canvas was purchased. The sisters met to sew it together; the brethren met to prepare the tent poles and assist in the work, and soon we had a large canvas tent under which we met to commemorate the tragedy of Mount Calvary, and a joyous meeting we had on the Fourth of July. This was our practice each Fourth in Kansas. Do I not well to recommend the same for our entire Brotherhood?

While in other States you are bewailing your unequal contest with the liquor traffic, may I not point with gratification to Kansas? My brethren, let me assure you that there is nothing in all this world like having the God of heaven to assist you in your conflicts with evil. But to this end you must turn your back to the world and its follies. You must set your faces Zionward and shake the clinging dust of diversity from your feet. Unless the church does this in her contests; unless she unfalteringly enforces this in her discipline and keeps her skirts unspotted and her reputation untarnished; unless she indignantly refuses to flirt with the world and is willing to sacrifice the right hand or the right eye, if need be, to maintain her purity, she can not hope for the Divine aid necessary to overcome, but will be spewed out of his mouth and her glory given to another.

THE LEGITIMACY OF PERSONAL BEAUTY

Caroline Le Favre

"No less than Life with Grace, Wealth, Beauty and Honor."—Shakespeare.

NATIVELY within the normal individual is the desire to appear more important than he is; to feel himself greater than he is; indeed to be much more than he is at the present time. How to gain the esteem of one's friends or business associates, is everywhere in evidence.

To acquire wealth, luxurious home surroundings with business equipments, personal adornments, intellectual accomplishments and finally personal appearance, for the purpose of augmenting one's importance in the opinions of one's associates, is a human experience of deep psychological significance. And because of the magnificent potentialities of us all, this outward desire is legitimate! Personal good looks have an honorable place in social and business economy.

Like a growing plant, we desire—well rightly—to enlarge ourselves. Extension at the surface and strength at the center are necessitated by the pressure of the law of progress and natural forces.

Personal appearance more than anything else, is the ever-present thermometer that indicates valuations of many sorts.

Personal appearance may be likened to the weather vane above the house top: it tells which way the wind blows. The personal figure is the "indicator."

Is it right to appear to be better or more than we are? If by "assuming an attitude, we grow to become that," it is legitimate. Assume an erect carriage of body with chest lifted, three times a day or oftener, and you will inaugurate a tendency towards realization of this healthier and more comely appearance.

Our personal appearance, we insist, must be such as will indicate the presence and possession of health, vitality, youth, happiness, clearmindedness, social popularity and success!

Having the attractiveness indicative of all this valuation, we are self-respecting to the degree of commanding respect from others. The respect within begets respect from the without.

As we see our shadow on the wall or reflection in the mirror and note that we are erect, shapely and graceful, that we have a dignified bodily carriage we have the satisfaction that all this has been taken account of by our acquaintances. We observe that we have developed such fine muscles

and nerves as to enjoy clearmindedness, endurance and immunity from suffering. Of this, too, we would have our associates take account. By all this are we encouraged to aim for yet greater degrees of excellence.

The rosy glow of health and beauty of our cheek; the laughing eye; the trans-

parent, smooth, clear skin; the animated respiration are surely noticed by our social and business associates. These will gauge us up well, as to our "value as social or business factors." We as "up-to-date," social and business factors must acknowledge the beauty of personal appearance a mighty power just now.—Health Culture.

"THE FATHER OF RAILWAYS"

John H. Nowlan

AT the mention of the above title the minds of the majority of people will turn to the Scot, George Stephenson.

While it is not my desire to in the least detract any from the honor he so richly deserves, still let us give "honor to whom honor is due."

History abounds with instances of where the glory of one is appropriated by another, whether it be in science, war, art, literature or mechanics.

Logarithms was the invention of a Frenchman, Juste Byrge, and not of Napier, who merely introduced them into England. A table of sines for every two seconds of the quadrant was prepared by him long before Napier's time. William O'Neill was the first to rectify a curve of any sort and continued fractions was the work of Lord Bronnker of Castle Lyons, Ireland, yet these triumphs are ascribed to Wallis and Newton. Fitzgerald was the first to take out a patent for a steam engine, yet all the credit goes to Watt. The "Charge of the Light Brigade" goes down in history as an English triumph, when in truth the commander was from Dublin and many of his soldiers were his countrymen.

These are only a few of the many instances that might be cited to prove the assertion that credit is not always given to the proper person. But to return to our subject:

If not to Stephenson then to whom shall the honor be given? To a native born American of Welsh descent—Oliver Evans. He is truly the father of railroading, for though he never saw a railroad track, locomotive as we consider it, a passenger coach, diner or sleeper, yet he prophesied all these and made the first engine to be propelled by its own power.

Evans is written down in history as an American inventor born in Newport, Delaware, in 1755, his family being so insignificant

that only the year can be given. His death occurred in New York City April 19, 1819. In 1777 he invented a machine for making card teeth. In 1779 he entered into business with his brothers who were millers and in quick succession he produced the elevator, the conveyor, the drill, the hopper-boy and the descender, which applied to water mills of the day revolutionized the manufacture of flour.

Early in life, 1772, he conceived the idea of applying steam to motive power and in 1799 or 1800 he constructed a "steam carriage." This was the first high-pressure steam engine. Drawings sent to England by him in 1787, 1794 and 1795 were ignored.

In 1803 he made a steam dredging machine for the Board of Health of Philadelphia. This machine was built in a flat scow which when completed was moved to the water and then to her place of work by the power of her own engines. John Fitch had propelled a craft on water before this, but Evans' machine was the first to be moved on land.

This craft, which Evans called the "eructor amphibolis," would seem a very amusing affair now. It had a vertical cylinder, a fly-wheel, a walking beam and the wheels were driven by band connections.

His application of the power was bad but the use of the power was perfect. Up to that time engines were moved by the condensation of steam in the cylinder, which required plenty of cold water and means of cooling the cylinder at each stroke. Evans used the expansive force of steam which made the engine manyfold more rapid in action.

"In a word, Evans built the first practical engine which could be placed on wheels. That was the moment of the birth of the locomotive, and it was also far more. The new motor was not only portable by its own power; it was also strong,

small, simple, cheap to build, economical to operate, available everywhere."

In 1819 he wrote and published a small volume from which the following is an extract:

"The time will come when people will travel in stages moved by steam-engines from one city to another, almost as fast as birds can fly, fifteen or twenty miles in an hour.

"Passing through the air with such velocity, changing the scenes in such rapid succession, will be the most exhilarating exercise.

"A carriage will set out from Washington in the morning, the passengers will breakfast at Baltimore, dine at Philadelphia, and sup at New York the same day. To accomplish this, two sets of railways will be laid (so nearly level as not in any place to deviate more than two degrees from a horizontal line), made of wood or iron, or smooth paths of broken stone or gravel with a rail to guide the carriages, so that they may pass each other in different directions, and travel by night as well as by day; and the passengers will sleep in these stages as comfortably as they now do in steam stage-boats.

"Twenty miles per hour is about thirty-two feet per second, and the resistance of the air will be about one pound to the square foot; but the body of carriages will be shaped like a swift swimming fish, to pass easily through the air.

"The United States will be the first nation to make this discovery and to adopt the system; and her wealth and power will rise to an unparalleled height."

Stephenson did much to bring about the use of steam in connection with land loco-

motion, but the evidence tends to show that he made no claim to being the inventor. "The Life of Stephenson" by Samuel Smiles claims all the honor for him to the exclusion of the other inventors, but that book like Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry" was edited to sell rather than to be a historical work.

Let us consider the following:

Mechanics' Magazine (London, 1830), in commenting on the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway over which the Rocket ran with Stephenson as engineer, published a seven column sketch of Evans under the title "The First Projector of Steam Traveling."

Stuart's "Historical and Descriptive Anecdotes of Steam-Engines and of their Inventors and Improvers" (London, 1829) makes no mention of Stephenson except to credit him with two patents in connection with the locomotive.

The "Edinburgh Encyclopedia" (1832) mentions Stephenson as the inventor of a steam spring for locomotives.

Wood's "Treatise on Railways" (1831) and the fifth edition of Lardner "On Steam Engines" give him the same mention, while on the other hand Herbert's "History of the Steam-Engine" (London, 1823) declares Oliver Evans to be the inventor of steam carriages.

Watt has a statue in Westminster Abbey, Stephenson has many monuments, but Oliver Evans who revolutionized the flouring industry, invented the first steam carriage and designed the first boat whose prow was calculated to produce speed died in New York City, April 19, 1819, unhonored and unsung.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Dear Children:

NO chance to write you in the evening after the day is over, for when it is nearly two at night one feels like going to bed. So I am writing you in the morning.

There are plenty of children here. This is the home of the big family whose picture we have at home. Only since that picture was taken there has been a little girl baby added. She now walks a little

and is cared for almost all the time by her nearly grown sister Marie. One died since we were here three years ago,—a sweet little one,—and so their number is still thirteen.

I told you about the woman under conviction and her husband not kind to her. She told the women that her husband pays no attention to his children. They have two fine ones,—a boy and a girl about ten or twelve or younger. Well, that makes

about six of the playing age when they all get together here. Yesterday we had great times and entertained the whole household with our romp. I made a big pile of the whole kit on the floor, and such yelling and laughing as they all had! Finally I gathered five of them in my arms and fell with them on the floor. That was the climax of excitement and such scrambling you never saw as they made to get up quick. They enjoyed the fun and I needed the exercise. Your mother takes her crocheting and being sedate and knowing like looks on. She is having a good time and our visit thus far has been far more pleasant than we expected.

Not far away from here is the county poorhouse, and we have several members there. They come down each morning to be with us. Dear old souls! Not too attractive from without, yet yearning for love the world has little for them, they touch our hearts.

Meeting was to be at Per Neilson's about a Swedish mile away. That meant nearly seven of our miles. And so it came to pass that in one of these Swedish spring wagons, narrow gauge track, they put eight of us and started across the country. The drive to Vinslof was on good road and without special interest save that we saw the prettiest and clearest and most complete rainbow we ever witnessed in the sky, and some of the clouds were unusually beautiful. Several slight sprinkles of rain but somehow it did not make damp. When we reached the other side of Vinslof the roads were rough with stone, and though all the way was a public road I think we had to open at least seven gates. The reason for this is that the people do not want the cattle to get far away, should they happen to break out of the field. Beautiful logic in the reason and that is the way they do it in those parts we were last night. Well, the trip was full of interest nevertheless. Stone fences? Well, I should say so. Without any exaggeration at all, we drove through a lane hardly wide enough for two rigs to pass, and the stone fence that enclosed it was made of solid piling of stone very evenly laid, over six feet thick and near five feet high. And no American would go into the field from which these stones were taken and farm because of the many big stones there that can not be removed. Why do they farm such land, do you ask? Simply because of its great fertility. How tall am I? Six feet. I can reach two feet more. Now no exaggeration, for I tried it in Per Neilson's garden. He has potatoes

whose tops were higher than I could reach. He has peas running on brush and they were growing up in the apple trees full of fruit, much like a young grape would grow. Yet he had to plant around the rock in his garden and I have not the least idea how deep the soil is, but I would suppose not very deep. In these fields they use a one-handed plow, which is simply a point that throws the dirt both ways; no board like our plows have.

We reached the house a half hour before meeting time and were served coffee and cake. I drank two cups and ate a piece of cake. Soon after eight the people came in. Boards had been laid on chairs to make plenty of seating room. The ceiling was so low I could have almost touched it with my head and the house was full; there was little chance for ventilation and so I had a Turkish bath. But we had a good meeting. The Lord was very near us and blessed us all. Then the people went home and we awaited the supper which must be eaten, hungry or not. Mama said, "O let us go home." I said, "No, these people would be offended if we did not stay," and we stayed. At eleven a three-course supper was served,—hamburg steak, fried potatoes and the like, and your mother did a good job of eating too. It was twelve o'clock when the supper was over and farewells were said and we were back in the wagon again. We reached Vanneberga at 1:30 and found some of the children up waiting for us. By two we were in bed and your mother thinks she is good for most anything, including sitting on a six-inch board for an hour and a half through meeting. I see a picture of any one in Elgin doing that, don't you? Mama is feeling fine and resting is doing good work for her. We are well and happy. God bless you all at home. We think of you often and hope to have word again from home tomorrow evening when we reach Stockholm.



THE TWO GARDENS.

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It is there that the regal red poppies
are born.

Brief days of desire and long dreams
of delight

The garden of sleep, where the poppies
are red

I wait for the living alone with the
dead."

As these lines came to me they suggested
still another poem whose closing lines are:

"And all who journey soon or late
Must pass within the garden gate."

HOW TOMMY CAME INTO HIS OWN

A. M. Gillespie

THE place was characteristic of the man who owned it. The house, built on tall, severe lines, loomed up from its surroundings like some grim giant of old. Its curtainless windows, like great, staring eyes, seemed to pierce the road in every direction, while the heavy jail-like doors were always locked, lest some bright-faced visitor from the outside world might enter, perchance. On either side of the front door stood two sentinel-like evergreen trees, which ever seemed to stand guard, silent and stern.

Mr. Andrews, the man who owned this domain, might have easily had it transformed into a more cheerful-looking place, if he had chosen to do so, for he was a man of considerable means. A fresh painting, in some soft shade, with the addition of a cozy little porch, would have worked wonders. Then there was the yard, devoid of all attraction. A few shrubs, here and there, with a sprinkling of bright flowers in summer, and what a transformation there would have been! As it was, the earth was packed and bare, even devoid of grass, save a straggling wisp or two that must have been unusually brave to flaunt its green in the eyes of Thomas Andrews.

His wife was what might be expected of a soul which had been tied to a rocklike being for fifty years. She had long ago abandoned all thoughts of having her own way in a single instance, and had become so accustomed to have a husband plan for her that she now drifted on in a mechanical sort of way, regulating the movements of each day in a manner that her husband would approve of in his own stern way.

There was one other member of this family, a member that would not count for much, if people were estimated by their size. He was just a wisp of a boy, short and slender to an almost pathetic degree. His thin, colorless little face was childishly appealing, and one was forced to wonder at the wistful look that hovered about his down-drooping lips. When he raised his great eyes, beautiful in color, but sad in expression, it was evident that this small boy was old in experience, in regard to the sober things of life.

His mother, the only child of Thomas Andrews, had married in opposition to her father's wishes, and he never forgave her.

Then her husband had died, leaving her with a tiny son. This sorrow, coupled with her father's obstinacy to forgive and take her back to the old home, bore her soul down with a heavy burden, which she could not cast aside; and, finally, she, too, lay sleeping beside her husband in the cemetery, and their only child was left an orphan.

Then Thomas Andrews, with a grim look on his face, took little Tommy to his home, and the little one began to live a life that had all the sweetness crushed out of it. From the very first he was given to understand that the providing of this home for him was an act of charity on the part of his grandfather, and that he need expect no love, for his mother, by her one wrong act, had forfeited the right, not only for herself, but also for her child, to ever expect any affection from the old man whose word was law.

A tiny back room on the second floor was given to little Tommy; a room that had suggested bats and all nameless horrors to his timid, childish mind. Three long nights he lay awake, his large eyes, larger still, as he peered through the darkness for a glimpse of the goblin he was certain was lurking in the shadows. Then came a period when he must sleep, but his dreams were of fearful things that caused him to cry out in terror and call for "Mother."

The grandmother saw little Tommy grow paler and more fragile, day by day, and her heart ached for the child of her dead daughter, but she was powerless to act. Once when she attempted to reason with her husband, he turned on her almost fiercely, and his face was more stern than she had ever seen it, as he answered:

"Hold your peace, Sarah! True, the child is our own daughter's son, but what did she do that the boy should be coddled? She married against my wishes to a man that I heartily disliked, and little Thomas is the son of a reckless father."

But for once his wife asserted herself:

"The father of little Thomas may have been thoughtless, but he was not little or mean in any way; and besides, Tommy is not responsible for his parents' actions."

The hand of Mr. Andrews came down on the table with a resounding whack that

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THE HEALTHY BABY

IVAN EARL LAIR, born July 9, nineteen hundred and eleven, is a fine specimen of a healthy, happy, fresh-air baby. At birth he weighed but seven pounds and for the first few weeks was in delicate health. He was doomed to be a bottle fed little man from birth. For the first eight weeks he was fed on diluted cow milk and at that age began to suffer from acute indigestion. He was then put on Horlick's malted milk for twelve weeks. We fed the Horlick's with the cow's milk and when baby became strong and well again he took whole milk straight. From this time we gave him light food occasionally which he seemed to crave and relish. At eight months he weaned himself from his bottle and we have fed him heartily and carefully and he is in apparent perfect health. He has four teeth and is taking his first steps alone and can speak a few words. His mother lives on the farm. Does all her own housework and is as busy as farmers' wives usually are. Baby's welfare always comes first, regular meals, baths, naps, good sanitary care is what keeps him well and sweet.



Ivan Earl Lair.

THE TWO GARDENS

Lula Dowler Harris

SITTING on a friend's porch one summer morning in the college town of Ashton, I noticed a white-haired woman moving about in a large flower garden just across the street.

An old-fashioned colonial mansion stood back of the garden. It seemed to be standing guard over the garden and its occupant.

The woman was unusually active for one of her years. She was as busy as a bee flitting from flower to flower.

My friend joined me on the cool veranda presently and as she sank into an easy chair said:

"Watching Miss Mary are you?"

"Is that the lady's name over there among the flowers," said I.

"Yes, and I believe she is the happiest as well as the busiest woman in town," continued my friend.

"Tell me more about her, please. Happy people are rather uncommon these days."

"Well, she is the only spinster in the town. We all call her Miss Mary. Her full name is Mary Elizabeth Fairfax. The Fairfaxes claim relationship with George Washington and are very proud of their ancestry. Colonel Fairfax came here from Virginia in 1822 and built the house just as it stands today. You can readily see that it is unlike other houses here in New York. It seems as though a little bit of old Virginia was transplanted to our soil.

"During the panic of 1837 the Colonel, as well as many others who had speculated wildly lost almost all he owned in the form of land and money. The old home and a very scanty allowance from some English estate alone remained of what was once a great fortune.

"It was necessary to curtail expenses. Most of the servants were sent back to relatives in Virginia. Just one family of blacks was kept. Their descendants are

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THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE SEVENTH BEATITUDE.

J. C. Flora.

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."—Matt. 5: 9.

THE wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable. If we shall live in peace we are promised that the God of love and peace shall dwell with us. This is the most opportune time in the whole period of history for taking a positive stand for peace. Now when the great minds of the world are aroused, when the pulse of civilization is in harmony with the general peace movement we should let influence be felt, we should put on the armor of Jesus Christ and fight manfully not for strife and war but for peace and good will.

Our field of work as peacemakers may be world wide. We should not fail to shed our influence for peace although it may reach to the uttermost parts of the world. War is very expensive. The world powers at this time are burdened by the enormous debt of \$35,000,000,000 and it was mostly caused by war. In our own grand Republic seventy-five per cent of our annual expense is for military purposes. We boast of our excellent educational system, our splendid public schools and fine colleges and universities, yet we spend a great deal more for war than for education. What the world is spending for war preparation annually would keep 32,000,000 young men in college for a year. Each battleship that is added to our navy would build and maintain fifty manual training schools. Something must be abnormally wrong in the social functioning of the human race.

Some progress is being made. The strife and hatred that once existed between nations has abated. But the peace sentiment has not developed to that extent that the world powers are willing to discontinue preparing for war. More sentiment must be created. This sentiment must come largely from the Christian people of the world. The sentiment in favor of International Arbitration is stronger than it has ever been before. We ought to encourage every step that is made in this direction. And we ought to bring every new influence that is legitimate to bear upon this very vital question.

Blessed are the peacemakers who have a world-wide influence. But in my judgment

this Beatitude has more direct reference to those who are peacemakers locally. The Quakers as well as our own people have always stood for peace when it comes to the question of war and bloodshed. William Penn, our Quaker father, is said to have made peace with the most cruel people. He was peaceful and loving in disposition and he found the same characteristics among the Indians although they had red blood flowing through their veins and if irritated they were cruel. His negotiations with them were such that they made a vow that they would live with Penn and his men in peace and love as long as the sun should shine. It is said that they did not want to compare the friendship existing between them to a chain for fear that a link in the chain might rust and break. The Indians say that our friendship shall never be broken. We need to call out the best that is in men and nations and not magnify the differences.

Sometimes it becomes necessary for us to become a peacemaker in behalf of ourselves. In a few moments we can do things that will take hours to undo. It is very humiliating to make right the things you have made wrong. We often say or do things in an unguarded moment that may cause hard feelings among our families or neighbors. Now to comply with this Beatitude it is our duty to become a peacemaker. Ordinarily if we will go and acknowledge that we have done wrong and ask forgiveness it will be granted and peace and good will will prevail where just before was anger and hatred.

Many times we may act the part of a peacemaker among our friends and neighbors. Things often happen which estrange those who should be the best of friends. Many things are done on purpose and often things done unintentionally that create an ill-feeling between our friends. A little is added here and there until they are entirely at outs with each other. Here again this Beatitude may be made very practical. If we are tactful and prayerful oftentimes we may intervene and do much toward getting such parties at peace with each other. We have done a noble work when we can break down strife and enmity and implant in its stead peace and love. Many of us instead of being peace promoters are strife agitators.

We may help others to do things but oftentimes what we are speaks so loud that what influence we may attempt to exert falls to the ground. We need first of all to be peaceable in disposition ourselves. We may talk peace and try to negotiate for others, but if in our own living we do not demonstrate the calm and peaceful life our efforts will all be a failure. Sometimes we see persons who are always trying to act as mediators for others but in their own disposition they are irritable and unpleasant. They sow seeds of discord instead of harmony and good-will. The person that does each day quietly the work that is his to do will often be a greater factor toward promoting peace than the person who attempts so much.

We need to be peaceable in conversation. One's conversation means a great deal toward determining what our influence shall be. In a few moments with words we can do more toward creating strife than can be made right in a long period of time. The story has been told of a little girl who said to her mother one evening, "I was a peacemaker today." "How was that?" asked her mother. "I knew something that I didn't tell," was the unexpected reply.

Most of us talk too much. We say so much that could be easily avoided. The person that talks so much is most sure to say something that he ought not to say. Whether we talk much or little, let us be careful what we say.

Blessed are we if we are a peacemaker. Christ came to slay all enmity and if we are his children we must be doing all we can to promote peace among men. For thereby we help Jesus to accomplish the work that he desires so much to accomplish on the earth.

If we are peacemakers we are also promised to be called the children of God. We are brothers to Jesus Christ who was the Prince of Peace. It is not God's way to have sword and penal law. It is man's work. God holds before us a higher ideal. The children of this world like to fish in troubled waters, but the children of God are the peacemakers, the quiet in the land. They pray and labor earnestly that peace and good-will may come to be universal among men.



HOW TOMMY CAME INTO HIS OWN.

(Continued from Page 858.)

chaired the peaceful Maltese cat to jump with fright.

"Remember, Sarah, my word is law, and if I see that boy coddled, straight out of

this house he goes, never to return!" Meek little Mrs. Andrews turned away with a heavy heart, and from that day on she suffered in silence. Finally there came a time when the boy could stand no more. Not understanding his grandfather's disposition, he believed himself despised by the old man, little dreaming the seeming coldness was brought about by the great love the old, gray-headed man had borne for little Tommy's mother, the love that had been almost wounded unto death. He considered Tommy the result of his daughter's disobedience, and the son of the man who had caused him his great sorrow. The result was the little fellow had to bear the burdens of others' mistakes.

He was thinking it out one day, after his grandfather had been unusually severe with him, and resolved to go away from the home that had been one in name only.

"As soon as it gets dark I will take my bank, with the dollar in pennies, and run away to the station and buy a ticket for somewhere," he thought, with a choking gasp. Sure enough, while his grandfather was out doing the chores, and his grandmother was busy about her work, Tommy slipped out in the gathering dusk, and started for the station a mile away.

With tired little feet and aching head he completed the first half mile, then paused a few minutes to rest on a trestle that spanned a shallow creek. Then Nature's sweet restorer, "balmy sleep," came to the little fellow, and, leaning back against a friendly column, he soon forgot all his childish troubles. The shriek of a whistle brought him to his feet, and to the realization that a train, his train, that he was to have taken, was swiftly rolling towards him. He never thought of the approaching danger. He was only conscious that he could not ride away now, for he could not get to the station in time; and in his bewilderment he stood in his perilous position, unmindful of all save the fact that he had missed his train.

Suddenly a cry of fear fell on his ears, and in a moment the form of his grandfather, running, stumbling, almost blind with fear, bore down upon him, and sweeping him up in his arms, leaped to the shallow creek below, just as the engine, shrieking and thundering ground its way over the very place where the boy had stood.

But little Tommy, now aware of the danger that had passed, feared the new danger more. Grandfather had him in his arms, but the sharp words he expected to

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HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

NEW WRINKLES, HELPS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Conducted by Mrs. John M. Douglas.

ONE of the most annoying of summer pests is the ant. The little creatures seem to come from nowhere, and they invade everything. No matter how tightly the lid of the sugar crock or barrel fits, Mr. Ant will find a way to get in. Once in, it is a difficult matter to get him out. The quickest and easiest way is to sprinkle the powdered root of the black flag thickly around the backs of shelves, and along the baseboard of the floor. An earthen dish filled with chloride of lime will also be found efficacious.

Those tiny little mosquitoes that defy screens and netting and crawl jubilantly through the finest meshes of either, may be vanquished by wiping off the screens with kerosene every day or two. Mosquitoes will not alight near kerosene, and they will keep away from the windows if its odor be present. Try it.

Kerosene oil may be used for a great many purposes, other than lighting and heating. A lady of my acquaintance used to say: "I have brought up a family of nine children on a very small income and—kerosene oil. Every one of my children has thick, dark hair, because I rubbed their heads regularly with kerosene. Their shoes wore twice as long, because I kept the leather from cracking by applications of oil, and whenever their clothing got badly stained, kerosene nearly always removed the stain."

Rust can be readily removed from steel knives by allowing the blades to lie in olive oil for 24 hours, and then scrubbing them with powdered, unslacked lime.

When a seamstress arrives at that age that needle threading is a grievous strain on the eyes, and patience, let her adopt the crewel needle for all kinds of sewing! A package of 5 to 10 crewel needles has taken away, during the last six months, so much of the irksomeness of sewing for me, that I can cheerfully recommend my long eyed little friends to sister needlewomen. I always had supposed that the only use for crewel needles was for embroidery, but I now know that they can be used for the finest and plainest of sewing and darning.

Seashore sand will remove almost any

stain that is likely to get at the bottom of a woman's skirt. All that the owner of the skirt needs to do, is to put it on and let it drag in the sand as she walks along the beach,—or any sandy stretch; then come home, hang the skirt in the air and let the sand blow from it. If the sand is damp and clinging, so much the better, as the moisture will be the more apt to absorb the stain.

Leaves from postage stamp books should be left in the covers, and saved; they are useful to wrap return postage which is to be enclosed with letters.

Delicious Dishes.

Escalloped salmon: Take a can of salmon, carefully pick out bits of bone and skin, butter a baking dish, then put a layer of minced fish and on top a layer of fine rolled cracker crumbs, salt and pepper each layer, and add bits of butter and milk, then another layer of fish, and a layer of crackers and seasoning; and so on until the dish is filled. Beat two eggs, mix one cup of milk, pour over the top layer, which should be of the cracker crumbs,—add butter and seasoning and put into the oven to bake.

Escalloped oysters: Butter the pan well; put in a layer of rolled crackers, then a thick layer of oysters. Three layers make a good panful, with cracker on top; moisten until very soft with milk, add a cup of sweet cream and a few pieces of butter on top; allow three-fourths of an hour in a hot oven for baking. Season each layer.

Fried oysters: To one egg add one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of hot water, salt and pepper. Select large oysters, remove from their own liquor and dip into stale bread crumbs or cracker crumbs, then in the egg, and in the crumbs again; fry in hot butter and serve immediately.

Meat pie: A nice dish is made from potatoes and meat this way: Chop meat not too fine, and place in bottom of a baking dish, season with salt and pepper, place a little butter on top and moisten with water, place over this a layer of mashed potatoes, finally brush the top with beaten egg, and bake about half an hour.

Fried chicken: Cut a plump young chicken into serving pieces, and put into a saucepan with very little water, and simmer for about twenty minutes, tightly covered. Remove from the fire, and when the chick-

en becomes cold, wipe each piece and rub with salt. Make a batter by beating light the yolks of two eggs with half a saltspoonful of salt, stirring in gradually one table-spoonful of oil, adding one cup of cold water, and beating vigorously. Put the batter to one side for an hour or longer. Put into a chopping bowl one small onion, two or three sprigs of parsley and two tomatoes peeled and with the seeds removed. Chop the vegetables very fine, and when ready to use stir them into the batter. Lastly add the whites of the eggs beaten light. Put the pieces of prepared chicken in the batter, and see that each one is well covered. Set a spider over the fire, and melt in it enough butter to cover the bottom. Place the batter-covered chicken in the spider and fry slowly, until the pieces are cooked to a rich brown.



THE TWO GARDENS.

(Continued from Page 859.)

with Miss Mary still. They live in that little stone house near the poplar trees. 'The Lodge' Miss Mary calls it.

"The place was named 'The Poplars,' but it scarcely deserves that name now for so many of the trees have died. The house was hidden by them at one time; now, just those three are left. I hope they live as long as Miss Mary does anyway.

"The Colonel and his wife passed away, the boys left home one by one, and Miss Mary—the only girl—was left alone in the old home. She was well educated. She applied for a position in the village school and was elected. She has taught first grade work for nearly thirty years. She was the most popular and efficient teacher in the schools.

"When she failed to apply for her old position two years ago we all thought she meant to go live with her brothers. But no—Tom and Chloe—her colored servants and a man with a team became very active around the 'Poplar' grounds.

"The grounds were cleared of all rubbish. The entire surface was then sprinkled with fertilizer and then cultivated. Seeds were planted. Chloe, Tom and Miss Mary were busy from morning until night. Instead of a vegetable garden as we expected it turned out to be a flower garden. Miss Mary said she would raise flowers to sell.

"The sweet peas bloomed first that spring. The students from the college were her best customers, but funerals, weddings, church and college affairs made heavy inroads upon her pea vines.

"Everyone who came to her garden was made to feel at home. She has always retained that air of hospitality so common among the people of the South. The children all know and love her. Many a little hand reaches through the pickets to pluck a blossom but Miss Mary never says 'Don't touch.'

"If you watch you will see her wave to the student girls as they climb the hill to the college. Many of them are her former pupils' children. Why, her home is a veritable asylum for the heartsick or homesick girls of the college! Even the boys and young men like to tell their troubles to Miss Mary. They are always sure of sympathy from that direction. I wish you could see her tulip beds; they were beautiful last spring."

"I don't think anything could be prettier than that poppy bed," said I.

"You will hardly believe me," continued my friend, "when I tell you Miss Mary has not missed a church service nor failed to teach her Sabbath-school class for the past eighteen years. Our pastor says he does not feel that he could preach if Miss Mary failed to be present. He says her very presence is an inspiration to him. When it rains or the weather is unfavorable in any way he says he always makes a mental list of those members he may expect to come to the services, and Miss Mary's name always heads the list."

Two years later I again visited my friend in Ashton. Almost the first thing she said after greeting me at the station was: "Miss Mary has passed away."

The whole village seemed to be in mourning. I attended the funeral with my friend next day. Such a crowd! Students, college professors, men, women and children mingled together, all anxious to pay their last respects to one who in life always had a smile and a kind word for everyone.

The minister took for his text that day: "She hath done what she could."

As I looked at that peaceful face in the casket and saw the masses of poppies piled high—for it was poppy time again—I thought of her beautiful garden tended with such loving care and my mind traveled far away over the ocean to that other garden on the rocky coast of Norfolk, England, made immortal by the pen of Clement Scott.

The garden he describes so beautifully in the song, "The Garden of Sleep."

"Neath the blue of the sky, in the green of the corn,

(Continued on Page 857.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—Please explain Matt. 6: 34.—
E. H.

Answer.—"Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." This is not an exhortation to slothfulness, trusting in blind submission that food and raiment will be brought to our doors without any effort on our part, or waiting until necessity forces us to look about for some means of sustenance. Such conduct brings poverty and disgrace. People who have a disposition to lounge around idly excusing themselves on the ground of absolute submission and blind dependence upon God to bring food to them should read the account of the fishermen who toiled all night until they were nearly worn out and finally their efforts were rewarded when Christ came along in the morning and filled their nets, or they might read the account of how Paul was busy making tents as a means of making a living while he was preaching the Gospel. Jesus in this passage is not speaking to the slothful but to a group of ambitious men. He is warning them against undue cares about tomorrow. He is teaching them that if they do well the work of today they will not need to concern themselves about tomorrow for tomorrow will bring its own problems to take up all their time. Their natural inclinations were to concern themselves about tomorrow and provide for all the necessities of tomorrow by storing up great wealth. Jesus is teaching them to take care of the present and leave the tomorrow to itself. The difficulty with this passage is that the people who are inclined to be shiftless like to apply this passage to themselves and boast that they are completely trusting in God when in reality they are dishonoring God by their shiftlessness. Such people remind me of a team of horses we used to have when I was a boy at home. I used to drive this team to a sulky plow. One of the horses, named Fly, was of a nervous disposition and full of life. She always tried to pull ahead. Another one of the horses, named Billy, was lazy and took advantage of every opportunity to shirk. When I would say "Whoa, Fly," intending to quiet her down a little, Billy would take it all to himself and stop suddenly. I

was not talking to Billy at all yet he was always glad to hear what I said to Fly, but it was almost impossible to make Billy understand what I meant when I was really talking to him to make him pull his share of the load. People often have a wonderful desire to apply passages of Scripture to themselves which were not intended for them at all and those which God intended for them it seems they cannot understand what he means.

The passage here is speaking to the overly ambitious class of people while there are many other passages which speak directly to the listless and slothful.



Question.—What is banana oil good for?
—A Reader.

Answer.—Banana oil is used in bronzing solutions. The oil is so named because of the odor imparted by its amyl acetate constituent. It varies in its composition according to the ideas of those who mix it. It is usually a mixture of equal parts of amyl acetate, acetone and benzine, with just enough pyroxylin dissolved to give the finished product sufficient body to leave a protective covering after the liquids have evaporated. There is no product of the banana about it. It merely takes its name from the odor.



Question.—In the book entitled "Little Women," written by Louisa M. Alcott, is the "Jo" of the story, the author, Miss Alcott? I have heard some people say she was and some that she was not. In what State were the "March" girls supposed to live and what was their town, or do we not have anything for authority on this subject? Is it a true story?—Mrs. L. R. K.

Answer.—"Jo" is not the author herself although Miss Alcott has given a number of her own experiences in this character. The story has its setting in a little Massachusetts town where Rev. March was pastor of a small congregation. The story is based upon facts but is enriched with many little flourishes and artistic touches from the fertile mind of the author, which is an essential to every well written story. Miss Alcott has not attempted to characterize herself in any of her productions, but she has enriched many of her characters by incidents and glimpses from her own experiences and "Jo" has been especially highly embellished by her own experiences. The fact that "Jo" had a taste for literature and did some writing has led

some people to the hasty conclusion that Miss Alcott was giving a characterization of herself, but there is no ground for such a conclusion. Miss Alcott could easily have portrayed dozens of characters with a literary trend, giving all of them touches of her own experiences and yet none of them intended to represent herself.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Partly Fitted.—“Did you succeed in getting that manager to engage you?”

“Yes. He is going to let me play the part of a walking gentleman.”

“Well, you can walk all right, so you'll merely have to learn the other part.”—Judge's Library.

A Lottery.—“Is that picture one of the old masters you were telling me about?” asked Mr. Cumrox.

“Yes,” replied the art-dealer. “It is a genuine treasure; absolutely authentic.”

“I'll buy it. I already have three just like it, and somewhere in the bunch I'm liable to hit the original.—Washington Star.

Old Saw.—Tramp.—“You know the sayin', mum: ‘He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.’”

Mrs. Suburbs.—“Very true. And since you speak in proverbs, I'll refer you to another old saw.”

Tramp.—“Which one is dat, mum?”

Mrs. S.—“The one back in the woodshed.”—Boston Transcript.

An English clergyman visiting this country tells of a Bishop in England, who, when a new church in his diocese was to be consecrated, received many letters complaining that the architect had disfigured the interior with useless decoration.

The Bishop decided to make an inspection of the new building, and accordingly summoned the architect to meet him there.

The Bishop could find nothing wrong until, just as he reached the chancel, he chanced to catch sight of four wooden images apparently guarding the pulpit.

“What do those figures represent?” he asked.

“The four evangelists.”

“They appear to be asleep.”

“Do you think so?”

“I certainly do.”

Whereupon the architect called out to a

“KNOW THYSELF”

The neglect of obedience to the command couched in these two words is often followed by dire results. It is many times discovered, when it is too late, that “An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.” The books comprising what is called the Self and Sex Series have proved a safeguard to thousands against the evils resulting from a lack of knowledge concerning the human organism.

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man who was at work on one of the pews:
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Warrior Number One, seeing the extremely violent efforts of Warrior Number Two to break away, cried out:

"More of you men hold Swanson! One man can hold me!"—Everybody's Magazine.



On Authority.—Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally one of them, himself an author, said to the other: "No, John, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself."

"No," retorted John, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen in the State."—Publisher and Retailer.



SUMMER.

Clara Ophelia Bland.

Summer's here, the roses twine

In her flowing hair,

Girdled is she with the vine,

How she doth ensnare

Human hearts who bend the knee,

Praying her to stay;

Summer only laughs in glee,

Soon she will away.



HOW TOMMY CAME INTO HIS OWN.

(Continued from Page 861.)

hear were not forthcoming, as the old man slowly waded out on the bank. Then, to Tommy's amazement, great, warm tears splashed on his little upturned face, while kisses were rained on his lips, as the happy old man said:

"Thought to escape your old granddad, did you? Well, I got you just in time, my lad, and I reckon that big headlight on the engine kind of cleared the mists from my hard old eyes, for I see different like, Tommy, and from this on you'll have all the love that your ma should have had, and you'll come into your own, too, my boy!"

That night Tommy slept in a dainty room that opened off his grandparents' room. He was told it was the one his mother had occupied when she was a girl, and which had remained closed by his grandfather's orders. Tommy had come into his own at last!

THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

August 6
1912

Vol. XIV
No. 32

The INGLENOOK

WITH THE REVISED AND ENLARGED

¶ The Nook is just zine you want in your weekly visit it carries essays on subjects ering; up-to-date, to-provoking editorials; that which is clear, ing in life. And then ous Field," "House-Hints," "Questions "Among the Books" and occasionally, a few "Brain Lubricators."

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Elgin, Ill.

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIV

August 6, 1912

No. 32

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Housing Reform in Youngstown.

ALIVE Charity Organization Society has been instrumental in doing things in the city of Youngstown, Ohio. Taking hold of the problem of housing when the city is young, they will be able to avoid many of the sins of such large centers as New York, Chicago and Detroit.

During the last ten years Youngstown has enjoyed an increase in her population of 76 per cent and the Youngstown steel mills are known the country over. The steel industry furnishes employment for over 15,000 men who receive some \$2,000,000 every month in their pay envelopes. As is the case usually when a city grows out of its clothes, there has not been enough houses to accommodate the people, a large share of whom are foreigners. This has resulted in congestion. Two or three families have been crowded into a space where only one ought to have been. Then there has been the old sin of beds serving for two shifts of men, one day and one night. Sometimes a single family has kept twenty or more boarders. Imagine the condition of such a system of living, and system it is, because the crowding of families and the keeping of boarders night and day always follow where rents are high or wages low or both. Men usually do not live like cattle by choice but by necessity. This has been demonstrated very forcibly by the Youngstown experiment. The Charity Organization Society took hold of the matter and induced a number of business men to form a Modern Homes Company, a semi-philanthropic organization. The company was organized in 1909 with a capital stock of \$100,000 and incorporated with a charter which permits them to do building and conduct a general real estate business.



Julian W. Mack.

Active work began in the spring of 1910 when a tract of seven acres was purchased as a building site. During that year sixty-six modern houses were erected and they were occupied as soon as completed. These houses rent for from ten to twenty dollars a month. According to the charter of the company the yearly dividend must not exceed five per cent so that there is little chance for exploitation and yet the money invested brings in a fair rate of interest. Six months after the building began a one and one quarter per cent dividend was declared and five per cent has been made on the money ever since. In order to prevent future congestion small parks have been laid out between the rows of houses, which are shaded by a growth of large oak trees. Another desirable feature about the arrangement is that an experienced social



Some of the Single Family Houses.

worker has been engaged as rent collector, who is supposed to be a sympathetic friend as well as business agent. No paternalism is attempted. Everything is on a business basis with the one exception that the yearly dividend dare not exceed five per cent. Last year the capital stock of the company was increased to \$500,000 and nineteen more modern houses were erected on separate lots. At least that many will be completed this year and homes will be put up just as rapidly as the funds of the company will permit. A few houses have been offered for sale. Detached houses equipped with modern improvements and furnace cost fifteen hundred dollars. The rents vary from fifteen to twenty dollars a month. Other houses are built to rent for a less sum. The results of the experiments have been most encouraging. The renters of the congested quarters have moved out into the Modern Homes Company houses just as rapidly as they were completed and willingly paid a slightly higher rent for better surroundings, but the usual rent of the old houses was as high as that of the new ones. The work of the company is only begun, but you know a work begun is half done, and Youngstown is fortunate in having some one to push the work before it is too late. For the illustrations and much of this article we are indebted to J. M. Hanson in a recent number of the Survey. Mr. Hanson is general secretary of the Charity Organization Society.

Extracts from the Presidential Address by Julian W. Mack at the National Conference of Charities and Correction:

"The change in the attitude of society toward the dependent classes is well portrayed by the difference in the program of the national conference at its session in Cleveland in 1880 and at the session of 1912. Then, we were concerned with the problem how best to alleviate suffering, to cure the ills that by common belief many of our fellow citizens are inevitably doomed to bear. The discussions on public charities were as to their administration rather than as to their scope."

"However we might deal with the adult

victim of social wrongs, to the child we are determined to accord the birthright of every human being—the opportunity for the development of its highest powers. To prevent it from engaging too early in too dangerous occupations, to substitute the school for the factory, to save it from the brutal and criminal treatment that still marked the prevailing method of dealing with the adult offender, these were the movements that enlisted the coöperation of enlightened philanthropists and resulted in the enactment of anti-child labor, compulsory education, and juvenile court laws."

"Childhood needs protection against the dangers of an evil birth, not merely by preventing marriage of the unfit (though this alone requires a great extension of custodial care and the treatment of the weak-minded, the insane, the epileptic and the habitual criminal), but also by shielding the mother



Youngstown's Substitute for Squalid Tenements.

from unnecessary work for a sufficient period before and after birth, and by requiring a better education of midwives. (Here Mr. Mack refers to married women who work in factories.) Infant mortality is to be reduced and the age of babyhood made safer, not alone by preventing the sale of impure milk and adulterated food, but by teaching the mothers the great value of natural feeding."

"To close indecent dance-halls, to suppress improper shows whether in the large or nickel theatres, and to destroy other places wherein vice disguised in gaudy and, to the untutored, highly attractive garbs and colors, beckons youth to its destruction, will not suffice. Through church and settlement, school centers and municipal halls, our young people must be given the opportunity to satisfy decently, beautifully, sanely, their ever insistent and justifiable cry for recreation, joy and happiness."

"Young girls are to be saved from a life

worse than death, not only by the absolute suppression of the white slave traffic and commercialized vice through the united efforts of private organizations, the municipality, the State, and the nation, but also by the active sympathetic interest of the good women in the lives of strangers who, from country towns and foreign lands, flock to our large cities, ignorant of their dangers, free from the conserving influence of family and friends."

"Our criminal laws and procedure and our prison administration have not kept pace with the social progress of the age. The substitution in several of a central municipal court with its branches for the old-time local police courts, and the creation of the night court in New York are steps in the right direction. Public interpreters for the foreigners and public defenders for the accused, especially in minor criminal courts, are as important as the public prosecutor. That poverty alone and the consequent inability to pay a fine in cash and at once, should send men to prison, will surely not be tolerated much longer."

A Conference of Newspaper Men.

During the latter part of July and the first part of August an interesting conference has been scheduled to be held at the University of Wisconsin. A reading of the program will at once show that the newspapers are also awakening to the de-

mands of modern society. The prominent men who will take active part are: Melvin E. Stone, manager of the Associated Press; William J. Bryan, editor of the Commoner; William Allen White, editor of the Emporia Gazette; Fremont Older, editor of the San Francisco Bulletin; Normal Hapgood, editor of Collier's Weekly; and Charles H. Grasty, of the Baltimore Sun. William T. Stead of the London Review of Reviews was to have taken part in the program but, as is well known, he was one of the Titanic victims.

The following is the program, or rather the subjects to be discussed:

"Is the Newspaper Reading Public Getting all the Truth It is Entitled To?" "Can the Impartiality of the News-Gathering and News-Supplying Agencies be Fairly Challenged?"

"How is the News Service Affected by—
1. The Constantly Increasing Cost of the Newspaper Plant? 2. The Increasing Proportion of Total Newspaper Revenue Derived from the Advertisers? 3. The Non-Journalistic Interests of the Capitalistic Owner?"

"If the Newspaper is to Play Its Due Part in Social Advancement, Can it be Run as Simply a Business Proposition? Can Commercial Journalism Make Good, Or Must We Look to the Endowed Newspaper?"

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Republicans Naturally Progressive.

The reason why the Progressive party must of necessity be developed principally out of the Republican party becomes apparent after a little thought. In the first place, the evolution has already been accomplished in a number of States. In the second place, the Democratic party is a wholly different kind of entity from its chief opponent. The Republican party has always been comparatively homogeneous. The present split in the party is temporary and transitional. Fundamentally, the Republican party has always been Progressive, but in order to keep alive it is compelled from time to time to accept new views of what progress means and to adjust itself to new conditions. It is now in the process of a healthful transformation from within. Precisely as it threw off machine domination in Pennsylvania a few weeks ago, so it has been struggling to emancipate itself in

many other States. Whether it keeps the name Republican, or not, the Progressive movement will be made up of men who, like Roosevelt, have been the leaders in the more radical wing of the Republican party.

The Democratic party has some elements of unity, but in the main it is a coalition of groups. Its largest factor is the solid South. Its second factor in permanence is Tammany Hall. Its third is the old-line Democracy represented by men like Governor Harmon, of Ohio, and its fourth is the radical Democracy represented by men like Bryan and Hearst. The Democratic party finds its opportunity not so much in its own shining virtues as in the faults and failures of the Republican party. The immense Democratic wave that struck the country in 1910 was due to the weakness and failure of the Taft administration and the action of a Republican Congress in passing the Payne-Aldrich tariff. The recent Progress-

ive movement in the Republican party, as led by Roosevelt, was a confession of these mistakes.—From "The Progress of the World," in the American Review of Reviews for August.



Divorce the World Over.

Professor Bailey of the Yale department of political economy prints a chart giving the divorce record of eleven nations for the five-year period ending in 1902 or 1903. It shows that of the Christian nations the United States had the most divorces.

During this period we piled up a total of 55,502 divorces, or seventy-three to each 100,000 of population, as against 8,864, or twenty-three for each 100,000 in France. The German empire had only fifteen, and Great Britain only six to each 100,000.

Of the countries on the list of Christian nations we find that Austria has the smallest proportion of divorces—only one to each 100,000, while Italy with three, Great Britain with six, Norway with six, Sweden with eight, Hungary with eleven, the German Empire with fifteen follow in the order named.

Switzerland comes next to the United States in the number of divorces, her total for the five-year period being 1,053, or thirty-two to every 100,000 of population. But as this is less than half the proportion of the United States, it is evident that Switzerland can't teach us anything on that subject, at least.

Professor Bailey cites only one Oriental record, but that is so far ahead of all Occidental ones that the Christian nations may well despair of equaling it. It is hardly necessary to say that the reference is to Japan.

That nation now adds to the late familiar demonstration of its skill in war a no less striking proof of its talent in the field of divorce.

Japan had 93,949 divorces in the five-year period. This amounts to 215 to every 100,000 of population. In other words, when it comes to divorce statistics Japan nearly doubles the total for the United States and trebles the proportion to population. It has moreover more divorces to its credit than all the Occidental nations.

After stating that in some European countries divorce is almost unknown and citing the case of Ireland, where there was but one divorce granted from 1900 to 1903, Professor Bailey goes on to say that "whatever evils we may claim are brought here by our large immigration, a greater tendency to divorce is not one of them. Whatever the

cause, we do not need to search for it outside our own country."

This conclusion is no doubt justified, but it fails to take into account the fact that in all the countries cited, except Japan, it is much more difficult to get a divorce than it is in the United States. The figures thus show very well how many divorces have been secured in other countries, but they give no idea of how many would be secured if they were as cheap and expeditious as with us—in other words, how strong the "tendency" really is.



Politics Causing No "Concern."

The trade organs all report "a veritable budget of good news." Prospects are excellent in every direction, labor is actually scarce, railroads are hopeful—strangely enough—"no one seems to be much concerned about political matters."

Yet the papers are full of politics, of "revolutionary" radical utterances, of various unheard-of reform planks, of convention and campaign talk. And all this makes very interesting reading, and is eagerly read.

But interest is one thing and concern another. Business men are not at all apprehensive. They do not fear reckless tariff action from the Democrats or running amuck among corporations in the name of trust legislation. They know that the thundering in the index is largely Pickwickian, and that neither the next President nor the next Congress will upset trade and industry by wild action in any direction.



Chafin and Watkins Open Presidential Campaign.

Chicago, Ill. (Staff Correspondence to Associated Prohibition Press.)—Prohibition party standard bearers, Eugene W. Chafin and Aaron S. Watkins, have-already inaugurated the Presidential campaign, setting a pace which bids fair to break all previous records for platform strenuousity in the country's political annals.

Presidential Candidate Chafin fired the first gun of his canvass at LaMoille, Bureau County, Lincoln Chautauqua, where nearly two thousand people, a large portion of whom were voters, cheered the Prohibition statesman as he delivered his great speeches on "Church and School" and "Government by Administration," with pointed reference to the current situation in American politics. More than one auditor formerly aligned with one of the other parties openly announced his conversion to the Prohibition Party standard.

EDITORIALS

Country Life.

Every year there is more emphasis being placed upon the well-balanced life. Less is being said about the preparation for the work of a specialist and more about the life with many interests. An editorial in a recent issue of the Independent states the problem in very definite terms.

"Agricultural education should train for 'a type' of living; a distinct and better type than has been in vogue. As Dean Russell says, country living should mean 'the expression of the fullest possible life in the open country.' That is, the country should acquire, and it is steadily-acquiring, those advantages which naturally have sprung up in town life, and with them it should retain all the advantages of homing with the bees and the birds and the brooks. There is no occasion for urging a movement back to the land, when that movement runs the settler into swamps or deserts—either physical or intellectual. Only when the country supplies the wants and needs of man, social and intellectual, only then should the call of the farm exert any controlling influence over our young people. It is quite true that the country must work out its own salvation, not by booming strawberries and cream only, but by booming social and religious advantages of a superior sort.

"We are rather inclined to think that this Wisconsin conference marks the dawn of a new sort of country life. We do not mean that nothing of the kind has gone on before. Such men as Professor Henry and Professor Bailey have talked on this line for many years, somewhat as prophets, but their prophecies have all the time been coming true. The conference did not go beyond literal data when it included bankers and ministers and teachers and country editors as closely affiliated with the farmer, and united in working out a new spiritual life in country homes. Rural sociology and economics are subjects which furnish a point of contact between the minister and the parishioner, not only more practical but vastly more likely to be influential than the history of the Jews. One of the speakers defined the business of a country minister to be 'to create a better brand of Christians,' one who stands the test of social, industrial, commercial and political life. To this end he agrees that scientific agriculture, embracing all the specialized phases of the subject, making the earth to yield her increase more liberally and the rural commu-

nity become more prosperous, is a religious problem. He insisted that clean citizenship in local politics, good roads, recreations for children and old people, better community life, sanitation for the home and the neighborhood, really come into the modern creed.

"The Wisconsin conference was a wisely conducted affair in bringing all classes of workers together. Farming is not an industry by itself. It has absorbed recently nearly every known science into its daily curriculum of work. It is now entangling every other occupation in its success. Editors and bankers touch closely the life of the farming community, and they must be called in to confer with the farmer, and to comprehend his needs. The spirit of agriculture must be understood by all classes, as the contempt for 'Old Hayseed' has passed away. Dean Russell, who led the conference, said that the country minister, if he could discuss the relative merits of seed corn, of feeding and managing dairy herds, of selecting apples and teaching how to grow them successfully, would be in a position to exercise a more potent influence over the moral and spiritual needs of his parish. He would place agricultural college training ahead of Sanskrit and Greek in the training of the country minister. But no one during the conference failed to unite the physical with the intellectual and moral. This is the new spirit of the age, the unity of body and soul, the fellowship in training the muscles and the mind. The farmer is no more of a lubber, a mere toiler with tools, than is any other class of the community."



Finds German "Drys" Gain.

That the educated Germans are today the real leaders of the temperance movement was asserted by Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan in an address in Chicago.

Speaking of the anti-alcoholic congress held at The Hague last September, he predicted that in the years to come the German nation would be foremost among the lands favoring temperance.

"There are today in Germany hundreds of professors and physicians devoting their attention to a study of the evil effects of alcohol," said the speaker. "At The Hague congress it was evident that Germany is coming to the front as a temperance nation and that in the future she will be ranked among the leaders of the cause."

The meeting in Chicago was held under

the auspices of the Tourist Club of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois. The proceeds will be given to the Paulist Fife and Drum Corps.

May Manufacture Rubber.

There is good reason to believe that the distinguished European chemists who for some years past have been experimenting with the object of producing artificial rubber have at last succeeded in their quest. The new rubber is made from starch, which by a process of fermentation discovered by Professor Fernbach, is converted into one-third part acetone and two-thirds butyl alcohol or fusel oil. From these substances by chemical means a synthetic rubber is produced which is claimed to be like the natural rubber, capable of vulcanization. Rubber so made is said to be identical with natural rubber in all respects. The discoverers of the starch process declare that the new product can be put upon the market for 25 cents a pound.

Measuring Nature.

Nature is not benevolent; nature is just, gives pound for pound, measure for measure, makes no exceptions, never tempers her decrees with mercy or winks at any infringement of her laws. And in the end is not this best? Could the universe be run as a charity or a benevolent institution, or as a poorhouse of the most approved pattern? Without this merciless justice, this irrefragable law, where would we have brought up long ago? It is a hard gospel; but rocks are hard, too, yet they form the foundations of the hills.

Man introduces benevolence, mercy, altruism, into the world, and he pays the price in his added burdens; and he reaps his reward in the vast social and civic organizations that were impossible without these things.

"Death Farm."

A mysterious fever has claimed its ninth victim in the person of John Ackerman and has earned the name of "Death Farm" for a place in Illinois which has baffled scientists who have been called to make an investigation.

Those who have died suffered the most intense pain in addition to having very high temperature. The disease has affected the farm animals as well, though both persons and animals upon adjoining farms have

not been infected. Animals which were killed for food on the affected farm became spotted after being dressed and were thrown away. At sunrise the mist which rises from the damp earth on the "Death Farm" has a smell like sulphur.

Local physicians have been unable to diagnose the disease, and those who have been called from near-by towns and cities have had no better success. One theory advanced is that the infection came from diseased milk originally.

Hobbies of Noted Folks.

Collectors gather together articles more or less interesting, but probably few go in for such bulky objects as those chosen by a distinguished Britisher. Old doors are the object of his desire. His doors come from old houses, castles and abbeys of historical interest. Some time ago he obtained, at considerable cost, a door through which, during the French revolution, Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Danton and Robespierre passed, on their way to the guillotine.

Probably nobody of today has a strong desire to bring together a great variety of teas and snuffs. Lord Petersham, however, a noted man in his day, had a hobby for acquiring various kinds of tea and snuff. All around his sitting-room were shelves, on the one side laden with canisters of Sou-chong, Bohea, Congou, Pekoe, Russian and other teas, and on the other with handsome jars containing every kind of snuff that the collector could lay his hands on.

The dowager Queen of Italy is the possessor of an odd collection, one that has the interest of association. It comprises the foot and headgear of royal personages of different periods. It is said to include a sandal worn by Nero, a pair of white slippers that belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, shoes worn by Queen Anne and the Empress Josephine and gloves that were the property of Marie Antoinette.

Big Law Fee for Indians.

W. L. Sturdevant, a prominent lawyer, will receive \$25,000 and a percentage of \$30,000,000 for representing the Choctaw and Creek Indian nations in Oklahoma, in their fight to keep their lands, comprising about one-fourth of the present State of Oklahoma, free from taxation.

The test cases carried through the State courts of Oklahoma and to the Supreme

Court of the United States were finally decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, in favor of Sturdevant's clients.

The result will be that the lands deeded in 1903 to the five civilized tribes—the Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees, Chickasaws and Seminoles—will be freed from taxation, amounting to approximately \$2,000,000 a year, for several years, amounting to more than \$30,000,000.

The various county treasurers in Okla-

homa counties, which are made up mostly of these Indian lands, attempted to collect these taxes after Congress passed an act in 1902, the effect of which was to nullify the treaty under which the land was granted.

The Supreme Court of Oklahoma overruled Sturdevant's contentions, but the Supreme Court of the United States has upheld them, and made rulings which it is believed, will have a far-reaching effect in similar cases in future.

OUR YOUNG AGRICULTURISTS' PAGE

Prof. F. W. Markwood

Birds.

THE robins on the lawn search out caterpillars and cutworms; the chipping sparrow and wren feed freely upon the insect enemies of apple and other fruit trees; woodpeckers hunt and eat many of the borers that often cause the death of whole orchards; nuthatches, creepers, and chickadees eagerly devour bark lice. Blackbirds, meadow larks, crows, quail and sparrows are great protectors of the field and meadow crops,—they feed upon the army of worms and cutworms that do so much injury to the young plants; and they also destroy grasshoppers and chinch bugs.

Just think, what if the injurious insects were allowed to multiply unchecked in field and forest and orchard! They would do great harm, and create as much terror among farmers as they did in Pharaoh's Egypt. What benefactors, then, these little feathered neighbors are!

Attract the birds to the farm premises, boys; build them houses, and encourage them to nest in garden and orchard. The barn attic should be turned over to the swallows. If small holes are cut in the gables, and the swallows allowed to go in and out freely, they will more than pay for their keep by ridding the barn of flies, gnats and mosquitoes.

Raising Bees.

Stock raisers select stock best adapted to their needs,—plant growers take great care in their choice of plants. A larger yield of honey could be had each year if similar care were exercised in the selection of bees.

The common East Indian honey bee rarely produces more than 12 pounds per hive, while the Egyptian bee has a record of 1,000 pounds in a season from a single colony. This bee is very industrious where honey is plentiful, and is just as persevering where honey is hard to find. They also stand the cold of winter well, and stoutly defend their hives against robber bees and other enemies. The Italian bee is another good kind; the purchase of a Cyprian or Italian hive will richly repay the buyer. Boys, try it! It may cost more at the first than an ordinary colony, but will soon pay for the slightly higher cost by greater production.

A beehive in the spring contains one queen, several hundred drones, and from 35 to 40 thousand workers. The queen's duty is to lay all the eggs that are to hatch the future bees,—the "workers" do all the work of gathering the honey, etc.

The chief honey plants are alfalfa, buckwheat, horsemint, sourwood, white sage, wild pennyroyal, black gum, holly, chestnut, magnolia, and the tulip, sometimes called poplar. The honey yield may be increased by providing special pasturage for the bees,—the linden tree, vetch, clover or catnip, for example.

Never spray fruit trees when in bloom, as the poison seriously endangers the life of the bees.

The eggs laid by the queen, if they are to produce workers, require about three weeks to produce the perfect bee.

Bees have several dangerous enemies; one of them is the robber bee, or a bee from another colony who tries to steal the honey

from the rightful owners. This may be avoided by clean handling; that is, by leaving no honey about to cultivate a taste for stolen sweets. Mice should be kept from the hive or hives by tin-lined entrances. The widespread fear of the king-bird seems unfounded, as he rarely eats anything but drones, and very few of them. This is also true of the swallow. However, toads, lizards and spiders are true enemies of the honey bee. Apply to the Division of Entomology, Washington, D. C., for Book 1, "The Honey Bee," which will be sent you free. It is very interesting.

Keeping Up the Farm.

We often see farms whose very outside appearance is repelling; fences out of repair, the corncrib propped up with poles,—gates patched up, paint off in patches here and there, holes and broken down places in walls,—the yards littered with dilapidated, worn-out buggies and pieces of machinery, and above all an atmosphere of carelessness, "shiftlessness" and neglect. That farmer neglected to keep things up when he could easily have done so; now things have "run down" to such a condition that he hasn't got the heart to tackle them,—and so he grows careless and shiftless with his farm. A few weeks ago I was riding along a country road with a friend. We passed one of that kind of farms, and I asked my friend, "Whose place is that?"

"Oh," he replied, "that's Tom Willson's. Tom's got the finest section in these parts; his father left it to him, but he's just let it run down so far he hasn't got the ambition to start in to improve now. They call him shiftless." And my friend shrugged his shoulders. It was a typical "run-down" place, especially around the house, barns, outbuildings and yards. All for the want of a little improvement now and then, this fine farm had been allowed to go to rack and ruin.

A good farmer will take a day off now and then, don a nail sack, and go on a tour of improvement around his farm. A board loose here, a hinge off there,—crevices, cracks and holes, now easily patched up, if neglected will lead to worse and worse. "A stitch in time saves nine" is very true. The yards should be kept clean and neat. Every farmer should have a scrap heap somewhere out of sight on the premises, and when a buggy or a utensil or piece of machinery can no longer give service, consign it to the scrap heap. Never let such unsightly things stand in the yards. Some people believe it impossible to have a nice lawn and beautiful surroundings about a farmhouse. This is certainly a mistake; those are just the things that prove the owner knows the art of farming, and can have beautiful premises in one place, and horses, cattle and hogs in another.

THE OPEN VERSUS THE CLOSED SHOP

J. Hugh Heckman

EVERY man has the right to work and the right to quit work. The clash between these two inalienable rights furnishes the battle between the policies of the "open" and "closed" shops. In the first-named, union and non-union men work side by side on equal terms. In the latter, a contract has been made with the employer by which either union or non-union men are excluded. Usually it is the union that objects to the presence of non-unionists. The strife on this point is but one feature of the general antagonism between advocates and opponents of labor organizations. Moral judgment on the question of the two shop policies has not yet been fully established, but the subject is interesting to consider.

The primary function of labor organization is to secure the benefits of "collective bargaining," which means that bodies of workmen enter into agreements with capitalists, the latter themselves often acting together in corporations. A fundamental purpose in "collective bargaining" is to bring about the most harmonious coöperation between employers and employees. It is set forth as the only method by means of which to make industry democratic. Everyone concedes that the plan is commercial and elastic and is consistent with the desire of all concerned to derive the greatest benefit from service or money. But, however admirable the advantage of "collective bargaining" may be to workingmen, "free bargaining" must not be sacrificed to se-

cure it. The labor union proposes to release men from autocratic employers; it must not itself become an autocracy. This it tends to become when the possibility of individual contract is denied to any. No trade union can be permanently efficient unless it is composed of free men, for this is essential to the welfare of both the workingman himself and the community at large. This freedom is a feature of the "open shop" policy.

Capitalistic arguments against the "closed shop" are not often worthy of serious consideration. Capitalists do not hesitate to form syndicates and control the trade in certain commodities, even while they preach "free competition" in a most democratic spirit. Their doctrine of "open competition" does not prevent them from monopolizing the market when certain competitors are sure to suffer business collapses.

In like manner, some arguments of labor advocates against "open shops" have little weight because they issue from group-prejudice which does not regard the rights of capital. The real question involved does not attack the right of labor to organize, but asks whether laborers must join the unions in order to secure opportunities to work.

From certain legal and economic standpoints the "closed shop" is defensible. Labor itself and not the product of labor is dealt with; therefore the objection that the policy promotes monopoly does not apply, since a monopoly can exist only with reference to articles of trade. The tariff system and the exclusion acts of the United States Government present analogous policies to that of the "closed shop" and all must be opposed or defended on the same grounds.

Economically, the "closed shop" represents conditions in harmony with the truest purposes of labor unions. These unions contend for the elimination of "cut-throat competition," for the abolishment of child labor, for humane conditions in employment which shall safeguard human life by preventing accidents and not tolerating carelessness. To secure all these benefits, union men claim the right to choose with whom they shall work as well as under whom they shall work. Since the union in the first place obtains the advantage of "collective bargaining" in this betterment of conditions, there is some justice in the objection of a union laborer to working with a companion who enjoys all the benefits secured by the union without sharing its expenses

or obligations. It is argued that "open shops" almost invariably offer low wages, long hours, non-progressive methods, and disregard for sanitation and the safety of employees. Also they threaten the existence of union shops by putting more-cheaply-made products on the market.

Reasonable exception may be taken to these arguments by citing notable instances to the contrary and pointing out that public sentiment always determines manufacturing conditions. With increased enlightenment and influence of the public will, "open shops" of an undesirable sort must become less numerous. Some of the greatest and most efficient labor organizations adhere to the principle of the "open shop." Practically all the railway unions are free in this particular. Other successful examples may be found in the coal-fields of Pennsylvania and the gold-fields of Colorado. Where such "free" labor exists, the right of accepting or rejecting laborers of any class is optional. Where fairly applied the "open shop" policy has proven highly advantageous to workingmen and communities, and even to labor organizations themselves. It is consistent with the fundamental principles and essential spirit of free American institutions.

Conditions which seem to justify the "closed shop" policy are not difficult to find and describe. The service of the labor union to industry at large is not to be disregarded and the man who works for wages and under conditions which demoralize American standards of living is doing a gross injustice to labor. Price cutters in the labor market are not often social benefactors. More often they are violators of the laws which govern progressive industry. In the face of such conditions we grant strong legal and economic points in favor of the "closed shop."

But there still remains the unsettled moral consideration underlying the whole situation. This must remain in question until the union clearly demonstrates that its attitude toward "open shops" is determined by social interests of all instead of the group interests of the few. The union has no right to exclude non-union men from any shop until they are proven to be antagonistic to the welfare of society. Therefore organized labor cannot take a determined stand against the "open shop" policy without doing gross injury to a host of honest non-union men. A selfish motive is not morally justifiable and it must be shown that the admission of non-union men is dangerous to moral ends.

The union would compel all laborers to join the organization. This is not entirely fair, for a workman may have conscientious reasons in his objections to such membership which entails the assumption of obligations and control imposed by the organization. It should be taken for granted that one thus conscientious will

not work in any way to effect a social injury. Labor organizations have not yet shown that their contention for the "closed shop" is purely unselfish. Meanwhile the policy of the "open shop" as it is successfully applied is in large degree consistent with present ideas as to the rights of individuals and democratic principles.

CAHOKIA

John H. Nowlan

EVERY civilization that has ever existed had traditions and remains of a race that preceded them in the occupancy of their land.

America is no exception. The first white men in this country found immense mounds of earth or earth and stone in almost all parts of the land. Who made them? The traditions of the Indians, so rich in myths and semi-mythical characters, are silent as to their origin.

It is not my purpose to speculate upon the origin of these mounds, but to deal with the mounds themselves as they are seen today.

The Mississippi Valley is rich in antiquities. Passengers on the Vandalia Line catch a glimpse of the most interesting group of mounds as the train enters the valley near Caseyville, Ill.

Decoration Day the writer gratified a long cherished desire to view them at close range.

While they are plainly visible from the steam railway, they are easier reached from the interurban. The chief mound, Cahokia, also known as Monk's Mound, is on the line running from East St. Louis to Collinsville, the station "Monk's" being almost at the foot of the mound.

Cahokia is the largest and central one of seventy situated on practically one square mile. Viewed from a distance it resembles those hillocks that are to be found where a river cuts through the bluff, but a closer examination dispels all doubt as to its origin.

This is one of the largest, if not the largest artificial works in the world. Some are higher, some longer, others have a greater base, but in volume it surpasses all other works extant.

It is almost one-fourth mile long and one half as wide, and almost 200 feet high. A rough calculation gives a volume of be-

tween seven and ten billion cubic yards. Figure for yourself what that means. Forty cubic yards is enough for a car load and a car is at least forty feet long. How long would be the train to carry it?

The base contains $16\frac{1}{2}$ acres and the top which even at close range looks to be rounded is almost as level as a floor and has an area of about two acres.

During the French occupation of this territory the monks had a monastery on its summit, from which it is sometimes called "Monk's Mound." On the top and sides are to be found several decaying pear and apple trees, the only vestiges of their occupation. Oh, no! There are a number of flat stones which are probably part of the foundation and on the eastern side is a sink hole some ten feet deep and twice as large marking where the fathers had their well.

That this is the work of human hands is evident. The bluffs near Caseyville are composed of a light gray subsoil, while the mounds show no such traces. Had it been detached by water its formation would resemble the bluff from which it has been separated.

What a view is to be had from its summit! Looking to the southeast Caseyville nestling at the foot of the bluff seems scarcely half a mile away, yet we know it to be four miles. The stones in the cemetery overlooking the village glisten in the evening sun. Eastward the hills obscure our view but above the tree tops clouds of smoke rise and float away, reminding us of the coal mines in that direction.

To the south Griswold station seems almost at our feet but if you walk to it at the rate of three miles per hour you will be thirty minutes on the road. Several miles farther the location of Belleville is marked by the smoke from her factories while between may be seen several villages.

Northwest many of the chimneys of the Tri-Cities are visible.

A number of the mounds have houses on them—mere cottages they seem to be, yet we know some of them to be two-story houses.

The "Father of Waters" has returned to his bed leaving the low places filled with water, but where the soil is uncovered, even to the tops of many of the mounds, the farmer has turned the soil and planted his crops.

We are led to conjecture what must have been the population of this land back in the prehistoric times. It is easier to tear down than to build; yet how long would it take a force of men equipped with steam shovels, cars, engines, and all the other paraphernalia for the rapid transportation of earth to reduce these mounds to a comparatively level state? Then what vast numbers with only the crudest of tools must have labored season after season to build these immense structures!

Why were they made at all? Standing there in the evening sunshine I surrendered to Fancy. She showed me all the mounds covered with clay to hold the crops and shelter the people when the floods came. The fields were rich with corn and crowds of people were busily engaged in its cultivation. On the terrace across the south end about half way up from the base was

the sacred storehouse where the first fruits of the fields were stored for sacrificial and public purposes, while on the summit was the great central building, the capitol and sacred house of a primeval nation.

She was not allowed to complete her vision, for with a whirr the trolley car came rushing around the corner and called me back a few thousand years.

Grasping my plant specimens I sprang down the slope to catch the car for home.

But to come back to the present. In the early times cattle from Texas were pastured here just as it is now being used to afford sustenance for a drove of hungry mules. Some curious plants were introduced by this means. One with a cluster of pink flowers is known as "Texas oats." Resemblance there is none and they have no botanical relation. Another has burs shaped somewhat like "hound's tongue" only larger and the spines much exaggerated, while on the extreme north limit of the plateau was the first barberry bush that the writer ever saw.

This mound is the property of the Ramey estate, some of the heirs now living at the old homestead situated at the foot of the hill. No attempt is made to have a pleasure resort, but I could not keep from thinking that the State should take some steps toward acquiring it and preserving it as a public park.

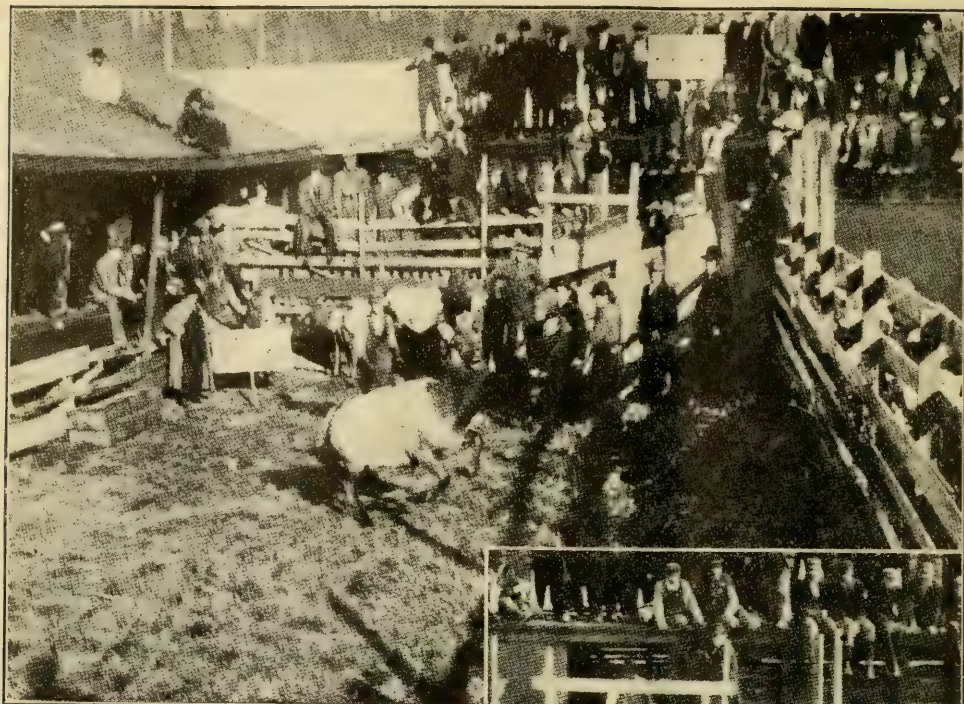
TRANSPLANTING WILD ELK

I. Newton Greene

SEVERAL counties in the State of Washington have availed themselves of a recent offer made by the Federal Government and purchased wild elk from Yellowstone Park, transplanting them in the mountainous regions of the Pacific Northwest. Years ago these splendid animals roamed in great herds over Washington's forest-clad hills; today they are practically extinct because of indiscriminate slaughter long ago when little or no protection was given them from white or red hunters. The Olympic Mountains, extending along the western coast of Washington, offer a haven of safety for the elk, as the game laws thoroughly protect them; but the Olympics constitute practically the only feeding ground where elk in any considerable number are known to make their home in Washington, and there is a desire to reestablish the big game in the Cascade Mountains.

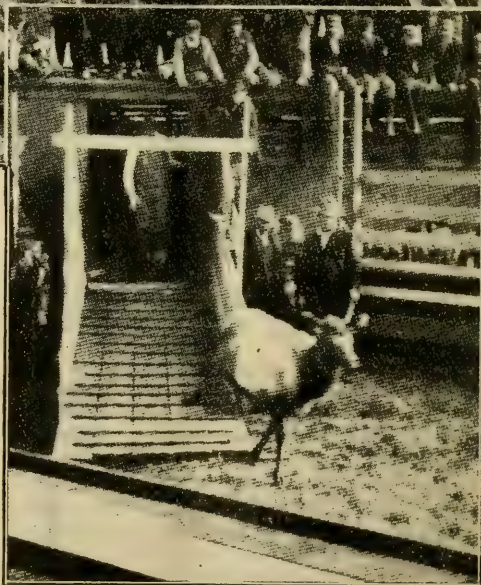
Each winter witnesses the death of many elk in Yellowstone Park because the great herd increases so rapidly it cannot be properly fed. This distressing situation caused the government, a short time ago, to offer two-year-old elk at ten dollars a head to any district where they may be given a home in the mountain wilds.

Snohomish County, Washington, was one of the pioneers to avail itself of the opportunity to buy wild elk and try the interesting experiment of transplanting the big game. The commissioners of this county had in the public game fund something more than one thousand dollars for the purchase of game, the fund being derived from the annual sale of hunting and fishing licenses. It was decided to purchase elk. Rough handling by the railroads killed fifteen out of the shipment, several dying after



their arrival at the journey's end, though the remainder were landed in good condition.

Hundreds of people traveled by train and auto from far and near to Startup to witness the interesting work of unloading the wild animals. A high, strong corral, constructed in a lumber mill yard, was connected by a runway with the elks' car. After exhausting every known means to bring the timid animals into their corral, men entered the car and grasping the long, silky ears dragged the animals one by one into the open. The first thing most of the elks did upon reaching the ground was to race for the far end of their corral, though others stood motionless from fright and surprise.—August Technical World.



Unloading the Elk.

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

C. W. Govier

If you meet a fallen "feller"
 Help him up,
 If he's tired, sore and hungry
 Let him sup;

Even if he's good for nothing,
 And to you he's only "bluffing,"
 You have something; he has nothing,
 Help him up.



Master Randolph Murray.

THE HEALTHY BABY

M. Elizabeth Binns

THE accompanying photograph of Master Randolph was taken expressly for the Inglenook only a few days ago.

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Murray, 1515 North Campbell St., El Paso, Texas.

He is twenty-one months old and has only once been ill. So far as heredity is concerned there is no special reason why he should be so well, for neither his father nor mother is particularly large or strong. His mother on the contrary is quite slight in build.

When asked about her care of him his mother said, "No, I haven't any special plan but there are a few things I am particular about.

"He has had Eagle Brand Condensed Milk all his life with the exception of a week last summer. I was persuaded then to try cow's milk, but in less than a week he had summer complaint and was quite sick, so I put him back on the condensed milk and have used it ever since. In the

morning now I give him oatmeal. He is very fond of gravy and bread at noon. I cook rice in milk for him.

Nearly always in the evening I give him a very soft boiled egg. Sometimes I give him oatmeal crackers, tea biscuits, or strained barley soup.

He isn't a bit nervous, for I don't take him out much, and he sleeps in a bed with no springs so that it is firm and still. I never rock him to sleep either, for I think that is likely to make babies fussy. If he isn't very sleepy he plays till he is, then goes to sleep. He doesn't often cry when I put him to bed and when he does he soon stops if I let him alone.

He is getting his last two teeth now. If he gets a bit feverish from his teeth he doesn't want to eat. I never force him to and it doesn't seem to hurt him a bit to go without a little.

This warm weather he never has a thing on but his waist, bloomers and shoes, and if his feet get hot and he takes his shoes off I let them stay off.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Dear Children:

Here I am in the parlor of the Vanneberga home and meetinghouse, for in this country the parsonage and meetinghouse are all under one roof, and when the meeting room is not needed for services, it is used for any other service that is handy. But this house also has a parlor with an American rocker in it which Sister Vaniman left here, and other appointments that make it feel like it was home instead of Sweden. Indeed the appointments of this place all carry the flavor of home-life with them, and mother is having the time of her life. She crochets and talks and pretty near wears out Mrs. Egbert.

The day passed quietly yesterday. Some writing, much visiting, for members had come from far and near and stay here in the neighborhood and eat at the minister's table. A young girl (sister) rode twenty-five miles on her bicycle on Sunday morning to be permitted to attend these meetings. Last evening she left. We all went out in the road and as she and a boy who came with her walked over the hill we waved until she was out of sight. Then they mounted their wheels and went on their way. I had to think much of such desire to hear the Gospel.

Mama and I had a conference through our interpreter with the elders about the receiving of two young men evangelists who were to be baptized. Also about Bro. Westdall who believes as the Brethren do, but thinks we should keep Saturday for Sunday. Then in the afternoon we all gathered in the meeting room. The applicants were talked to and assented to our faith and we knelt in prayer. I suppose five or six prayed, and among that number the applicants themselves. We walked out to the same place to baptize where we had been before. It was day and we could see. What a beautiful temple God had built for the purpose! For in the under thick foliage of oak and cedar the water flows down over rock and steep incline until it comes in front of a large rock. Here an eddy is formed deep enough for baptism, and from this it falls some feet and splashes away again into the thick woodland. It is a regular cathedral with a baptismal font of living water flowing just before the pulpit.

Here these two young brethren were received into the church. The older is called N. Jönsson and the other M. Wütölovssan, and both live at Tingröyd, Småland. My prayer is that they may be a great blessing to the church and for Christ in Sweden.

It was Monday evening and I expected a small turnout. But in this we were much surprised. For though in the midst of harvest when people are busy and tired the house filled up well. I spoke of the message of service that was given by Jesus to every one who was in Christ, and we had a most splendid meeting. The Lord came near and every heart was touched. We were so sorry for one lady who was there with her two children. Her husband will not let her come often to any meeting, and he will not come. She is under conviction, is not in good health and her heart was heavy indeed. Perhaps twenty-five stayed for coffee after meeting,—a good social time together. But while they were getting that ready the mandolins were brought in and the young people sang songs and played on the instruments. Some tunes are the same as we have in America, but learning them by ear alone here and there is a slight variation. Oh, Ruth, how I wish you could come here and teach these young people to read music and sing as we do in America. They would learn with an eagerness that we know nothing about in America.

Again it was after twelve when we went to bed. It is a custom thus to feed the people after meeting and while it has so many nice things about it, it makes much work for the family here. I just feel so sorry for Sister Jönsen and her girls and yet they work ahead. Last evening Hannah walked to town over two miles away for something, hurried home, warm and surely tired, and she pitched right in to sweep the house and clean up the church for evening meeting. Yet, without the sign of displeasure, they are glad to do it. They will have a reward in heaven for things that many of our sisters in America won't even know anything about.

They have such splendid children also. I have been playing with them. We tag; I have taught them to clap hands to "bean porridge hot, bean porridge cold" and it

tickles them so they must laugh and stop the game. This morning I was jumping with them and tried to teach them hop, step and jump and that was more fun than ever. Though they are many, they dwell together with that sweet temper that makes one wonder. Last evening when they were ready for bed a number of them were sleeping on the hard floor. The mother made up the beds and tucked them away for the night. They never knew of the change and this morning were as bright and as happy

as ever. A little boy and girl from the neighborhood came in. They are children of the mother I wrote you about above as being under conviction. They brought us some fine plums. They are glad to be here, and mama has told them stories through our interpreter.

We are well and happy in service here in Sweden, and mama says if she had you smaller children with her she would be content to live here. She likes Sweden very much. God bless you at home.

THE DIVISION FENCE

A. M. Gillespie

THE two adjoining houses looked exactly the same, even to the old little diamond-shaped windows set high up in the gavel end, that projected toward the road. They had been carefully designed by the Claxton Brothers, Robert and Paul, but that was years ago, when the two brothers had been all the world to each other, before the cruel misunderstanding that had wrought untold misery. Robert Claxton had never married, and the thick sprinkling of gray in his jet black hair, showed he was far past the springtime of youth, as did also the many wrinkles that lined his dark face, although all those lines could not be attributed to the hand of time, for the man's stern expression and tightly-closed lips had, in the course of years, contributed many of the fine lines that curved about his resolute mouth.

He was a man of a strange disposition, very cold and almost repellant; and it was not deemed strange that he should choose to live out his life in solitude, with no companions, save his faithful house dog.

Paul Claxton was his brother's opposite. He was fifteen years younger, and his face reflected the genial disposition of the man. His light hair curled over a high, intellectual forehead, and his blue eyes shone with the frankness of a boy's. But two great sorrows had come into his life, and because of his great, kind heart he suffered all the more keenly.

Ten years before he had brought home a lovely young wife. She had been the joy of his heart, and when in two years a beautiful child had been added to their little household, Paul Claxton thought life could offer no greater blessings. His brother, Robert, saw the domestic happiness of the little family next door, and at times he was almost jealous that Paul should share the

love that had once been lavished on himself, upon a wife and tiny daughter. But he had one hobby that consoled him. He was a great lover of flowers, and it seemed every plant he loved and tended blossomed forth in a maze of perfection. He cared for his wonderful flowers as if they were human, and they responded to his tender care and caressing touch with hundreds of starry blossoms. One day little Olive, his brother's baby girl, had toddled through the open gate, and into the uncle's yard. Here she stood for a moment in rapturous delight, cooing with all the joy of babyhood, for in front and all around her myriads of bright blossoms invited her to gather them.

Down on her dimpled knees she went, in the midst of one of her uncle's choicest flower beds. Then with both chubby hands she gathered, pulling up roots and all. Finally, when she had the little apron full, after she had gathered from several varieties, she was just starting homeward to carry the precious burden to her mother, when she heard her father and Uncle Robert coming around the house.

Then, when they stood before her, she realized what she had done, for her father's face looked very startled, while Uncle Robert went a shy white; and while she gazed wide-eyed and frightened, he swooped down on her, and tore her little apron containing the flowers off from her, while in a hoarse, terrible voice he bade her be gone, and never enter his yard again.

In vain her father pleaded in her behalf. The angry man turned on him savagely, commanding him to leave his premises.

Paul Claxton sorrowfully took his little daughter in his arms and bore her home, while Robert, his brother, began erecting a high board fence between the two lots,

a fence that was higher than either of the brother's heads, and which ran the whole length of the yard.

But before the completion of the dividing fence, little Olive was stricken with diphtheria, and soon died. Then indeed did Paul Claxton look for sympathy from his brother Robert, but none came. The stern man went grinding on day by day, ignoring his brother, and his brother's wife, and the two firmly believed there was no spark of love left in the heart of the man. The years came and went, and although Paul Claxton made many advances towards a reconciliation, Robert, his brother, still remained stubborn.

The flowers now ran riot in their profusion of rich coloring and beauty, for there were no baby fingers to despoil them, and the man who cared for them gave his whole thought and attention to their improvement. Early and late he went about with pruning shears and sprinkling can, without so much as casting one glance at his brother, who walked slowly by several times a day, after lingering purposely, hoping his hard-hearted brother would relent and peace would be restored as in the old days.

Little did he dream that in the lonely home of Robert Claxton that person often sat in the glow of the lamplight, and dreamed of a time, long past, how a loving mother had bequeathed the little golden-haired Paul, then a boy of three years, to big brother Robert, a great boy of eighteen, and had said:

"To you, Robert, I give my little Paul. There is no one but you who will love him, my son; and I solemnly charge you to be faithful to your trust."

Could that mother look down with angel eyes and see how he had fallen short of his duty, how he had willfully cast aside his trust?

Robert Claxton moved uneasily in his chair one night, as when thinking these thoughts. He seemed to feel his mother's reproving eyes looking upon him. He arose and impatiently shook himself, as if to cast aside the chiding thoughts, then stepped out in the moonlight, among his heart's treasures, his flowers. In a moment all unpleasant thoughts were banished, for the blending odors of roses, lilies and many other flowers, came soothingly to him, and he walked back and forth among them as in a happy dream.

Then a crunching sound was heard on the other side of the fence, and soon his brother's form swung out his front gate, and through his own gate. Robert Clax-

ton stared in dumb surprise. Could his brother so forget himself after all these years? Then he stood before him, and his voice was brave, but very kind, as he said:

"Robert, I have come to speak to you. Let us forget the cruel past and be brothers as we once were, before the time of the division fence. I will forgive you, my brother, and I want to be restored to the same place as I once occupied in your affections?"

The perfume of the flowers came to Robert Claxton, bringing with it the remembrance of upturned flower beds, torn plants and crushed flowers, and his brain whirled maddeningly. Turning fiercely to his brother, he exclaimed:

"You dare to come to me with the simplicity of a child, after all these years of silence, and not once saying you are sorry, or regret the loss of my flowers that time that is still fresh in both our minds!"

"But that was such a little thing, Robert, compared with—"

"A little thing? You still dare to add insult to my injury?" The eyes of Robert Claxton flashed angrily, and his muscular right arm shot out, lowering the man before him. Then as his fierce anger died out, he saw, by the aid of the pale moonlight, the form of his brother lying silent, with white, upturned face. Falling on his knees, in an agony of fear, he raised the white face, murmuring incoherent words, and smoothing the hair, as he had done when Paul was a tiny child.

"Oh, Paul, have I killed you?" he moaned. "Did mother consign you to my care for this?" Then his lips touched the cheek of the other, while he revived all the old, forgotten pet names; and it was with a shock of surprise he saw the blue eyes open and look straight into his own.

"Oh, Paul, I feared I had killed you," he said brokenly, as he helped his brother to his feet.

"No, Robert, I think my life was spared for a purpose. Can you guess what?" steadily returned the other. But his brother was silent, and Paul continued: "For the destruction of the dividing fence. Is it needed longer, my brother?"

"No, Paul, it has served its ignoble purpose, and tomorrow at sun-up it must go forever. As a punishment, I will destroy it myself and tell our friends I was to blame for its existence."

"No, Robert, I wish to help you, for there is always strength in unity."

WHAT A GIRL EXPECTS OF A MAN.

In the August Woman's Home Companion appears an article entitled "What a Girl Expects of a Man." It is written by Anne Bryan McCall, and an extract follows:

"First, she wants strength of body; not that strength of body which the primitive woman demanded, by which you could knock down an adversary, but that better, more modern fashion of bodily strength which we call health, the soundness of body which bespeaks temperate living, clean thinking, healthy instincts; not the strong body that can break, so much as the healthy body which can bend to meet and deal with the varied and difficult conditions of modern life.

"Then she wants temperateness, and good sense, and trustfulness, and broad-mindedness, and fair-mindedness. Here is the old strength of intellect that she has always desired, but refined and altered into something better. To understand what I mean by these things being manifestations of a strong intellect, compare with such strength the mental weakness of the man who is unjust, passionate, dull, blundering, a slave to his temper, led in bonds by his prejudices, changeable, unreliable, variable, unfair; for every one of these things is a form of mental weakness. The man strong intellectually has none of these weaknesses.

"Then, and this I would have you note as her most persistent demand, she expects a strong will and honor, moral strength that is. The man must have the moral courage to do right, to overcome evil, whether evil from outside or evil within himself; a man not weak to yield, but strong to resist temptation.

"And with honor I shall include courtesy, that thing so dear to the heart of every woman. And I shall call your attention to the fact that courtesy, true courtesy, is perhaps the finest flower of all moral strength. As a man's moral strength deepens, his courtesy grows. Courtesy is at bottom just kindness, and he is always most kind who has the strongest sense of the rights of others and the deepest sense of honor toward himself."

**EMMA MCCHESNEY ADVISES HER SON TO GO TO COLLEGE.**

In the August American Magazine, Edna Ferber writes another Emma McChesney story. Emma McChesney is a successful traveling saleswoman, attractive, about 40 years old, and possessing a high-spirited son, 18 years old, who is something of a

problem to her. On the subject of a college education, Emma McChesney lays down the following advice to her son:

"Jock, you're going to college. No—wait a minute. You'll have a chance to prove the things you just said by getting through in three years instead of the usual four. If you're in earnest you can do it. I want my boy to start in to this business war equipped with every means of defense. You called it a game. It's more than that—it's a battle. Compared to the successful business man of today the Revolutionary Minute Men were as keen and alert as the Seven Sleepers. I know that there are more non-college men driving street-cars than there are college men. But that doesn't influence me. You could get a job now. Not much of a position, perhaps, but something self-respecting and fairly well-paying. It would teach you many things. You might get a knowledge of human nature that no college could give you. But there's something — poise — self-confidence—assurance—that nothing but college can give you. You will find yourself in those three years. After you finish college you'll have difficulty in fitting into your proper niche, perhaps, and you'll want to curse the day on which you heeded my advice. It'll look as though you had simply wasted those three precious years. But in five or six years after, when your character has jelled, and you've hit your pace, you'll bless me for it. As for a knowledge of humanity, and of business tricks—well, your mother is fairly familiar with the busy marts of trade. If you want to learn folks you can spend your summers selling Featherlooms with me."

**EVENING CHITCHAT.**

(Continued from Page 889.)

her savings of several years in a lodging house.

She has definitely made up her mind to take this step. She does not want any advice, but she does want everybody she talks with to spend their time wondering with her as to whether she will succeed or not.

She is the typical woman.

Perhaps "gameness" doesn't sound at first like a very splendid quality, but when you look more closely at it and realize that it simply means the fine serenity of silent, unfretted waiting for the verdicts of fate, it seems something too desirable for us to let the other sex monopolize.

To me, at least.—Chicago Journal.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE EIGHTH BEATITUDE.

J. C. Flora.

"Blessed are they who have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven: Blessed are ye, when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets that were before you."—Matt. 5: 10, 11, 12.

Many of us have never been persecuted severely. Why? Some of us because we live in a community where Christ lives and his love and forbearance are manifest toward each other, therefore, no persecution. Others live in a community where the principles of Christ are not so prevalent and hence more persecution. None of us are persecuted as we ought or as we would be if we would live nearer what is right and what Christ teaches. When it comes to doing something that we feel will create comment and excite criticism we refrain from doing it although it may be the thing that is right and the thing would be the best for all concerned in the end.

If we live the devoted Christian life that we ought to live in most every environment, we may expect to suffer more or less persecution. If our lives have been free from persecution we may safely conclude that we may have made compromises. Mr. Ridgway says that he was never reviled for Christ's sake but once and that he didn't enjoy that. It was when he invited a stranger at a hotel to attend some religious meeting and he was an atheist. He "tore him out" fearfully. But he kept sweet and preached to him Christ. The next morning the man was found dead in his room at the hotel, kneeling by a chair with an open Bible before him. When a man reviles and persecutes you, rejoice, for thus he starts for the kingdom. Paul was out persecuting the Christians when he was converted. Many times a blessing will come to both the persecuted and the persecutor.

The degree of the persecution sometimes may be severe. They may do us injury by trying to destroy our influence or by some petty injustice that affects us in our home community. Many Christian heroes have been hunted, they have been pursued from one place to another. Finally they were run down and put into prison, there to suffer the sting of conscience, the prick of the flesh and the loss of reputation

behind the prison bars. John Huss, Martin Luther, and John Knox suffered persecution even unto death. Missionaries have laid down their lives on the altar of sacrifice, all for the cause of righteousness, all that the blood of Jesus Christ might atone for sin, all that the standards of civilization might be lifted nearer to what is good and right.

We suffer much persecution of a milder type. There are those who will try to undermine our influence. There are those who will say little mean things about us. They will make fun of us. They will give us nicknames. They will accuse falsely. Isaiah was mocked for "his line upon line." Elisha was made sport of because of his bald head. People may laugh at our clothes. They may find fault with our homes, in fact they may criticise everything we do. But that does not necessarily mean anything. They cannot look into the heart. Their attitude toward us does not need affect our relation to God. If it need be we ought to gladly suffer these things for Christ's sake. I do not think that persecution is essential to a Christian life but in most cases I believe we are called on to endure persecution for righteousness' sake and we ought to submit to God's will.

The tense of the verb indicates that persecution begins and continues. It does not only come to certain individuals but to every one. It is not of transient duration, but at all times and under all conditions we may expect persecution. If we are poor it is persecution to see our friends who have fine homes and all modern conveniences. If we are rich our possessions torture us. If we have a crave for more we are continually in a fret to know where to invest and how to use our means for accumulating more, or if we wish to dispose of our wealth and distribute it among charitable institutions we are at our wits' end to know where we should place it. If we are ignorant we feel that our enjoyment is restricted and that our possibilities are crushed. If we are educated and cultured our conscience is continually lashing us, reminding us of the fact that we are not doing what we may for the uplift of humanity and the increase of righteousness. So, whatever our condition may be we are persecuted by the forces that be. Persecution is not always from our fellow-

man. It may be from the principles or the forces that control the evolution of civilization.

We may be persecuted because of our wickedness. No special blessedness follows such persecution. We must be persecuted for righteousness' sake if we may hope for the blessing to follow. Many times our persecution may result from our own selfishness and utter neglect to recognize the good that we might do. This is a comforting Beatitude but let us be sure we are always deserving of it. A parishioner who was much spoken against once remarked to his pastor: "Ah, well, the best fruit trees always have the most clubs under them." "Not always," replied the preacher. "Sometimes the clubs are there because there is a big hornets' nest up in the branches that ought to come down."

Those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. It is a great reward,—one that money cannot buy; one that no one can take from you; one that will not perish but will endure forever.

In being persecuted we are not called upon to do something that others are not asked to do. The ancient patriarchs and prophets suffered cruel persecution at the hands of their enemies. Many of these ancient fathers were not only before us in time but they were much our superiors in excellency. Then, why should we despair if we be persecuted when many who were much better than we have suffered severe persecution? We should count it but joy to suffer for Christ's sake.

In persecution there is joy. In suffering there may be relief. If there were more persecution there might be more joy. I wonder if Christianity is not compromising with Satan. We need to stand in every respect for Christ. In doing that we have Satan as our enemy and we may expect to hear from him. He will have you believe that trials and persecution are not necessary. He will have you go the easy way, the one of least resistance. Stand for the right whatever it costs. It may call for criticism, it may mean the finger of scorn, it may cause enemies, but we should pay the price and count it all joy. There is a dividing line between good and evil. We must not make a compromise for in doing so we may expect to suffer persecution. Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you and persecute you for righteousness' sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad for great shall your reward be in heaven.

EVENING CHITCHAT.

Ruth Cameron.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss.
—Kipling.

THAT according to Mr. Kipling is one of the "Ifs" whose satisfaction makes up the full measure of a man.

Can you satisfy that "If"?

If you can, you deserve an adjective that I think mighty few women earn—that is "game."

On our return from a short trip which I recently took with a friend, she hurried upstairs to her room and came down with a beaming face.

"Well, I am glad," she said, "I've actually found it."

"Found what?" I inquired. She had not spoken of any loss.

"Well," she explained, "just after we started I discovered that my little money bag was gone. It had \$105 in it that I was going to put in the bank. I thought possibly I left it on my dresser, but I wasn't sure, and there it was, after all. Isn't that splendid?"

"Well, why on earth didn't you tell me about it before?" I inquired in astonishment. "Why, you were just as jolly as usual all the time. How could you be?"

"Of course. What would have been the use of telling you?" she answered promptly. "It would have spoiled our trip to have talked and fretted about it. I knew there was nothing I could do about it until I got home, so I just tucked the matter away in the back of my head and enjoyed the trip."

Now do not infer from this that my friend was one to whom the loss of \$100 would be a light matter.

Quite the contrary.

Simply she was "game."

She fulfilled Kipling's "If."

Indeed she went beyond that. Not only did she fail to "breathe a word about her loss," but she made the effort not to think of it, and that is the last work in gameness—to make your venture take your risk, know of your possible loss and then bravely put it in the back of your head until time shall have made its decision for or against you.

Few men would have done this, and fewer women.

To most of our sex, bred to dependency as we are, it is second nature to expect other people to share our doubts and worries.

I know a woman who is about to invest

(Continued on Page 887.)

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

NEW WRINKLES, HELPS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Conducted by Mrs. John M. Douglas.

TO prevent accidents with bottles containing poison, buy a dozen tiny bells, and every time a bottle of poison is brought into the house, tie a bell to the neck of the bottle. Even in the dark the bell will tinkle its warning. Another good way is to paste a piece of sandpaper securely to the top of the cork. One can easily detect the rough surface, and thereby know the contents.

A successful way to restore pearl buttons to their original brightness and beauty, is first to rub them with a little olive oil, to take away the blurred look, then sprinkle with nail powder and rub well with chamois skin.

The little boy's definition: "A blotter is the thing you hunt for while the ink dries," would not apply to my husband's office. He has a heavy blotter hanging by a stout, elastic cord, just above his inkwell,—he simply stretches the cord sufficiently to flatten the blotter to the sheet, and it flies back to its place when released. He says it is simple, almost trivial, but worth dollars' worth of nerves and fretting to any desk man. Tell your husband.

When a large bottle of olives is opened, and only part of the contents used, the remainder, though left in the brine, become comparatively tasteless. If half an inch of olive oil is poured on the top, and the bottle well corked, the olives will keep their flavor.

There are so many brass ornaments in use just now that the busy housewife finds it quite a task to keep them bright. Wash them all over with strong ammonia, using a brush to scrub the embossed or wrought parts. Rinse in clear water, slightly warm, wipe dry, and polish with a bit of leather.

Place a piece of paraffine, the size of a walnut, in each jelly glass, and pour the hot jelly on top of it. It will rise to the surface and cool, forming a perfectly even layer. This method saves time, labor and paraffine, beside being more convenient than melting the paraffine and pouring it over the jelly.

To prevent starch from sticking to your iron, mix a small amount of soap with the starch. The easiest way is to take a soap shaker, containing scraps of soap, and stir

it in your starch. If you do not have a soap shaker, stick a fork in a cake of soap and stir it in the starch.

Cuff links to harmonize with buttons used on any waist can be made by joining two buttons with strong thread, allowing the thread to separate the buttons about an eighth of an inch. Bring the thread back and forth, and then twine it around and around until a strong cord is made. This manner of making cuff links enables one to have a variety of effective and pretty links that are both lasting and inexpensive.

It is not generally known that "sweet" corn, too old to be sweet, can be made to have a luscious taste by putting a table-spoonful of sugar in the water in which it is boiled. I have tried this with great success, bringing forth murmurs of satisfaction around the table. Salt must not be put in the water.

To those who do their own laundry work, the use of a wringer as a mangle, as used in the laundries, is to be recommended. This is particularly satisfactory in ironing small articles, such as handkerchiefs, hosiery, napkins, scarfs, towels, etc. The scheme is economical, it saves clothes, fuel and time. With a little care, it is just as easy to have a great many articles of clothing come from the wringer smooth. For instance, take a towel, and while lifting it up from the water, shake out the wrinkles, fold it evenly down the middle, and carefully run it through the wringer, being sure that the rubber rolls of the wringer are screwed tightly together. It is then ready to hang on the line, and when it is dry, there will be the satisfaction that it is also ironed. By using a bit more time and attention in handling these pieces after they go through the last rinsing water, the extra handling and sprinkling that go with ironing them is saved; and also the actual work and time involved in the ironing. If you use gas or electricity, it means that much saved. Rubbing and pressing of a hot iron weakens cloth,—the life of the household linen is prolonged by every ironing that it does not get.

A good cracker meal can be made from scraps of bread left over from the table. Save these scraps, keeping them in a dry place until you have a sufficient quantity; then dry them thoroughly in the oven. After they are dry, place them on the bread

board and reduce them to a very fine meal by rolling with the rolling pin. Sift through your flour sifter, taking out the coarser particles, and add a little flour. The resulting meal will be found to be better than pure cracker meal for breeding fish, chops, etc., and costs little.

Most people having zinc-lined refrigerators or iceboxes, are unaware of the danger of placing warm victuals in them. The steam arising from the food settles on the zinc, and drops back in the form of zinc poison. This was proved in our family at the expense of the near death of three members. This danger can be avoided by getting the common flat white enamel. Put on one or two coats of the flat white, and one or two of the gloss enamel. This makes the icebox easier to clean, perfectly safe, and much nicer in appearance. There is not the slightest danger of food acquiring a disagreeable taste if the enamel is allowed to dry before using.



HEALTH HINTS.

A LITTLE common sense and a little self-denial combined with a very little labor will save you lots of discomfort, perhaps ill-health and possibly even greater misfortune during this very hot weather.

The question of keeping cool and well in hot weather is chiefly a question of proper foods and feeding, proper drinks and drinking, proper clothes, proper rest, bodily cleanliness, mental tranquillity and avoidance of crowds and impure air.

Here are the points to be borne in mind, briefly enumerated:

Proper Foods and Feeding.—Soups, fruits, vegetables, ice-cream. Eat only about one-half as much as you require in cool weather.

Baby's milk must be pasteurized, kept on ice and always covered. Feed lightly and regularly.

Improper Foods and Feeding.—Meats, butter and heavy foods of all kinds. Course dinners are killing in hot weather.

Solid foods, candy, fruits, ice-cream, etc., must not be given to infants. Overfeeding kills hundreds of babies.

Proper Drinks and Drinking.—Water, buttermilk, weak tea and clean milk; drink all you want of these. Never put ice in your drinks, cool them by standing on ice.

Baby needs water to drink. Boil it and cool it, but don't put ice in it.

Improper Drinks.—Beer and all other alcoholic drinks are heating and should be avoided in hot weather.

Proper Clothing.—Wear few clothes and have them light and porous. Wear them loose; avoid tight lacing and tight-belted. Wear light underwear and change it often. Protect the head and spine from the sun.

Baby's hot weather clothing should consist of a gauze shirt and a diaper, that's enough.

Proper Rest.—Get at least eight hours' sleep every night in the open air, if possible, on the porch, the roof, in the yard or in a park. Avoid strenuous exercise under a hot sun.

Have the baby sleep out doors, in a shaded place. Stretch some mosquito netting over his bed. A basket or a hammock makes a very good bed. Never let the baby sleep in the kitchen when cooking or washing. Baby must sleep alone.

Bodily Cleanliness.—Give your pores a chance to breathe. Take a bath every day—twice a day is better. At least, take one at night just before you go to bed—you will sleep better and awaken more refreshed and better able to withstand the heat of the day. Bodily cleanliness is one of the most important rules to be observed. And don't forget that the lake is nearby—take a swim, but don't lie around too long in the hot sands with a hot sun beating down upon you. In July and August it is better to take your swim before 10 A. M. or after 4 P. M.

Baby must have a tub bath every day, and in very hot weather give him a sponging two or three times a day in addition to the tub bath, but never just after feeding. Change soiled clothing with as little delay as possible.

Ease of Mind.—Don't fuss or cuss about the heat—you only get hotter. Turn the thermometer to the wall. Avoid the hot weather fusser. Keep your temper under control and shun heated arguments; even politics should be tabooed until "dog days" set in in September.

Avoid Crowded Places.—Crowds out-of-doors are bad enough, but crowds indoors are infinitely worse. You can't keep cool if you surround yourself with numbers of other bodies throwing off body-heat and all exhaling heated and poisonous air. Whenever you can get out in the park, under the trees; let the starry heavens be your only roof as much of the time as is possible. Take a trolley-ride into the country, if the cars are not too crowded.

All of this is easy and open alike to rich and poor. You need not get hot unless you want to—and sunstroke is a luxury which you cannot afford.—Bulletin Chicago School of Sanitary Instruction.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Some interesting information has reached our desk in response to the following questions:

1. What are the young people of your community interested in?
2. How do they spend their winter evenings?
3. How many of them take an active part in church and Sunday-school work, Christian Workers' Society or some other religious work?
4. Are those who do not take an active part incapable, or is there no particular work for them to do?

We are not able to publish all the answers that have reached us in this issue but we will give them during the following weeks so that our readers may get the view points from these different elders. So far all the answers sent in came from elders.



1. Some of our young people are interested in Sunday-school, Christian Workers' Meetings, church meetings; others, in games, five-cent shows, etc.
2. They spend their winter evenings in reading, study, spelling matches, debates, suppers, social parties, and some at dances.
3. Not over forty per cent of the community, which is largely of German Lutheran tendencies.
4. We are in a country District, and have an evergreen Sunday-school; also a Christian Workers' Meeting and church services every Sunday. Those that belong to us come and take part. There are some not capable of doing very much, because of lack of education.

Some may call a five-cent theater, church supper, or loafing in a barber shop or somewhere else, recreation, but usually all such are wonderfully tired out on Sunday morning, dull and stupid in Sunday-school, etc.

We may not be able to satisfactorily say what young people of today should do for recreation, knowing that we were young half a century ago, and since then times and social conditions have changed.

Parental authority and influence over the young has been on the decline; consequently, the youth of today is more free to dictate his or her course as to the **what** and **how** of their early stages in life.

Nevertheless, there are a few things that are pretty well settled, viz., that human nature is about the same; that purity of morals and righteous training will grow good and holy men and women, now, as in days gone by; that God and his World have not changed, and that our own experience and observations have brought us to the following conclusions:

That the body and mind both need rest to recuperate. They also need exercise to develop. Every parent should provide for this. Every church should arrange for the needs of its young people and so direct their ambitions along such lines that will tend to produce healthful bodies and minds, pure and useful lives.

To this end the church service should be made inspiring to the young. Helpfulness means fruitfulness. To the boy or girl that has been toiling during the week, Saturday afternoon off, to prepare for Sunday-school, Christian Workers' topic or some special program, would be a recreation productive of much good. Just try it and see.

Temperance, missionary, Sunday-school and special song programs should be arranged, and such assignments that will give all the young something to do. Such other cheer should characterize all these meetings for the young that every Lord's Day be a day of rest, a holy joy, a sanctified recreation.

Independence and other national holidays might and should be utilized more fitting to the life of the meek and lowly Nazarene. —John Zug, Clarence, Iowa.



1. Self-improvement, generally.
2. In school work and harmless social entertainments.
3. About ninety per cent of them.
4. Disinclination for any kind of social or educational activity.

What should young people do for recreation? Some kind of social, preferably religious-social gatherings for young people, is essential to mould development. We have our young people meet with us in our homes as frequently as we can, and spend the time in social conversation, singing, Bible reading, and other exercises of a like nature. The Sundays are spent in Sunday-school, in church, in Christian Workers' Meeting, and in visiting. Lately we organized two mission classes for study. We expect our young people to take as active a part in all lines of church work as their elders, and they do it, too. We put confidence in our young people, and they are living up to our expectations nobly. Do

not scold young people; do not nag at them. Give them something to do, and then help them to do it. We can learn as much from them, as they do from us. God bless our young people.—D. L. Mohler, Leeton, Mo.



1. They are interested in Sunday-school, Christian Workers' Meetings, baseball, dances, parties, etc.

2. Reading and studying, playing games, attending parties and dances.

3. Perhaps three-fourths of them.

4. Disinterested.

1. They should read useful books, papers and magazines. They may also play such innocent games as checkers, dominoes, morris, thimble, etc. Social gatherings occasionally in which the latter, along with singing, spelling, ciphering, etc., form part of the program.

2. They should spend Sunday in God's house, with God's people, visit with friends, sing, talk, laugh and have a good time socially.

3. They should be expected to take an active part in Sunday-school work, generally, Christian Workers' Meetings, assist and even lead in singing and prayer in the regular church services, read Scripture, etc., when called on by the minister.—B. E. Kesler, River Bend, Colo.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Why?—Small Brother—"Mr. Sammy, are you a baseball player?"

Sister's Beau—"No, Tommy."

Small Brother—"Then why did 'sis tell me you weren't so much of a catch?"
—Washington Times.



Naturally.—"What happens when you put the dollar before the man?" bawled the candidate.

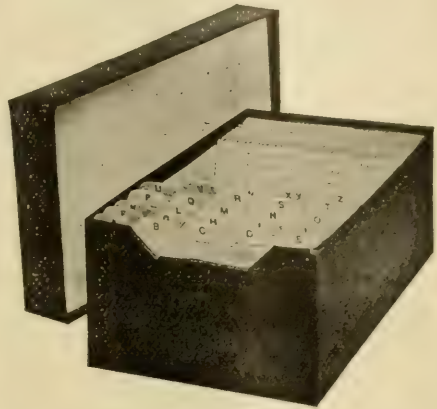
"The man goes after it," answered an old farmer in the crowd.—Louisville Courier-Journal.



A Born Candidate.—Willis—"I suppose you think that baby of yours will become President some day."

Gillis—"Maybe not President, but he will be in the race for nomination all right. He keeps the whole place in an uproar, uses indescribable language, and can go without sleep for a week."—Brooklyn Life.

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Prepared.—Georgia Lawyer (to colored prisoner)—“Well, Ras, so you want me to defend you. Have you any money?”

Rastus—“No; but I’ve got a mule and a few chickens, and a hog or two.”

Lawyer—“Those will do very nicely. Now, let’s see; what do they accuse you of stealing?”

Rastus—“Oh, a mule and a few chickens and a hog or two.”—Life.

Loses Grit.—“Isn’t that fellow ever going to propose?”

“I guess not; he’s like an hour-glass.”

“How’s that?”

“The more time he gets, the less sand he has.”—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Criticism.—“I am going to put some white in the yoke,” said the young lady, referring to her gown.

“Won’t that scramble it?” inquired the young man.—Chicago Tribune.

Baiting Her.—“What are you cutting out of the paper?”

“About a California man securing a divorce because his wife went through his pockets.”

“What are you going to do with it?”

“Put it in my pocket.”—Boston Transcript.

How to Begin.—“What is the first step toward remedying the discontent of the masses?”

“The first step,” replied the energetic campaigner, “is to get out and make speeches to prove to them how discontented they are.”—Washington Star.

The Winner.—Griggs—“I should say that the two keys to success are luck and pluck.”

Briggs—“Sure! Luck in finding some one to pluck.”—Boston Transcript.

Following Edison.—Garbleton—“Edison declares that four hours’ sleep per night is enough for any man.”

Kidder—“That is exactly what my baby thinks!”—Judge.

Common.—Mr. Grump (with newspaper)—“Here’s an odd case—a woman marries one man thinking he is another.”

Mrs. Grump—“What’s odd about that? Women are doing that all the time.”—Boston Transcript.

THE INGLENOOK

PROGRESS

INDUSTRY

ECONOMY



BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

August 13
1912

Vol. XIV
No. 33

FINGER POSTS

ON LIFE'S HIGHWAY

By JOHN T. DALE

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One of the most admirable attainments in the world today is SUCCESS. What an honor it is to a man or woman when it is said of him or her: "There is a successful career"! All the world honors the man who has pulled himself up through the multitudinous temptations and pitfalls and the thousands of obstructing and degrading influences of life and can at last stand on the pinnacle of fame and be happy and contented.

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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THE INGLENOOK

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No. 33

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



White High School, Birmingham, Ala.

A Comparison.

SEVERAL issues ago we wrote of the race situation that exists in Birmingham, Ala., and of the method of punishing petty criminals. During an investigation into the social conditions of Birmingham photographs were taken of prisoners working on the streets and tied by ball and chain. Such an outrageous punishment was denied by some southern papers but photographs do not lie and the investigation was carried on by reputable workers. Here is a case taken from a colored periodical published in that city. Daisy Bell, a negress, was convicted of assault and battery, and received a sentence of six months on the street gang with a fine of \$100 and costs in addition. This Daisy Bell has had an unfortunate history. Her mother made a living for herself and Daisy by cooking, but the child was left to grow up on the street as best she could because the mother was too busy to look after her. In all she had only four years of irregular schooling and she is now eighteen. At the

age of sixteen she was arrested on a petty charge and served a sentence of a year and six months on the streets in the chain gang. When she returned home a child was born, the father being one of the white convict guards. Now, while Daisy is serving her second sentence the child is receiving about the same kind of care that she herself did, and, as the report says, history is about to repeat itself. The question is how much actual reformation is going on under such a system of convict care. In this case a negro girl fell a victim to a white man.

In the Crisis for June another striking comparison is made. In the city of Birmingham the colored school population is about the same as that of the whites while the high school building and equipment for the former is valued at \$1,050 and of the latter \$200,168. We admit that the white children may patronize the high school to a greater extent than the colored boys and girls but is the difference so great as the value of the buildings indicates? Notice carefully the construction of the colored



Colored High School, Birmingham, Ala.

building. A very artistically built structure it is indeed! Aside from the extreme barrenness of the building another point should not be overlooked. A frame building three or four stories high with only one small fire escape would be a fine place in which to have a fire, would it not? Truly, Birmingham ought to be ashamed of such a comparison. There are 19,726 colored children in Birmingham who ought to be in school but the school board has provided only 5,240 seats for them. The colored population think that such treatment is unfair and we shall see whether the city of Birmingham awakens to the situation.

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

One of the most enthusiastic organizations of the negroes in United States is the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People with headquarters at 20 Vesey St., New York City. The organization is young but growing and two months ago there was a paid membership of nearly six hundred. An effort is being made to secure 2,000 paid members during the year. Membership dues are as follows:

Class 1. Life members, \$500.

Class 2. Donors, \$100 per year.

Class 3. Sustaining Members, \$25 per year.

Class 4. Contributing Members, \$2 to \$10 per year.

Class 5. Associate Members, \$1 per year.

We do not know how the membership is divided according to the above classification, but it will be readily seen that there is a definite financial responsibility which will certainly give stability to the association. The Crisis, a monthly magazine, is the organ, but it is more than that, it is a well edited magazine devoted to the welfare of the colored people.

Last spring a fourth annual conference of the association was held in Chicago, in which a number of white social workers took an active part. Jane Addams was on the local committee of arrangements. At this conference the chairman of the executive committee, Oswald Garrison Villard, made a statement of the purpose of the conference and the association. He said: "The objects of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People may be put into a single sentence: This society exists in order to combat the spirit of persecution and prejudice which confronts the colored people of this land, and to assure to them every right, privilege and opportunity to which every citizen of the

United States is entitled. . . . It does not, of course, ask that financial reparation be made to them for what their race suffered under the monstrous aggregation of wrong doing which went by the name of slavery; the colored people themselves never demanded any such damages in the courts of law, or of public opinion. It does not even ask special indulgence for any of their shortcomings or beg for them unusual economic and educational opportunities because of their disadvantages and the frightful inheritance of vice and ignorance which was the chief bequest of slavery. It merely asks equality of opportunity, equality at the ballot box, equality in the courts of the land."

The same speaker made a few rather drastic statements in his address which if taken independent of their setting may antagonize some, but as we read over the accounts of the conference we are impressed with the earnestness and sincerity of the gathering. There is no hint of raw, ungoverned socialism, but a simple longing for better things pervaded.

A Bill for a National Hospital Bureau.

The American Hospital Association has been instrumental in introducing into Congress a bill providing for a National Hospital Bureau similar to that of the Department of Education. The bill empowers the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service "to collect, receive, maintain and classify in such a manner as may be accessible to Federal, State and municipal and other hospital authorities, plans of hospital or dispensary buildings, descriptive matter relating to their equipment, rules and regulations, reports of institutions, reports of committees engaged in the investigation of hospital problems, and other literature relating to hospitals, dispensaries, nursing associations, and other agencies for the care of the sick."

It is said that in many other States there are only fifteen or twenty hospital beds for every 100,000 of population. In some European cities as many as 500 beds are provided for the same number of population. If the above law becomes effective invaluable service will be rendered small cities which are endeavoring to build hospitals. At present the American Hospital Association is the only body making any attempt towards encouraging the building of hospitals and suggesting methods of management.

The Cost of Blindness.

Dr. Cohen of the Department of Health,

Chicago, in an address before the Chicago Medical Society, read a paper on "The Cost of Preventable Blindness to the Nation," in which he gives a review of the situation at present. He says that twenty-five years ago ophthalmia neonatorum was the cause of thirty per cent of the blindness. Since that time the percentage has been brought down to ten and that ten can be wiped away from the records according to reliable medical authority if the proper preventive measures are taken. There are now 65,000 blind in the United States and of that number 7,000 have been blinded by gonorrheal infection. An application of a one per cent silver nitrate solution at the time of birth would have meant sight to thousands who are now blind. According to Dr. Cohen, the per capita cost of educating a blind child is about \$110 per year while that of the healthy child is only \$22 per year. Those figures make one think, and then when it is estimated that a dependent blind child costs the State about \$10,000 for its care through life we have the enormous sum of \$650,000,000 which the present number of blind

will cost the nation. But the money cost is nothing when compared to the loss of happiness and usefulness to the thousands of unfortunates. The cost of the silver nitrate treatment is insignificant. Dr. Cohen says: "Silver nitrate sells at \$6 a pound. Four pounds of silver nitrate at a cost of \$24 would suffice to protect the eyes of the 57,000 children born annually in Chicago. Add to the cost of the drug the cost of containers and the expense of distribution and it will amount to something like \$500. For \$500 we can protect the eyes of over 50,000 children; we can save human eyes—baby eyes—at two for a cent. At the same rate it would require \$25,000 a year to protect the eyes of every one of the 2,000,000 children born in this country."

The same authority says that four per cent of the blindness is due to near-sightedness brought on by improperly fitted glasses. Avoidable accidents cause about 14 per cent of the blindness. Other causes are old age, drinking, excessive use of tobacco, and exposure to poisons.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

DOES THE BIBLE ADVOCATE ABSTINENCE AND PROHIBITION?

No journalistic debate of recent years has provoked such widespread interest in both church and liquor circles as the discussion now being carried on between Dr. E. L. Eaton, one of the Methodist church's best known scholars and Mr. George G. Brown, president of the Brown-Forman Distilling Company, Louisville, Kentucky. These two men are debating the matter at issue in the columns of *American Advance*, the national Prohibition party official organ of Chicago. The opponents are fit representatives of the divergent views. Dr. Eaton is the author of a new textbook on the temperance reform which has been put in the Methodist conference course and Mr. Brown has written, "The Holy Bible Repudiates Prohibition," the only book of its kind in print. The distiller is a church member, a man of unimpeachable life and sincerely esteemed by all classes in his home city.

In his argument, Dr. Eaton takes entirely new ground. He abandons all commentators and human authorities and, going directly to the various versions of the Scriptures, asserts

that he there finds proof that the Bible invariably condemns the use of intoxicating drinks and commends the drinking of unfermented "wines."

"The practice of making and drinking wines was not nearly so universal in ancient as in modern times," asserts Dr. Eaton. "The art of keeping the unfermented juice was well known and extensively employed. The thirteen Hebrew words which stand for the 'products of the vine' must not all be taken to mean 'wine.' The testimony of the Hebrew Bible on this question of abstinence and prohibition turns mainly upon the meaning of three words, 'yayin,' 'tiros' and 'shekar.'"

"The word 'yayin' is found one hundred and forty-two times in the Hebrew Scriptures and in such various connections as to leave no doubt that it is a generic term and stands for wine in general. The word 'tiros' appears thirty-eight times and the texts in which it appears are invariably commendatory, so that without doubt it means unfermented juice of the grape. The word 'shekar' occurs forty-two times in the Hebrew Bible and is always condemned and prohibited."

Dr. Eaton develops this argument with

great detail and exactitude, giving the location of the Scriptures where each word appears and showing the meaning as demonstrated by the context, thus placing each word in its proper place, 'tirosk' as descriptive of a harmless drink, 'shekar' as the intoxicating beverage which is always forbidden and 'yayin' as a generic term.

The discussion is by no means one-sided, as Mr. Brown has made this particular subject a study for years and his argument is strong. The first installment of the debate appeared in the issue of American Advance for June 15 and the second in the issue for August 3.



Facts About Electing Presidents.

A great many people, who ought perhaps to be better informed, do not understand either the method or the spirit of our American party systems, and still less do they seem to understand the relation of parties to the legal process of electing a President. Almost every one knows, however, that the voters in November do not cast their ballots directly for a President, and that they act as citizens of their respective States, and not as citizens of the nation. The President is elected by a body called the Electoral College. The Electoral College has a membership equal in number to that of the House of Representatives and the Senate, taken together. The House of Representatives has 435 seats, and the Senate has ninety-six seats (two for each of the forty-eight States). Thus the State of New York, with forty-three seats in the House of Representatives, will have forty-five members of the Electoral College. Each party, acting under the laws of the State of New York, will nominate its own list of forty-five electors. The name and emblem at the head of each list on the ballot paper will be regulated by the provisions of the election laws of the State of New York. Thus the name and emblem of the Democratic party in the State of New York have come under the complete domination of Tammany Hall, which is governed before the public by Charles F. Murphy, while governed behind the scenes by those in whose interest Mr. Murphy carries on his political operations.



Party Plans.

The gathering of Republican leaders for the Taft notification ceremony led to many exchanges of confidences and opinions regarding the campaign with the members of Congress and administration heads. One thing that became apparent was that the Republican managers, while preparing to start the Taft campaign many weeks in advance of the usual

time, do not expect matters to shape themselves so as to indicate the real strategy of the fighting until after the first of October.

It will be Oct. 1, it is believed, before the strength or weakness of the Roosevelt movement will fully develop. It is not expected that the enthusiasm of Colonel Roosevelt's followers gathered at Chicago for the christening of the new party and the nominating of a national ticket will develop more than already is known regarding the situation as affected by the progressive movement. At any rate the onlooking Republican and Democratic politicians are interested far more in things that will show clearly in various States six or seven weeks hence than they are in the happenings of the Chicago Convention incident to the organization of the bull moose campaign.

Much of the financial help that will be extended to the Taft campaign will depend on how matters appear in October.



No "big gun" plans have been made as yet for the Taft spellbinding campaign. The President has given his managers to understand that after Congress adjourns he will stick close to Beverly until time to go to Ohio to vote. No special train preparations have been made for anyone who will represent the President's cause. According to what the Republican leaders have heard, however, the special train tours will be on an unparalleled scale in connection with the Roosevelt and Wilson campaigns.

Bourke Cockran, according to information brought by the Republican "secret service," will be next to Colonel Roosevelt himself, the stellar attraction of the new party propaganda. His special work in this campaign, it is said, will be to attack Wilson clear across the country. It is not known how much he will say for Roosevelt, but he will paint the landscape with Cockranesque language against the Democratic candidate. He may have a train.

Governor Wilson, as just announced, will make no extended one-night stand tours, but will deliver speeches off and on in various States. Colonel Roosevelt, according to what Taft leaders have learned, has intended to follow Wilson.

And W. J. Bryan and Senator La Follette will follow Roosevelt. Mr. Bryan as the representative of the Democratic campaign organization, may have a special train. Senator La Follette will travel as a free lance in all probability. He is preparing to speak in various States in support of Republican candidates for governor who are progressives, and for progressive Republican candidates for Congressmen who have fights on their hands.

EDITORIALS

See Page 923 of This Issue.

We wish to call your attention to page 923 of this issue, where we are giving you an opportunity to tell what periodicals you should like to take next year.



Who Are the Meek?

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." This is a paradoxical statement. How can non-assertiveness compete with assertiveness? Meekness is often confused with stupidity, weakness or incompetence. It is no such thing. It requires great strength to be meek. It is easy enough to challenge him who has insulted you, to strike him, or if not that, to curse him or at least to give the angry or sarcastic retort, or to slander him behind his back. It is easy enough to hate your enemy, and it may be a simple matter to kick him out of your house or society or to subject him to petty annoyances.

All of these things are but the signs of uncontrolled reflex actions. The lower animals are the slaves of their reflexes. They respond as infallibly to a stimulus as does the bell to the button. When they are pinched they squeal or bite or sting. The sign that the beast is evolving is the power of restraining or inhibiting his reflexes; in other words, of exercising self-control. Self-control is largely the power of inhibiting one's reflexes, on a lower plane those which are purely physical and on a higher the thoughts, which are so often merely mental reflexes. He who is able to be non-resistant is self-controlled on one plane, but he who is able to return hatred with love is on a still higher. It is this perfect poise, as well as the power of entire subordination of self which is the quality we call meekness. It is because they are thus strong that the meek shall inherit the earth.



Home Training.

Dr. Samuel Fallows of Chicago recently preached a sermon on "Home Life" in which he said:

"The training at home must be given as nowhere else. Its duties cannot be postponed nor neglected. No school, however complete its appliances; no teacher, however superior his sagacity and skill can take the place of the heaven-appointed home instructors.

"If it should be the saddening fact that the household is not hallowed by prayer,

that God's blessing is not invoked upon the daily routine of duty, that consecrating petitions are not lifted up for the souls budding and blossoming into life, then is the most powerful means of the highest moral development overlooked.

"And although mathematical study may supply the nerves and sinews, the flexors and extensors of thought, and classic lore may give chasteness and brilliance of imagination, and richness and flexibility of language, and mental science open the affluent treasures of the inner world and natural sciences those of the outer world, yet without home religious culture the opening mind is left bare in a vulnerable spot. It is not armed cap-a-pie for the warfare of life. Nay, it is all bare before the archers and they will shoot at it sorely.

"The latent faith of the child in the presence and love and providences of God is first called out by the holy offices of the mother—the divinely consecrated high priestess of the home.

"May God help all our American mothers to be true to their heaven-given trust, and American fathers to be the patterns in all godliness of living to their children."



Big Work for Women.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the New York Evening Journal for May 28, repeats, in the name of women, the following appeal to women:

"The time is ripe for the women of America to take some concerted action for peace. The terrible results of war fall heavily upon women. They are the great sufferers. No true mother desires to bear and rear sons for the horrors of the battlefield.

"Recently two great apostles of peace—Count Apponyi, of Hungary, and Baron de Constant, of France—have come across the Atlantic bearing the same message—to urge the United States Government to take the initiative in securing permanent international concord and peace.

"Count Apponyi said, in one of his addresses: 'When you settled in this country you left behind you all the traditions of the Old World which were burdensome. Its animosities, its antagonisms, its hatreds you carried not with you. This fortunate situation lays a great responsibility upon you. We appeal to you for assistance to do away with the hateful legacy of hatred between men who fought to be brethren. This is the object of my mission to America.'

"What we need to do, what we, the women of this country, must do is to crystallize

the deep and strong peace sentiment so universal in our land into a positive, active enthusiastic force that will make it triumphant and forever put an end to militarism and war.

"Let us, the women of this country, join hands to secure a colossal statue of peace at the entrance of the Panama Canal. Forts at the entrance of this canal would place our country in the rear of our twentieth century civilization, a humiliating denial of our Christian profession, as followers of the Prince of Peace, and a disgraceful contrast to our 'Liberty Enlightening the World,' which greets all who reach our Eastern shore. Such a statue would be a fitting memorial of the world-wide treaty inaugurated by the United States, which we are assured will soon be ratified by England, Japan, and the Continental European Powers, and a prophecy of the age to be."



The Child's Right to Religious Training.

Every child is entitled to the most efficient training that can be offered by the public. Since the child is unable to lay claim to its rightful heritage, it is necessary for the public to see that every child gets its just rights. Dr. A. Eugene Bartlett in discussing this subject, said:

"The world's children have a right to religion. When the parents lack the means or the intelligence to care for the child's body and mind, society steps in and says, 'The burden will be felt by us if the child fails; we will do for the child what you have failed to do.'

"Then come manual training schools, parks, playgrounds and juvenile courts. These new advantages for the child have wrought wonderfully; but beware lest you trust such mechanism overmuch. A child may know how to wield the plane and swing the Indian clubs, and yet be a weakling. The child's soul needs training as much as his body, and his heart as much as his mind.

"Because a child knows how to translate Virgil, and has the facts of geology and philosophy, we have no right to argue that he is, therefore, a good child. Cleverness at football and tennis is no argument that the boy will be an honest banker. Ability to make sponge cake with eleven eggs does not guarantee that the girl will be a patient, watchful mother. One may have learning and yet possess a calloused conscience.

"Confucius taught that every child must learn the law of relationships. Our children must know their relationships that bind them to God, to home, to parents, to school,

to playmates, to work, to city, to nation. To these relationships some one must teach them to be absolutely true. The father and mother can give this training best; but if they do not do it, then the minister and the Sunday-school teacher must undertake the work; and if they fail, then the day school teacher.

"In a well ordered republic, it should be the glad privilege of all to unite to give the child the right of religious training.



Does Blood Count?

How soon shall we cease having loafers and idlers thronging the streets of our cities? When will men stop drinking and carousing, and how long will it be till the houses of ill-fame be closed forever? When will men choose virtue rather than vice and will love honesty and justice rather than graft and selfishness? This can come only when the world is filled with thoroughbreds. Like begets like. You farmers take much pride in your thoroughbred stock. Nothing will satisfy you but the best horses, the winning cows, the ribboned hogs and the first prize poultry. If you have any scrub animals around your premises you would never think of using them for breeding purposes. All they are good for is to fatten them for market. This is an indication of good sense, but how many of you take the same precautions with your children? Does it make any difference to you as to whether or not your grandchildren are thoroughbreds? Of course, every sensible man will hope that his grandchildren will be strong and healthy, and will protest against his daughter marrying a worthless trifle, or against his son choosing a weakling for a wife, but the trouble has been, the parents never say anything to their children until the match is made and then they bring a storm of protest, usually with no effect whatever. The time to do such teaching should have been while the child was teachable. Had the child been taught that some day it will be the normal thing for it to select a companion, that companion will be the father or mother of its children, it could have been impressed with the importance of the need of a wise choice in selecting the companion.

It is not too much to ask that the young man who asks for your daughter's hand should bring to you a certificate of health, both of body and mind, or that the young lady whom your son selects should be able to present a good certificate from a reliable physician.

Perhaps a little stringency along this line would result in a few broken hearts, but would it not be better for the world to have a few broken hearts than for your grandchildren to be inmates of an institution for the feeble-minded, or to be cripples for life? Do not think that these things are the result of the arbitrary will of God and that he sends weak-minded and crippled children into the world as a matter of choice. God rules this world by laws and there must be a cause for every physical or mental defect. If you can prevent any

defects by wise teaching and by careful selection you are under moral obligations to God and to the world to do so.

It is of considerable importance that the young people who are just now choosing their companions should be guided by wisdom rather than by sentiment. Wishy-washy sentiment has in the past resulted in much sorrow and suffering that might have been prevented, had a reasonable degree of common sense been mixed with the sentiment.

OUR YOUNG AGRICULTURISTS' PAGE

Prof. F. W. Markwood

Keeping Up the Farm.

Do not allow a single head of stock or poultry to invade the premises about the house; draw a decided line between the farm buildings and the home buildings. That is a big essential to successful farming, and very essential to beautiful farm homes and surroundings.

If one really loves the farm and wishes to make it pleasant and profitable, beautiful and successful, he must keep things in good repair; he must improve things as soon as they show need of it, and he must love his work and his surroundings.

Country Life.

Country boys and girls should take a wide interest in public affairs, and ought to strive to become good citizens. They could not start to become good citizens in any better way than by becoming workers for these four things: Attractive country homes, attractive country school-grounds, good country schools, and good roads. If the thousands upon thousands of the pupils in our country schools would become active workers for these things, and continue their work through life, in less than half a century country life would be an unending delight.

One of the big problems of today is how to keep you bright, ambitious, thoughtful boys and girls on the farm, which is an excellent place for that kind of boys and girls; and the most powerful workers to accomplish it are those boys and girls themselves. Every step taken to make the country home more attractive, to make the school and its grounds more enjoyable, to make the way easy to homes of neighbors, to school, post-

office, to church, are steps taken toward making the farm more attractive for you boys and girls who are most apt to succeed there.

Not every home can be costly, but as long as grass and flowers and trees and vines grow, any family can have an inviting looking house; any family, having boys and girls, and especially boys and girls who are interested, can have a cosy, tastefully-furnished home, fitted with the conveniences that diminish household drudgery. Even in this day of cheap literature, all families cannot fill their homes with papers, magazines and books, but by means of school and Sunday-school libraries, or circulating book clubs, and by a little self-denial, ALL families can feed hungry minds as well as they can hungry bodies.

Agricultural papers that arouse the interest and quicken the thought of farm boys by discussing the best, easiest and cheapest methods of farming; journals full of dainty suggestions for household adornment and comfort, for the girls; illustrated papers and magazines that brighten and amuse and benefit every member of the family—books that rest tired bodies—all are so cheap that the money reserved from the sale of one hog will keep a family fairly well supplied for a year.

If the parents, teachers, and you pupils would join hands, an unsightly, ill-furnished, ill-ventilated, ill-lighted schoolhouse can, at small cost, be changed to one of comfort and beauty.

In many places, pupils have persuaded parents to form clubs to beautify the school-grounds. Each father sends a man, with an ax, plow or hammer, once or twice a year to work a day on the grounds; stumps are

removed, trees trimmed, drains put in, grass sown, flowers, shrubbery, vines and trees planted; and the grounds tastefully laid off.

Thus at hardly noticeable cost a rough, unkempt schoolground gives place to a very charming one, where you boys and girls will like to gather. Why not try this plan, and get your parents to form a school improvement club?

Young folks, those of you who love your country and your country homes, should try to help all you can in the noble crusade

for better roads. They are one of the things that are making young people see that the country is a nice place to live in, after all.

They open up the way, in winter especially, to church, to town and neighbors; and draw them all closer together in the things that give country life its joy.

Why not start this summer and do all you can among your parents and neighbors and friends in the interest of better highways? Every little bit helps, you know.

THE OLD STYLE OF QUARTZ MINING

H. D. Michael

THAT glittering yellow metal for which men so eagerly seek has caused much work to those in quest of it. In search of ledges that were rich in gold many prospectors have worked for years digging prospect holes all over the mountain sides from Northern Alaska to the Straits of Magellan of South America and almost from where the sun rises to where it sets.

When once a ledge is located the actual work begins, and work it is, for usually the ledge is located in solid rock and often running directly beneath some large mountain.

At present the work of mining is much different than in former years for now the compressed air drill, the electric system of touching off blasts as well as of lighting the mines, besides the many other inventions of man, have made the work much easier and less dangerous. However, here it is my object to look at mining of several years ago.

When the ledge was located all the brush and trees were cleaned away from the place desired for an opening of the tunnel and the digging commenced.

The tunnel was started into the mountain side to follow the lode and if possible was started somewhat lower than the vein of mineral so there might be drainage unless the ledge should dip, for often water was struck in great abundance in a seam of the rock.

When the loose dirt and rock were removed and a perpendicular surface of the proper size could be formed two large timbers for uprights with a header mortised solidly to them were set into place to take

the first part of the burden of keeping the mine from caving. After a little further progress was made a second set of timbers was put into place and boards called logging were driven above these strong sets of timbers to keep the ceiling from caving. If the sides showed any signs of giving way they, too, were logged up with boards back of the timbers.

Before this time it is probable solid rock had been struck. So solid, too, that it could not profitably be taken out with a pick. Then blasts were needed. That was when the hands suffered if the miner was out of practice in striking his drill, for a strike that happened to be the least bit glancing often let the knuckles take a good share of the hammer's blow. In some places two men drilled together, one holding and turning the drill while the other did the striking, but often one man had to do it because of the position or room.

With his first drill shorter but slightly larger than the rest he went to work by putting it to the desired place, then with his heavy hammer in one hand and holding the drill with the other he begun to strike it and between each strike he would turn it half way round with his hand that held it.

When drilling slightly upward the dust would work out but otherwise it accumulated so fast that he would often have to take his long handled iron which had a thin hooking blade on it (called a spoon) and remove the dust, or if the rock was such that he poured in water and drilled it wet he had the mud to draw out instead.

As soon as he had gone the depth of that drill a slightly smaller but longer one was taken and the drilling continued in that

way until the desired depth was reached.

When one hole was ready for a shot it was securely covered and another one begun for often five to eight shots were needed at one time.

They were sometimes put in a regular form or because of rock seams they may have been put in haphazard, just wherever the miner thought they would do the most work. When the holes were all drilled, each one was carefully charged with giant powder or one of the numerous kinds of black powder, whichever seemed the more desirable for the certain kind of rock being mined. If charged with giant powder it was well tamped. Then a fuse with a cap on the end was placed into a small part of a stick of the powder and by means of a stick was forced into the hole against the main charge. The remaining part of the hole alongside the fuse was tamped full of dirt and the charge was ready. When all the other places were so charged the miner took his lamp from his cap and lighted all of the fuses; then made his get-away as fast as possible.

After the shots had fired and the smoke had cleared up somewhat he hastened back to see what success his shots had made. Next the loosened rock was hauled out either in a little rail hand car, a horse car or in some instances in just a common wheelbarrow.

Thus the work continued and after the dirt or rock was removed that had been torn down by the blasts, new timbers were put in each time or as often as enough progress was made to require them.

In this way the ledge was followed and the ore taken out ready for processing at the nearest stamp mill to remove the gold.

Getting it to the mill was not always easy either. A dinky train of cars drawn by a small mogul engine was sometimes installed while in other places a good road could be built and the ore hauled by wagons drawn by from four to eight mules each, but in a few instances neither of these ways has been practical because of no assurance of any great quantity of ore. At such times the ore must assay very high to pay for its working but it has been found and with great enough value to be packed a mile or even several miles on the backs of horses, mules and the patient little burros.

The trails were often but a narrow path worked out of the sides of cliffs where above were great overhanging rocks and some two hundred to four hundred feet below would run a mountain stream. Then, too, high divides were to cross, making ex-

ceedingly steep grades of a mile or two but the driver of the pack train would use his own judgment in placing from about two to four hundred pounds of ore on each animal; then out along the bluffs across the streams and mountains they would go.

Some drivers of the pack trains have one system and some another; one being to have a trained lead horse and tie the lead rope of the second one to the tail of the lead horse and continue that until all are connected. Then by a whistle or shout the leader was driven while the driver rode behind to urge the lazy ones. Others turn the horses all loose after training them on a few trips and ride behind, feeling confident of the trained horses in the lead setting a good pace and never leaving the main trail.

An occasional blunder or misstep was made by one of the animals which often resulted in its rolling to its death down over the bluffs or into a river below. Sometimes mountain slides occur, taking trees, trail and all in their way down to the stream below. Then there was trouble for the pack train driver or as once occurred when the pack train was on it there was an added difficulty. One of the horses then owned by my brother was on the trail at the place a slide begun and though it was probably forty or fifty feet on down to the stream she had no chance to scramble to safety. It was only a small slide but its going threw her down and as it reached the river it partly filled it with the material of the slide and there she was held on her back by the heavy pack load of irons she was taking into the mines while the water rushed in about four feet deep.

The train driver was there as soon as possible and jumping into the worst of danger reached her cinch straps with his knife and severed them. She then sprang up and was able to get ashore with not so much as a scratch. The driver then managed to fish out the irons, repack and proceed after making a trail around above the slide.

Such cases have often occurred in that kind of work but the drivers are usually a resourceful kind and able to meet any emergency.

Of course ore taken to the stamp mill in that way had to assay exceedingly well.



"How frightfully you snored last night!"

"Yes, it is inherited."

"From your parents?"

"No; from my grandfather, who ran a steam sawmill."—Fliegende Blaetter.

MENTAL ACQUAINTANCES

Katherine Quinn

IN order to manifest abundance on the material plane the thought of abundance must be implanted in the subconscious mind.

Suppose a young girl wishes to learn shorthand,—how does she go about it? She tries to become mentally acquainted with it. She buys a book, engages an instructor and sets industriously to work. Her instructor tells her that before she can write shorthand with ease and rapidity she must have learned to "think in shorthand." The shorthand characters must have become so much a part of her that when she hears a word pronounced, the shorthand character corresponding to that word suggests itself subconsciously. When she hears the word "hat," for instance, there is flashed into her mind and thence to her finger tips the shorthand character representing that word. So long as the girl is able to "think in shorthand" only consciously she may be able to write accurately, but she cannot write rapidly. It is only when this response of character to sound has become subconscious or as our physiologists say, reflex, that she is able to write with speed.

Now what would you think of a girl who was pretending to study shorthand, but who instead of occupying herself with her textbook, spent her time reading novels? Most assuredly you would think her very foolish, and I am sure you would not hesitate to predict that unless she changed her mode of procedure she would never amount to much as a stenographer.

Yet many persons who are desirous of manifesting abundance set about it no more intelligently than the girl in the hypothetical case I have just mentioned. They want to manifest abundance, but instead of getting mentally acquainted with abundance, they fill their minds with thoughts of fear, poverty, discouragement and dislike. They sow the seeds of failure and unhappiness and expect to reap success and joy.

If you want to manifest abundance, you must get mentally acquainted with abundance. And if you have been accustomed to thinking fearfully, stingily, you will find that at first this is not an easy thing to do. The old thoughts will keep coming back and trying to reënter your mind, and you will have to rout them time after time before you are finally rid of them. You will

have to inoculate the cells of your brain with the thought of abundance before you can manifest abundance, just as the girl who is studying shorthand will have to inoculate the cells of her brain with the principles of shorthand before she can take rapid dictation.

Let me give you an illustration of what I mean. A certain woman of my acquaintance was concentrating on something she wished to obtain. She wanted her home remodeled, and she was taking the mental science way of accomplishing it. Now in order to make her house exactly what she wished it, it would be necessary to tear out a chimney and build it on the other side of the house. The lady in question was very eager to have the chimney moved, but whenever she set about planning her house the old thought of limitation would obtrude itself when it came to the question of the chimney. She would think to herself that the chimney would do where it was and perhaps it was extravagance for her to want it moved. She tried again and again, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that she could persuade herself that it was right for her even in imagination to have that old chimney torn down and a new one put up.

Many people decry the idea that we are what our thoughts make us. They say if we could think things into existence we would all be millionaires. But they are mistaken. We can and do think things into existence, but the things so produced are not always desirable, because the thoughts that produced them are not always worthy ones. Thought is always productive, but thought is not always pure and true, and as it always produces its kind, its progeny is not always beautiful.

If we are born amid poor surroundings, or if the formative years of our lives are spent among people who think it a gigantic task to make a bare living, we become inoculated with their fear. We are impressed with what we see and hear, but it is also in our power to react on our surroundings, and if our surroundings are not to our liking, the only way to change them is to consciously make mental pictures of what we would like them to be, and hold our attention on these pictures (just as the shorthand student holds her attention on the phonographic characters) until we have

memorized them. When these pictures have been indelibly impressed on our minds we no longer need force ourselves to think in this way. It will have become perfectly natural to us. In our idle moments our thoughts will revert to these images of plenty, just as the stenographer in her idle moments often finds herself thinking the outlines of words.

"Under all our definite activities," says Mr. Mabie, "there runs a stream of meditation; and the character of that meditation determines our wealth or our poverty, our productiveness or our sterility."

And again he writes: "This stream of thought, once set in a given direction, flows of its own gravitation; and reveries, instead of being idle and meaningless, become rich and fruitful."

Another thing which sometimes keeps us from accomplishing our desires is that we concentrate on things foreign to our present existence. We should always concentrate on the thing next in line of advancement. The law of evolution urges us to do and be more and more, but it urges gradually, consistently. Each good thing we acquire, each good thing we do, wakes in us the desire to do something better, to be or to enjoy something more. The man, for instance, who has never owned a pretty print or dainty water color, would not be likely to be able to concentrate successfully (whole-heartedly) on a collection of costly oil paintings. To resume our former metaphor, he would be like a stenographer who is just learning principles attempting to do court reporting. His mind would have nothing to rest upon. We can move the world, but like Archimedes we must have

a fulcrum. Let the man who loves pictures, but who heretofore has been unable to possess them, imagine himself the possessor of some pretty prints or engravings. Let him picture such a collection of these as he is able to imagine himself owning. Let him think of them as actually in his possession; let him look on them in imagination and treat them exactly as if they were already his. In time he will find himself the owner of just such a collection as he has desired, and with the fulfillment of that desire will come the larger faith necessary to the fulfillment of the larger desire. Do you see the point? A little faith may be sufficient for the accomplishment of little things, but for the accomplishment of great things great faith is necessary, and there is no surer way of acquiring faith in oneself or in the Infinite than by remembering how the Infinite has responded in times past.

Fill your mind with thoughts of abundance. Let your mental eyes delight in the pictures of the good things which are yours; let your mental ears be ravished by the sweetness of the music life holds in store for you. Then whatever experience is offered you, you will respond with the thought of success, gain, happiness. Whatever you think of doing you will see yourself succeeding in it and enjoying it. Just as when the stenographer hears a word there flashes into her mind the outline of that word, so whenever life proffers you an experience you will respond with confidence, with the thought of success, and so you will write it upon the Uncreate in characters of power and trust, and so in time you will transcribe your notes in joyful, successful living. —The Nautilus.

CATHOLIC PRACTICES

THE following questions and answers were taken from Our Sunday Visitor, a Catholic paper published at Huntingdon, Pa. The answers were written by the editor, an official in the Catholic church:

Why cannot the poor man have a front pew, like the rich, since money has nothing to do with religion?

Money, unfortunately, has a great deal to do with religion. You cannot build churches or pay gas and coal bills, or teachers' and pastors' salaries, or have repairs made, or even pews set up, without money. And it takes a good deal of money, too, to supply a parish with all the things needful for religion. Now, if the rich man is willing

to contribute generously for the privilege of occupying one of the front seats, the least the poor man can do, who has no offerings to make, is to contribute his good will and say: "Any one of these other pews will suit me; for I can get just as much religion out of them as out of any front seat."

Ed.—Apparently the Catholic church finds it necessary to hold a different view about this question from that given in the second chapter of James. Here is an opportunity for the man with a choice seat to hold it with no fear of being invited to a more humble position. —

Do you think it is right for the priest to ask his parishioners to pay more than they want to toward the church?

If you are not paying what you should it is his duty to ask you to loosen up. Should you not be doing your duty, some one else will have to pay for you and that surely is not fair.

Is it a mortal sin to use daily newspapers or magazines not Catholic, as wrapping paper in a store, or to allow children to read them?

No. Children, however, should not have unrestricted access to the daily newspapers.

May a Catholic witness the wedding of non-Catholics, if they are married in the parlor by a minister?

Catholics may look on, but they cannot themselves take part in a Protestant religious ceremony.

When a non-Catholic marries a Catholic, why does the former have to sign an agreement to allow all the children to be brought up Catholics?

A Catholic is convinced that the Catholic church is founded by Christ, and, therefore, is the only true one. He owes a responsibility to God and his children and could not conscientiously turn them over to another to be brought up in a different faith, however well meaning the members of that other faith might be. For this reason he cannot enter into a mixed marriage without the above agreement.



Would You Sign This?

The following clipping was taken from the *Liberator*, published at Ottawa, Canada:

Are you engaged to a Roman Catholic? Are you thinking of having a priest marry you? Before doing so, read this mixed-marriage agreement. Please observe that when a priest performs the ceremony, and one of the parties is a Protestant, the latter must sign the following agreement. (We give the form used in New York, the same, or a similar one, is used in Canada):

"I, the undersigned, being desirous of contracting marriage with —, before a Catholic priest duly authorized by a special dispensation from His Grace the Archbishop of New York, do promise in presence of the Reverend Father —, and of —, witness attending for that purpose, that all the children born of my marriage with —, shall be baptized and educated in the Catholic religion, and, moreover, that I will, by no means whatsoever, hinder or obstruct the said — in the exercise of the said religion; I also promise that in the solemnization of my marriage there shall be only the Catholic ceremony. In testimony whereof I have signed this document in the presence of Reverend —, and the said witness, —, on this — day, of the month of —, 19—.

"Signature —."

It is a sad fact that many a young man, to secure the hand of the lady he loves, will sign such an agreement, and some women will also do the same. In this free Canada of ours, a man has the right, if there be no legal impediment, to marry whom he please, and to be married by whom he may choose—but no man or woman has any right to bring up the children God may give them in the faith and practices of a church whose doctrine they believe to be false. How can a Protestant ask God's blessing after signing such an agreement?

A man who will go before a priest and sign such a pledge, solemnly promising that the children God may give him shall be taught and shall grow up surrounded by false teachings, which he can neither accept nor believe, with no effort on his part to lead them into the truth as he knows it, is unworthy of the name of a man; and a woman who will do this has lost the last spark of true womanliness. Such persons cannot but despise themselves for signing an agreement no honest Protestant could sign.

Let the Protestant party to a mixed-marriage pause long and think well, before putting their signature to such a document.

BREAD-BAKING IN AN INDIAN JUNGLE

Nora E. Berkebile

HAD I lived in the days of my grandmother's youth I would not have occasion perhaps to write this, for I should have known how

to use the Dutch oven and open fire as she did in her day.

But after using a gas range in an American kitchen which was well equipped with

all the necessary culinary articles, it was not so easy to do my bread-making in India.

The missionaries along the railroad use the bakers' bread from Bombay. Several preferred the home-bake bread but these had stoves in which to bake.

When we went out into our jungle town of Vada thirty-two miles from the railway it became necessary to bake.

We expected to be able to get white flour but were unable to get it there so we decided we would live on the whole wheat bread.

We bought wheat and gave the native women a few cents for grinding it on the hand-mill. I got ready to bake. But where was my yeast? At home we would run over to the neighbor's to get some for a "starter" as we called it but since my Marathi neighbors used unleavened bread I could not borrow from them.

I remembered then that I had a small package of American yeast that had gone through a monsoon season. I tried that but the bread remained flat and we lived on "chow patties."

The natives said, "The Government Sahib's cooks use toddy." This is an intoxicating drink and we would not use that.

A friend found a recipe in an Indian cookbook and sent it to me. It was:

"Mash fine two soft bananas. Mix with this two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of flour and eight of warm water. Cook up in a bottle and after forty-eight hours it is ready for use."

I tried it. The yeast was not good but we were so tired of chow patties by this time that the poor brown bread was a relief.

We got company. The loaves were about three inches thick and it took a good bit of courage to slice this up and place before our guests. They ate it of course, "asking no questions for conscience's sake."

They had brought several loaves of flaky

white bread from Bombay and you may well imagine that the lightest angel food ever baked was not equal to that bread after having lived on our flat brown bread and chow patties for so long.

But a housewife will not rest content until she makes a success of her bread-baking. Poor bread has caused more than one woman to weep and dry her tears on her big gingham apron. You know how it is, don't you? Then when the dear boy comes in and laughs and tells you not to cry it does seem that after all things might have been worse.

Well, we tried the yeast again. There were bottles sitting at our two windows and after about thirty-six hours the corks began to pop out of the bottles. The yeast was working! What a sweet sound it was to hear those corks pop out! Visions of flaky brown bread arose before us.

We set the yeast, mixed the bread and baked it one loaf at a time in the sheet-iron pan with a lid on it. Sometimes the bottom would get too hot and then again the lid would be too hot and the top would burn; but it was bread anyway.

After awhile we brought in white flour from Bombay and later on a stove and soon we had real good white bread.

The stove was a wonder to all the native women. The boy who helped cook thought it a wonder, too. While looking after some patients who wanted medicine I gave him some meat to fry. I soon smelled a strong smell and on going out Benjamin was frying the meat on top of the stove. He felt it was unnecessary to use a frying pan when he had such a nice clean stove on which to fry it.

But the banana yeast, the white flour, and the little English stove settled the bread question for us, and the natives look in wonder at the big panful of bread that we take from the oven several times a week.

HOUSEKEEPERS SLAVES OF CUSTOM

Lula Dowler Harris

WE yield to custom as we bow to fate. In all things ruled, mind, body and estate."

In the world of society lying about us, a critical analysis would find very few spontaneous actions. Custom rules supreme. We are constantly following the influences which will presently rule our lives. We are making our own destiny. We are choosing our associates, our traits, our

customs. In time these acquire a power over us which enslaves our will, and from them we neither can nor will break loose. In the home as well as in the outside world, we find slaves of custom. What our grandmothers were compelled to do we often find ourselves doing from force of habit.

In these days of modern conveniences, women should reason as well as work. Ask yourself why you do this or that in the way

you do it. Is there a better, an easier way? Men have introduced many new devices in their work and are constantly looking for newer and better methods in performing their labors. Some women think they are shirking their work if they do not perform it in the hardest way possible. There are those who will not have a washing machine in their homes and when their backs ache from washing on the old-fashioned wash-board, will say: "I am no better than my mother and she always washed in this way, or I think the clothes are cleaner when washed in this manner." A slave of custom.

Our mothers and grandmothers had to wash on the board and wring heavy garments by hand simply because the washing machines and wringers had not come into general use. But if the women of today follow these antiquated customs, it is because they will, not because they must. I once heard a woman called lazy because she had a motor washer in her home. I shall never forget the first time I used one of these labor-saving devices. I washed one-half dozen bed quilts in two hours and when they were on the line I dressed and went to a picnic feeling as fresh as if I had only performed my usual morning work. A few years ago I should not have attempted to wash more than two or three pieces and then I would have been all tired out.

A neighbor who has six lively boys does all of her own work. Her washings are large and very much soiled. One doesn't need to be careless to get very dirty here. We are in the heart of the bituminous coal district and surrounded by smokestacks which belch forth smoke, flames and fumes night and day. I watched this mother as she was washing one day. The boys' waists were, many of them, torn and faded. I noticed as she washed them each garment was carefully turned before being hung on the line. I asked her why she turned the old, faded waists. She replied: "Oh, I guess

it is because I am used to doing it." Another slave of custom.

There was no reason under the sun for all that extra labor. She must turn them all back again before they were ironed. You would not see a man doing his work in that way. He would likely say, "What's the use?" We women need to think more and refuse to follow a beaten path when we are able and capable of finding an easier one.

We all like to have our homes as beautiful and comfortable as our means will allow. But if we were to follow the rule of the Japanese women in furnishing our homes we would have more time for rest and recreation. It seems to me that they have worked out an almost perfect plan for their homes. Everything in their homes is necessary, and everything necessary is beautiful, artistic and valuable. If we were to go over our homes and eliminate everything we have no use for and everything that is not beautiful our housework would, in most cases, be cut in half. Most of us fill our homes with useless truck, for which we have no use and which usually costs a lot of money in the beginning and requires much labor and care to keep clean.

Many women who do their own housework consider themselves martyrs, and they are martyrs to dust and dirt if they do as their neighbors do. But why do things as our neighbors do them? Why not think out a plan for ourselves? Do not perform such and such tasks because it is customary, but because it is necessary. What we need today is more brain and less sinew in the performing of household duties. Every day you will find some problem to solve which will tax your ingenuity and stimulate your thinking machine. Be systematic, but refuse to be a machine. Drive your work, don't let it drive you.

In conclusion, keep your house neat and clean, but with a minimum expenditure of nervous vitality and physical strength.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Stockholm, Sweden.

Dear Children:

Wednesday morning after writing to you I took four of the Jönsson children and we walked to Vanneberga store. I wanted to buy them some candy and I did. All I could get was a cheap mixture at a high price, but the children enjoyed it all the

same. The whole family ate some and then laid the balance by for another day after we are gone.

Then we all took a tramp to the woods on the mountain where once there was a den of robbers. The stroll was most enjoyable, for the pathway led through the wilds of the mountain till at last we found the cave.

Here years before dwelled robbers. They had a bell in there with an attachment to the gate in the road half mile away. When that bell rang they sallied forth, surprised the traveler, robbed him and returned to their retreat. They are not there any more, and we climbed over all the outside. Mama wanted to go in but it was too dirty and we had no light. On the way back I tried to take a picture but think I failed. I have not learned how in the dense shade. I cut a cane for mama that she will likely bring home with her. We passed the baptizing place, and as we came along we ate all the wild blackberries we wanted. The pretty cedar trees, the most wonderful moss and such things that one sees in such woods keep one busy in admiration.

Then a brother came after us to take us to the next meeting-place up the country. We had packed and must say good-bye to the children here and it cost some tears. The brother who came after us has been a member of the church for three months. He was a drunkard, his wife no Christian, nor her grown son. She took the entire trouble to the Lord and there they all found Christ. They are happy in Jesus. We reached his home on the mountain side, so humble, so poor and yet so full of joy. We had coffee and I walked up in the mountain side to be alone to prepare for this evening. Then to the meeting place not so far away. It was in a Good Templars' hall in a village called Roinge. The house was packed and some could not get in. We had a good meeting. I talked a good while and then when I was done two others talked. It was after ten when we dismissed. We went home with a man who thirty years ago spent five years in California and could yet speak English. Nothing would do, we must have supper, and so it was that again we got to bed about one o'clock. Your mother was about dead for sleep. We had a good bed and put in steady time till morning. Then we ate breakfast, said good-bye and were taken to the train at Hesselholm.

Brethren Jönsson and Westdahl were there to see us off. Swedish railroads are under government control. The rate is the same per mile whether you go far or near. We rode third class and that is a little better than one cent per mile. They have two classes of trains, the "snälltåg," which is a fast train and the ordinary. One must pay one krona for privilege to get on the "snälltåg," no matter how far you go. This we took and our trip cost us \$3 each for over 300 miles. We had third class,

which means the ordinary summer street car seat at home, no cushions at all, but mama said she would rather endure this and have the extra dollar and a half for some little ones she would like to help.

The ride is a beautiful one. The country is so wild, and so strange and so beautiful. The wild cedars, the trees so white and the lake so clear and still, picturing heaven and earth in its bosom, all makes a grandeur peculiarly its own. I have seen little in the Rockies at home like it, though I feel sure that Dan has seen something much like it in his Western wanderings.

We had planned to go to a hotel and rest for the night, but were met by Bro. Johansson at the train, and nothing would do; we must go home with him, and so we did. Three years ago he was a widower; now he has a good wife, a splendid home, and is doing well. My! but his wife is nice and mama is in love with her already. We had a good Swedish supper and it tasted very good. Neither of us had eaten or drunk since we had our coffee breakfast early in the morning, and you know that makes a supper taste extra good. Then the fresh fish without any bones, properly fried as this good lady can make them, makes mighty fine eating while you are talking.

Well we are as far from home longitudinally as we will get on this trip. Stockholm is farther east than Naples or Rome, and so we feel that though there are near twelve weeks of wandering back and forth we feel that we are as far from home this morning as we shall get. Mama says the time can not go too fast either for home going, but she is enjoying the trip better now than she did. She is feeling better in every way.

We had a letter from John when we arrived here last evening and read it before the one from Father Miller, Royer, or the others. We shall write him a line and send it in a few days. God bless and keep you all until we meet again. Today and tomorrow we shall see Stockholm, and on Monday we start for Denmark by way of Göthenberg.

Affectionately,

Papa and Mama.



The Washington Star seems to have a remarkable grasp of the political situation. According to some reports, it tells us, the popular demand for Colonel Roosevelt is steadily increasing; but however great the demand may become, it can never be as great as the supply!

WHY DO MEN FAIL TO WIN?

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

WHY is it? Some men get just what they want in this world while others, who work just as hard and to all appearances manage just as well, never reach the goal, although to all appearances they are right on the verge of a great achievement or a great success and their friends believe in them implicitly. Why do they fail to get what they want?

Have you ever known any of these lovable, good-natured men who attract friends as a magnet attracts steel shavings, but who do not have the power to wrest from fate the gift they want? You believed in your man and you confidently looked forward to his success but he failed; it almost seemed as if he was one of the clan

"Whom unmerciful disaster

Followed fast and followed faster"

to a miserable defeat.

In her day Venice was mistress of the sea, and we are told that she held her supremacy, not through a few great vessels, but by a multitude of smaller vessels. It does seem as if in this world, highly gifted people often lose the prize while others of average attainments get what they work for. "What great men cannot do, average men easily achieve" said Hillis; and this may explain some things. Think of the gifted poet, Keats, dead at twenty-five, disappointment his only portion in life! Look at the tragedy which made up the life of Burns! Of his amazing intellect, Walter Scott said Burns had condensed the essence of a thousand novels in these four lines:

"Had we never loved so blindly,

Had we never loved so kindly,

Never met and never parted,

We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

And yet in the days of toil, bewildered by his debts, and troubled on every side, Burns placed his pen on paper for the last time not to write an immortal poem, but to beg a friend to lend him ten pounds to save him from the disgrace and terrors of a debtors' prison. Men loved Burns and believed in him. Worried by his creditors, who wanted to take him from his deathbed to the prison, wasted by fever, he died feeling that his sun was going down mid clouds black and lowering; poverty and misfortune followed him to the end.

We look over the list of those in this

country who were liked by the people, able, magnetic men, but none of them ever reached the White House. First there was Patrick Henry, who captured the hearts of the people in colonial days; then there were Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Fremont and Blaine. When Henry Clay made the journey from his Kentucky home to Washington by plodding stage-coach and canal-boat, it was a time of joy for the community through which he traveled. The poorest river hand or the mountaineer who rode twenty miles to see Clay go by felt a personal ownership in Clay's triumphs and wanted to see him made President.

It was in a little village on the National road through which the coaches ran from Washington to the wilderness of the Middle West, that Clay stopped at an office door one evening and asked to see the owner.

"Father is not at home," said the boy who was in charge.

The stranger with disappointed look turned away, but the boy suddenly recognized him and stopped him.

"Oh, Mr. Clay, can I do anything for you? Oh, if I only could."

Henry Clay hesitated, then he said, "Well, my lad, I find myself short of money. I came to borrow a hundred dollars from your father until I reach my destination. But—"

The boy did not hesitate an instant. "Father would give it to you! Father would be mortified if you left the office without it!" he cried. And then he found a key, opened the desk and counted out a hundred dollars for Henry Clay.

The money was promptly returned, and the incident forgotten. But two years later Henry Clay was in that village and he recognized that boy and had him come to the platform while he spoke. The boy said afterwards, when he was old, "I am eighty years old, but that was the proudest moment of my life. From that day that man was more to me than any other man."

Such was the hold that Henry Clay had upon the hearts of the people; they loved him. We know that he had many faults but they were not greater than the moral delinquencies of some who entered the presidential mansion. Clay was loved, honored and admired,—but he failed to be elected.

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John Lloyd Elberink.

THE HEALTHY BABY

THE above is a picture of John Lloyd Elberink, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Elberink, of Elgin, Ill. When the little fellow first opened his eyes he faced a hard struggle for life, so his health and development can be chiefly laid to the care he received. Daily he was given a warm bath followed by a cold shower, then as he lay on his back upon the bed his little limbs and arms were exercised in rotary forward and back movements. After this he was ready to be fed and have a nap which was usually taken in his buggy out of doors. When the sun was not too hot he was laid on a quilt, in the summer out of

doors, in winter in the house, where the sun would shine on him for at least a half hour every day. In the evening before he retired for the night he was given a sponge bath and rubbed with alcohol. His food consisted, until he was sixteen months old, of nature's own food; then he was given Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. He lived on this alone until he was nearly two years old, as solid food of any kind, even cereals, would not digest when taken into his stomach. John Lloyd was out every day in all kinds of weather, even when it was ten degrees below zero. John Lloyd was seven months old when this picture was taken.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE PSALM OF PSALMS.

J. C. Flory.

THIS psalm lies between the psalm of the cross and the psalm of the crown. If the twenty-second tells of the Good Shepherd, who died, and the twenty-fourth tells of the Chief Shepherd, who is coming again, the twenty-third tells of the Great Shepherd, who keeps his flock with unerring vigilance and untiring devotion. No hireling is he. He asks no wage; he takes no reward. The sheep are his own. And in these sweet words we hear what he has been and what he is today in all his tenderness and love.

Some have spoken of this psalm as a creed. It has been said of at least one devoted thinker, who was wearied and perplexed with the problems of life, who was called upon to give some positive affirmation of his creed, that he began reciting these words with a solemnity that characterizes the greatest sincerity. And when he had finished the psalm he added: "That is my creed. I need, I desire no other. I learned it from my mother's lips. I have repeated it every morning when I awoke for the last twenty years. Yet I do not half understand; I am only now beginning to spell out its infinite meaning, and death will come on me with the task unfinished. But, by the grace of Jesus, I will hold on to this psalm as my creed, and I will strive to believe it and to live it, for I know that it will lead me to the cross; it will guide me to glory." Yes, the testimony is true. As we look into the simple and childlike verses we shall see the Gospel in miniature. In it we shall see reflected the grace of God as we may see the sun reflected from a dew-drop. In it we may experience things which the eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived.

Others have spoken of it as a minstrel; a pilgrim minstrel commissioned of God to travel up and down through the world, singing so sweet a strain that those who hear it forget the sorrow that has been tearing and rending their heart. This, too, is true. This psalm speaks in a language that every man can comprehend. It has a charm that will heal every wound and that will appease every troubled breast. It has blighted more black thoughts and more thieving sorrows than there are sands

on the seashore. It has been a great comfort to the poor; it has been a source of courage to the disappointed; it has visited the prisoner in his cell and broken his chains and set him free. Its work is not completed. "It will go singing on through all the generations of time, and it will not fold its wings till the last pilgrim is safe and time ended; then it shall fly back to the bosom of God, whence it issued, and sound mingled with all those harmonies of celestial joy which make heaven musical forever."

But it may also be compared to the holy of holies of old—the inner shrine of that splendid temple which rose at the bidding of Solomon. Great may have been the rush and disturbance in the Holy City. Yet in this most sacred place there were calm and repose. Those that enter the Most High must leave behind them the fret and rush of life. And all is this psalm before us. "It is an oasis in the desert; it is a bower on a hill of arduous climbing; it is a grotto in a scorching noon; it is a sequestered arbor for calm and heavenly meditation; it is one of the most holy places in the temple of Scripture. Come hither, weary ones, restless ones, heavy laden ones; sit down in this cool and calm resort, while the music of its rhythm charms away the thoughts that break your peace. How safe and blessed are you to whom the Lord is Shepherd! Put down this volume and repeat again, in holy reverie, the well known words to the end, and see if they do not build themselves into a refuge on which the storms may break in vain!

There is no question as to who the author is. David's autograph is our every verse. But when and where it first appeared may be a question. Whether it was first sung amid the hills of Bethlehem by the shepherd boy, or later in his kingly estate, we cannot say. But there is a strength of maturity, a depth that would not seem compatible with tender youth, but more in accord with a matured mind and one that had had experiences of many years. These words were beyond question uttered by some one who had suffered deeply, who had tasted many a bitter cup, who had been compelled to thread his way through many a perilous way.

It is no wonder that David touched some of the deepest strains of human life in this

shepherd psalm, for here he made a review and gave some of the experiences of his boyhood days. In this psalm we have a most vivid picture of David's mature experience blended with the vivid memory of a boyhood spent among the sheep. This psalm hath virtue, such as will heal those who touch it. Its power lies in dwelling so little upon man and so much on God. See how every verse is telling what he is doing. If we look to self and our fellow-men we soon become skeptical and fail to enjoy the richer things of life. We need to keep our eye steadfastly on the Lord and he will be able to supply all our needs and to carry us through all our difficulties and help us surmount all the perils of life.

Hearts that tremble! tell us no more of walled cities and giants, about the rugged hills and dark pathways, about lions and robbers; but think of the love, the might and the wisdom of the Shepherd. Our salvation does not depend on what we are, but on what he is. For every look at self, take ten at Christ. Cease using the first pronoun and substitute for it the third. "Tell us no more of your tears, your failures or your sins; but tell us, oh, tell us of all the suffering of Jesus, and how your needs have been the fail of his deliverances. Sing again the old song of how all wants are swallowed up in the Shepherd love of God, and emphasize each 'he' as you say again the psalm of childhood and of age."



JUST PETER.

Ambrosine Salisbury.

IT was a most every-day occurrence—a red automobile tearing by, a brown puppy uncertain of direction, and the inevitable result. The red thing never even stopped, but left behind it a cloud of suffocating dust, and a patch of something brown on the road.

Geoff, after the first shock of surprise, went forward, wondering why Peter didn't return to him when he called.

His sturdy legs carried him to the spot, where the brown heap lay, and he said softly, "Pete, get up, you lazy dog. I'd be ashamed to play you was a deader!" But Pete gave no signs of getting up, and somehow Geoff's little legs began to shake. Was it possible, no, it couldn't be, Peter did play like that sometimes, and Geoff began to worry.

Could he be hurt so bad, that he couldn't get up? He would see. Stooping over the silky brown body yet warm, Geoffrey slowly lifted one little leg, then another. No,

there'd seemed no reason why Pete couldn't get up, his legs were all right. Then with a quickly-beating heart Geoff raised Pete's listless head. The soft ears hung limply over his hand, and the loving brown eyes never opened once.

Geoff put down the head, and with a very frightened, white face, sat down on the dusty road by the side of Pete.

A great lump seemed growing inside of him, as slowly the feeling came over him that little Pete, his own puppy, had gone dead! He had heard of such things before, vaguely wondering what it meant; and if they all went to heaven, what a time God must have answering the doorbell, and if he had an elevator, like the big store in town!

Geoff sat very still, a pathetic little figure, with the sun beating down on his straw hat, and the immovable puppy stretched beside him.

Geoff never had any mother that he could remember, and he had become used to thinking out things for himself because dad never had any time in the evenings, besides he didn't always understand.

* * * * *

This was the picture which met the eyes of the Reverend Malcolm Brown as he rode down the road on his bay horse. Geoff and he were already acquainted, and it was with sundry misgivings the young minister slipped from his horse and touched the straw hat.

"What's the matter, my boy? Peter hurt himself?"

"Yes," came Geoff's voice, strangely quiet, the young man thought. "I guess he's—" and the other words died away.

The bay horse waited; he never quite knew what his master would do, but there was trouble here, so he stood at attention.

There was a minute when the minister wished he were a woman, then he put his arm round the dusty figure. "Sonny, you're in danger here right in the middle of the road, and I'm going to carry you away!"

"Don't," said the little boy passionately, "don't you see Pete's hurt himself so he can't walk, an' d'ye 'spose I'm goin' to leave him!"

"But Pete might get hurt again," said the minister. "See here, I'll carry Pete, and you take the bay over to the grass."

The strain of the last hour was beginning to tell on Geoff, and as the minister tenderly raised the little brown pup, Geoff struggled to his feet, and reaching up for the bridle followed the minister to the grassy stretch, safe from red cars.

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HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

NEW WRINKLES, HELPS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Conducted by Mrs. John M. Douglas.

STANDARD dishes and recipes.—
Roast beef: Beef should never be roasted under cover, as the steam thus gathered toughens it. Measure the roast across the ribs, then sear the exposed meat at each end on a smoking hot griddle, place the meat bone side down, fat up, in a very hot oven, and roast fifteen minutes to the inch. Keep the oven hot enough so that the fat can be heard sizzling all the time. Baste frequently with the fat that comes from the meat, never put water in the pan; when done, the meat should be puffed out at each end, and quite rare in the centre.

Veal is desirable only from calves of four months and under. It is best at about two months. The meat should be white, dry, and closely grained. Veal, unlike beef, is improved by steam while roasting. It has very little flavor, and needs to be thoroughly cooked and well-seasoned to be palatable.

Put in a small earthen jar two cupfuls of navy beans, a small piece of bacon, salt and pepper, two tablespoons sugar or syrup, and a quarter teaspoon soda. Cover over with water, cover tight with lid and let stand on back of stove. Cook slowly all day. They are delicious if well and slowly done, yet, while I do not wish to under-rate the worth of this good old method, I would suggest that the housewife try Van Camp's prepared baked beans. They are delicious, beside being much easier of digestion, and ready for use without trouble the instant wanted.

Spinach: Put the spinach, after it is well picked and washed, into boiling water with a little salt, and boil uncovered for five minutes; then drain in a colander, pour over it some boiling water, press out water, and cut with a knife (do not chop fine). For one peck of spinach have ready a scant pint of good, strong beef broth, into which put the crumbs of two soda crackers, one small onion, some butter, and when it boils add the spinach. Season with pepper and salt, and let it simmer for a half hour.

Cauliflower: Put a slice of white bread in some water that has been salted, bring

to a boiling point and add the cauliflower, boil tender, then take off and drain. Serve with cream, milk or tomato sauce.

Lemon pie: Two lemons, juice and rind, yolks of six eggs, beat light, add one cup of sugar, juice and rinds of lemons, stir well together and boil until thick, meanwhile bake a rich crust, then beat whites stiff, and add half of the whites to the filling, put in crust, then add sugar to the remaining whites and put on top, brown lightly. Let crust and filling cool before filling in.

Cream pie: Line a pie plate with crust and bake. While hot, fill the shell with the following mixture, after it has been thoroughly stirred together and cooked for five minutes: one pint of milk, three tablespoons sugar, yolks of two eggs, one and one half tablespoons cornstarch, butter half size of a hickorynut. Cover with well beaten whites of two eggs, two tablespoons powdered sugar and sprinkle the top with cocoanut.

Home made mince meat: Four pounds of lean, boiled beef chopped fine, twice that amount of chopped green tart apples, one pound of chopped suet, three pounds of seeded raisins, two pounds of currants, washed and dried, one-half pound of citron cut up fine, one pound of brown sugar, one cup of cooking molasses, two quarts of sweet cider, one pint of boiled cider, two tablespoons of salt, one of pepper, one of mace, one of allspice, four of cinnamon, two grated nutmegs, a tablespoon of cloves; mix all these ingredients thoroughly, and boil one hour, remove from the fire, and when nearly cold stir in a pint of Madeira wine. Put in a crock, cover tightly and set in a cool place where it will not freeze, but will keep perfectly cool. This is the good, old-fashioned, reliable kind, the kind our great grandmothers made. It is excellent, and will keep all winter.

Pumpkin pie: For three pies: One quart milk, three cupfuls of smooth, stewed pumpkin, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, the yolks and whites of four eggs beaten separately, a pinch of salt, and one tablespoon each of ginger and cinnamon, and you have a delicious and perfect filling, lacking nothing in taste.

Egg test: Place the tip of the tongue lightly at the very center of the large end

of an egg. If you feel a slight warmth, you may be sure the egg is fresh. By repeating this procedure at the small end, you will probably find the shell cold. But if you treat an egg in this manner and find both ends cold, it is bad.

A lemon heated thoroughly before it is squeezed will yield nearly twice as much juice as would otherwise be the case—a bit of economy easily practiced.

Quite by chance, not having any moth balls or tar paper with which to pack my furs and woollen garments away, I used branches of arbor vitæ pine, thinking that at least the odor would be pleasant. In the fall I had the pleasure of taking out my garments free from any sign of moths, and having a delightful scent.

When I am peeling Florida oranges, especially, I set them in the oven to heat for a few minutes. Then, when I peel them, I find that the tough white skin can easily be removed with the yellow rind. Try this.



JUST PETER.

(Continued from Page 917.)

The boy's straw hat had been thrown down, and his agonized heart throbbed against the minister's vest, while scalding tears ran down his cheeks. The young man sat holding the child in a strong clasp, waiting till the first paroxysm was over. It was no use shamming, Geoff knew, although the brown pup lay as if asleep. The car had been merciful, the little back had been snapped like a twig, and Pete lay at their feet in his last sleep.

Geoff never had been like other children, and the minister began to wonder what would happen when the boy found his voice.

"It was that red car, I called to Pete, an' first he began to come, and then he started to run and—I called him, an' he wouldn't get up—and come, and I went over to him . . ."

The minister just stroked the curly hair back, as he said, "I know, sonny, but you wouldn't have had Pete live, if he was hurt badly, and would suffer all the time, would you? You love him too much for that!"

Geoff's eyes looked up quickly, his mind was traveling faster than that of the minister.

"If God takes care of things when they die, has the pain stopped hurtin' Pete now?" he demanded.

"Surely," said the young man, seeing theological discussions of a difficult character ahead.

"Don't you 'spose God had enough pups

without taking mine from me?" again demanded Geoff, and "oh! I do want him back," and the child gave way to uncontrolled sobs.

There were rocks coming, the minister was sure, and still holding the sobbing child he began telling him of the Indians, and how they believed in a God who would give them good hunting-grounds when they died and how they thought their animals would go with them, too.

The boy's sobs lessened as he listened to the young man's voice, then he spoke in broken tones:

"D'ye think if I'm very good that God'll let me see Pete again when I die?"

The minister hesitated for a second before he said, "Of course, we are none of us quite sure about anything in heaven, but if you are a brave boy and try not to fret, maybe God will let you see Pete again!"

"Where does God keep the animals when they come up?"

The Reverend Malcolm Brown's imagination had always been strong, but this afternoon it was stronger than usual.

"I think," and the firm hands closed over the hot ones of the child, "it's a lovely meadow, with trees, and most of the things the animals would like!"—Our Dumb Animals.



SNAKES IN LOUISIANA.

Jacob Longonecker.

THE climate of Louisiana seems perfect for the breeding of three kinds of snakes, namely: rattlesnakes, moccasins and king snakes. The first two are poisonous; the rattlesnakes being the worse of the two. The moccasin is the most plentiful. The king snake is the enemy of the other two.

When you see a rattler or moccasin running away for his life, you can well imagine there is a king not far behind. They will catch them back of the head, twist around the body, and then crush them to death, and finally swallow them whole.

In walking along the railroad, I came across a king snake with its head cut off by the train. In examining the dead snake, I saw the tail of a moccasin projecting out of the body where the king's head was cut off. Taking two sticks and catching the tail of the moccasin and putting my foot on the king's tail, I pulled the moccasin out, and behold, the king was three feet long, and the moccasin was twenty-seven inches long. It must have been a big dinner. We aim to kill all of the rattlers and moccasins, but save the kings.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—Should the older members of the church always know what the younger members do at dinners, picnics, etc.?—A Reader.

Answer.—Yes. The younger members should not do anything at such places that would be unbecoming, or that would be out of place to be known by the older members.



Question.—Is it right for the young ladies in a Sunday-school to give the young gentlemen's class a class dinner?—A Reader.

Answer.—Yes. It is perfectly right for the young ladies to invite the young men's class to a home for a class dinner, and spend the time in a wholesome social manner.



Question.—Should young ladies speak to everyone they meet?—A Reader.

Answer.—They should speak to everyone with whom they are acquainted but not to strangers.



Question.—Is it in a young lady's place to speak to a young gentleman first?—A Reader.

Answer.—If the young lady is acquainted with the young gentleman, it is in place for her to speak first. If she is not acquainted with him it is not in place for her to speak to him at all.



Question.—Is there any harm, and if so what, in a Christian young man or woman going to a moving picture show, if the pictures are all they go for, and not for a good time?—A Subscriber.

Answer.—Moving pictures are like books. Some are good and some are bad. Good books help one, bad books harm one. Good pictures help one, bad pictures harm one. There can be no harm in seeing good moving pictures, when they are shown at suitable places, and at suitable hours. Much harm comes, however, from attending picture shows, which are sensational. Children and young people should always have competent chaperons when going to a place where moving pictures are displayed.



Question.—How much further is it possible for man to advance?—H. P. C.

Answer.—Advancement is possible to the point of perfection. So long as there are ambitious people in the world there will be advancement. In the past each generation has made some advancement over the preceding generation. This is in harmony with all laws of growth. Indeed, it should be so, for the rising generation has better opportunities for growth than the one preceding. The son should advance further than his father was able to do because he has his father's shoulders to stand upon. Often when the son fails in this it is due to the fact that the father refused to let his son have the advantages of his own shoulders. There are advancements, discoveries and inventions in store for the human race that have never yet been dreamed of. Unfortunate would be the day for this world when all advancement would cease, and the human race turned into mere puppets, creatures of circumstances, with no initiative nor ambition. Such a condition would mean idleness and retrogression. It would be a reflection upon the creative powers of God to have a human family dwindle away in retrogression. It is an ever refreshing commentary upon the creative powers of God, for him to lead the human race on in advancement through all the centuries, ever revealing anew, some hidden power, undreamed of before.



Question.—How should one feel upon rising in the morning?—H. P. C.

Answer.—Upon rising in the morning, one should feel rested and refreshed. One should sleep until one awakes naturally, and then get up immediately after awakening. Jump up and take a cold shower or a sponge bath and rub down good and one will feel like facing anything that might come up during the day. Sometimes little ailments may manifest themselves when one first gets up, but if one goes ahead and pays no attention to them, one will feel all right. Petting those little ailments often makes people think they are sick when there really is nothing the matter at all. It is important that one should have plenty of sleep in order that the body may be properly equipped to ward off disease.



CHILDREN HELD FOR PLACEMENT.

The White Hall Orphans' Home Society has four boy babies aged two weeks, five, six and seven months and a baby girl born July 3, 1912, and a number of older boys to place in good family homes to be reared as one would his own child.

These children are all right mentally and physically and will be placed on approval. All inquiries about the children will be answered promptly, application and recommendation blanks supplied.

It may be well to make a first, second and even a third choice of a child from the list, since the one selected may be taken before your application is received.

Names of Boys in Home.

Boyer, Wm. E., born April 26, 1905.
 Glasscock, Hubert, born Jan. 16, 1904.
 Jones, Robert Ozro, born Oct. 12, 1905.
 Luster, Stephen, born Dec. 14, 1900.
 Martin, John Edgar, born Dec. 13, 1900.
 Perry, John born Sept. 28, 1907.
 Robbins, Everett, born July 14, 1905.
 Shimfield, Kenneth, born Feb. 7, 1912.
 Simmons, Harold Clement, born Jan. 22, 1912.

Sullivan, Ernest, born March 17, 1908.

This society holds itself in readiness to receive children who are all right mentally and physically and are committed to it by the courts. Consult your State's attorney about having destitute children committed to this society.

It may be interesting to know that this society placed children in 133 families in 1911—a record breaker. For further particulars address W. J. Roberts, State Supt., White Hall, Ill.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

He—"If I should kiss you, what would happen?"

She—"I should call father."

He—"Then I won't do it."

She—"But father's in Europe."—Lippincott's Magazine.



Husband—"Your extravagance is awful. When I die you'll probably have to beg."

Wife—"Well, I should be better off than some poor woman who never had any practice."—London Opinion.



Prizefighter (entering school with his son).—"You give this boy o' mine a thrashin' yesterday, didn't yer?"

Schoolmaster—(very nervous).—"Well, I—er—perhaps"—

Prizefighter.—"Well, give us your hand;

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Elgin, Illinois

you're a champion. I can't do nothin' with 'im myself."—Punch.

✿ ✿ ✿

Doris was radiant over a recent addition to the family, and rushed out of the house to tell the news to a passing neighbor.

"Oh, you don't know what we've got upstairs!"

"What is it?"

"It's a new baby brother!" and she settled back upon her heels and folded her hands to watch the effect.

"You don't say so! Is he going to stay?"

"I guess so"—very thoughtfully. "He's got his things off."—Everybody's Magazine.

✿ ✿ ✿

WHY DO MEN FAIL TO WIN?

(Continued from Page 917.)

There was Fremont, who gave to the United States the unknown wilderness beyond the Rocky Mountains, and who organized a great political party, and who conquered from Mexico the vast region of California. No leader on either side at the beginning of the late war had the fame or the following that Fremont had.

He never was accused of lack of courage or ability. Yet before the war was over he was seldom mentioned. He was the first emancipator of the slaves but he received no gratitude for this. And listen! This man lived in poverty for twenty-five years without a pension; and he died at last without owning a single foot of ground to leave to his children.

Why is it? John Ruskin felt keenly that the world's ingratitude often falls upon its best men, and the sense of men's sins, sorrows and wrongs swept through his heart. So Ruskin toiled against every form of selfishness and injustice, hoping thus to overthrow the kingdom of mammon.

"O heart of mine, be patient!

Some glad day

With all life's puzzling problems

Solved for aye;

With all its storms and doubtings

Cleared away;

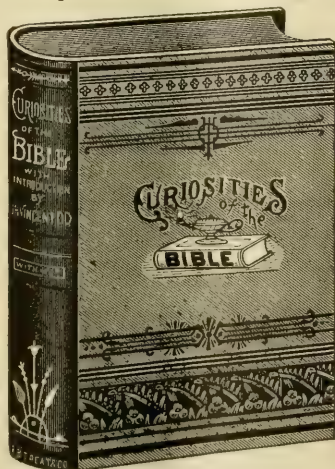
With all its disappointments past,

It shall be thine to understand at last."

We believe that the men of this unlucky company are all kin. They see the goal, but they dream dreams and see visions, and so they sometimes lose sight of the prize and fall out by the wayside. Some of them try to clutch success with one hand and reach after the dream with the other,—they get neither.

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THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE

ELGIN,

ILLINOIS

August 20
1912

Vol. XIV
No. 34

The INGLENOOK

WITH THE REVISED AND ENLARGED

¶ The Nook is just zine you want in your weekly visit it carries essays on subjects ering; up-to-date, to-provoking editorials; that which is clear, ing in life. And then ous Field," "House-Hints," "Questions

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¶ The INGLENOOK alone, one year, \$1.00; with the COOK BOOK, \$1.25.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Ill.

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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There is still much land available in Idaho, but it is rapidly being acquired. You should go there now.

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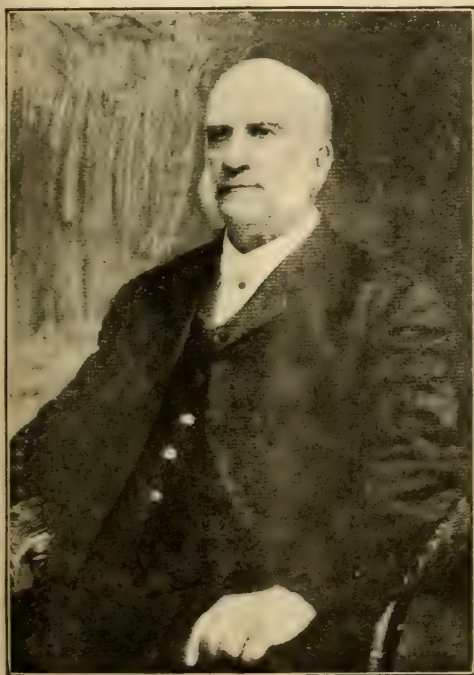
Vol. XIV

August 20, 1912

No. 34

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



Seaman A. Knapp.

MENTION has been made in these pages of the notable work of Seaman A. Knapp in the Department of Agriculture, but a more extended account ought to be interesting to those who live in the country.

Mr. Knapp was born in Essex County, N. Y., December 16, 1833, and died April 1, 1911. At the age of 23 he received the degree of A. B. from Union College, located at Schenectady, N. Y., and for seven years he taught school. About this time he received an injury which caused his health to

fail him and in order to recuperate he moved west to Benton County, Iowa, where he located on a farm. The State College for the Blind happened to be within a few miles of Mr. Knapp's farm and from '69 to '74 he acted as superintendent. For several years following he gave his attention to farming, raising Berkshire hogs and Shorthorn cattle. Many people are surprised when a college man returns to the farm now, but I wonder what Mr. Knapp's neighbors thought in those pioneer days. In all probability they told him that it was a waste of money to raise pure bred stock when he could buy grades for less money. It is interesting to know that he and our Secretary of Agriculture Wilson were good friends during those days. Mr. Wilson himself lived on a farm. It was during the fall of 1879 that Knapp was elected professor of agriculture in the Iowa State Agricultural College and from that time he worked entirely for the public. After a few years of teaching in college, two of which were spent as president of the institution, Dr. Knapp resigned classroom work and entered into the labors for which we best know him, as an instructor of the public. He was employed for twelve years by a large corporation which was developing the rice industry in southern Louisiana and Texas. During this time he became an active worker in farmers' institutes and did much writing for the agricultural papers. At the age of sixty-three, when most men wish to retire, Dr. Knapp entered into more extended duties in the Department of Agriculture and was sent to the Orient to investigate rice growing in China, Japan, and the Philippine Islands.

Every reader has heard of the cotton boll weevil. About the year 1903 it began to make inroads into the cotton industry of

the South. No relief could be found and cotton growing seemed to be at an end in many localities. Congress made an appropriation of \$250,000 to be used in finding some remedy for the evil and Dr. Knapp was placed in charge of the work. By demonstrating better methods of farming he taught the people that they could raise cotton and also something else because Dr. Knapp always advocated a rotation of crops. The South was being ruined by one-crop farming. In the death of Seaman A. Knapp the South lost a good friend and helper, but his work was so well organized that he left behind him scores of trained workers who will continue his campaign for better farming and living. Space will not permit us to mention the corn clubs and other factors that have had to do with putting new life into the old South. Mr. Knapp was interested in all these things. He was a public service man all his life.

The Baby Show in Philadelphia.

Occasionally we read of baby shows in the paper, but the city of Philadelphia held a most notable one last spring. It was not for the purpose of determining the most beautiful baby in town. Listen! It was held for the purpose of saving the babies, both beautiful and otherwise, if there are those otherwise. Last year 5,769 babies died in the city, that is, 25 per cent of the deaths were children under two years of age. Physicians became alarmed and decided to do something to lessen this death rate. A Baby Saving Show was promoted by social workers and the physicians interested, with the result that the city has been stirred up as never before. The first exhibition was given in Horticultural Hall, a large auditorium

in the center of the city, and later the exhibition was taken to three other centers of population in the foreign district of Philadelphia. The show is reported thus in the Survey: "'Follow the arrow'—this in English, Italian and Yiddish, met the visitor on entering the hall. She followed it past models of the wrong and right kind of dairy farms, to where, under the heading, 'Syphilis and Heredity,' she learned why so many children are born without a fair chance in life. The heredity and eugenics both told the mother and the future mother the dangers of alliance with the feeble-minded and the defective. Housing conditions and their influence upon the child were illustrated with charts and pictures. There was a bad room and a good room—just \$2.87 and a little ingenuity was the difference between them. both upon the care of the mother before the birth of the child and the care of the child at birth taught the expectant mothers—and there were many of these present—things that otherwise they would scarcely have learned before the birth of their babies."

It is too soon to learn of the results of the show, but so far as patronage is concerned it was a decided success. In the Italian quarter it was visited by 25,000 people. Demonstrators were furnished who explained the exhibits in the various languages of the people.

The Red Cross.

At a meeting of the Red Cross workers in Cleveland during the Conference of Charities and Correction it was shown that more than three thousand graduate nurses have enrolled under the Red Cross flag and are ready to go anywhere they are needed, whether to war or flood or fire. Jane A. Delano is in charge of the Red Cross Nursing Service. During the Mexican Border troubles last year and during the Mississippi floods more nurses volunteered than were needed. Such is the spirit of the organization.

In this connection we might mention the preparations that are being made for the sale of Christmas seals next Christmas. A new design has been prepared that is extremely attractive. A large picture of old Santa adorns the center, which in itself is sufficient to give Christmas cheer. The stamp will be issued in three colors and in the various possessions of the United States also. In 1908 the sale of stamps reached 13,500,000; in 1911 there were 32,000,000 sold; and with an increased territory and selling force it is hoped that many more will be disposed of this year.



As is well known the net receipts from the sale of these stamps are devoted to the prevention of tuberculosis, and as near as possible in the community in which they are sold. In New York State alone, nearly six and one-half million stamps were disposed of last season.

Illinois Country Life Congress.

During the last week of July the Illinois Federation for Country Life Progress held a convention in the auditorium of the Normal School at DeKalb, Ill. The convention was attended not only by farmers, but also by ministers, teachers and others interested in farm life. Speakers of a national reputation were listed on the program. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley was to speak on "Pure Food and Public Health," and Rev. Warren H. Wilson, who is Superintendent of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions held a prominent place on the program. Other speakers were William D. Hurd, director of the extension work of Amherst College; Logan Waller Page, director of public roads, Washington, D. C.; and Prof. Edward J. Ward of the University of Wisconsin. A model of the country church near Plainfield, Ill., presided over by Rev. Mc Nutt, was on exhibition. Mention was made

in the Inglenook last fall of this church and of what it has done for the community.

Another Illustration of Health and Sanitation.

Under the leadership of Dr. George T. Palmer, City Health Commissioner, a continuous sanitary survey has been carried on in Springfield, Ill., since 1910; and sufficient results have become evident to give the workers encouragement. Dr. Palmer says: "In 1909, 68 infants died from summer diarrhoea; in 1910, even after we had a good commercial milk supply, there were sixty-four deaths. In 1911 after our dairy inspections there were forty-one deaths. This may be coincidence, but it is suggestive. . . . At any rate, whether our sanitary investigations had anything to do with it or not, a great many things have come about during the past two years. A detention home has removed children from the jail and has simplified the work of an excellent probation officer. A tuberculosis association of 1,000 members operates a dispensary and employs visiting nurses. Medical inspection of school children is established."

The mortality record of typhoid fever has been cut nearly in two by the agitation for better sanitation and the public opinion in general has been aroused for a cleaner city.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Moving Pictures at Home.

Gianni Bettini, an Italian inventor, has recently perfected a new device, which makes it possible for almost any amateur photographer to make his own moving pictures. Not only does the new mechanism bring the cost within the means of the average amateur, but the resulting pictures are actually clearer and sharper than those produced in the ordinary way by the use of a moving film of celluloid.

In accomplishing these astonishing results Bettini has exactly reversed the principle of the usual moving picture machine, in which the film travels back of the lens from spool to spool. His photographs are made in series on a glass plate, which is held rigid, while the lense, itself, moves.

The glass plates used in the Bettini machine measures eight and one-half inches in length by five and one-half inches in width. The photographs taken in series on this plate are only five-sixteenths of an inch in width by one-quarter inch in depth. In this

way sixteen consecutive pictures appear in a line and on each plate there are thirty-six lines, making a total of 576 images. The photographs are taken at the rate of twelve or more a second as the lens travels to and fro.

The cost of a plate of this kind is four cents, while a celluloid film long enough to carry the same number of pictures costs \$1.50. The Bettini camera is sold for less than one-third as much as the regular moving picture camera and it is also used, in connection with an ordinary stereopticon, for reproducing the pictures, thus saving further expense for apparatus.

In the use of the Bettini reproducing apparatus one glass plate may be instantly followed by another, so that a series taking nine minutes may be displayed without any interruption.

What the phonograph has done to bring music and song into the home, the Bettini machine is expected to do for the historic and interesting scenes of the world.—From

"Moving Pictures for the Amateur," in September Technical World Magazine.



Panama.

Violent attacks on the good faith of Senators and Congressmen who have given the Panama Canal legislation the shape it now has will probably serve no useful purpose. But it is clear that the impression these legislators are making is not an agreeable one. There is a pretty general belief that if they had a finer sense of national honor and fair dealing all around and were less influenced by thoughts of the eagle's scream and other exciting cries in political campaigns they would not only come nearer to a right course of action but do much better than they have done for the nation and the people as a whole.

And we doubt very much that they represent public sentiment except perhaps in certain sections. The people would be content with a far less aggressive and challenging attitude. But apparently the conviction in Congress is that the record will furnish excellent material for thrilling oratory, and that if public feeling is not much aroused now it may be stirred later by appeals to passion. This looks easy, and that is the most that can be said for it.

It is to be hoped that before consideration of the case is closed more attention will be paid to questions of honor, justice and the public good and less to talking points for politics only.



The Birth of the Progressive Party.

Those who are in charge of the Progressive party movement are running a gauntlet of abuse and ridicule. The standpatters, without reference to party, are trying to crucify the progressive movement as typified by the recent Chicago convention. Some of them sneeringly call it a camp meeting, others a gathering of discarded politicians, while still others pretend to look upon it as a general assemblage of the country's hopeless and helpless failures.

The convention may have had its full quota of disappointed politicians and ambitious office seekers; it may have adopted principles bordering on communism; it may have a leader craving power for power's sake, but behind it all, that movement is big with meaning for the country. It is an evidence of the diseased condition of our social world. It is one of the indications of the political revolution that is about due in this land. The great army of toilers,

who produce everything that both they and the idle consumer enjoy, are tired of having this government run for the benefit of big business. The weakness of the movement is its candidate and its declaration in favor of the protective theory. It is not as weak as they would have us believe, for, if anybody knows how to capitalize the unrest of the country and to ride into power on a wave of protest, Theodore Roosevelt does.

This Chicago convention was a definite expression of dissatisfaction and a sincere protest against the control of the political parties by bosses. It is a notice to the country that the great party of Hanna and his cohorts is going to pieces. New ideals and new watchwords will supplant the selfish ideas of a party that had as its battle-cry "The full dinner pail."—The New Era.



Notes of Congress.

Several thousand American refugees, driven out of Mexico by the insurgents, have come over into this country—most of them in a position of abject want, having been glad to escape with their lives. Resolutions were passed by Congress authorizing the use of army tents, etc., to shelter these people and appropriating \$100,000 to otherwise provide for them. There is so much lying about the Mexican situation that it is impossible to get at the exact truth, but the fact seems to be that certain factions are doing their best to force our government to intervene there.

Mr. Hull of Tennessee, proposes a constitutional amendment which would give Congress power to remove federal judges by a two-thirds vote, without going through the rigmarole of impeachment. In about half the States the Legislatures have this form of judicial recall.

The postoffice department, in order to cut down postal expenses, adopted a plan by which magazines were sent by freight instead of mail. This made much trouble for the publishers and now Congress has put its foot flatly down on the plan. The senate postoffice committee in a report rejects Postmaster-General Hitchcock's claim that he has run the postal service so as to leave a surplus. The methods of bookkeeping by which this surplus is made to appear are very peculiar, it says. For instance no charge whatever is made for the hundreds of buildings which are built and maintained at government expense for use as post-offices.

EDITORIALS

The Progress of Christianity.

Mohammedanism has never produced what Christianity has. Among them there is a dreadful dearth of men, not only as religious leaders, but as intellectual leaders. Christianity has to its credit a long list of names that are worthy of honorable mention and are a credit to civilization. In Mohammedanism there are none to be found to compare with Bacon, Newton, Faraday, Agassiz, Spencer, Buckle and Draper.

Bishop Samuel Fallows said:

"The sun of evangelical Christianity has not gone down, neither has its moon withdrawn itself. It has become broader, more energetic, more powerful as the years have sped on. Some of the apparent hardness which seemed to cling to it has become melted and softened. Love for God and love for man has been more distinctly emphasized.

"The great sociological and industrial subjects which are now uppermost and bottommost in men's minds find their most ardent and enlightened champions in its ministry. The life that now is is fully considered as well as the life which is to come."

What Life Is Easy?

"But I've never had to meet any really hard things in my life." The young man spoke regretfully, almost enviously, for they had been talking of another who, through hard experiences, had proved himself and come forth with flying colors, triumphant over obstacles, as every true man wishes to be.

Yet the young man, who thought he had led an easy-life, had been a loyal son and brother, had left home and made a successful start in business, prepared a home for a Christian girl who was soon to become his wife, and lived a life of purity and honor that kept him worthy of her.

There is nothing romantic in any of these acts. Not a newspaper headline could be culled from among them, not a phrase for the book of great men. But any man who follows such a path will meet every day temptations that try his honor and difficulties that test his nerve as the broadest problems of statesmanship might never do. The bite of a mosquito calls forth wrathful ejaculations, sometimes, from a man who would endure the setting of a bone without wincing, and mosquito-bite courage is as rare as mosquitoes are common. It was discovered long ago that "blessed is the

nation that has no history." Then why not blessed the life that is too quiet and home-keeping, as well as too steadfast and open, to be a subject for romance?



Pious War Talk.

It seems strange to some that after all that has been said as to the wish for worldwide peace, Christians should indulge as freely as they do in warlike figures of speech. All this talk about soldiering and marching and fighting, about swords and shields and helmets, are thought to be better adapted to raise a spirit of contention than to cause universal love.

But the use of military metaphors is scriptural. Jesus himself said: "I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword." And the writings of the Apostle Paul contain many figures of the same class, though he is careful to explain that "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal," and that our contention is not "with flesh and blood."

In fact, any one who tries to be right and do right will find that he has a sharp fight on his hands, and that his most troublesome foe is inside of him. Such a one will need no explanation of the military metaphors of the Bible, and will sing with a relish such hymns as "My soul, be on thy guard," "Onward, Christian soldiers," and "The Son of God goes forth to war."



The Brotherhood of Men.

The late Dr. H. W. Thomas, of Chicago, had for many years been one of Chicago's active pastors. Recently Mrs. Thomas gave to the public some of his sermons which he kept on file. In one of the sermons which he preached nineteen years ago, he said:

"The human mind is the same wherever human beings live. It puts men on a common plane, above every other form of life or matter. Be he a European, Celestial, Jew or African he stands above everything around him.

"Human conscience is the same everywhere. It tells every human being to do what he thinks is right. It is the common possession of men of every race and men in every stage of civilization. Affections, love of music and the æsthetic sense also are the common possessions of all men. These things should weld all human beings into a great brotherhood.

"Every religion has some things in common with every other religion. All religions teach the same fundamental truths: the ex-

istence of a spiritual kingdom and the advantage of doing good.

"Every religion, is openly opposed to murder and lying."



In Praise of the Jews.

The Gentile is often prone to forget the religious ideals of the Jews and what they have contributed to the growth of progress.

The religion of the Hebrews preserved in its purity through long generations made possible the birth and development of Christianity. The first Christian church that gathered in Jerusalem, the mother of the Christian church of history, was composed of Jewish converts to the faith of the Nazarene.

History has seen the name of Jew become a byword among the nations. A degenerate and bankrupt nobility has made pastime of their plunder and pillage of the Jews.

Today a higher Christianity has served to mitigate the wrongs of the past, and yet when we speak of the Jew how often we forget the glamour that lingers about the name of Disraeli and Rothschild and Edersheim and Strauss and Mendelssohn and Rubinstein and other distinguished leaders of civilization in every land, and we think only of the pawnshop and the second-hand clothing store, the back door peddler and the cunning, grasping Shylock.

Whenever the Jews have been given a square deal they have always demonstrated their superiority in the business and intellectual world. It is the more significant the mother church was made up of converted Jews. These men, unlearned in the lore of the schools, were the prophets of a new religion that was destined to override the kingdom of the Cæsars.

In view of the historic achievements of Christianity it is probably safe to say that the disciples who first came together in Jerusalem to fulfill the commission of Jesus, himself a Jew, were in many respects the most remarkable company of men that were ever covenanted together in civic and religious relations.

Their devotional spirit, their social outlook, their free democracy if reproduced in the church of today would create out of a relatively restless and decrepit organization a mighty engine of righteousness of sufficient caliber to compel the world, the flesh and the devil to sit up and take notice.



The Slipper Habit.

Comfort is an essential in every person's

state of happiness. Uncomfortable feet are the root of innumerable physical ills, which might be prevented if a reasonable amount of attention were given to the cleanliness and comfort of the feet. Dr. Woods Hutchinson in discussing the comfort of the feet, said:

"The slipper habit ought to be much broadened and extended. Our silly conventions as to the impropriety, or even indecency, of wearing slippers upon every and any sort of occasion indoors and on fine weather even in the street, ought to be abolished. Particularly wholesome and helpful would be the habit of removing from children's feet, whenever they came into the schoolroom, their hard, cramping shoes, and putting on light, warm slippers, gymnasium shoes, or sandals.

"Broadly speaking, wherever and whenever slippers can be worn without undue risk of getting the feet chilled or picking up dust, dirt, gravel or thorns, they should be worn. Most women, for instance, should wear slippers at least two-thirds of the time, whenever they are indoors, in their own homes or in shops, factories, offices or other places of work. And if most men of indoor or sedentary occupations would have the courage to do the same thing it would greatly improve both the comfort of their feet and their general efficiency.

"It is a difficult matter always to get in a shoe for outdoor wear a reasonable degree of water-proofness and protective toughness combined with proper elasticity and sufficient porousness to allow the feet to breathe freely; especially when there is added the requirement that the shoe shall have a sufficiently close surface to be capable of taking a polish, which means that almost every natural pore in it is blocked up and then varnished over.

"Shoes for country or for city walking wear, or for tramping, hunting and outdoor sports, where neat, trim appearance and polished surface are not essential, can be made self-ventilating and comfortable. For city wear, probably the best compromise with the sinful conditions in which we find ourselves is to wear a sensibly shaped and well-fitting shoe of polished leather down to our place of business and there exchange it for a comfortable, well-fitting, thick-soled slipper.

"The ideal arrangement, of course, is to wear shoes of such size, shape and porousness that you are always ready, just as you stand, to start off and do eight miles, heel-and-toe, without a moment's preparation."

AN APPEAL FOR THE BOYS

M. Elizabeth Binns

ONE day a blue eyed, clear-faced boy came briskly down the street with a crowd of other boys. It was the noon hour and they were all laughing and talking, he as gay as any of the others. As they reached the back of his home, he flung a parting word and laugh at his friends and stepped into the yard. On the way from the gate his face settled so that by the time he had reached the door it was quite sober, but still pleasant.

"Hello, mother," he said cheerily to a slender, neatly-dressed woman with a refined, but rather severe face. She was standing at a table preparing something for the noonday meal.

"Is dinner ready? Shall I set the table now?" he asked, hanging up his hat on a rack by the door.

"No, wash these pans, I need one. You didn't wash all the dishes this morning."

"But, mother, I washed all I—"

"You musn't say 'But mother,' and 'Well mother,' when I talk to you, it isn't nice. When I correct you, you should listen quietly." This was said in a severe, prim way that was quite effectual in taking all the "starch" out of the body.

Starch is the only word that fits, for the difference in him before and after the words was exactly as that between nicely-starched clothes, and clothes that are "limp as rags."

He went to the sink and began washing the two pans but with a wilted air that was very different from that with which he had entered the kitchen. His face held a look that was somewhat sullen, but more hopeless, for he had tried to do his best that morning, with the result noted. In the morning those two pans had contained food that he, a boy of twelve, had not quite known how to dispose of, and his mother being out and school hour close at hand, he had left them as being the best he could do.

He was a thoughtful boy who usually tried to do the best he could, but just as usually found that no word of commendation rewarded his efforts. On the contrary there was always something, according to his mother's statement, that he could or should have done better. This day was only a repetition of previous days, but with a visitor present he might have been spared.

"Now, you may set the table," said his

mother when the pans were finished, "and be careful to put the cloth on straight."

"Harry's so careless, I have to keep after him all the time," said the mother, turning to the visitor who was seated across the room and looking out of window in order not to see the sensitive, mortified face of the boy.

"He could do so many things and help me so much, but he never thinks of his mother," she continued, but was paying attention to her cooking, so did not see the look on the boy's face.

Finally the meal was ready and the three sat down.

"Pass your plate for some of this hash, Harry," said his mother. Harry did so and received a generous helping of hash and potatoes. After a while his mother noticed that he had eaten but a small part of it.

"Why don't you eat your dinner, Harry?" said his mother.

"I'm not hungry, mother," he said, and looked too full of feeling to eat.

"Perhaps it doesn't suit you, you don't care enough for your mother to eat anything I prepare for you," she said.

He said nothing but tried to eat a little more and did eat a baked apple and some bread. By that time the first bell rang and it was time for him to leave.

"Why, there's the bell. Come kiss me good-bye."

He went around the table to his mother's side. She put an arm around him and began. "Do you know when you came in you said, 'Hello, mother' just like any rough on the street might. That's not nice. You should have said, 'Good morning, mother,' and come and kissed me." She said considerably more in the same strain, winding up with, "I don't know what will become of you if you don't do better. Now, good-bye," and kissing him she sent him off to school with a lump in his throat and trying hard not to let the tears get beyond manly bounds. He went out without a word, giving the visitor an appealing look as he went by.

He had no sooner gone than his mother said, "Harry is a good boy, but I have to correct him."

Correct him! Yes. But to keep on correcting almost constantly for the whole hour he was at home, never giving him the

least hint of what she could say the moment he had gone, that he was really a good boy and did many things that pleased her and made her proud of him. Not merely correcting, but telling him he did not care for his mother when each word cut like a knife, and he so often did all that his twelve-year-old brain could suggest in order to help his mother.

She, too, is good. She is a woman who tries to do what some one calls the "painful right," tries with a nervous, tired face and a fretful voice to correct her son so much and so often that it is a relief to escape from his home. Yes, escape, for that is what it means to him to get away from home and mother. Would you not like to try a few words of encouragement upon him, if only

to see the effect? Not all boys are thoughtful and try to do their best, it is true, but he does, and there are many, many more who do. Even if they must be corrected for things not done right, and they really must, can't we find something no matter how little which can be commended? Can't we encourage by some praise and a "Let's-do-so-and-so spirit," which will mean much cheerful work together and that will often bring a boy home and keep him there, that will bring a smile instead of a tired look to mother's face, and make home a place in which a boy can do things? He may then learn to do what he wants in a way that will not need criticism, and that will help him to grow up into a strong, able, good man.

A TALK TO YOUNG PEOPLE

George Frederick Hall

A GREAT many people believe they can never make life a success, simply because they think they need lots of money, or something else they do not have. They do not seem to realize that they have an abundance of means at their disposal with which to succeed. One of the many valuable things which God gives us, and which will alone make life a success, if used rightly, is "time." I wonder if we are using this one valuable thing as we should? Oh, how wasteful we are! Many well-meaning people let Satan steal their time, until the minutes, "unimportant little minutes," have merged into hours, the hours into days, and weeks, and months, until the whole years of a life have been frittered away in silly pastimes; such as sitting up until three in the morning shuffling pasteboard, then sleeping the following days, sufficient time to have acquired a valuable, honorable accomplishment.

Young people, how very important it is that we form strictly correct habits; the lives of posterity will be simply a reflection of ours. Don't loaf, or parade the streets; learn to discern between true worth and gaudy sham. With pleasing address, gay plumage and a bit of outside polish, one may excel in personal appearance, outside appearance, but this is only a surface polish. Be honest with yourselves, it's the INSIDE worth that really counts, now, isn't it?

Such persons often use such pleasing disguise in order to conceal real evil character-

istics and so ingratiate themselves. If you would see below this surface polish, and know their real mind, and heart and worth, search for those little secret traits that often drop their character thermometer to zero. Thus you will avoid the possibility of a marriage that is simply a "confidence game." During the crucial test, the light and worthless ingredients, selfishness, vanity, false pride, deception, dishonesty, will come to the surface and the richer ones settle in seclusion.

I was working in a wheat field one day, when I gathered a loose bundle of wheat in my arms to bind, a rattlesnake ran out from under, which I killed with a rake. The incident is a strong reminder that beneath many inviting appearances there lurks unsuspected danger.

I have worked with experienced prospectors in the mineral regions of the Rockies, and they invariably reject the most brilliant and attractive specimens of ore, on sight; the dull-looking ones are carefully examined, and are usually found to run high in paying mineral. It is the same with humanity; discard on sight those worthless human brilliants with only a shining exterior to recommend them. When put to the test, they will not "run a streak that pays," as the prospectors say.

If the HEART is right the little surface polish necessary to complete happiness is easy to apply. Make yourself attractive and winsome, yet these do not consist of powder and paint and fashionable dress; fortunately, artificial beauty is fast growing to be less

admired. If you marry one of those light-headed people who are in love with themselves, you will have my sympathy the balance of your life.

Be tidy and neat, agreeable in conduct, and frank in manner. Cultivate the charm of modesty; let it be the keynote to good breeding. Wear the garment of every-day actions.

The gay and flirty coquette, whose one ambition is to be a belle or a society flash, usually jilts her best and most valuable suitor, and takes up with her counterpart; a flashing "swell," with outside polish only, and their happiness ends with marriage. Never encourage or allow attentions from those whose sole recommendation is money, fine clothes, or cute familiarity with the latest slang phrases. Often the attentions of the uncongenial are encouraged for a purpose, this is wrong. It brings its own retribution. I admonish you to dismiss all such, if you value future happiness. Be candid, decisive, firm. Keep in mind the serving of but ONE Master.

Never marry simply to get a husband or wife, rank, wealth, or position. Those are minor considerations, there should be but one reason for marriage: to get your lover. If you wish to avoid an unhappy life, never offer yourself, a secret sacrifice in marriage, to the gods of Position, Fashion or Wealth. You may blindfold the world, but you can not blindfold God. He will rebuke accordingly. Money is often used to gild misery, and to cover it with the false appearance of happiness. Underneath are found lives that are misleading to the foolish masses that try to imitate them.

Often foolish, extravagant habits of living steal upon us if not controlled. When awakened to the fact we find it as hard to curtail expenses as does a drunkard to control his appetite. To be forced from a higher scale down to a plain, common-sense mode of living, is often the most trying and critical experience of our lives. In this age, it is essential that everyone should be taught self-reliance, and receive the same instruction regarding the proper mode of living; then, if Dame Fortune draws them out of their regular course, they will have the compass by which to locate their position, avoiding disaster. But avoid the extremes, choose the more pleasant, modest medium.

The practice of concealing little things from one another often shatters happiness. Deception is almost made an art, by some. It should be rebuked. Throw yourself

more upon God, and less upon humanity, so often insincere. The safest, easiest path of life is the open one, which alone is safe and noble. Idleness, arrayed in the garments of a prince, stalks through the world, trying to trample underfoot the good old ways of honest hearts. Shun him! Avoid him! Drive him away!

It is natural for all young people in health, and free from moral corruption, to secretly reflect that some day they will find an agreeable consort, who will increase and share their happiness. Doubtless they will, if they do not angle for a partner. Whoever is caught by a sharp, designing hook, baited with cunning and artfully thrown, will never add to happiness, but to misery. If you would find a jewel, never angle for it. They whom your conduct merits will come along, in due time, soliciting hand and heart.

Become familiar with the part Nature has intended you to take in life. A false, foolish modesty sometimes prevents many from posting up on matters of vital importance to themselves. Later they are at the mercy of one perhaps equally ignorant; and thinking they can violate some of Nature's laws with impunity, learn, too late, that such is not the case.

Life is simple, cool, sweet and open faced; conducive to much joy and happiness, if conduct is in keeping with its natural simplicities. The tempting snare catches both intelligent and foolish; they are traps for all game. If life is a puzzle, as some say, the solution is simple. Do right, listen and be true to your own heart, ever resisting all luring decoys that entice to where happiness is followed by darkness and retribution. Retain the natural purity and innocence that sways and conquers the world.

Help to create and maintain your home. Beautify it at leisure, if surrounded with the purity of respectability no one can justly criticise you. A humble cot; a sod house, a dug-out, in the eyes of all that is pure and godly, can be a sacred spot. Such a roof, however low, may be higher than a king's palace. If the yard is treeless, it may be still be an Eden, shaded with angel wings.

If the smile of the goddess of fortune lifts you from humbleness, let it not stimulate you to an unwarranted pursuit of her fickle form. Subdue the unnecessary longings of a restless heart. Be happy! Look around you, and hear and see and understand the wealth of things that make the being so easy.

AN OBSERVATION

H. W. Strickler

I HAVE been visiting at many of the towns and cities of Western Pennsylvania since I attended the Conference at York. I have mingled with men in almost every stage of life, from the millionaire to the drunkard. While I find many of the human family that are to be commended on their daily course of life, I conclude that man comes into this world without his consent, and leaves it against his will.

During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings by most of his fellow-men. In his infancy he is an angel; in his boyhood days he is a devil; in his manhood he is a serpent; in his business he is a fool. If he raises a family, he is a "chump;" if he raises a small check, he is a thief and the law raises a stir with him if he is poor. If he is a poor man, he has no sense; if he is rich, he is dishonest, but considered smart. If he is in politics, you can't place him, as he is an undesirable citizen. If he

goes to church, he is a hypocrite; if he stays away from church, he is a sinner and will be damned. If he donates to foreign missions, he does it for show; if he doesn't, he is stingy, and a "tight wad." When he first comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him, but before he goes out everybody wants to kick him. If he dies young there was a great future before him; if he lives to ripe old age, he is simply living beyond his usefulness.

I therefore conclude that the road through life is a troublesome one, though we all like to travel it just the same.

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God" (Micah 6: 6-8)?

THE LIFE OF A PET DEER

H. D. Michael

IN the hills of western Oregon, one warm spring morning where few men ever go, even in their quest of game, a pair of little spotted fawns were born.

Around their little lair grew heavy mats of ferns and great clumps of huckleberry brush with the thick overhead boughs of the giant Oregon pine and cedar trees forming darkness and seclusion much befitting the wild nature of the deer.

When they were about a day old their mother made each one a little round bed in the dead ferns, and after placing them quite near each other, yet not together, she left them and went out to a nearby open spot where wild flowers and sweet mountain clover grew and there fed for awhile, but soon she had eaten all she wished and returned to her little ones. Going to each one, she touched them with her nose whereupon they sprang up beside her for there had been born in them the instinct that told them they must never move after their

mother hid them, until she came back and gave them permission to do so, by touching them.

Had a wild animal come near seeking them or a hunter passed by in search of game they would have watched him as closely as their large, sharp, round eyes possibly could; yet they would not have moved, nor would they have moved until so near starved that they were compelled to, even if their mother had never returned, for that trait they have inherited from scores of generations back, and it was that fact that finally caused one of them to be captured and become a pet.

Days were fast passing and their mother often left them as she did the first time. What frights they did get at times! Especially true was it one evening when near them rang out an awful shriek, then another, and still another, until their blood became almost chilled, for their inborn instinct told them it was their most dreaded enemy, what we call a Rocky Mountain lion, seeking one



The Pet Deer.

of their kind. Later in the evening on the opposite mountain slope sounded a bleat so pitiful and pleading that their bodies shook with terror and they scinged each moment fearing it was their mother who had become the prey of the monster lion. It was not, however, for late in the night their mother slipped up to them more cautiously than even in her usual great care at other times and again she touched her nose to each one, but kept very quiet all the time, for she, too, had heard those terrifying shrieks, and later the bleating which filled her with terror, knowing as she did that one of their number had been killed without mercy to make a feast for their dreaded enemy.

For days after that tragedy their mother never left their sight, but fed near them on the few spears of grass growing there and browsed on the leaves of some near-by alder and oak trees or ate what mosses she could find. Finally she became so hungry for some of the sweet mountain clover and filaree grass, as well as the leaves and blossoms of some of the wild flowers that she especially fancied that she ventured away to her favorite feeding grounds.

While away feeding, a hunter happened to pass near her little ones and seeing the fresh tracks so thick thought it worthy of investigation, but so securely were the fawns hidden that he had decided to give up the hunt for them and started on, when in the heavy clump of ferns with some of their branches hanging down over it almost to the ground, he saw the bright eyes of a little fawn watching him. He had long desired to capture a little deer for a pet, so very cautiously he laid down his gun and started walking off a little to one side of the fawn as though intending to pass it, but keeping a side glance of his eyes on it. So deep was the sense of obedience to its in-born nature that it would not move nor did it until he had circled near enough and sprang upon it. When he seized it, a kick-

ing and trying to jump and run began, that is seldom equaled, but it found itself held by his firm grip so it could not possibly escape. Then it bleated so shrilly and plaintively that its little twin jumped up and ran away as fast as it could go.

At that time their mother was returning and heard her little one's call, so she came running up quickly, yet cautiously. But alas! too late! Her little one was captured and its twin had gone. In a few moments she had sniffed the air and ran all around where she had left her little ones and in so doing accomplished part of her aim. She found the trail where her escaping fawn had run, and found also which way the hunter had started.

By her keen scent she soon found her frightened baby that remained and where should it be, but in a thick mat of wild blackberry briars into which it had sprung in its great excitement. She touched it with her nose and in her pleading way coaxed it to follow her. Very stealthily she led the way to follow the hunter until she could hear him walking on. At last an opportunity presented itself and they crept in sight of him while he was out on a little open spot, and could scarcely see back into the darkness of the woods. It was no use, for he held the captured fawn very securely and was going toward his home as fast as he could walk. The mother then showed her wisdom by taking the one she had left and going to find a new home. On and on they went out into a wild country over ridges and through deep, dark, rocky canyons until they at last climbed a great mountain side and found a dense thicket of arrowwood, so that even they were forced to creep through, which a deer often does. There she found a cozy place near a large moss-covered log where she carefully tucked her tired and only remaining fawn away in safety.

She then turned and went back to follow the hunter to see if there was not yet some way of getting her captured baby. It was already getting dusk, which emboldened her and she followed his trail until she could see some buildings, the hunter's home. There in a building near his house she could see through some lattice work and see her little fawn running back and forth trying to get out. Just at that moment there was a terrible noise near her and a large yellow animal came bounding out, so away she flew in the direction of her old home, not daring to go toward her remaining fawn while the dog was chasing her. After he gave up the chase, she circled beyond their new

home and came up to her sleeping little one and very quietly lay down beside it.

For several weeks but few nights passed in which she did not hide her lone fawn and journey to the hunter's home to see her captive fawn and once all was so quiet that she even ventured right up to the place and sniffed for the little one to awake and come to the lattice side of that house. It did so at once and put its little nose through the small opening to her. After that her visits became less frequent, for she seemed to feel that her little one was not being harmed.

When it had first been brought, there was excitement in the hunter's home, for his little boy was wild with ecstasies of delight and wished to feed it some milk at once. But the hunter knew best and did not attempt that for a day and night. He then added a little warm water to some fresh milk to feed it, for he had learned from the experiences of others that cow's milk was too rich for a fawn. After several trials that almost wore his patience threadbare little Jennie was induced to drink, and after that her appetite grew as well as her body. Soon she began to show a fondness for other eatables as well. Apples were a favorite with carrots, oats and barley closely following.

The summer months soon passed, and with them the small yellow spots that characterize a fawn and she was soon covered with a beautiful heavy blue coat ready for winter.

Many long winter days the hunter's little boy passed, playing with little Jennie and teaching her such tricks as jumping over a stick or through a hoop which seemed easily learned, but to get used to harness and be hitched to a little wagon was not so easily learned and never so fully as to make her a trusty roadster.

Those things were not all she learned, however, for the hunter would often put a pinch of tobacco into her mouth, and of

course Jennie would make one bite into it, but never more than the first few times; but as the joke was often played it grew less and less distasteful, until at last she would eat all of the tobacco she could get.

Often when the hunter came near she would put her nose down into his pockets to search for tobacco and whenever she found it she would take a liberal amount. She even acquired such a craving for it that she would stand upon her hind legs, jump any height required, if in her power, or do any of her tricks to get an allowance of it. She became an adept in jumping over or working her way through fences or in opening doors to satisfy her craving until at last it was almost impossible to keep her within any bounds whatever. If in the night a slight noise was heard like the click of a door latch it was sure to be Jennie, who had rubbed and worked with each door of the house until one was found unlocked and had then gotten the knob turned and the door opened to get into the house and search it for tobacco.

She was permitted to go free all over the cattle range owned by the hunter and often made trips in the nighttime out into the timber to be with her mother and little twin, or any of the deer she chanced to meet, but when daylight appeared and the wild companions sought their lairs she was seen trotting back to her foster home, seemingly unable to break away from her associations there and her frequent allowances of tobacco. However, that taste grew until she became unruly and vicious when she would make her desire known and they would not respond or had no tobacco to give her.

Something had to be done, for it was no longer safe for the hunter's little boy to be near her without some tobacco along to keep Jennie in good humor. A buyer for a city zoo had been trying to get them to part with her and as something had to be done, she was sold and sent to the city.

TOUCHING WITH TENDERNESS

Frank Andrews Fall

THE golden wedding had been celebrated with whole-hearted joy and good cheer, and the last guests were leaving. One of them, a life-long friend and neighbor, whispered to the silver-haired bride of half a century: "This is an anniversary of something more than

your wedding. Fifty years ago tonight, as you and your husband were just getting into the carriage to start on your wedding journey, I saw him stroke your cheek and hair with his hand, when he thought no one was looking. Tonight, as we were leaving the dining room, I caught him doing the same

thing." "Yes," was the happy response, "but it is scarcely an anniversary, for he has made his life with me for fifty years one kind caress."

And a good philosophy of life it was. The word-books say that to caress is "to touch with tenderness." For fifty years this man and woman plodded side by side; had gone "through thick and thin" together, and had grown old beautifully because of their habit of touching with tenderness. The pathway had not been always smooth; through certain stretches it had been decidedly rough, but such hardships as there were seemed easy to bear because of the talisman of the tender touch.

The two aged lovers probably never stopped to philosophize about the secret of their happiness. But thoughtful ones who knew them could see that they had grasped a great truth, no less firmly because unconsciously. They had discovered that happiness came from meeting every duty and every emergency as they met each other, in a spirit of love. They had discovered that there were two ways of doing things,—the indifferent way and the affectionate way,—and that the latter was invariably successful, while the former often resulted in failure and regret.

While the caress is generally regarded as a proper and useful phenomenon of human society, it is not commonly thought of as a peg upon which to hang a philosophy of life. A man might reasonably say: "I caress my wife and children, of course, and sometimes there is real affection in the way I stroke the coat of my Irish setter, but that is as far as it goes. I see no use of making a philosophy out of that."

Well, let us see whether there is any legitimate field for the caress beyond that indicated in the preceding paragraph. The yogi Ramacharaka believed that there was when he wrote on prana-absorption as follows: "The yogi moves his jaws slowly, and allows the tongue to caress the food, and the teeth to sink into it lovingly; knowing that he is extracting the food-prana from it by means of the nerves of the mouth, tongue and teeth, and that he is being stimulated and strengthened, and that he is replenishing his reservoir of energy."

Most of us eat three times a day, or two at least, so here we have daily opportunity to test the philosophy of the caress as applied to the mastication of food. In these days of quick lunches and highly seasoned foods, we need to be continually reminded of the laws of digestion, and of the necessity of giving due heed to them if we are

to keep ourselves healthy, cheerful and efficient.

If our manner of eating is important, the same may be said for our drinking. The yogis know how to caress a drink of water, Ramacharaka tells us. "They drink frequently, but they do not drink large quantities at any one time. They do not pour the water down, believing that such a practice is abnormal and injurious. They drink it in small quantities, though often during the day. When working they often keep a vessel of water near them, and frequently sip therefrom. In sipping water, they let it remain in the mouth a moment before swallowing. The nerves of the tongue and mouth are quickest to absorb the prana, and this plan proves advantageous, particularly when one is tired."

Food and drink, then, are considered as subject to the beneficial influence of the caress. What next? Our work, and the tools we work with. Said one carpenter of another: "He handles his tools as if they had feelings." And there was not the slightest doubt that the tools responded. They were always whole, and sharp, and free from rust, and they gave the carpenter genuine coöperation in his tasks.

A New York man was leaving a trolley car in a rainstorm. He tried to open his umbrella with a jerk. Something caught, and the man gave another jerk. Two ribs of the umbrella were pulled loose, and one rib of the man received a sharp punch. In an outburst of temper, the man broke the umbrella across his knee, threw the pieces onto the pavement and jumped on them with both feet. He then went his way, a wetter, and let us hope, a wiser man.

All that the umbrella needed was a little coaxing, a little touching with tenderness. But the man's education had been sadly neglected, and he did not know that an umbrella has a personality, and that occasionally, in bad weather, it has to be humored a little like other folks.

From our tools to the work we do with them is a very short step. The carpenter who handles his saw, hammer and plane as if they had feelings, is likely to approach a difficult job in the same way. He will study it, fraternize with it, smooth it in the way of the grain. So may those of us who work with other tools.

In every great business there is need of a man who is a good disentangler; one who has a genius for settling difficulties, smoothing out troublesome misunderstandings, and correcting the mistakes of less diplo-

matic employes. Such a man's value to a business or an institution can scarcely be reckoned in dollars.

Of course it might be argued that the tender touch is not always the best means of settling difficulties; that "suaviter in modo" should, at times, give place altogether to "fortiter in re." But I believe that in nine cases out of ten gentleness is far better than force as a means of adjusting differences. And with the gentle method there is no "come-back." When things have once been put right by means of the tender touch, they stay put.

If this truth holds in business and public affairs, and I maintain that it does, it holds also in the various experiences of our personal, private lives. One who goes rushing, pushing, crowding through life, elbowing his way, stepping on everybody's toes, as though life were one long ride in the Subway, can scarcely hope to do any real good, or to leave the world any better than he found it. But the world is growing better, and the credit belongs largely to the quiet, unselfish men and women who have learned the white magic of the touch of tenderness.—The Nautilus.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Stockholm, Sweden.

Dear Children:

Yesterday, just as we were ready to start out sightseeing, at 10:00 o'clock, Bro. Peterson came in from his home in Hillersjö and we were delayed somewhat, and this changed our plans for the day. We went to the postoffice for a letter that cost me twenty-four ore to get out because only two cents was put on it. This is the second letter of that kind, and this one was from Henry. The other was from Bro. Trout. They forget and it costs me double. Then we went to the Excelsior Hotel to see about getting an interpreter for a meeting out at Hillersjö. We could not get one, so four of us started for the large animal park of this city. The fourth brother, I do not have his name. He is a fine young man, works for the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Well, we did the park and it is a most interesting sight, to say the least. First, your mother longed for ice cream. Yes, they have it in this country by the name of "glace," and so we ordered glace. It was very good for Swedish ice cream, but your mother is not stuck on it, and I think we are done with that until we strike our boat home. Then she can have all she wants of it.

To us the most interesting sights were the old homes. We went into homes furnished just as they were three hundred years ago. In this park all such features are preserved. The king's home is here, a quaint, interesting affair of three centuries ago. Low ceilings, hand carved furniture and all such things are very interesting indeed.

Then the birds were fine. In one cage

all kinds of the canary family were, and I simply had to pull your mother forward.

We visited the high tower and looked over the city. Mother always likes the markets, so we went through the fish market and that was great. Then we went through the meat market and this was too much for her. Here she saw horse meat in full quarters with hoofs still on and a half worn-out horseshoe on hoof. This morning the first thing she talked about is that horse meat and she thinks maybe she has been eating some at one place or another. Well, it amuses me. There is no use trying to throw up what we have digested. Let her go.

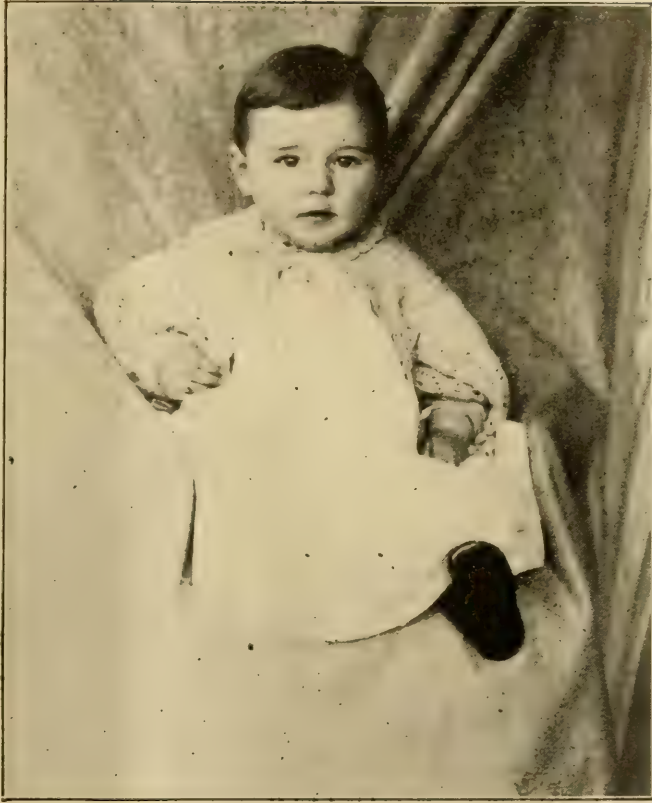
We came to our home and spent the evening most pleasantly with our friends, and turned into bed and slept, oh, so soundly. We are having a fine time. The wife is a member of the State church, knows what hard work has been in her life, is happy in her home, and so we have most splendid surroundings. He is boss on a big building near by. And so I close the record for yesterday.

Later:

After breakfast this morning we started out for the mail and had to go to the general office for a letter from Bro. Early. I was glad for his message, as well as other mail that came to my hand here. Then when I returned my writer was on a strike and so I hunted up the Hammond office and left my machine there.

Then we went to visit the king's palace. Oscar Björklund was with us, and we had a fine time. The king's palace is not so costly as those further south which I have visited. Still the tapestry was fine. We saw

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James Vernon Nedrow.

THE HEALTHY BABY

THIS is the photo of James Vernon Nedrow, little son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Nedrow. He was born in Norristown, Pa., June 30, 1911, and is now living in Lake Ridge, Tompkins Co., N. Y. His nourishment has consisted main-

ly of the provisions God has provided in nature. He received a daily bath and plenty of outdoor air. Little James was nine months old when this picture was taken, at which time he began to walk. He has never been sick a day.

A STRANGE REMINDER

Ada Van Sickie Baker

JACK WILLIAMS walked slowly down the deserted village street. The gray shadows of twilight were enveloping the little town, and silently, one by one, there gleamed a light from the cottage windows.

Jack frowned. "There's no life or excitement in this place, save at the Golden Eagle, and if a fellow is dying of ennui, an occasional visit there will do no harm."

A cheery voice startled him. "Hello, Jack, where are you bound for?"

Jack colored to the roots of his light hair. He was about to tell his destination, but caught himself just in time. This strong-faced man beside him would not approve of the Golden Eagle, and Jack well knew it.

"Oh, replied the young man, easily, "I thought I'd take a turn in the fresh air. Does a fellow good, you know."

"Indeed, it does," heartily responded the other. "Fresh air will do you no harm, but—there's other things in this town that would harm you, lad; and my advice is, keep away from such places as that on the corner," pointing with a muscular finger to the Golden Eagle, whose lights, accompanied by the strident sounds of a squeaky violin, sent out an invitation that had proven fatal to many a man desiring companionship.

Jack laughed, and replied that "the Golden Eagle would get none of his gold," and the other man turned into his own gate with a feeling of thankfulness. Then he halted, and turning again to Jack said:

"If you get a bit lonely, boy, come 'round and visit me and the woman. We're kind of dull company, I know, but like as 'nough we can help you pass away a few lonesome hours."

Jack hesitated, and for the moment had the desire to tell this man of his loneliness, and accept the kind invitation to while away a little time at the man's home. But the music beyond came with a more enticing sound; doubtless some one now handled the bow, who understood the instrument. The lights twinkled a more cordial invitation, and Jack hesitated again, and that moment's hesitation was his undoing.

With a short word of thanks he passed on; and meeting a gay crowd of young fellows, of about his own age, was easily induced to make one of the crowd who in-

tended to make the Golden Eagle their destination.

Jack had seen many men of the lower class; but had never been intimately associated with such before. The free use of liquor, the coarse jokes and songs, and the boisterous laughs that followed, were at first annoying to the young man; but when at a late hour he sought his room, his face was also flushed, and he mumbled that "he had not suffered from loneliness that night."

The visits to the saloon were quite frequent, after that. There were times when a letter from his mother, brimming with love and solicitation, and full of the kindly, earnest advice, which she had always given him, would check his downward career for a time; but Jack was one of those people who believe that enjoyment comes above all else; and if no excitement of a harmless kind was at hand, then pleasures, though of a doubtful kind, must be next in order.

"It will not hurt me," he thought. "I am a fellow with a goodly amount of brains, and that coupled with mother's constant warnings will hold me up, all right."

But that same intelligence of which he boasted, also warned him that no one can constantly play with danger and remain unharmed. Every night, however, there came the same feeling of loneliness, the same desire to meet with pleasant companions. Sometimes he was inclined to accept his friend Warner's invitation to spend an evening at his home, but the gay music beyond, lured his steps on, almost against his will.

And now there had arisen a new difficulty. He soon found that it was no easy matter to cast aside his new made friends. They held on to him, reluctant to let him go. Jack had proven to them that he could be good company, and they now held to him with a tenacity that could not easily be shaken aside.

His genial disposition began to change; and where once he had been the spirit of joy in their midst, he would now sit with bowed head, and downcast eyes, hardly speaking a word during an entire evening. He knew he was doing wrong, and conscience constantly reminded him of it.

One night he was particularly morose.

He had received a letter from his mother, and the closing had been:

"Jack, dear, we think often of our boy; and after the supper dishes are cleared away, your father and I often sing the old songs our boy used to join in. One, an old favorite of yours, is never forgotten. It was also President McKinley's favorite, you know the one, 'Lead, Kindly Light,' and when I sing those words, 'Lead thou me on,' I wonder if God is still leading you." There was more of the letter, but those words lingered.

He was aroused from his reverie by a noisy tune, as played by a phonograph. Some one of the company had introduced a new feature for the evening's entertainment, and it seemed to be appreciated more than the jangling old bar-room piano, or the harsh notes of the violin. The latest popular music was played untiringly, while glasses tinkled, and flushed men grew more boisterous. Jack, too, was drinking, as his over-brilliant eyes began to show. In a short time those eyes would grow dull, heavy and bloodshot, if he did not check himself soon. Suddenly, a record was put on which sounded far different from the previous ones. The soft tinkling notes of a piano sounded, and Jack well knew it was the prelude of "Lead, Kindly Light." Then a woman's voice sweet and low, began the solo part. In fancy, Jack pictured himself back in his mother's home, and almost for the time believed it was his own mother's voice.

"Shut the thing off! This ain't no church," roughly spoke a coarse-faced man. A young fellow of Jack's age was about to comply, but Jack stepped forward. "No, let's have the rest of it," he said, and his voice, though low, had a note of authority in it.

Then it was over. The last sweet notes of the singer's voice had died away, and Jack turned hurriedly, and seizing his hat, passed out into the night.

Alone in the darkness, with the pure light of the stars shining above him, Jack made a vow in his heart. The old life was forever renounced; the new life, breathing of hope, right-doing and happiness, shone bright ahead, and never since he had left home, had he known the joy and peace of mind that now surged anew through his being.

"I got a new attachment for the family piano," said Mr. Growcher, "and it's a wonderful improvement."

"What is it?"

"A lock and key."—Washington Star.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME.

(Continued from Page 940.)

some fine paintings and were in the guest chambers. We walked through the room where Roosevelt and wife slept, washed and dressed. These rooms had four walls and ceiling and floor, as all rooms have, and all I could see was that the room was very large and the furnishing more costly than ordinary for common fellows. In fact, there is more extravagance in imagination about royalty than there is in reality. I would not if I could trade our home for the one the king lives in, in Stockholm. The floors of his palace are inlaid, but unpolished wood. The whole palace shows age and some decay. Yet the king is a fine man and Sweden loves him.

Then we went to the National Museum. It is good, but they certainly have forgotten to dress their statuary in this museum.

Passing an automatic restaurant we had dinner at 2:30. Mama had thick milk. The automatic restaurant is an odd concern, but very popular in this country.

I bought Smith's "Christian's Secret of a Happy Life" in Swedish and began to read it today. I want it for practice in reading, and for religious vocabulary. That is what I am needing greatly.

But we are weary and mama has already retired. We had supper at nine this evening, and had a fine time for over an hour at the table. Swedish is getting easier all the time for me, and I am enjoying talking with these people, and they seem to enjoy it too, very much. If I should come to Sweden to learn more of the language I think I would come to Stockholm, for here is the language in the best shape. God bless and keep you tonight and all time. We think of you often and speak of you during the day.

Affectionately,

Papa and Mama.



"It is said that Indians never laugh. Is that true?"

"I believe so."

"What is the explanation—or is there any?"

"Well, for one thing, their women never come out in the latest styles from Paris."—Chicago Record-Herald.



Little Henry had been telling a visitor that his father had a new set of false teeth. "And what will he do with the old set?"

"Oh, I s'pose," said little Henry, "they'll cut them down an' make me wear them."

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE SHEPHERD LORD.

J. C. Flora.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

THREE thousand years have passed since the Psalmist first sang this psalm about the shepherd care of God. It is a long time. In that long period of time all the material relics of his life, however carefully treasured, have moldered into dust. The harp that was his delight, the tattered banner that he delighted to lift in the name of the Lord, the well-worn book of the law over which he meditated day and night, the great sword with which he slew the giant; all these lie deep amid the débris of the ages.

But this psalm, though as old as the time when Homer sang or Solon gave his laws, and though trodden by myriads of men in every succeeding age—is as fresh today as though it were just uttered. They are precious words. They are first taught to our children. They are among the last that we whisper in the ear of our beloved ones, standing in the twilight between the darkening day of earth and the breaking day of heaven. The sufferer in his sick chamber, the martyr at the stake, the prisoner in his cell, the traveler amid his perils, and multitudes which no man can number have found in these words a lullaby for fear, an inspiration to new life and hope. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

"The Lord." It is printed in small capital letters, and wherever that is the case we know that it stands for mystic Jehovah. Jehovah means the Living One, the self-existing Being, the I Am, he who was, and is, and is to come, who inhabiteth eternity, who hath life in himself. All other life is dependent and derived. All others waste, change and grow old. All the others are fires which he supplies with fuel; he alone is self-sustained. This mighty Being is our Shepherd. We should lift up our hearts in deepest reverence and adoration to this Shepherd of Israel.

But as we travel on down through the ages for about twelve hundred years we meet a gentle, weary Man on whose brow the shadow of sorrow hangs heavy. Does he criticise this beautiful psalm? Does he consider it blasphemy? No; with all the marks of self-possession and sober truth he

takes up these very words, and applying them to himself, he says, "I am the Good Shepherd." Combine these two and we have a most significant appellation for our Lord; Jehovah—Jesus. Let us read this into our psalm, and say with new appreciation of its meaning, "Jehovah—Jesus is my Shepherd." All our needs may be met by this twofold nature. Jehovah has all power and Jesus all sympathy. Jehovah sustains all worlds and is the sovereign Lord of all, while Jesus is still making intercession for us and is continually whispering sweetly and softly in our ears, "Fear not, little flock."

"Shepherd." That precious word to all of us was first used by Jacob, himself once a shepherd. The eastern shepherd occupied a very unique position toward his flock. A close friendship was formed between the true shepherd and the dumb creatures. In early morning he led his herd to pasture. All day he must watch them closely lest they should be disturbed by the wild beasts or cruel robbers. He must lead them to the still waters where they may drink without the danger of being harmed or frightened by a strong current. At night he must conduct them back to the security of the fold. At certain seasons it became necessary to lead them farther away from home, out among the haunts of men, where he must live among them, scorched by the heat at noon and drenched by the dews at night. Should there be a lamb in the flock unable to keep pace with the rest he must carry it in his bosom. If one of his flock should go astray, he must search for it till he find it. If danger confronts him, he must be ready to risk his life. The sheep all look to him for protection. Some following closer than others seem to be especial favorites of his.

Now all this is true of our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the sheep. He has a shepherd's heart, beating with a generous love that did not consider life too dear to give for his sheep. He has a shepherd's eye that takes in the whole flock, none is too poor or may wander too far that his eye does not single them out. He has a shepherd's faithfulness; he will not leave us comfortless nor forsake us when he sees the wolf coming. He has a shepherd's strength; he can well deliver us from the jaw of the

lion or the claw of the bear. He has a shepherd's tenderness; no lamb so tiny that he will not carry it, or saint so weak that he will not lead him. He pities as a father. He covers us with his feathers, soft and warm and downy; and under his wings do we trust. He does more, for all we like sheep have gone astray. He in his throne in the skies saw our perilous condition. He was filled with compassion to that extent that he left the shining courts of heaven and laid down his life for the sheep.

"My." What a significance this little word has here! My child is dead. This is my estate. In a material way we understand the importance of this little word when we apply it to such things. So in a spiritual sense the meaning is very different when we say that "Jesus is a Savior," than when we say, "Jesus has saved me." Jesus is not content to be a Shepherd, a Good Shepherd, he will not be satisfied until you put your hands on him and say, "My Shepherd." We may do that if we will. We are evidently one of his sheep and we should consider it a privilege to say "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

"I shall not want." Amid all the sorrow and want of the world the Lord's sheep shall be well provided for. The man of the world cries "I perish," while the man of God has the blessed assurance that God will supply all his needs. We may sometimes feel that this is not our experience, but most assuredly it is because we lack faith, or have not prayed earnestly to God, or it may be because we do not understand our real need and are asking for something that would do us harm. Sometimes we can not fully appreciate it, yet we have the assurance that all things work out for good to those who love the Lord. Whatever perils may menace and threaten us, whatever wants may assail us, let us go forward, stepping out into the dark, encouraging your heart by this sweet refrain: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."



THE CHOICE HE MADE.

Joseph F. Novak.

ONCE upon a time, the rich young man decided that he really ought to get married and settle down. Thereupon, from the many maids he knew, he sifted his choice to two, but which of the two to select was the problem.

The old-fashioned maid appealed to him because of her quiet ways and charming

home manner, but the modern maid's style and high-flown conversation captivated him.

Being obliged to make a choice, he first sought out the old-fashioned maid.

She welcomed him very cordially, and he felt that she could make him a comfortable home. "But," reasoned he, "comfort alone is not sufficient. I must see what she knows."

Whereupon, he began to quiz her regarding the newest opera. While she loved music, the old-fashioned maid thought the newest grand opera a nightmare. Then he asked her her views upon woman suffrage and she confessed she hadn't any, and when he attempted to speak of "soul-mates," "theosophy," and "emotional insanity," she begged that he introduce some other sensible topics.

These being somewhat modern subjects of discussion, he was much pained at her evident lack of knowledge on these topics, and he therefore asked her of what she did like to think.

"Of marriage in its holiest sense; of a home which I shall keep in order for the man of my choice; of my duties as a wife and mother," she replied.

"Dear me, how excessively stupid!" thought the rich young man. "Those things are very well, but with plenty of riches, my wife must be an ornament, and think of things beyond domestic drudgery."

So he left her, somewhat heavy in heart, for he loved her well.

Then he sought out the modern maid and broached the same subjects to her. She immediately raved about the newest grand opera, it was a thing of wonder, but one's musical education must have been thorough else one could not appreciate such harmony. As for woman suffrage, hadn't she already voted for such officers as women could vote for? And emotional insanity? How civilization had advanced to appreciate this mental disorder and how splendid that poor insane folk were no longer quartered or mercifully hanged for acts committed while under the strain of a hallucination, strangely real, yet a hallucination nevertheless!

And so they talked, the modern maid growing more argumentative and brilliant as the evening wore on, and so pleasing she became to the rich young man that he proposed and was accepted, and soon they were married.

For a while everything went beautifully, his modern maid dabbled in art, read the latest authors, attended the opera, and studied French.

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HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

NEW WRINKLES, HELPS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Conducted by Mrs. John M. Douglas.

ONE of the most successful preventives of moths is common black pepper. It is cheap, and readily shaken from the garments, leaving no unpleasant odor as many moth-powders do. I have used it successfully in packing ermine turs, beaver hats (except white ones), feathers and broadcloth; and at present have a pony coat which I feel perfectly safe in not sending to a fur storage. Sprinkle the garment thoroughly in all folds with pepper, then lay in a trunk or chest. It may be applied without the slightest fear of soiling, as I have used it on both white and light rose-colored broadcloth.

The best kind of polish for shoes can be made by melting the piece of fat gotten from the butcher with soup meat. This is put in a can, and placed in a handy place ready for use. Warm, and apply with a soft rag. This polishes the shoes, keeps them from cracking, and they will last just twice as long under this treatment. It is not as dirty as the shoeblackening sold in stores, and really is a better thing for leather. After two or three applications, the shoes become soft, pliable, and waterproof.

Here is a very new wrinkle of mine that will be welcomed by those living where poisonous insects are: Take common twist tobacco, and bind (with cloth wrung out of cold water) on the sting or bite. Change when the cloth becomes warm. It will give almost instant relief, and will draw all the poison out.

Housekeepers are sometimes in despair when it comes to cleaning decanters, vases, and narrow-necked glass vessels, the insides of which are not easily reached with a cloth. The dirt that accumulates in them seems to resist the action of the strongest soap and washing powders. If a half cup of very small grape shot (the kind used in boys' air rifles) be put into the vessel to be cleaned, and thoroughly shaken up, the crust of the dirt inside will be removed in a very short time. The shot should be saved, for they can, of course, be used indefinitely.

To remove fly-specks and other discolorations from a gold or bronzed picture frame, the water in which onions have been boiled

is very effective. Two large onions boiled in a quart of water usually makes a liquid of sufficient strength to work wonders with a gold or gilt frame. After the frame has been thoroughly brushed over with the liquid, it should be wiped with a piece of soft, dry flannel, and polished gently with same. You will find that the frame will look as good as new.

Cut flowers may be kept for a long period if the ends are burned with a piece of wood. Matches should not be used, as sulphur is injurious to flowers.

Delicious dishes.—Old English plum pudding: One pound each of raisins, currants, suet, brown sugar and flour, one-fourth pound of citron, six eggs, one nutmeg, a little allspice and salt. Mix spices, fruit, sugar, suet and flour, then add eggs well beaten, and just enough new milk to hold the ingredients together; tie pudding in a wet cloth, well floured. Keep covered with water, which must not cease boiling for five hours. This is the original and true English plum pudding, a wondrous achievement of the culinary art.

Strawberry shortcake: One pint of flour, one-half teaspoon salt, one and one-half teaspoons baking powder sifted into flour, one-fourth cup butter, one egg, one scant cup milk, mix ingredients in the order given, rub the butter into the flour, beat the egg and mix with the milk, then stir into the dry mixture. The dough should be soft enough to spread one-half inch thick; bake in two small pie tins of equal size in hot oven from twenty to thirty minutes, cut up the berries, and let stand while the cake is baking, butter the hot cakes and cover with the berries and juice, making two layers, and serve with whipped cream.

Ice cream: Heat one quart of milk to the boiling point, smooth one-half cup of cooking starch in a little cold milk, beating with egg beater until smooth; stir into hot milk and cook one or two minutes, then stir in two cups sugar; when cold, add a quart of whipped cream and the mixture is ready for the freezer. For different flavors, add a half teaspoonful of extract, vanilla, strawberry, etc.

White cake: One-half cup of sweet milk, one cup butter, two cups of sugar and three cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder and the whites of eight eggs.

An economical trick: There are tricks in all trades, but it is surprising how few housekeepers know how to keep a practically never-ending supply of vinegar on hand, at less cost than can be estimated. Before your present stock runs out purchase a gallon of good cider, or wine, vinegar and divide it into two parts, placing each in a jug of its own. Fill up the jugs with boiling water and cork at once. When the time comes to start your new supply, divide the contents of one of the jugs, and repeat the boiling water performance. Once in a great while you will need a little new, fresh stock, but not often. Vinegar can be constantly diluted with boiling water without spoiling its flavor, and is ready for use as soon as cold; or, if it gets a bit weak, add some of your reserve stock. A few months before pickling season, I generally manage to have an abundant quantity on hand, to carry me safely through. One trial will convince you of the real merit and economy of this plan.



THE CHOICE HE MADE.

(Continued from Page 945.)

But riches have wings, and unfortunately those of the rich young man had also. His fortune was swept away at one fell stroke, and he had to then rely on himself. And he would have succeeded had not his spoiled wife nagged him. For her artistic temperament could not tolerate the beans and hash served in the boarding-house where they were obliged to live, since the modern maid didn't understand the mysteries of house-keeping. And her French phrases were a source of scornful comment by the boarders, and her paintings worse than those of Billikin, who painted landscapes in a department store while you waited.

One day, when the reduced rich young man and his modern maid were walking through the park, an automobile passed by in which sat the old-fashioned maid.

She stopped when she saw them and invited them to her home. It meant a decent meal for once, so they accepted.

They found that she had married a sensible man who had given her a beautiful home, in which she reigned a queen, and while she did not cook or scrub, if it so happened that the cook or maid left, she didn't mind putting on a dusting cap and cleaning up.

"Of course," said the old-fashioned maid, "I need not do these things unless I choose."

The reduced rich young man looked at his wife, and said nothing. She looked at

him, and said nothing. But they thought.

MORAL: After all, the old-fashioned accomplishments of a wife serve best when the adversities of life beset a married couple.



THE COST OF LIVING PROBLEM IN MONTEVIDEO.

Olive A. Smith.

THE municipal government of Montevideo, Uruguay, has taken steps to control the cost of living for her poorer inhabitants. So-called free markets have been established in various parts of the city. In one week, four markets were placed in active operation.

To regulate prices, there is a bureau of markets, whose duty it is to fix and post, daily, the selling prices of all commodities. No vender is allowed to charge more than the listed price.

The principal articles sold are meats, bread, fish, fruits, vegetables, milk, butter, poultry and eggs. The attendance is from 2,500 to 3,000 daily, most of the buyers being women of the poorer classes. It is assumed that each person represents five consumers, therefore the markets already established are serving about one-tenth of the population of the city.



GOD'S GREAT BOOK.

Arthur Guiterman.

ST. ANTHONY, who long had read in pages traced by holy men, put by the heavy tome and said, "Enough of works of mortal pen! For God himself hath made for me, to read with glad but reverent eye, a Book whose leaves are only three—but those are earth and sea and sky." Rejoice! for, bright in summer's glow, that book of nature spreads for you where ocean rolls and rivers flow, where lawns are green and lakes are blue, where meadows wave and mountains rise, where forests lift their tasseled spars and, over all, when evening dies, in bright battalions march the stars. Yet, in your gladness, think of some to whom that Book is all unknown—the little waifs of close and slum whose eyes see naught but brick and stone; whose spirits droop in sultry heat as droops the bird within the cage; the clanging shop, the fetid street—shall these be all their heritage? Oh, ransom back to light and air those childish exiles weak and small; let them, too, learn that earth is fair, for God's great Book was meant for all.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

In this issue we give some more of the answers that have been sent in to the following questions:

1. What are the young people of your community interested in?

2. How do they spend their winter evenings?

3. How many of them take an active part in church and Sunday-school work, Christian, Workers' Society or some other religious work?

4. Are those who do not take an active part incapable, or is there no particular work for them to do?

1. Not anything in particular.

2. Most of them spend their time in study, some of them in a small public library, just recently started.

3. Most of the young people attend Sunday-school, but aside from this they take no active part, neither in this nor in other religious work.

4. They are not incapable, but have no particular work to do.—David Lytle.

1. The majority of them are a pleasure-loving people; such as play parties, candy-breaking, etc., with the exception of the Brethren's children.

2. They will go quite a distance to church and singing class, but are not much interested in reading.

3. Nearly all the Brethren's children take an active part. Ten belong to the church, all are workers, except five do not appear to be interested.

4. We have work for all as fast as we can get them interested.

I hardly know what the young people should do for recreation, as I fear so many children are not brought up, but just grow up any way. There should be social singing sometimes for them, and it would be well to have an outing for them along some beautiful stream, or in the beautiful hills, and see the wonderful works of God. On Sunday they should go to Sunday-school and remain for preaching services. They should be permitted frequently to visit in one another's homes, but not be away from home every Sunday, as they can spend their time at home once in a while, alone, and probably take a stroll over the farm or some other place in meditation on God's wonderful works. The writer once in a

while enjoyed himself this way, and in future days, when away from father's and mother's care, we can then enjoy ourselves under the care of our Father in heaven.—P. L. Fike.

1. They are interested in the latest styles and want to have a good time in general.

2. They spend their time partly in social gatherings, sometimes called parties.

3. The majority take at least a formal part in religious work, but not with the degree of spirituality that would be desired.

4. There is ample work furnished for all, according to their several ability.

How should they spend their Sundays? In my judgment, their Sundays should be spent in recreation, in such a way as to develop true ideas of real manhood and womanhood. By so doing, there should be expected from them some real solid, active church work, in a reasonable length of time after their conversion, as the opportunities for developing the mind are great in our present day.

1. They are interested in evening parties, baseball, etc.

2. They spend their winter evenings in parties and dancing.

3. About fifteen per cent of them.

4. Neither.

Dear Editor: I can not speak for city young folks, but can tell you about country people. As a recreation, when we were young, we got abundant exercise by working during the week, and during Sundays we had our recreation in going to church, Sunday-school and on friendly visits. I believe we should, in the country, not consider recreation so much as to think of our Sunday duties. All are important and bring sufficient change from our weekly labors. Young people should be taught, from early childhood, to love and attend church and Sunday-school and assist in the work by mingling freely and cheerfully with the older members. We love the young, but there is a tendency for the young to separate themselves from the older members. I am a strong advocate of teaching very early in life as the Catholics do. We are to bring up our children in the fear of God, but I contend that, sad as it is, too many parents neglect this, and look for the Sunday-school, church and evangelists to bring them into God's service. Many guiding and upbuilding words to little ones in the home are unspoken. Oh, how can we expect the church to do in one day, each week, what parents

should teach children seven days in the week?—A. H. Blocher.

Dear Brother: In reply to the above, I would say, if you mean our young members of the church, that they are interested in the work of the church. If you mean the community at large, they are interested in dressing nicely, going to shows, etc. Our young members spend their winter evenings either working, or in their homes reading, and practically all take an active part in the church work. I feel the best thing our young people could do to spend their Sundays would be to have access to good literature and read it; such as the Missionary Visitor, the Inglenook, and the Gospel Messenger. I feel that I can not recommend them too highly for both young and old. They should be pushed to the front in church, and fill the minor offices, however, being guided by the older members.—Chas. R. Oberlin.

1. Some religion and education.
2. At home and some social gatherings.
3. Not more than one-fourth of them.
4. They are capable, and the work is to be done, but they are unconcerned, and do not show the interest that they should.—Peter Brower.

In reply to your inquiry, what our young people are doing, will say that in the Falling Spring congregation, of which I am the elder, we have three good Sunday-schools and Christian Workers' Societies; also a Sisters' Aid Society, which is doing a good work.—Wm. C. Koontz.

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BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Senator Crane was talking about an opponent of arbitration.

"The man is not liberal," he said. "He takes a narrow, selfish view of things. He is not well-informed, either. The fact is, he reminds me in his narrowness and ignorance of the editor of the Cinnaminson Scimitar.

"The editor of the Cinnaminson Scimitar, reading the copy of a cub reporter from Yale, came to this sentence:

"Cæsar not merely met opportunity—he created it."

"The editor looked up from this sentence and said reproachfully:

"Look here, what do you want to advertise Cæsar for?"—Toledo Blade.



"I don't see how it is," Jenkins began, eying the tramp and his performing dog with frank envy. "Here is this mongrel of yours doing all these tricks, and there is my dog, with a pedigree a yard long, that can't be taught a single thing! I've hammered at it till I'm tired, and he can't even be trusted on to roll over when he's told to."

"Well, sir, 'tain't so much the dog," the tramp replied, confidentially, "You have to know more'n he does, or you can't learn him anything."—Youth's Companion.



Clerk (to woman who has fingered over everything in the store without buying anything): Excuse me, madame, but are you shopping here?

Customer: Certainly. What would I be doing?

Clerk: I thought perhaps you might be taking an inventory.—Woman's Home Companion.



"I see one of our big corporations is going to do something for its old clerks."

"Good enough! What form will it take?"

"Well, after a man has been with them twenty-five years, they're going to give him a gold stripe on his sleeve."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

August 27
1912

Vol. XIV
No. 35

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tomb with the stone rolled away. At the top of the picture is represented a beautiful golden crown. The six-in-one picture is an interesting study. It portrays, graphically, the fulfillment of all righteousness in Christ's own baptism, the door by which man may enter the church, the way of the cross, and the crown as an emblem of the reward of the righteous. The picture is printed in colors, on heavy paper, and, if framed, will make an appropriate ornament for any Christian home. It will be a constant reminder of the Great Leader, of the sacrifice he made for our redemption, and a stimulus to right living.

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIV

August 27, 1912

No. 35

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

The High Cost of Living in France.

H. M. Fogelsonger.

IT was with some hesitation that the above heading was written because the "high cost of living" talk is laughed at by many people who say that writers and speakers are simply beating the air. Ignoring any problem, if it is a problem, will not solve it. Only by careful investigation and clear thinking can we hope to find a working solution to anything. That there has been an increased cost of living during the past ten years no one can deny and those who are working for wages know that their increase in salary has not kept pace with the rise in the price of commodities. "Let it alone" others say, who believe that the situation will finally be adjusted by the so called law of supply and demand—a law that is not a law any more except in the antiquated theories of some economists. The "law" of restriction and control has just as much to do with the prices of commodities now-a-days as the law of supply and demand. We cannot work out a mathematical theory in economics any more than we can in religion. If this problem will ever be solved it will be done by those who get out and dig for the facts of the case and by those who have felt the sting of it themselves. As many readers know, an international commission for the study of the causes of the increased cost of living has been proposed and every authority agrees that the problem is not national but international.

Monsieur Max Thurmann in a French periodical, *Reveu Hebdomadaire*, discusses the matter from the point of view of a Frenchman. He says: "Since 1898 there has been a steady rise of prices in France with the abrupt fluctuations produced by the American crisis of 1907. . . . But this rise has not been confined to France but spread over Europe and even across the

Atlantic. Three or four months ago one of the organs of the International Institute of Agriculture contained a detailed study on the meat crisis in Italy; in September the capitals of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and that of Bohemia were given up two or three days to rioters whose plea was the increased cost of living. In Saxony more than 30,000 persons took part on the 22d of October at Leipsic in a protest meeting against the rise in prices, and finally in the October sessions, the Reichstag devoted four long sittings to the discussion of interpolations on the same subject. In the England of free trade there has been like complaint." The writer then discusses floods and pestilences as a partial cause of temporary fluctuations in prices but not as permanent causes. He also mentions the increase in the wages of factory employes as adding to the cost of production but at the same time he fails to show that this increase in wages has been urged because of the increased cost of living. Those who are at all familiar with the cost of producing an article in a factory know that the labor expense is frequently a small item as compared with the total cost. Advertising an article often costs more than the labor to produce it. In the light of this and other factory conditions it seems to us that it is entirely wrong to say that the increase in the wages of factory employes has contributed very much to the increased cost of commodities. The writer continues: "In many places too the growing number of retail merchants increases the cost of living. There where one grocer is sufficient there are three, and as their families must live, the prices must be raised, and the consumer pays. For several categories of merchandise in great demand, as sugar, alcohol, etc., there have been powerful intermediaries, who, abusing the actual organization of the Stock Ex-

change and the markets, have monopolized these products more or less and provoked an artificial rise in price." M. Thurmann makes a good point when he says that the increase in the production of gold has had something to do with the rise in prices, since when monetary metal is plentiful its purchasing power is less, but this alone cannot explain the increased cost of living. The translations were taken from the Review of Reviews.



Rear View of Mianus School.

Greenwich Awakening.

At the invitation of a school and citizens' committee of Greenwich, Conn., the Division of Education of the Russel Sage Foundation made a thorough survey of the town with the purpose of interesting the people in a better school plant. A word about the town may be in place. Greenwich may be called a suburb of New York, being only 28 miles away and in a population of 17,000 there are 57 millionaires and a great number of near-millionaires. The school system of the town has been antiquated and the school buildings worse. Every effort to replace the old crowded buildings has been thwarted by the citizens or a part of them at least. The children of the rich were sent to private schools so that their parents were not interested in public schools in a personal way. These conditions resulted in the survey above mentioned.

When the Russel Sage committee took hold of things there was a general stir over the whole town. Photographs were taken, figures secured and verified, printed matter prepared and then a public meeting announced. A general lack of management was shown to be the chief cause of the trouble together with public opposition towards spending money for school purposes. The buildings were old and in constant need of repair as is shown by the follow-

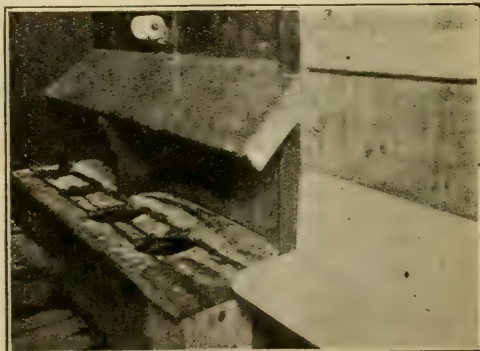
ing figures taken from a report of the investigation in the Survey. The expenditures of Greenwich are compared with those of Montclair, N. J. Notice the repair and insurance items and the amounts spent for teaching, supplies and fixtures. Where Montclair spent one dollar Greenwich spent for each of the following:

Salaries,	52 cents.
Repairs,	2 dollars.
Fuel,	63 cents.
Supplies,	49 cents.
Furniture,	76 cents.
Insurance,	22 dollars.
Night Schools,	Nothing.
School Gardens,	Nothing.
Summer Schools,	Nothing.
Open Air Schools,	Nothing.
Manual Training,	Nothing.
Buildings,	16 cents.
Other Expenses,	77 cents.

Old buildings with poorly placed furnaces and little fire protection caused one town to pay 22 dollars for insurance where the other paid only one dollar. The town that spent the most for insurance paid out for teachers' salaries only about half as much.

At the rear of the Mianus school it was said that the privy emptied into a stagnant trench as shown in the illustration. The outside privy is marked by the figure two. The view of the Byram School privy, it is claimed, is typical of the accommodations in 16 of the 21 schools. If these conditions were found out in a newly established mining town we should not think so much about it but when they are reported to be in a town of 17,000 containing 57 millionaires we are astounded. The wealthy could afford to send their children to select schools and were not interested in the government institutions.

"Clarence studies with a tutor,
Every day grows brighter, cuter.



Privy, Bryam School.

Jimmy's school is badly lighted.
He is stupid and near-sighted.
James was not so smart as Clarence,
Who selected richer parents."

The survey and exhibit of the Russel Sage Foundation workers stirred up the town and it is said that Greenwich now intends to spend a quarter of a million dollars for a new school plant.

A Preacher of Beauty.

We read a most refreshing account of a young artist in the American Magazine for August. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay born in Springfield, Illinois, a college graduate and art student, went to New York City to study art. Like most art students he was short of funds and was forced to find employment as shipping clerk in a factory. He found himself in the same position that many another has in this country. There

was no sale for his products. He had poetry and art to offer the world but it wanted something that could be quickly turned into dollars. With the hope of helping to educate the next generation into a better appreciation of the beautiful he left New York and started out over the country on foot offering his dreams in exchange for food and shelter. He traveled over eight different States preaching the good tidings and finally landed in his home town in Springfield where he is now trying to teach the boys and girls how to appreciate the beautiful things of life. His message is: "Make your own hearts and your own community beautiful, look not for reward nor money nor honor. Let your incentive be only that joy in beauty that no adversity can take away, and that joy in the love of God which no crucifixion can end."

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

A NEW TRUST DISCOVERED.

Olive A. Smith.

THE May number of Pan-American Progress, a high-grade monthly devoted to the promotion of trade relations with Latin America, contains interesting paragraphs concerning the Brazilian control of the coffee trade. It is claimed that the high price of coffee is caused by a syndicate in Brazil which restricts the output.

At a meeting of the National Coffee Roasters' Association, Thomas J. Webb made an address urging the association to overthrow this Brazilian domination of the market. He said:

"We pay famine prices for coffee when no famine exists. We are at the mercy of a syndicate of bankers backed by the sovereign country of Brazil. It is the first instance in history where a country has abrogated its legislative powers to a committee dominated by aliens."



"Liquor License Makes State Partner to Saloon Evil."

Clark W. Metzger, head of the Men's Personal Work League, addressed two church congregations on the proposed liquor license proposal in the new constitution which goes to the voters for ratifica-

tion or rejection in the near future in several States.

"The Rose law," he said, "while not in the proposed constitution, is yet one of the State laws and offers more than the license proposal. Ratify the license proposal and you are making the State a partner to the saloon evil. It seems strange that such proposal should be decided upon by the delegates, for the liquor traffic has long been considered an evil just as burglary and murder are so considered. Would the voters think of ratifying a proposal to license the two latter evils?"

"The license proposal would make it compulsory on the part of the State to issue a license to the man who had complied with the law and who is of good character, but the business of a saloon-keeper doesn't make for good character and it would be a hard matter to decide whether or not the applicant had the kind of good character necessary. And, after the license was issued, the present opportunity of regulating the business would be gone. The voters couldn't go after the traffic every two years if they so desired as they can now under the Rose law. We must also remember that it has been 61 years since the last constitutional convention, and that if the proposal were made a part of the new one it would remain so for many years."

Keeping Other People's Babies During Church Time.

In a department entitled "Good Ideas for the Church" in the September Woman's Home Companion, appears the following:

"A time was when the church services were constantly interrupted by the crying of babies. Unfortunate infants who refused to be hushed into an unnatural quiet for so long a time were hastily carried from the room by their embarrassed mothers, in the midst of a commotion that attracted the attention of everyone near; or else, if the mother did not want to leave the church, the little one was allowed to wail, while the minister was obliged to pitch his voice several degrees higher in order to be heard.

"Many mothers who had no one to leave in care of their children gave up going to church entirely, in preference to having them disturb the minister and the congregation.

"Then some one made the suggestion that all the children in the church be cared for during the service by a competent person, allowing the mother and, incidentally, the congregation to worship in peace.

"A Bible class of girls from the University of Missouri have put this idea into practice in a church in Columbia, Missouri. Four years ago this class was organized for Bible study. The girls were anxious to be of service, and they wanted to help in the church-work by doing something worth while. They opened a nursery in the pastor's study of the church to care for all the little children of the congregation during the morning service. Each member, in the class of seventy-five, was placed on a committee, and each committee has charge of the succeeding Sundays of the year.

"On a recent day there were fifteen children in the nursery. The oldest was about six years old, and the youngest only four months.

"The girls enjoy the novelty of amusing the children for a short time; the children no longer dread to be taken to church; the tired mothers can listen to the service, knowing that their little ones are safe and near them; the minister and congregation are no longer disturbed by the restless younger members, and the University Girls' Bible Class believe that they are doing a work worth while."

Both Conventions Disappointing to Reformers.

In an article in the September American Magazine on the Chicago and Baltimore conventions, the author says:

"Both conventions must have been disappointing to the reformers who gathered to witness the triumph of those principles of political progress which so many people have been prating about for the last ten years. Think of the millions of tons of white paper that have been stained, the millions of pens splintered, the millions of gallons of ink spilled, the millions of fervid words poured out and wonder at the smallness of the effect on practical politics. Not a prominent leader has been converted. The 'old guard' stands unashamed exactly where it stood twenty years ago. Leaders like Crane, Root and Parke hold precisely the same views they held before the 'new movement' uttered its first peep. Far from being softened by the altruism of the reformers, the stony-hearted organization men went to Chicago and Baltimore with no thought of appeasing the crusaders but bent on nominating candidates absolutely 'reactionary' in type. They succeeded in one place. It was only through the extraordinary political facility of Mr. Bryan that they failed in the other. But there again it was but partly a failure, for they managed to evolve a platform entirely suited to their mediæval tastes. It is only fair to some of them to say that they followed unselfish theories of what is best for the country. It is not unfair to the others to suppose that they are against the new movement because they and reform cannot flourish at the same time. For them to compromise would be foolish. They are wise to fight.

"Without making too much of a mouthful of this interesting subject, we cannot leave off without mentioning the lobbyists. They almost darkened the skies at both Baltimore and Chicago. It was perfectly plain that these ingenious agents of 'large business interests' are not alarmed at the march of 'progress' but look upon the agitation as a helpful thing for their business. They were present in large numbers in private councils, and at public meetings. Armed with cards and badges entitling them to go anywhere they circulated among the delegates. They came on the lofty mission of preserving the republic. Some of them wished it preserved in cotton, some in wood and some in alcohol. Exactly the same band that operated at Chicago marched down to Baltimore the next week."

EDITORIALS

Ethics Depend on Wives.

Desire of American women for luxurious homes and fine raiment is responsible for the low moral standards and sharp business practices of their husbands.

Dr. Herbert Willet of Chicago in speaking on the subject, "The Prophetic Message and the Modern World," said:

"The old Hebrew prophets carried on a ceaseless warfare against graft and immorality. They were more than sensitive to the moral influence exerted by the women of the time. Often the women were rebuked by them for their desire for fine clothing and luxurious homes.

"At the present time the world is awakening to the teachings of the old prophets. Now, as then, the morals and ethics of a nation are just what the wives and mothers make them. Year by year the tendency to desire fine clothes and luxurious homes is growing stronger in the breast of the average woman. She must have a better home, more servants and more automobiles than her neighbor. To provide these the husband and father is forced to use sharp business practices, which, if she understood, the wife would condemn."



Odd Custom of French Town.

In the City of Plougastel in Brittany all marriages take place on one and the same day. The men are all fishermen, many of them going as far as the Newfoundland banks, and are at home only during a few months in the winter. One day in early February is set apart for the weddings. Little courting is done, but much haggling over the dowry of the girls. They have to bring a certain quantity of linen, chickens, pigs and vegetables. Frequently a match is broken off because a father refuses to add a sack of potatoes to the dowry.

On the day set the inhabitants of the entire region go to Plougastel. The whole population goes to church to hear mass, to take communion. Often fifty or more couples are united on the same day. Bride and bridegroom do not walk together until the ceremony has been completed. For the rest of this and the whole of the next day every house is open to receive guests and to provide food and drink for them. On the evening of the second day the young men carry the dowries of the brides to the houses of the bridegrooms.

There they dance and frolic until early morning, and after they leave the couple are for the first time together and alone.



Oddities in Place Naming.

No other country possesses so many Scriptural place-names as England. The name of Jericho occurs six times on the ordnance maps, Paradise five times and Nineveh, Mount Zion, Mount Ararat and Mount Ephraim three times each. In Bedfordshire there is a Calvary Wood, and in Dorsetshire a Jordan Hill. Hampshire has a Land of Nod, Cambridgeshire a Noah's Ark and Worcestershire a Moab's Wash Pot. Other Scriptural names scattered about the country are Hebron, Joppa, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Gideon and Herod.

Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms" illustrates at length from the case of New York State the principles which inspire place-naming in young countries. Before the revolution the old Indian names still commonly prevailed. Then a tide of patriotism brought in Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, etc., and also such names as Freedom, Independence, Liberty and Union. Later came the classical period—Homer, Virgil, Euclid, Cicero, Ulysses, and Seneca; also Athens, Marathon and Smyrna. Piety contributed such names as Mount Sinai and Siloam; British celebrities from Burns to Junius found their places, and little townships called themselves not only Rome and Vienna, but Norway, Russia, Italy and Greece. The descent to the ridiculous is reached with Painted Post, Big Indian, Cow Neck, Red Jacket and Rough and Ready.



To Wash Money.

The government contemplates doing some washing at Chicago. The suggestion comes from Secretary of the Treasury Mac Veagh, but he in generosity, does not confine the laundrying process to his home city but proposes its extension to all cities where there are subtreasuries, for the washing that is being planned is that of paper money and not the linen or the buildings or the streets of any municipality.

For weeks experiments have been proceeding at the bureau of engraving and printing with a machine which makes old money look as well as new. The invention is brought forth by the desire of Secretary MacVeagh to economize in government expenses. It has been the practice of the government for years to condemn paper notes as rapidly as turned in by national

banks or otherwise reached in the usual course of business. The redemption of these germ-laden and disease-spreading notes has grown to be an important part of the work of the Treasury Department, which is constantly striving to take them out of circulation and replace them with new crisp bills. To such an extent has the redemption grown that a substitute for the destruction of the bacilli notes has been sought by the economical Secretary of the Treasury, and it is thought that his efforts are to be rewarded.

Experiments regarded as generally satisfactory have been made with a machine which not only washes the soiled national bank and treasury notes which in circulation have gathered germs, which bacteriologists pronounce a menace to the health of all those who have to handle them, but the machine also starches and irons the bills, restoring the original crispness and removing all stains and germs, transforming the note to such an extent that it compares favorably in all respects with a brand new note, one which has not been in circulation at all. While the reform promises to be a long step in the direction of economy by removing the necessity for the destruction of large volumes of currency and the issuance of new notes, which averages more than \$1,000,000 a day in the face value of the notes handled, the secretary thinks the reform can be introduced to work greater saving by obviating the present transfer of condemned money from the subtreasuries to Washington.

Mr. MacVeagh is now considering in the event of the adoption of the money laundering machines the placing of them in each city which has a subtreasury so that the old soiled money may be washed there and resized and reissued, and the expense upon it to Washington saved to the government. In the event the secretary is enabled to carry out his reform Chicago will be one of the first laundering stations established by the Treasury Department.



Religious Thought and Progress in Epigram.

Every heart knoweth its own bitterness.—Rev. C. L. Clark, Presbyterian, Cleveland, Ohio.

Fair weather Christians are poor church members.—Rev. A. M. Hyde, Congregationalist, Brockton, Mass.

Freedom is the heritage of every growing life.—Rev. R. W. McLaughlin, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

God gave us a Bible to show us a Savior.—Rev. B. Rose, Baptist, Alhambra, Cal.

It is dress! dress! dress. Cards! cards! cards. Theater! picture show and the ball!—Rev. R. F. Stokes, Baptist, San Antonio, Texas.

There is so much that is vague and unclear in the religious thinking of today.—Rev. C. B. McAfee, Presbyterian, Chicago.

We are servants of speed in these days. In everything we go with a rush.—Rev. G. M. Haigh, Methodist, Syracuse, N. Y.

The task as presented by the colored people of the South is to bring them from indolence to industry.—Rev. G. B. Richards, Baptist, Urbana, Ohio.

The problems of life and death are exactly the same, though one or one thousand die.—Rev. W. A. Stanton, Baptist, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The temptations of a complex life are more numerous and more dangerous than those of a simple life. Rev. P. M. Barber, Methodist, Tacoma, Wash.

I want every man and woman to have liberty to worship God according to his own conscience.—Rev. Cortland Myers, Congregationalist, Boston, Mass.

Everything has some significance and can be worked into the scheme of the soul's development.—Rev. J. D. Burrell, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Woman's life needs God for consolation, for elevation, for enlargement, for peace, for strength.—Bishop Brewster, Episcopalian, Hartford, Conn.

Happiness and the worthy satisfactions of life are found in culture and character, not in property nor any outward circumstances.—Rev. H. B. Grose, Episcopalian, Boston, Mass.

In our struggle with evil we are not alone. Jesus is in our midst. The great Captain of our salvation is walking through our ranks.—Rev. P. M. Barber, Methodist, Tacoma, Wash.

Our religion teaches us to respect the rights of others and to live in peace with all men, to be loyal citizens of our nation and to be neighborly with all.—Rev. W. E. La Rue, Mormon, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Every one of us has a vulnerable point. That is the point where temptation makes its attack and that is the point at which to post the sentinels. Always the danger is

within.—Rev. J. F. Carson, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The whole trend of our political philosophy and our political life is toward not the welfare of the individual, but the welfare, the improvement and the betterment of society at large.—Bishop D. H. Greer, Episcopalian, New York City.

A man enters into temptations when he deliberately places himself under the influence of an enticement to sin and plays with it. We are so constituted that it is hazardous to enter into temptation.—Rev. John F. Carson, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

It will not suffice to understand the world's sorrows and woes in mere figure columns. It will not profit to know only what cursed fruit comes from a bad tree. The saving of men is the most prominent purpose of these days of grace.—Rev. Alex Wouters, Lutheran, Williamsburg, N. Y.

The Christian who has one great business of life is the Christian who sees work both within the church and without the church to be done, and who sets about it; work that needs doing and that is calling through its very need for workers.—Rev. R. T. Sanderson, Baptist, Pittsburgh, Pa.

New Orleans, La., August 1, 1912.

The Inglenook.

Elgin, Ill.

Gentlemen:

I read with pleasure your articles about the Catholic Church and its attempt to get control of our government. They already have one of their number in the highest judiciary office; now they are trying to control or hold ruling power in Congress; the Presidency will follow. In this State—Louisiana—the word was handed down from the Archbishop to the Knights of Columbus, to support Messrs. Ransdell and Bronssand for the Senate as they were Catholics, while their opponents were Protestants. I read with eagerness your little magazine and fully concur in the opinion that it is time for all Protestants to arouse and rally for the charge. The Catholics in power means the downfall of our country.

Very truly,

Mrs. T. D. Foster,

2724 Milan St.,

New Orleans, La.

TO MANILA BY RAIL

W. O. Beckner

Part I.

THERE are two companies doing a railroad business in the Philippines. The Manila-Dagupan Company operates on the Island of Luzon and has Manila for its center. One main line extends northward from Manila about 110 miles. There are several spurs running out sidewise and tapping profitable agricultural districts. There are lines running south from Manila also, with other spurs built for the same purpose,—to catch business.

The other company operates in the Southern Islands, in Cebu, Negros and Panay. It is known as the Philippine Railway Co. Its lines have been built since American occupation of the Islands. Its equipment is more modern also, more like things "at home," though the engines and cars are very much smaller.

Both these companies are doing a good business and are extending their lines as rapidly as possible, but none too fast for the good of the country.

This picture, No. 1, is of Train No. 8, on the Manila-Dagupan line. Formerly the



Incoming Train.

line was owned by an English Company and was therefore operated on the English system. At present the ownership is said to rest with a New York syndicate. The management of the business is vested in an American who maintains his office in Manila, and whose family is prominent in Manila society.

The roadbed is an embankment raised up five or six feet high across rice paddies most of the way from Manila to Dagupan. The regulation section men are seen out

daily with pick and shovel, lifting track, putting in ties, cleaning weeds and such. Because of the level country, there is very little track "creeping," a thing so troublesome to road hands where the track has much grade. The section men are Filipinos and have their foreman who is made responsible for the good condition of his section. There are several Englishmen stationed at various places along the line who inspect the road to see that the work is done; and done correctly. I am personally acquainted with two of these, Mr. Grant and Mr. Ellis, both of whom are fine men and energetic workers. Quite often, I happen to be on the train with Mr. Grant and always make it convenient to have a chat with him.

The picture, No. 1, shows the station, the depot, at Gerona. Train No. 8 is just pulling in. The walls of the depot are made of brick and are probably two and one-half or three feet thick. The roof is of nipa, the leaf of one kind of palm, a leaf that is used extensively in making roofing. There are two rooms, the "sala de espera" (the room of the waiting) and the "jefatura" (the office of the chief agent). The waiting room has a bench around the walls but it is usually so well filled up with freight waiting to be loaded that it is a very poor place to wait in. The "jefe" (pronounced "heffy") is the principal agent. He sells the tickets and dispatches the trains. For be it known unto you that a train cannot leave until the jefe has said "go." The man who handles the freight bills is called the "factor" and a bill of lading which he executes is called a "factura."

There is a telegraph line along the railroad but the office at the depot is used exclusively for the Company's business. When I want to send a telegram I must go to the postoffice. The public telegraph lines in the Islands are operated by the postoffice department of the Government. The operator is the postmaster in hundreds of towns. But that is another story.

When a train has left the last station in its approach to you, the jefe announces the fact by blowing a "toot" on a small tin horn. That means that he may then sell tickets for the coming train. He has a small window, not big enough for a man to put his head through and low enough down that you have to stoop away over to see anything on the other side of it. There he stands on his side and puts down the tickets while anxious buyers crowd each



The Departing Train.

other on the other side, each one jabbering to be served first and more hurriedly.

As the train approaches the station, the waiting public makes preparations to mount. Women lift up their baskets of rice or what-not and place them on their heads; children with them pick up the other bundles, or perchance two or three chickens tied to the feet which are to be taken on the train; the small girls that have come to the station to sell small articles of food and fruit to the hungry public likewise load their baskets on their heads and make ready to march along by the cars to find their customers through the windows. Men seldom carry loads of that kind when they travel. Even a very poor man who will serve in almost any kind of drudgery, when he puts on his clean clothes and goes to town or to take a trip on the train, disdains to carry a load. Some people ask why that is. I have asked them why they do it that way. They tell me it is their custom.

The engineer must carry with him a ticket. He cannot leave a station until the agent has given him a ticket for the next one. When he gets there he must deliver that ticket to the agent and take another ticket to the next station. In the picture No. 1, the agent is standing near the incoming engine, with right hand reaching out to receive the engineer's ticket. The "factor" is seen coming down the track ahead of the train yet, with book under arm, to check up items with the train crew.

When all business has been finished, when all passengers have gotten off who want to get off and all gotten on who want to get on, the jefe dispatches the train by ringing a bell. Sometimes he has only a hand bell like the teacher used to use to call school. Then sometimes he has a larger bell hung just beneath the roof of the porch. The bell is stationary but the clapper is long so that a string may be at-

tached to the lower end and the clapper jerked against the side of the bell. Three taps are given for a train going away from Manila and four taps for a train headed toward Manila. That way if two trains are in town at once, there is no mistaking which one is being signalled out. Then when the bell has rung, a flagman on the rear of the train waves his green flag out of the door if he is ready and the engineer pulls the

whistle cord. The whistle is always blown when a train is started, no matter if it is only switching, going either backward or forward. Then after the whistle the old man down ahead of the train at the switch lever "toots" on his tin horn three toots, the signal that the switch is turned the right way and that the track there is safe. And away we go.

(To Be Continued.)

ECONOMY IN THE HOME

Lulu Dowler Harris

I LIKE John Ruskin's definition of economy: "Economy, whether public or private means the wise management of labor, mainly in three senses; applying labor rationally, preserving its produce carefully and distributing its produce seasonably." I give Ruskin's definition because I think many people misunderstand the meaning of the word.

Many think economy means pinching, skimping and saving money in order that they may have something laid up for future use. But we learn from the above definition that economy means spending as well as saving. Indeed I think spending judiciously is just as important as saving. He who labors for money to provide for the needs of his family is never a miser. He who labors thus loses sight of the money itself and sees only the good it can do.

The new department of "Home Economics" of the University of Wisconsin says the women of this country spend nine of the ten billion dollars spent annually for clothing, rent and food. One can readily see that it is the wife who in most cases manages the finances of the home. She buys the groceries, pays the rent, and buys the clothing for herself and children. Perhaps it will be better for us to not try to find out where all of the other billion is spent. Women usually get their money's worth. In such cases saving takes care of itself. Merchants in general know to whom they must cater for trade. Their advertisements are written to attract the eyes of women. The wares in the shop windows are arranged to catch the woman's eye.

Women as a rule are good financiers but they would be much more capable if they had more knowledge of business principles. It seems inconsistent to me for a man to think his wife incapable of understanding business principles and yet he is willing to

make her the family financier. Many women do not know how to write or to endorse a check and could not tell a gold bond from a certificate of mining stock and yet most of the money earned by the head of the house passes through her hands.

The husband with all his boasted knowledge of finances will usually admit his wife is the best purchasing agent in the home. There are some homes where the wife handles little or no money but is permitted to open accounts with the different stores the husband paying the bills. The man who is afraid to let his wife handle his money is making a mistake to let her run bills. For I know women buy more lavishly when running an account than when they can see the cash diminish as they buy. Many wives do not know the amount they should spend for they do not know the amount of their husband's income. What man could run a business intelligently without knowing the extent of his income? And yet there are many women who are expected to manage the finances of the home without the knowledge of a definite income.

Women have been blamed for dressing stylishly and entertaining lavishly when their supposed wealthy husbands were trembling on the verge of bankruptcy. They may or may not be to blame. They may know nothing of the financial storm gathering. Often the wives are the last to know of money troubles in their husband's business. Friends and neighbors may know more than they do. Some husbands keep business reverses from their families thinking they may in some way make up the loss and if they cannot, their families will find it out soon enough. Such actions are neither just nor wise. That woman who is a true wife will be ever ready with sympathy and kind words of encouragement. She is a partner why should she not know the financial standing of the firm? Women

are sometimes tempted to live and dress beyond their means. How much pleasure do you think a woman gets out of the wearing of a willow plume bought on the installment plan? I know there are people who not only buy their furniture but their clothing on the dollar-a-week plan.

This is not economy, for the price asked by stores that sell goods in this way is usually from one third to one-half more than the store that sells for cash asks. This is to be expected. The former runs the risk of not getting the full amount of the bill, the customer may move away or refuse to pay. If the article sold is reclaimed it must then be sold as second hand goods. Then the man who sells on the installment plan must employ a collector and book-keeper so you can readily see that he must sell his goods higher than the man who sells for cash. Don't be tempted to live beyond your means. A contented mind is better than a piano in the home if you tremble every time you hear the door bell ring and think it is the collector for the payment that is over due on your instrument and which you have not nor cannot raise.

"The homely house that harbors quiet rest,
The cottage that affords us little care

The mean that 'grees with country music
best,
The sweet consort of mirth and music's
fare,
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom
is."

Isn't that it? "A mind content both crown and kingdom is"?

The reformers of today do not need to make as much effort towards teaching people—particularly poor people—how to save, as how to spend wisely. Anyone who has learned to spend his own money as carefully as he would spend another's, for which he must give an account, has learned to save.

Someone has said: "The chief function of money is not to be saved but to be wisely spent." It is not wise to let your money lie in the bank when your children need an education or your house needs a new roof. There are extremes in saving money and there are extremes in spending money. There is also a happy medium. This latter state can be reached when extravagance is cut out. The woman who insists upon her money's worth and buys what she needs, when she needs it has solved the problem of economics in the home.

THE NATURAL METHOD OF HEALING

Dr. Kellogg

A LONG time ago Dietl laid down the principle that "Nature alone can cure; this is the highest law of practical medicine, and the one to which we must adhere. . . . Nature creates and maintains; she must therefore be able to cure." Now, healing is nothing more than creating; it is a process of getting rid of the old and diseased, and taking on the new and the restored. The sallow, sickly, unhappy man who gives Nature a chance gets in return a clear skin, bright eyes, color in his cheeks, and strength and vigor. He has been recreated; he has not only been made a new man but the old man has been got rid of.

After all, the processes of disease do not differ materially from the processes by which one maintains perfect health, except that in disease there is inconvenience and suffering and misery. Study the inti-

mate processes of life concerned in health and disease, and you find them to be identical. The sick man is merely a man whose body is handicapped in trying to perform its ordinary functions. Suppose a horse is pulling a load of bricks up a hill. After he has gone perhaps a quarter of the distance, more bricks are put on the load, making it necessary for the horse to struggle violently. Now both before and after the bricks were added the horse's muscles worked in the same way, the only difference being that in the latter case the horse had to exert himself more strenuously, thereby using more energy than he did before. In the same way, the sick stomach performs its functions in a manner very little different from the stomach in health. The processes in each case are similar, modified merely by the conditions under which they have to work.

It was Virchow who said that "diseases are not entities that have entered into the body; they are not parasites that take root in the body; they merely show us the course of the vital processes under altered conditions." In olden times disease was looked upon as an entity. The sick man was supposed to have the devil in him, because a sick man necessarily acts differently from a man in health, and the purpose in cure was to cast out the evil spirit. Now this idea still exists to a very large extent at the present day. The man who is sick thinks he must take medicine in order to drive something out of him, when, as a matter of fact, it is very rare indeed that anything must be driven out. The necessary thing is usually to have the patient remove the cause of the disease—wrong habits of living—and let Nature do her part in the restoration of the individual to perfect health.

Healing Power Resides Within.

The great truth that has forced itself upon the attention of the medical profession during the last century is that the power that heals the body is not outside of man; it is not in drugs or baths or treatments of any sort, but it is within man himself. Take a case of pneumonia: when the patient is first attacked with the disease a little of his blood is examined under the microscope and is found to contain ten thousand white corpuscles, or fighting blood-cells. In three or four hours afterwards the patient has chills and fever. Another examination of the blood is made, and this time instead of ten thousand white blood-cells there are twenty thousand. Again after a few hours there are fifty thousand, and the number keeps on increasing until there are more than one hundred thousand of these cells. What has happened to this man? His body has become the scene of a fierce struggle, and in order to keep the body from succumbing to the invading enemy the white cells increase rapidly until they are able to destroy the enemy. This is Nature's way of dealing with the invading army of disease germs. If it were not for the wonderfully little white blood-cells in the body the pneumonia patient would die within a very short time. It sometimes happens, however, that the body has become so weakened by incorrect habits of living and by abuse of so many various kinds, that the increased number of white cells are incapable of overcoming the disease germs, with the result that death ensues.

Another interesting fact about the dis-

ease germs and the body cells is that the stronger does not stop with eating the weaker, but that whereas the invading army produces a poison, the body cells manufacture an anti-poison, or what is known as an "antitoxin." As soon as this fact was discovered scientists set to work to find a way in which they could produce the various antitoxins of the numerous acute diseases, and after years of careful study the secret was discovered, and now instead of waiting for the white cells to produce the antitoxins the physician can inject into the body of a patient a given quantity of the antitoxin, thus paralyzing the invading army and giving the white cells an opportunity to use all their energy in killing off the foe. Since this wonderful discovery was made, the number of persons who succumb to acute diseases has decreased, in some cases as high as ninety per cent.

In Case of Injury.

In case of injury, where the skin has been torn off, leaving a raw surface, Nature again demonstrates her healing power. If the raw, exposed flesh is seen through a microscope, these minute cells will be seen forming a wall around the edge of the raw surface. After the wall is completed they push out little projections, which bridge the chasm, as it were, and then set to work to repair the injury. In other words they build a false work of trestles, just as engineers proceed to do in building a bridge over a river. After the false work has been put up one can see these cells creeping in and out, carrying "timbers" and "wires," and pushing their work out a little farther each time, until in a very short time they have the chasm completely covered over.

Another very good illustration of the way the body adapts itself to emergencies is shown when a nerve is cut. At one time it was supposed that when a nerve trunk was cut the only way in which it could be restored was by starting at the root and growing out the whole length of the nerve, because nobody could see how it would be possible for all these delicate fibers which make up the nerve, perhaps one-twenty-thousandth of an inch in diameter, ever to get matched together again so that the right ones were joined. You can imagine what would happen if a nerve from the little finger were to be joined to a nerve in the thumb. If you wanted to move the little finger, it would be the thumb that would work instead. But more recent observations have shown that the nerve may actually be repaired, and that in this bundle of

perhaps 10,000 minute filaments each one finds its mate!

The process may be illustrated in this way: a telephone wire cable is broken. Perhaps there are a hundred different wires in that cable. How are they all to be mated together again? But should you see one of the copper wires in one end of the cable moving about in various ways, and touching the wires in the other end of the cable and finally fixing itself to one of them and growing fast you would see exactly what happens when a nerve is cut. These filaments grow out, examine, test out each one of the different corresponding nerve filaments in the other part, and finally attach themselves. We can readily see that such a thing could not happen without intelligent control.

Now the same intelligent Power is super-

intending the work of repair in every body. No scientific man will deny that there is a great Power at work in the body; and the existence of this Power is one of the most important things that a sick person can grasp—the fact that the same divine Power which made each one in the beginning is constantly at work within the body. Someone has suggested that the greatest thing in the world is to get in tune with the universe. And it is true. The Power that is behind the universe is working for us, in us, and does not forget us. When a man is sick, the Power that made him is interested in him, and works for him, doing the best it can to cure him; and if there is any man that is not cured, it is because the conditions are such that he can not be consistently cured.—The Battle Creek Idea.

MY RUSTLING FRIEND

Louise Vescellius Sheldon

SOME human beings seem to have nothing to do in life but rustle, and chatter, like dried leaves driven before the wind. They take up room, and the valuable time of busy people. We learn how to omit them from our lives, eventually, after having been literally robbed of many valuable hours, if nothing more. I shall never forget a visit I received from a rustling friend.

I was seated at my desk writing. The atmosphere was just right for inspiration and I was enjoying the stillness when she entered the room like a cyclone, saying: "I cannot stay but a moment; came to leave my bag. Am in an awful hurry, but will return later."

She remained an hour then jumped up saying, "Oh, I must hurry. Come with me. Do not shake your head. You need exercise." Then throwing out her pointed chin she walked to the door, stopped and returning nudged me with a strong index finger, at the same time letting out a peal of laughter as she told a joke that had been in our family for two generations.

At this juncture a friend was announced. He was a very busy man and had come to advise with me on a matter of importance. My rustling friend knew him and was so delighted to hear about his family and all the details of his life, that she took up three quarters of the hour before she glanced at

me and perhaps realized that I had a business appointment with him. So after rustling back and forth from the vestibule door saying her adieus, she went out beckoning to me to follow, which I did, only to hear her say in a stage whisper, "What does he want?" I laughed then, shook my head, and opened the door and she went out.

The vibrations of the house had been so completely turned on edge by her entrance that on returning to my visitor several minutes had elapsed before I could broach the subject I had in mind. The interview terminated unsatisfactorily for my rustling friend returned for her forgotten pocket book. She then decided to remain indoors. As I turned to my desk she took up the morning journal.

Every time she finished reading a sentence she rustled the newspaper, then folded it double, then for a change folded it lengthwise, ever rustling, and laughing aloud at anything which struck her funny bump.

One foot was constantly in motion, while she indulged in spasmodic moments of rubbing her face, after which the newspaper dropped from her hand and she took several nods of sleep, from which she awoke with a jerk of her head, and a surprised, injured look.

"Oh dear me, I forgot," she said hur-

riedly. "I must go at once and attend to something without delay." I asked after her brother Bob, and saw instantly that I had struck a hidden mine, so waited for the explosion. She opened her mouth, but not a sound came forth.

"Our families have known each other for so many years that I do not mind telling you about Bob. But, don't repeat it, I beg of you. You know that while Pa lived, Bob could do what he liked, for Pa, who was in his dotage, thought Bob was all right. But I knew better! He always irritated me. There was no bounce in him. However, I got hold of the money after Pa died, and sent Bob to a sanitarium, just to get him out of the way, for awhile, and have a little rest myself. But what do you suppose I heard from one of the patients with whom I correspond?" Her voice rose to the splitting point. "Bob has learned to dance in that sanitarium. At this time of life. Sixty years of age. Think of it! A deacon in the Presbyterian Church. Dancing!"

Her voice gave out for a moment, but she resumed in a squeaking, wheezy whisper. "I wrote and told the doctor what I thought—but I must not talk about it," and she jumped quickly to her feet, "I am not strong. The doctor tells me I must keep very still for my heart is weak, and my liver out of order. In fact he advises me to travel for six months. I cannot sleep nights

you know," she wailed. "There, that makes me think; I must take my pills." She emptied the contents of a small box into her hand, half of which dropped on the floor, while she blissfully swallowed three pills, seemingly oblivious of my presence, for she was thinking deeply of—herself. Then she coughed all over me, at the same time remarking that she thought a little out door exercise would make her sleep better, and after putting on a heavy ulster which would tax the strength of a stronger woman to carry on her shoulders, she drove two pins into her hat, at the risk of stabbing her brain, and began to put on her veil. I say "began" advisedly. It fell off twice, but after fumbling with it for a few minutes, she hurriedly tied it in a bunch under her chin, saying, "What difference will it make anyway ten years from now, if my veil is not on just right?" and went out of the room evidently unconscious of the fact that slamming the door behind her disturbed the other occupants of the house.

I chose the most capacious chair in the room and sank softly into it, hanging my head, and relaxing every nerve and muscle in my body, trying to think of—nothing at all. After resting a few blissful moments in the stillness I took three great breath sweeps, and awoke refreshed to the ludicrous side of my rustling friend's character and enjoyed a long, hearty laugh.—Health Culture.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Stockholm, Sweden.

Dear Children:

Yesterday was another day long to be remembered. We had a late breakfast. Brethren Petersson, from Hillersjö, and Bro. Shultz from Sätuna Märsta called and drank coffee with us. Then at eleven we started to Bromsten where we were to have a meeting at twelve. We went to the home of a deacon Ath. Lundberg. In his home we were three years since, but he lives at another place now. Before his house is a large rock, nearly so high that one can see from it into the second story, and large enough that the children run over it and play. Its base is much larger than any house around and takes up all the room of the front yard.

Here I met my new interpreter. He is an earnest Christian man who used to live

in Jamestown, N. Y. He speaks good English. We had a pleasant visit together and he had a talk with mother.

The mission hall was fairly commodious, we had a very nice crowd, and the interpreter and I got along well. The people enjoyed the sermon very much. I talked on the "Inner Circle of Christian Living." Our Brethren opened and closed the meeting. After service, which closed at 1:30, I learned that the people would like for me to speak at their 3:30 meeting in the woods near by, and I agreed to do so. Had dinner at Lundberg, ate at a table in the yard, most of the party with hats on. I removed mine and sat in the sun. They served some preserved or spiced onions in such a manner as to be unusually good, and mama is wondering how they were put up.

On account of a little rain the afternoon

meeting was moved to the church. A stranger dropped in and he was asked to speak first. He took all my time and then quit. I did not want to continue the meeting, but they insisted and I talked a half hour to them. That is the way they do things in Sweden. They had three guitars, three banjos and two autoharps, and such a time tuning and whining I never witnessed. The poorer people love music as well as others and play chords that sometimes almost drive music from the heart. How I wish they could have good music! Had supper at Lundberg's and a conference with the members, came back to Stockholm by nine, and was soon in bed. Here are six members. Two are preachers, and one a deacon. They need help greatly. We are well and happy in service. God bless and keep you day by day. Tomorrow we shall hear from you again. The interpreter is John Dahlen, Mariehäll, Bromsten, Stockholm.

Later.

We closed up matters in Stockholm yesterday forenoon by getting some pictures, cashing a draft and buying a few articles we needed. Then we said farewell to the beautiful city. We never expect to see another quite so nice. And the people treated us most royally, and our visit we shall always remember. Mama was not feeling so well for a day or two, and so we came second-class to Gothenburg. The difference in cost to us was about \$1.25, and still think she is worth about that much per day under certain conditions. The only time I discount her is when she objects to me using my typewriter. I want to tell you I have lost all my "personal liberty" with mother along with me. She dictates when I shall use my typewriter and there it must stop. If I do not listen she says: "I will go home." So you can imagine what distress I am in most of the time. She objects to me getting out the writer here on the boat, but I made up my mind I would not listen to her and miss a good chance to write to you.

There was a man in our department on the train that beat me in being nervous. Mother learned a big lesson of appreciation of me through him. She has been real nice to me all morning, and I know it was because of that nervous man. He jerked the windows open and shut about every ten minutes, and as he sat by the windows we had no say in the matter. He jumped up and down, turned round and over, he would take out his lunch, take a bite and wrap it up, and then chew and wrap and take another

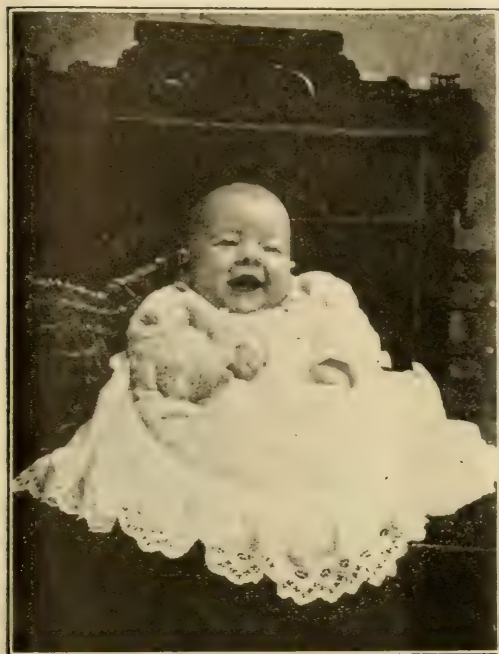
"chaw" and thus he acted all the eight hours we rode with him. He had the jim-jams, the nervous or what we do not know. He was nice, clean, well dressed, could speak some English, but what was the matter with him we have no idea. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and this has turned to my good. I know mother will be more considerate of me. Ha! Ha!

We reached Gothenburg fifteen minutes late or about 9:20, followed the crowd out of the station, passed the gauntlet of hotel solicitors and started out as though we knew just where we were going. Soon a man came up speaking English and asked us if we wanted a hotel and took us to the "Jernvagn" Hotel. It was not so very inviting, save in price, for they gave us a room for both for three kroners (seventy-five cents), and as the bed was good and clean we took it, registered in a composition book and wrote with a pencil. So you may know we were not very far up. But we slept well, had breakfast in our room and the whole stay cost us five kroners. That is cheap for one person in America, and it was for two in Gothenburg.

After breakfast we took a walk of about a half hour and found we were in another beautiful city. We bought a collection of cards to bring home and mailed one to Bess. We passed a store and saw a new idea for a bird cage. It was made with wire, had a plate glass front like a large cathedral door, and glass on the sides a few inches up so that seed would not be thrown out. I went in to price the thing, and when I found that it cost \$6 moved on. But say it would be a novelty in the cage line in America, now mark you. We came to our hotel and on to the boat. A most pleasant walk and a splendid boat is ours so far.

Gothenburg lies in from the ocean on one of the many fjörds which line the coast of northern Sweden and Norway. Here were boats galore, and the sights were very interesting. We have been riding now over one hour and are not out of sight of these rocky islands. And they are rocks! Nothing green upon them. The coast is high rocky bluffs, and there are homes of the most beautiful kind. It is a dreamland of beauty and makes one's heart glad as he beholds some of the landscapes and "waterscapes" in these parts. As we came along, on a large rock was a little red house, looked much like the little red schoolhouse advertised in our country. The curtains at the window told of home life, and as we sailed by a little girl came to the door and waved

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Max LaRue Forney.

THE HEALTHY BABY

MAX LaRue Forney was born February 11, 1912, and is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Forney of Edison Avenue, Elgin, Illinois. This photo was taken when he was nearly four months old.

He came into this world a slight little fellow, but with good care and plenty to eat (that which nature provided), he has grown to a fine large child. He weighed fourteen pounds at the age of three months, although he had the measles and bronchial pneumonia when two months old.

Baby Max has a sponge bath one morning and a bath in his tub the next when the weather is cool, but when it's very hot he has a tub bath every morning, and olive oil rubs and plenty of good talcum powder to keep the prickly heat from worrying him; a set of clean clothing each day, and in hot weather, very few clothes and barefooted. Since the hot weather appeared he has worn no flannels of any kind

and the thinnest gauze shirts and has had only one cold, that, just after having the measles, but has been perfectly well all the time. Of course he has regular hours for his meals; they are three hours apart, and since he was four months old he has had graham crackers, crusts of bread and fried bacon rinds to chew.

He sleeps out on the porch or in a room with the windows open both day and night in either cold or warm weather. This baby has always been rocked to sleep, for his mother deems it one of the happiest privileges of motherhood, and it has never upset him in the least.

He is a good natured, happy little fellow and plays for hours either on the bed, or the floor, or in his cart. He has been out every day since he had the measles whether it rained or the sun shone and he is very restless if he is shut in the house, as he is used to being out of doors.

IN THE GLOAMING

Jean Williams

IN the gloaming, O my darling!
When the lights are dim and low,
And the quiet shadows falling
Softly come and softly go."

The girl who was lightly singing the quaint, low melody of these words leaned over the railing of the long veranda and stilled her song, as a firm, ringing step sounded on the graveled walk, and a tall, lithe figure came springing to her side.

"All alone in the gloaming, O my darling," he whispered, with an accent which showed he had a right to say it.

"Yes, Jack, until you came. Shall we go in?"

"No, the night is so lovely, suppose we walk in the garden a few moments."

"That is just what I was going to propose," said Elinor, as they descended the steps, and strolled down the wide path. "I have some news for you."

"Indeed? What is it, Elinor?"

"My sister, Gertrude, comes home tomorrow."

"Does she? I thought she was not through school yet."

"She isn't. But her health has failed so that Father thinks she had better give up study. He went to New York for her today."

"Well, I suppose you are very glad, Elinor," and Jack Mayberry sighed lightly as he spoke.

"Yes, I think I am. You know Gertrude is only my half-sister, the daughter of father's second wife, but she is a lovely little creature, and so good and gentle that we have all spoiled her. I suppose it is partly owing to her ill health. She never was strong, and now father and mother both are very uneasy about her. But I don't think you are glad, Jack, or you would not sigh so deeply."

"Did I sigh? Well, I don't want to be selfish, Elinor, but I confess I did think that the introduction of a third person would spoil our happiness. You know we have not even told your father our secret yet. Of course we won't have so many sweet hours together when your sister comes."

"Oh, you don't know Gertrude, Jack! She won't interrupt us at all, unless"—and she glanced with an arch look up into his handsome face—"unless she takes you away

from me, because she is so much prettier."

"Elinor, you know there is no danger of that."

There was no danger, Elinor felt sure. Yet somehow her heart sank like lead when she had taken her lovely little sister up to their own room next morning, and Gertrude, resting on the sofa after her travel, said:

"Nell, who is that splendid fellow whom we met at the station? Father introduced him to me as Mr. Mayberry, but he called him Jack. Why did he not address him by his Christian name? Is it not John? I want to know who he is?"

"Why, he is Jack Mayberry, that's all, and quite a friend of ours," said Elinor, putting away Gertrude's things.

"But who is he? High or low, rich or poor? And where does he live?" persisted Gertrude.

"He is of a fine family, I believe, and quite wealthy, if that's what you mean, Gertrude. He and his mother bought the Messer mansion, and live near us, you know, so they come here often."

"What, that fine old place! Then they are somebody. Well, Nell, I hope he isn't your beau."

"Don't possess such a thing," laughed Elinor, busying herself at a drawer, that Gertrude might not see her burning blushes.

"Glad of it," she exclaimed, kissing Elinor, "I've appropriated him to myself, for I never did see a more splendid looking man. I fell in love at first sight."

"Then if you want him to return the compliment you must rest, and try to sleep for a while, so as to be bright and fresh this evening," said Elinor, gayly.

She darkened the room, threw a shawl over the pretty child on the sofa, and left her.

"Father is right," she said sadly, as she went downstairs. "Gertrude is not long for this world. We must make her happy while we can."

In a short time Gertrude's preference for Jack Mayberry was plain to be seen by everyone, and the noble girl had made up her mind as to her course. But she did not act until one day when her father said to her, "Daughter, I used to notice that you and Mr. Mayberry were much together. I hope for Gertrude's sake, that there is no engagement between you."

"No, father, there is not," answered Elinor, promptly, resolving to make her words true within the hour. "If Gertrude can win him, I shall rejoice with her."

"I am thankful for that," said Mr. Maddern. "I have feared there might be a conflict of hopes, which would grieve me deeply. I think it would kill Gertrude if he turned to you."

"Gertrude shall not be killed that way, father," said Elinor, with as sweet a smile as if her heart were not breaking.

"I know you will do your part," said Mr. Maddern. "Of course I don't know that Jack will fancy Gertrude, but she is very lovely, and I shall invite him to go South with us when I take her to Florida for her health. There's a good deal in nearness and opportunity."

"Well, father, whatever is for our darling's happiness is for mine. But, unless you require it, I would rather not go South. I don't care for the trip. I would rather stay here and keep house, while the rest of you go. Aunt Agnes could stay with me."

"Very well, you shall please yourself about that, my darling daughter."

Elinor was glad to be spared that much, at least. Before the day was ended she sent for Jack, and told him she thought their betrothal had been a mistake, and asked to be free.

"Do you mean that all this has been trifling?" he asked, with white lips and gloomy brow.

"No, not trifling, only a mistake," faltered Elinor.

"It is such mistakes as this that kill men," said Jack, sternly. "You are free, since you desire it. I shall never more trust a woman."

"Oh, yes; you will find some one fairer and sweeter than I, more like—like Gertrude," said Elinor, desperately.

"Gertrude is lovely, and certainly too kind and loving ever to do what you have done," said Jack. And with that added blow, so unknowingly dealt, he left the poor, broken-hearted girl to bear her sorrow as she could.

And when a doubt arose as to whether or not she had a right to make him suffer so, she said, "Yes, it is best—he can bear it, so can I; but Gertrude could not." And her fervent prayer was that he might turn his heart to the fair, frail flower fading before their eyes.

He still came to the house. None save they two knew what had happened. At a little company, a few days before the party

went South, a young lady was asked to sing, and Elinor brought her portfolio of music for Miss Dyer to select a song. She chose "In the Gloaming," and Elinor, not daring one glance at Jack, sat by and heard her sing the song, with a bursting heart.

After supper, passing the parlor window, she saw Jack—being left a moment in the room alone—catch the sheet of music from the piano, tear it to pieces, crumple the bits together, and throw them far out on the lawn.

"He never means to let me sing it again," she thought; "but he cannot tear it from my heart."

In a few days the party went South. Jack's cold good-bye was one more thorn in Elinor's breast, but she bore it bravely for Gertrude's sake.

After a while came letters to her which spoke of Gertrude's happiness and improving health. And at last one which told of her betrothal to Jack Mayberry.

"We shall come home in three months, and prepare for a merry bridal," wrote Mr. Maddern, "and we hope our darling may yet be spared long to us."

"Then if she is happy my sacrifice has not been in vain," said Elinor, with a brave smile.

But the bridal was not to be. In less than two months fair Gertrude died in the land of flowers, and they sadly bore her beautiful, lifeless form back to her home, and laid it to rest.

Jack did not come with them. Nearly a year passed before he returned home, and then he did not seek Elinor. A haughty bow when he passed her, a cold word if they met in company, was all the token he gave of ever having known her.

"He has forgotten, forever," said Elinor, resolving that she, too, would try to forget, only wishing that Jack could have known why she sent him from her.

They met one evening at a small party at a friend's house, and Jack stood near when Elinor was asked to sing.

"Have you a choice?" asked Elinor, of her pretty hostess, Mrs. Glover, as she took the stool.

"I used to hear you sing this, and liked it so much," said Mrs. Glover, "I have not heard it for so long. Please try it."

She placed the sheet before Elinor; and to her terror she saw the fated song, "In the Gloaming."

"Oh, I cannot!" was her inward cry. But Jack Mayberry stood at the end of

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THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

PASTURES OF TENDER GRASS AND WATERS OF REST.

J. C. Flora.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters."

THE first want that stands out in this sweet pastoral symphony is the want of rest. This verse breathes the very spirit of rest. Given more literally it would read: "He maketh me to lie down in pastures of tender grass: He leadeth me beside the waters of rest." This is a beautiful scene. It is the scorching hour of an Eastern noon. The air is stifling with a fervent heat and the landscape is baking beneath the sun's rays. The very stones on the hillside burn the feet that touch them. At such a time woe to the flock that has no shepherd and woe to the shepherd who cannot find some shady glen or place of retreat from the awful heat of the noonday sun.

But there is no such hindrance here. The stream rolls quietly and calmly on as in a level plain. Higher up in its course it was quite different. It foamed and fretted over its rocky channel, leaped from edge to edge, and chafed from its restraining banks. No sheep would have drunk from such a stream, for they will not drink where the water is turbid and rough. But now it moves on quietly as if it were asleep. The surface is so smooth that the trees and shrubbery along its bank are mirrored against the sky. On its banks the pasture is green. In the springtime the surface is carpeted with flowers. The air is cool and inspiring. No drought will come where the river flows, and the flocks satisfied by the green grass and tender herbs, lie down satisfied and at rest.

We all need rest. There must be pauses and rests in all our lives. The hand cannot always toil. The brain cannot always delve into the problems of philosophy. Our senses cannot always be on a strain. To work without rest is like overwinding a watch. The spring snaps and the machinery stops. There must be a pause interposed frequently in the rush of life, so that we may allow some recuperation for the exhausted nerves. There is more permanence than many may think in the command to rest one day in seven. And there is no part of our nature that demands more

urgent rest than our spiritual life. The spirit of man is like the dove, it cannot always be wandering with unresting wing; it must alight. We cannot always be climbing the mountain pass of difficulty or traversing the hill of discontent. We must be able to lie down in the green pasture or to pass gently along the waters of rest. There must be three things before sheep or human spirits can rest.

First, they must be conscious of safety. The roar of the lion, the growl of bear or even a little child would be quite sufficient to disturb a flock of sheep and to drive them into turmoil. Then how can we feel at rest when we know the roaring lion is on our trail. Who can rest as long as his eternal destiny lies uncertainly in the balance? Against all this our shepherd Jesus has provided. He has himself met the great adversary of our souls and has forever broken his power. We can never forget that great conflict. The cruel treatment, the harsh criticism, the malice on the one side and on the other the crying and anguish and the bloody tears. It was not a time when we could place a weight in the other side of the balance and balance them up, but we were rather the prize for which this battle was fought through these long and weary hours. On one side was bloodthirstiness and cruelty, on the other mercy, love and forbearance. In the end the Good Shepherd gave his life for the sheep. The scar was made, the life was poured out on the altar of sacrifice for humanity. In that death he slew our enemy. And now he lives to guarantee our safety. He has suffered all there is to suffer. He has mastered all the opposition. He has secured for us everlasting deliverance. This suffering is sufficient for our deliverance. In every moment of peril or suffering let us look to him. He will comfort us with his presence and by his voice, which all the sheep know. "My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." "The Lord is thy keeper." "We know that whosoever is begotten of God sinneth not, but he that was begotten of God keepeth him, and the evil one toucheth him not."

Secondly, to have rest we must have a sufficiency. A hungry sheep will not lie down. You cannot make it lie down. But the shepherd who can lead it into good pas-

turance will soon bring the most restless sheep to lie down contentedly among the fragrant herbage. We cannot rest so long as the hunger of the spirit is unappeased. It is a pity that men are so slow to see this. The whole man is largely controlled by the appetite within. Conscious of their hunger, men try to satisfy it with the husk that the swine did eat; but they try in vain. There is no rest to the inward man until the voice of Jesus is heard saying, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." To eat of the flesh of the Son of man and to drink of his blood is life. The Word of God may fitly be compared to green pastures. There is nourishment there for all hungry hearts and to spare. These pastures never became bare. They are as green and fresh today as when they were first issued by the Holy Ghost. We cannot meditate or ponder upon it without being refreshed.

There are many spiritual realities corresponding to the waters of rest. The Lord's day, the hour of worship, the long period of illness or convalescence, or the summer holiday are all evidences of the waters of rest. Amid the busy scenes of life he beckons for us to come to one side to rest and to eat. He makes us drink of the brook by the way and at noon we rest with his flock in the blue shade of the Rock in the weary land.

Thirdly, if we want rest we must be willing to go where the shepherd leads. The best shepherd cannot bring his flock to rest if they will not follow him. If they lag behind, if they go astray, if they take their own several ways, then, however good his intentions they will be frustrated. But Christ says: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them and they follow me." It is no wonder we grow weary when we run hither and thither, following our own devices and evil desires. We are full of our own ideas. We do not look up often to see which way he is going and what he would have us do. So, our rest is broken. We must follow as a lamb wherever he leads if we would be led to the living fountain of life. There is no occasion for us to sigh for the rest of God. Only trust him! And he will lead you into the green pastures and by the still waters. He will erase the careworn expression and calm the troubled spirit. Why should we allow worry to destroy our nerves and melancholy to blast all the virtues of life? In the bosom of Jesus there is rest and peace that surpasseth our understanding.

IN THE GLOAMING.

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the piano,—he, too, saw the sheet—his mocking eye told her his thoughts.

"I will sing it!" she resolved. "He meant I should not. I will show him I can! I will sing it if it kills me!"

She struck the soft, plaintive prelude, and got through the first stanza bravely, while Jack stood like a stone statue so near her.

She began the second stanza, and her heart failed her as the wailing cry rang out:

"In the gloaming, O my darling,

Think not bitterly of me,

Though I passed away in silence,

Left you lonely, set you free.

Though my heart was crushed with sadness,

What had been could never be.

It was best to leave you thus, dear,

Best for you and best for me."

She stopped at the closing chord, not daring to give the refrain, and as she sang, she could not help her glorious eyes, with all their longing and sorrow, from seeking Jack's stern face.

As she rose, he reached her side.

"Take my arm," was all he said.

Without a word, she took it, and he went with her out through the parlors, to the dim, shaded veranda at the side of the house.

At a dusky corner, lit only by the flickering moonlight, he stopped, and said:

"Elinor, I have vowed never to seek you again; never to ask you why you—treated me as you did. But I could not withstand your face as you sang the song I never meant to hear again. Elinor, was your heart crushed? Did you love me?"

"Forever, oh, forever, Jack!" breathed Elinor.

"Then why did you send me away?"

"O Jack! Did you never guess why? Did you not know it was for Gertrude? Could I see her fading before my eyes, knowing that it was for love of you, and not give you to her?"

"Elinor! Was that the secret?"

"Yes, Jack. You should know all now, and I will tell you, as I bless you for giving Gertrude a little happiness the few days she lived."

Then she told him all her father had said, and she had felt. And he confessed to her how, seeing Gertrude's love for him, not caring what became of him, he had offered himself to her, meaning if she lived to make her happy, if he was not.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

NEW WRINKLES, HELPS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Conducted by Mrs. John M. Douglas.

DO not throw away old nightdresses, sheets, or any sort of garments which might come in handy in case of infectious illness. In the latter event, a trunkful of such articles is a god-send. Use them until soiled, and then burn them. You save some one a dangerous and disagreeable job by so doing. Use pieces of soft cotton, such as towels and handkerchiefs, and burn as soon as soiled. If you run short, buy thin white cheesecloth make up emergency pillow cases and towels, and burn them, also. The danger of infection is thus lowered to a minimum.

The ordinary wire screens for doors and windows offer no protection from prying eyes. This can be remedied by giving the outside of all screens a coat of thin, white paint. Strange as it may seem, the paint will not be noticeable, and while those inside may look out through the screens, outsiders cannot see into the room. The paint should be made as thin as possible with turpentine, and applied with a broad, flat brush.

White marks on polished wood surfaces may readily be removed by dampening a clean piece of cotton flannel with essence of peppermint and rubbing the mark or blemish until it has quite disappeared; then rub the surface with a clean soft piece of flannel. This never fails to take off the white marks left by hot dishes or hot water, and will not harm the most highly polished mahogany surface.

The living porch of our old-fashioned country summer house was rather too near the roadside for privacy, so we evolved a living screen in keeping with the general quaintness of the place. We brought down from the garret the big, old spinning-wheel, and fastened it securely on the roadside end of the porch. Then we sowed wild cucumber seed thickly beneath, and soon we were screened from the gaze of the passers-by by a wheel-shaped wall of ivy-shaped foliage and dainty, white sprays of bloom.

I wonder if the readers of the Inglenook know how greatly the flavor of fresh peas and new potatoes may be improved by the

addition of a few sprigs of mint when they are boiling? In the English markets, bunches of mint are always sold with messes of peas and potatoes for this very purpose. Try it.

Wads of tissue paper rubbed over the window panes will polish them better and more speedily than a cloth. The tissue paper promptly absorbs whatever moisture has been taken up by the cloth-wiper, and does not leave streaks. One housekeeper that I know of, of thrifty habits, keeps a box in a convenient place downstairs, and instructs the members of her household to deposit in it all the sheets of tissue paper that are packed about shoes, hats, clothing or any fragile article.

I have had a great deal of difficulty in keeping cake fresh, after cutting it. This wrinkle is very helpful: Take two slices of bread, and stick against the freshly cut surfaces of the cake by means of tooth-picks. By doing this, your cake will remain for several days as fresh as when first baked.

For toothache or pain in the face, I have found the yolk of an egg and salt very beneficial. Mix salt with the yolk of an egg until about the consistency of mustard, and use same as a mustard plaster. This is also excellent for snake bites.

Home made candies: To be a successful candy maker, several points are to be remembered:

Always use porcelain lined kettles for making candies. In making candies the best granulated or loaf sugar should be used. To prevent sugar from boiling over, butter the top of the inside of the dish. You will find the asbestos mats indispensable when boiling candies that must not be stirred.

Do not stir candy that you wish to pull, but always stir the candy that you wish to sugar. To prevent candy from sticking to the hands, when moulding or pulling it, butter them well, and wash often in very cold water.

Boss molasses candy: Two cups of honey drip syrup, one cup of granulated sugar, one teaspoon of vinegar, a little butter. Boil, but do not stir, until it becomes very brittle, when dipped in cold water. Before

pouring on buttered plates, stir in a teaspoon of pulverized soda (look out for lumps). Before very cool begin pulling. The success of your candy depends greatly upon the method of pulling. Continue pulling as long as possible, string out and let cool on the hands.

Cream candy: Three cups granulated sugar, one and one-half cups of cream, and a little butter. Boil, stirring constantly, until it will harden slightly in cold water, test by drops. Then take from the fire and stir until nearly cold, add a teaspoon of vanilla, pour on a buttered platter and when cold cut in squares. Chopped nuts make a very nice addition to this delicious candy.

Nut candy: Two or three cups granulated sugar, stir continually over hot fire until melted. Test in cold water, when brittle, pour in one cup of nuts and turn out on a buttered platter.

Fudge: Two cups of white sugar, one and one-fourth cups milk, butter twice the size of a walnut, one square of Baker's chocolate. Boil about ten minutes, or until it can be taken from the water when tested. Stir constantly. Take from the fire and beat until it becomes the consistency of cake dough, add a little vanilla and one cup of any nuts desired. Pour on a buttered platter and cut in squares when cool.



LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME.

(Continued from Page 968.)

her handkerchief. There is a mother there and a father. The house has a lighthouse lamp at its front, and here these people live all alone on this island in the bay. It is most beautiful. Just now far out from land is another of these rocky islands which we are passing. There is some moss on the rocks. A home is there, and a high lighthouse. It is so pretty far out at sea like it is. We are now in the sea. It bids fair to be smooth for us today, for as I look homeward far over the ocean I see peace and quiet. But I know it is a far long ways to our home and loved ones. This afternoon we will hear from some of you again.

Mother is feeling much better these days. She eats like a wood-chopper, is getting lots of blood and does not have those cold spells so often any more. This trip will be worth ten cents to her by the time she reaches home, but now I must close. The wind of the sea is blowing my paper too much, and I will finish when we reach the other shore this evening. God bless you darlings at home.

The railways are going to tell the farmers of Kansas how to save \$50,000,000 a year by building good roads and better cultivation of the soil. Another way would be to let freight rates down a notch.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.



Agreed.—Hokus—"Toothache, eh? I'd have the blamed thing pulled if it were mine."

Pokus—"So would I, if it were yours."—Puck.



The Test.—Little Brother—"What's etiquette?"

Little Bigger Brother—"It's saying 'No thank you,' when you want to holler 'Gimme!'"—Judge.



Not Going.—"Are you going to her wedding?" the jilted suitor was asked.

"No. I haven't the least desire to feel like August Belmont at a Democratic convention."—Chicago Record-Herald.



Another Peril.—"But, Peter, you should be grateful that you were saved from drowning, and not cry like that."

"Yes, but there come my aunts and now I'll be kissed all the afternoon."—Fliegende Blaetter.



Her Preference.—"It's all very well for the minister to preach from the text, 'Remember Lot's wife,'" said an overworked, discouraged matron, "but I wish he would now give us an encouraging sermon on the wife's lot."—Lowell Courier.



Try It.—Vicar to Mrs. Thatchbag (whose baby has recently been christened)—"Ah, Mrs. Thatchbag, I never remember any baby behaving so well in the water."

Mrs. Thatchbag—"Lor! sir, that was because me and Jim 'ad been practising on 'im for about a week afore with a watering-can."—P. I. P.



On the Hunt.—"I wonder what has become of my husband. Three days ago I sent him to match a sample at a department store. He hasn't been seen since."

"I saw him yesterday. He was at the third counter of the fourteenth aisle, and was just starting for the fourteenth counter of the third aisle."—Washington Herald.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—In preparing for special services, such as Children's Day, Rally Day, Christmas Day, etc., would it be right to have an instructor who is not a member of the Church of the Brethren, but one who is a slave to the drink habit and has exposed herself to the public as such?—J. N. C.

Answer.—Care should always be exercised in securing instructors for children. Only Christians should be secured. Children easily imitate and become like their teachers. Slaves of the drink habit are not suitable instructors for children.



Question.—Would old confederate money be of any value anywhere? I have a \$100 bill and a \$5.00 bill. If it is of any value could you tell me where?

Answer.—Confederate money is of no value anywhere. The only place where you could get anything for it would be from some person who is making a collection of odd coins and bills, and the value then, of course, would depend upon the collector's eagerness to get the bills. I do not know of any one at present who is making such a collection.



Question.—How long and how often should the bee cure be repeated to effect a cure of stubborn rheumatism?—A Reader.

Answer.—You must be guided by the results which are brought on by the treatment. Try it every other day, and if you find that it brings too much poison into your system place the treatment farther apart. Some people cannot stand the treatment at all because a single sting brings too much poison and causes a swelling of the entire body. A treatment of ten days or two weeks should show some effective results.



Question.—Is it right for a young girl who is a member of the Church to do millinery work that has to be done, which is perfectly right and legitimate?

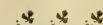
Answer.—Teaching people what is sensible and becoming is an important field of activity and the milliner has a unique opportunity to set the patterns in sensible dress. For a member of the Church, who

is able to think and act on her own good judgment, the millinery shop affords some good opportunities.



Question.—Does a cow or chicken sweat? If not, why not?—H. P. C.

Answer.—The cow and the chicken, like all other forms of animal life do sweat? The skin of all living animals is full of small pores which help to throw off the gases and poisons of the system. Moisture is continually escaping through these pores in the form of sweat. In very hot weather the moisture collects and becomes visible, at other times the moisture evaporates immediately and cannot be noticed. The cow seldom shows any collection of moisture because it all evaporates as rapidly as it is given off by the skin. On the chicken the feathers help to carry off the moisture and hasten the evaporation so that it is very seldom visible. An animal which cannot sweat, soon dies because of the accumulation of gases and poisons in the system.



Question.—How does poison kill?—H. P. C.

Answer.—Poison kills by destroying the life cells of the body. The entire body is made up of small cells, such as the cells of the muscular tissue, of the bony tissue, nerve cells, etc. These small cells are made up of different chemicals. Several chemicals enter into a combination to form every cell. Any substance taken into the system which will rearrange these chemical combinations, results in the death of that cell, and if enough of the cells are destroyed, death follows immediately. Any substance which destroys the cells is a poison.

For example, let us take alcohol which is only one of the many poisons. Alcohol has a strong affinity for water. All the cells of the body have a large percentage of water in their combination. When alcohol is taken into the body and comes in contact with the cells, it absorbs the water from them, and leaves the cells broken, which causes the death of the cells. If alcohol were to come in touch with a sufficiently large number of cells of the body death would result immediately. Alcohol therefore, is a poison. Carbolic acid destroys the cell combination and therefore is a poison, and kills by breaking up certain cells of the system.

Question.—A brother was installed into the deacon's office who did not use tobacco. Afterwards he went into the mercantile business selling tobacco. Does he forfeit his office? What is the duty of the congregation in which he lives?

Answer.—See the decisions of Annual Meeting, Art. 11, 1886, Art. 8, 1888, Art. 24, 1889, Art. 1, 1817, Art. 20, 1889, Art. 10, 1890. Also see the discussions and decisions of the Annual Meeting held at York, Pa. in 1912.

The spirit of all these decisions is to do away entirely with the use of tobacco. Any violation either in using or selling tobacco is a violation of the spirit of these decisions. The church has decided that no one using or selling tobacco shall be placed into any official position in the church. Beginning the use of tobacco or selling it after being installed is a direct violation of the spirit of all these decisions, and must mean that a man is not entitled to the office to which he was elected.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Senator Williams, in an address in Yazoo, said of a movement he opposed:

"These men try to apologize for their course, but their apology reminds me of that of the Yazoo office boy.

"A business man, looking up from an important letter he was drafting, said to this boy testily:

"Don't whistle at your work, Calhoun."
 "'I ain't workin', sir,' Calhoun answered. 'I'm only just whistlin'.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

According to the story, three French boys were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their own tongue, their task being to render portions of it into English. When they came to Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," their respective translations were as follows: (1) "To was or not to am;" (2) "To were or is to not;" (3) "To should or not to will."—Harper's.

"Well, old sport, how do you feel? I've just eaten a bowl of ox-tail soup and feel bully."

"I've just eaten a plate of hash and feel like everything."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"I suppose your wife was more than de-

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lighted at your raise of salary, wasn't she?" asked Jones of Brown.

"I haven't told her yet, but she will be when she knows it," answered Brown.

"How is it that you haven't told her?"

"Well, I thought I would enjoy myself a couple of weeks first."—Judge.



A Cleveland schoolteacher writes that she asked her class what was the difference between the expressions, "a while" and "a time." Nobody seemed to have any ideas on the subject. Finally the light of intelligence was seen to shine in the eyes of one little boy, and the teacher called upon him to save the intellectual honor of the class.

"I know, teacher!" he cried eagerly. "When papa says he's going out for a while, mama says she knows he's going out for a time!"

That's one way of looking at it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



When Robert H. Davis was young and loose in the feet he once wandered into a little Mississippi town. It was a bright day in the early spring, and he walked down the one street. By and by he came to the county jail—a two-storied affair, standing flush with the sidewalk.

"There was a negro pressing his face against the barred window on the second floor," said Mr. Davis, "holding on to the bars and yawning. By and by an old negro came limping along the street, toting a whitewash bucket.

"'Hello, Uncle Eph'm,' says the one in the window.

"'Howdy,' says Ephraim, limping on.

"'Wait a minute, uncle,' says this lone some negro in the window. 'What time is it, uncle?'

"Uncle Ephraim limped right on. He hardly looked up.

"'What diffunce does it make to you niggeh?' he asked. 'You ain't goin' no where.'—Cincinnati Times-Star.



"I believe honesty pays in the long run.

"So do I; but I often wish it were no such a mighty long run."—Chicago Record Herald.



He—So young March and his father are carrying on the business?

She—Yes. The old man runs the business while young March does the carrying on.

THE INGLENOOK

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Vol. XIV
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THE INGLENOOK

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No. 36

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Overcrowding the Professions.

MUCH has been said on this subject of late and it would be strange if we would not find mis-statements by both professional and non-professional writers. Doctor Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation, issued a little bulletin last year in which he discussed the overcrowding of the medical profession. He said that there were 132,000 physicians in the United States in 1900 and that if 2,000 were graduated from the medical schools each year there would be sufficient number to care for the present and future population. This number of graduates he claims would fill the places left by those who die and increase the number in proportion to the increase of population. After we read the figures we did some thinking as well as investigating the statistics of medical schools and we do not yet understand Doctor Pritchett's figures, if we get them correctly. Granting that there are 132,000 physicians in the United States, or rather that there were in 1900, the number would provide one for every 150 families, approximately. That, as you can readily see, makes the number of physicians entirely too large. Just do a little figuring for yourself. Estimate the amount of money that the one hundred and fifty families nearest you have spent for medical service during the past year. Do you think that it would provide a reasonable income for a physician who wishes to keep up to date in his practice. Would it be sufficient to keep his family, purchase instruments and books and pay off a school debt or increase a bank account for old age. One physician for every 150 families is too many, but, here is what you must remember, each one of those 132,000 physicians is not a physician. Hundreds of them are not employed by respectable

families because they can not be trusted and it is safe to say that there are not 132,000 physicians in fact in the United States, and further that the over-supply in our country is not very large. Some communities have too many doctors, it is true, but there are many districts, especially in the West where the number of good physicians may be safely increased. Further, we are unable to see how that the supply of physicians could be maintained by a yearly addition of only 2,000 graduates. The active practicing life of a doctor cannot be much over 25 years if it is that, and at that rate, a yearly addition of only 2,000 would mean in time only 50,000 in the United States. Fifty thousand physicians and surgeons are not enough for us, when we consider the various divisions of the profession. Today we must have hospital service, health officers and assistants, eye specialists, ear, nose and throat specialists, and those who make a specialty of internal medicine, of skin disease and of surgery: and in the cities there ought to be physicians to replace the numerous midwives. Two thousand medical graduates every year certainly would not be sufficient. There are in the United States about 150 medical schools, regular and homeopathic, with a yearly attendance of somewhere around 25,000. At this moment we are unable to give the exact number of graduates of these schools, but supposing that one-sixth of the number of pupils are graduated, there would be an annual crop of four thousand, or twice the number that Dr. Pritchett thinks are necessary. Those who are becoming alarmed over the supply of physicians should remember that the condition is being met by the schools themselves. Had the former short and easy medical courses continued the medical profession would be as great a

burden to us as a standing army, but the day of easy admission into the medical schools and short courses is past. All reputable schools require a six year course, that is two of scientific college work and four of medical study. A few of the older schools require a bachelor's degree from a good college of you when you enter. These requirements making the medical preparation more expensive and at the same time more valuable will tend to curtail any over-supply which may occur. In a sense it is up to the people to patronize those who are best prepared and let the quacks go the way of quackery.

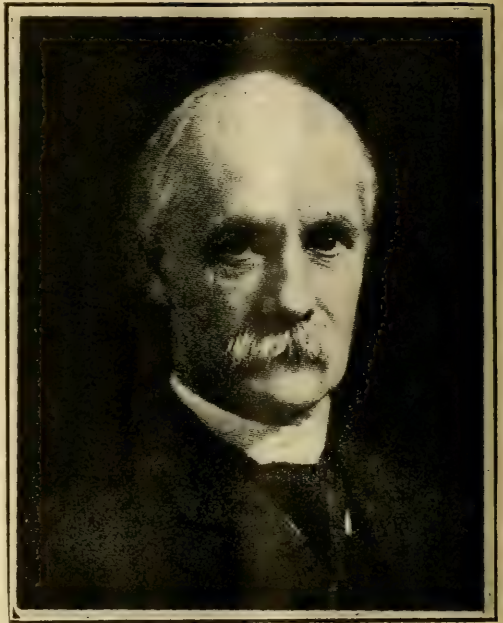
A New Departure for Indiana.

Dr. D. C. Peyton, superintendent of the Indiana reformatory, announces that a new department will be placed in his institution, a psychological laboratory for the study of criminals. This will be something new in the matter of prison management. Dr. Peyton has secured Prof. Rufus Bernard von Kleinsmid of DePauw University, as director of the laboratory, who will make a specialty of the psychological phase of the problem while Dr. Peyton himself will do the work in pathology.

The Indiana reformatory at Jeffersonville contains something over one thousand prisoners the year round and it is said that about one-third of them are mentally defective in some way. This new laboratory will make a special study of the relation between crime and defective mentality. In a recent address at a dinner at which several prominent criminologists and others were present Dr. Peyton said: "Crime is not exactly a disease. It may be regarded as an evidence of a defective or undeveloped brain. Through medical science the world learned that insanity is a physical and not a spiritual ill and kindness and scientific treatment supplanted harshness and unscientific methods.

"So also crime is a problem for the neurologist and the psychologist and the field of research is the brain and the mind. We should recognize that crime, like disease, has natural causes and before we can treat the offender we must know his genesis.

"We account for crime deformities by reason of an inflammatory interference with the brain cells. May not science yet disclose that crime is but the natural reason of the defective or undeveloped brain? Who will undertake to point out the sharp line of demarcation between the normal and the abnormal; or tell where sanity leaves off and where insanity begins?

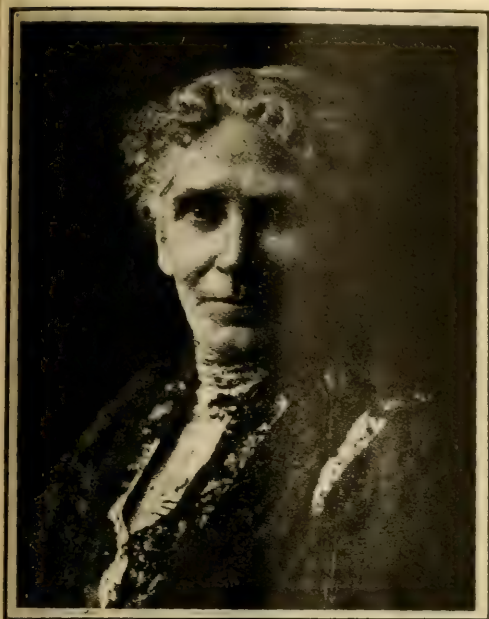


Samuel June Barrows.

The startling advance made in the last half century in the general world of science by the exact methods of laboratory investigation has suggested the feasibility of their application to the problem of penal science. The psychological laboratory is no longer an experiment. The work done by Hugo Münsterburg at Harvard and by others in this field prove conclusively the potency of this method in determining mental qualities, in detecting psychic defects, and in estimating the general state of the nervous system. But incredible as it may seem, there is no penal or reformatory institution having the care of males where psychological methods formulated on scientific laboratory experiments are in use or even where a comprehensive scheme of psychic findings has any place in the general management of criminals."

Students of Psychology will anxiously await the results of this laboratory and if it is a success it is possible that other state institutions will follow the example. Those familiar with the subject know that there is a direct relation between mental defectiveness and crime and that many of the boys and girls placed in reformatories are abnormal; but the percentage of this abnormality and its nature have not been fully worked out. A good place to investigate this problem is in the reformatory where the actions of the prisoners may be controlled.

Is it sufficient to say that many of the



Isabel C. Barrows.

criminals are mentally defective? In many cases is not mental defectiveness simply a result of other causes, such as improper nourishment, heredity, marriage of those unfit for the raising of children, lack of

fresh air when children, overwork, vicious environment? Do not misunderstand me. I do not wish to confuse defectiveness with abnormality. But if mental defectiveness and abnormality are the causes of much of our crime the next step is to remove the conditions which cause these things. Herein is the field for the social investigator as well as the medical expert.

Two Contributors to Modern Methods in Prison Management.

While writing the above we were reminded of two prominent workers in this field, Samuel June Barrows, now dead, and his wife, Isabel C. Barrows. Mr. Barrows was president of the International Prison Congress held at Budapest in 1905 and it was through his effort that the Congress was brought to this country in 1910. For fifteen years he worked as author and translator of works in prison theory and practice. Unfortunately Mr. Barrows did not live to enjoy the conference of prison workers at Washington, D. C., in 1910; but Mrs. Barrows who was his coworker continued the undertakings which her husband initiated. She interpreted and translated many of the papers that appeared at the Washington Congress. The kindly expression on their faces is enough to inspire anyone who is laboring for the good of humanity.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

In China.

Excitement was created in Peking on August 16 by the arrest of the Hupeh generals, who came to the capital from Hankow a few days earlier. General Chang and another general, the original leaders in last October's outbreak at Wu-chang, were tried by a drumhead court martial and put to death at once. The rest were sent to Hankow for execution. These officers were charged with complicity in a recent unsuccessful attempt to provoke a second revolution. They belonged to the Tung Men-Hui, Dr. Sun Yat-sen's original southern revolutionary organization. President Yuan Shi-kai is said to have become alarmed at the violence of the protest; it is understood that the Advisory Council will attempt to impeach him. Yuan is so convinced of the danger of assassination that he has surrounded himself with troops.—The Independent.

Everybody Planning for Notification.

On Tuesday, September 5, Mr. Watkins, the Prohibition candidate, will be notified formally at Ada, Ohio, and rumor has it that both Mr. Howard's notification speech and Dr. Watkins' reply will be far out of the ordinary. A new battle song, words by Howard and music by Excell, will be sung for the first time at the notification and in all probability, Thatcher will be secured to see that it receives a good send-off. The students of Ohio Northern University, of which Watkins was so long a leader, will be in Ada at that time and they will aid to the extent of their ability in making the day the greatest Ada has ever known.



Make Healthful the Schoolrooms.

The health department has done well to call the attention of parents and school authorities to the need of proper prepara-

tion of schoolrooms for the children who will soon return to them. Too many buildings shut up for a considerable time are not properly ventilated before being used again; "canned air" is notoriously in evidence in many churches and public halls.

Not only should schoolrooms be thoroughly aired before being occupied, but most of them should be thoroughly cleaned. Cleanliness is indeed "next to godliness" when considered in the light of the discoveries of sanitary science. It means health of mind as well as of body to a large degree. It means fresh air, sunshine, soap and water and disinfectants and strict prevention of the accumulation of dirt. And the rule for schools, churches and public halls is a good one for homes.

Particularly is there need of cleanliness of air as well as of walls, floors and furniture when the first chilly days of autumn come and fires have not yet been started. The inclination of most of us is to close the windows and doors and allow the air to become stale. Ventilate freely whenever a cold day comes as well as at other times.—Record-Herald.



Railway Speed and Safety.

The Public Service Commission, after investigating the recent wreck of the Twentieth Century Limited, found that the accident was due to the breaking of a rail, and that, though the rail was a fairly good one, it was not equal to the strain to which it was subjected under the high speed of this famous train. According to the report, the fastest express trains are running on "schedules too fast for safety;" and the commission recommends that the speed should be reduced with a view to easing up the burden which is now imposed upon the tracks. In other words, instead of bringing the rails up to speed, it is suggested that the speed be brought down to the rails.

Now, this means that the rail manufacturers are to be put in control of the whole situation; they are to manufacture the kind of rail which suits their particular whim, and then the speed is to be adjusted to whatever kind of product they care to turn out. Put in plain words, that is the exact situation; and if ever there was a case of deliberate retrogression, it is to be found in this proposal to reduce speed. We are not for a moment disputing the broad wisdom of the suggestion made by the commission. On the contrary, we believe that the commission is correct in its statement that the present speeds are too high for the kind of rails over which it is being made. Un-

til an absolutely reliable rail is produced, it would certainly be desirable to ease up on the heavy strain to which the present rails are exposed, when the enormous engines which haul our fastest trains run at speeds of from sixty to eighty miles an hour.

In the choice between high speed and good rails, however, it is assuming too much to suppose that it is impossible to produce a rail which will stand up under heavy, high-speed traffic. On the contrary, it is well understood by engineers, that it is possible to produce such rails, and that the failure to secure them is entirely due to the rail makers. More than once, the Scientific American has gone deeply into this question, and we have shown that the deterioration of steel rails is due entirely to the reluctance of the rail mills to discard a sufficient percentage of the steel ingot, and to put into the rolling of the rail in the mills that time, care and patience, which are necessary to secure an absolutely reliable product. When the steel has been cast into an ingot, preparatory to rolling it down into rails, a large percentage of the steel is defective. Conscientious manufacture demands that the whole of this defective portion be cut away, and only the sound portion be sent on for heating and rolling. The engineers of the railroads, anxious to secure rails free from "pipes" (hidden, incipient fractures on the rails) demand a large percentage of "discard" as it is called, asking sometimes for as much as twenty-five per cent; but the manufacturers, aiming at economy of time and labor, a cheap product, and large output, have always contested this demand of the engineers, and have made the discards just as small as they possibly dare to do.

So powerful has been the influence of the manufacturers, many of whom are directly interested in, and more or less control the railroads, that they have continued to send out an inferior rail, and the result has been shown in the large number of accidents in the past few years, that are attributable to rails which have broken because of incipient pipes or fractures, hidden within the rails.

The Public Service Commission is in favor of high speed under proper conditions; but it begins to look as though it realizes how all-powerful is the influence of the manufacturers, and, therefore, despairing of a sufficiently good rail, the commission has taken the only course open to secure safe travel, and has recommended that speed be reduced.

EDITORIALS

Be Polite, Don't Snub.

Politeness is a valuable asset to society. There is no reason why any one should be snobbish and rude. Because a man has been fortunate in making money why should he surround himself with an atmosphere of reserve and unapproachableness? Ninety-nine people out of a hundred neither covet such wealth or sympathize with the sly methods of certain demagogues who, with all their soft palaver about "Economic Justice" really have an itching palm for that which some one else has acquired by superior talent and hard work.

No one likes to be snubbed. Every normal human being expects the politeness of the real lady and gentleman. And such never pretend they do not recognize some one they really know. Besides one of the best humorists put a great truth into a few words when he wrote: "Never despise your poor relations, they may become suddenly rich and then it will be difficult to explain."

Some one has said: "Most of our mirrors are great liars. They do not honestly reflect the great change that has taken place in us. But the saddest of all changes is from generosity to meanness. From being tolerant to being cynical. From being pleasant to being unpleasant. Of course trouble comes." The Arabs say: "There must be some sand in every shoe." Of course it hurts. But think how it hurts other folks likewise. Then no doubt we may invent something that will help us to laugh at calamity.

When we have lost a friend it may help us to comfort those who mourn. When we lose a little money it will help us to understand people who never had any to lose, but who act as though they would like a chance. The pleasantest people in the world are the men and women that have had a great many ups and downs without getting spoiled.

Pleasanter than an oasis in the desert is the pleasant look, the pleasant word, the pleasant act we may offer some fellow traveler in this old world. If he lived up to the golden rule one year a world of thorns and aching hearts would be changed into something like what is called the garden of the Lord.



Conditions in Washington, D. C.

Eugene W. Chafin, presidential nominee of the Prohibition party, recently produced

a list of disorderly resorts in the District of Columbia. Mr. Chafin made reply to Commissioner General of Immigration Keefe, who challenged him to make good on the assertion made in his speech accepting the presidential nomination.

"I refer Mr. Keefe and any other inquirer to the July issue of the American Advance, the official organ of the Prohibition party, which gives a list of disreputable houses which swarm around official buildings of Washington," said Mr. Chafin. "Every one of these houses holds a federal tax receipt for license to sell liquor or malt liquors at retail and not one holds a local license granting that permission.

"There are fifty-two of these speakeasies and slave marts lying within the district between the White House and the post-office. Eight of them are within one block of the White House. Fourteen of them are within the same block as police station No. 1. Thirty-one of them are within a stone's throw of the new office building of the House of Representatives.

"I maintain that President Taft is responsible for this defiance of the law because he could stop it at once if he would. The government of the district is in the hands of three commissioners appointed by the president. This present board is composed of William P. Judson, Cune H. Rudolph and General John A. Johnston. The last two named block the enforcement of the law. Again and again have these men, the President himself, and Major Sylvester of the police been implored by earnest men and women merely to enforce the law. Not one of them will raise his hand to stop the sale of liquor illegally or to break up the vile practice of profiting by the bodies of women."



Girl on an Outing Calls Cow a Goose.

Fifteen children with no accurate conception of life on a farm were found in a group of twenty-seven being taken on a two weeks' outing to Saybrook, Ill., by an attendant of the outing department of the United Charities, according to Eugene T. Lies, general superintendent. Of these some little girls pointed out a cow and called it a goose. Some of the children living in the more congested parts of Chicago never had seen chickens except those dressed for market and had no idea of the names of the fowls they saw strutting around the barnyards.

More than twelve hundred persons from the congested districts were given outings

during the last week by the United Charities. Thus far this year 8,280 persons have enjoyed the hospitality of the united Charities in various forms of outings, 2,778 having been sent to Algonquin, Arden Shore, Goodwill and Joliet camps, 690 to day outings on the lake and 1,914 to outings arranged by coöperating agencies, but managed by the outing departments of the United Charities. An increase in donations for this work is being sought by the general superintendent of the United Charities Eugene T. Lies, in view of great increase in the summer outing work.

✱
"Give While You Live."

In celebration of his fiftieth birthday Julius Rosenwald, the head of Sears Roebuck & Co., already noted for his broad philanthropy, made gifts to educational, charitable and social betterment institutions aggregating \$687,500.

Mr. Rosenwald is parting, as he goes along, with a good share of his wealth that his ability as a business man is bringing him. His ambition is to do good with his money while he is alive. That is a worthy ambition, for it means also the expenditure of much time and thought in seeing that the intent of the giver is fulfilled.

For several years Mr. Rosenwald's donations of time have been as noteworthy as his money gifts. He has been a leader in charitable, religious, educational and civic organizations. While directing a great business he has participated in the work of the Chicago plan commission, the Civic Federation, the University of Chicago and many movements for public welfare. He has been a good citizen in very many ways and a "merchant prince" in the true sense.

Commenting on these donations, Miss Jane Addams said:

"Mr. Rosenwald has given constantly to charitable organizations. He has such a great, comprehensive, practical knowledge of the conditions of the day that every bit he donates does its full value. I think there are few philanthropists who study the conditions as thoroughly and practically. He has donated intelligently and discriminately, always displaying the great, big heart he possesses to help mankind."

Something of the wide extent of Mr. Rosenwald's philanthropic interests is shown in this list of his latest gifts:
University of Chicago—For woman's gymnasium and buildings for the geological, geographic and classical departments.....\$250,000

Associated Jewish Charities of Chicago—For administration building to systematize all West Side charities,	\$ 250,000
Jane Addams and others, as trustees—For a country club for social workers of Chicago....	50,000
Booker T. Washington, as trustee—For improvement and establishment of negro schools such as Tuskegee Institute.....	25,000
Marks Nathan Home for Jewish Orphans—For completion of new home at Douglas Park..	25,000
Chicago-Winfield Tuberculosis Sanitarium at Wheaton—For new administration building.....	25,000
Glenwood Manual Training School for boys—For purchase of Meister farm adjoining.....	12,500
Chicago Hebrew Institute—For the erection and equipment of new gymnasium	50,000
Total	\$687,500

✱
Common Sense.

The following incident was related by Roy R. Atkinson:

The candidate for the presidency of Jerkwater College wore a benignant smile and an air of superiority as he faced the board of trustees, composed of farmers.

The professor still remembered his Greek and geometry, he had always been a good speller, and he had but recently completed an extensive course in agriculture. Therefore he had no fears for any test these "Rubes" might impose.

"We have no doubt of your learning," explained the chairman, "so we shall not try to trip you up on technicalities. We simply want to get a line on your common sense. Here are the three questions:

- "What is love?"
- "What is poetry?"
- "What is electricity?" "

The professor turned pale. He moistened his lips and hesitated, for he needed the job. After a moment's pause he picked up his hat and turned to depart.

"What's the matter?" asked the chairman, while the rest of the trustees pricked up their ears.

"I can't answer those questions, because I don't know," declared the professor, with a defiant air, from the door.

"Come back!" shouted the chairman. "You have proved your common sense. The job is yours."

TO MANILA BY RAIL

W. O. Beckner

Part II.

THERE are three classes of tickets sold, 1st, 2nd and 3rd. The third class passengers are cared for in an open car with seats along the wall and a bench running through the middle without a back. Around them on the floor and under the seats they have their bundles with which we saw them mount the train. Those chickens are right in the path,—don't step on them!

The accommodations for 1st and 2nd class passengers are not so different each from the other. The cars are divided into compartments into which eight persons can crowd somewhat uncomfortably. There is a passageway down one side of the car in which it is quite a difficult matter for two fat men to pass. I was one of the two who had to try it once and I know. A door about the middle of that passageway divides the first and second class compartments, one end of the car being first and the other second. If the compartment is not too much crowded it is quite pleasant to travel in such cars. There is more of a family feeling in it than when you are thrown into an open car where all kinds of people may ride. Of course it is always warm here so that windows are always open and no fires are needed to warm our toes.

We have scarcely left the town when the conductor comes along and sticks his head in through the door to our compartment and says "tickets, please" if he is a young man, or perchance if he is older and has learned little English, he may say, "bil-lettes," (pronounced bil-yet-ties) with a sort of rising inflection of his voice. Many of the conductors on the trains now are young men who have had training in the English schools and can speak to you in English. Some, however, cannot and they are always supposed to address you in Spanish.

The conductor takes your ticket, scrutinizes it carefully to see that it is properly dated and to see where you are going, punches a hole in it and hands it back to you. Most of them are quite polite and treat passengers with extreme courtesy. But the conductor is not the only one to look at your ticket. Pretty soon here comes



Loading Freight Cars. The Sacks Are Full of Native Cane Sugar.

an older man with a more dignified look, and he looks either under his spectacles, or over them or around the end of them and asks for your ticket again. Possibly he knows but little more English than "Good morning," but that serves well as a means of address. He presents his ticket punch in such a way and holds his hand so invitingly that instinctively you reach for your ticket and give it to him. He makes another hole in it with his punch (the first fellow only clipped two notches out of one side and one notch out of the other side), then hands it back to you again. If you have to go over a section of the road, traversed by another inspector you are likely to have another hole in your ticket before you get through with it.

There are no porters on the train to call out stations. You must know where you are going and when you get there, unless you happen to remember to ask some one when you get there. The other day an old lady came up from Tarlec to Gerona to visit with us and she forgot about that porter business some way and almost got carried on past. A young man who knew her was at the station to meet her and saw her through the window and called to her that she was at her station.

At every station there are numbers of people selling things to eat. It is all native food of course and is not bought by Americans but then there are a hundred natives traveling to one American at any rate. That is where the demand for food comes from. Here comes a little girl with a basket of bread and cakes on her head. She walks along below the windows of the

cars and the buyers reach out and select what they want and give her their pennies. A small boy comes along calling out "tu-big," the native name for water. He carries a glass tumbler and a small teapot. The buyers likewise reach out through the car windows and buy of him, giving a penny for a drink. The glass is refilled and taken on in search of more thirst, and more pennies. The problem of food for the native who is making a journey is comparatively small. The demand has brought out an ample supply. At some towns of size where the train passes near the regular meal time, fried chicken and other edibles of that nature are offered.

One class of food nearly always seen at a station must not be forgotten. The natives call it "ba-loot." Here it comes. That old woman has a nice bunch of eggs there for sale, hasn't she? See that man buy one? Say, those are duck eggs too. What large ones they are! Already cooked and lacking only salt. That man is breaking his; let's watch him. See that, doesn't that look fine? So large and,—zounds, what is that? A duck? Sure as you are alive there is a young duck in that egg. It was within about five or six days of hatching when it was cooked hard and is here sold for food. But see how he devours it! Just takes a pinch of salt occasionally and then a bite of that—egg. "Sir, do you like one?" said the old woman as we watched the process. Well, what do you think of trying one when you are real sure that no one will ever find it out on you? Now, what do you say?

The facilities for handling the mails on the trains are very similar to that in the States. The handling of baggage is some-

what different however. The baggage car is what might be taken for a freight car hitched on behind. Express is carried there too.

Freight trains are run on the same general plan as passenger trains. They have their schedule and some of them have cars for passengers while others do not. The cars are all very small. They are called by the Spanish name "va-gon," from the English name for cars, wagons. Some Kansas farmers know how to pile up about as much stuff on one wagon as one of these will hold so that after all, the name wagon may not be inappropriate for them.

Oh, here we are in Manila. Swarms of boys and men meet the train at the edge of the yards and run along side the cars seeking employment as carriers of small hand baggage. We hand out our grips through the window and by the time the train has come to a stop we are ready to disembark. We must march down forward yet several hundred feet and pass out through the gates.

But what is this? Here is a man who says we must give him our tickets, what about it? Well, that is his business. You carried your ticket all the trip with you and now what use have you for it? The company has that man there exactly for that purpose, to collect the tickets from the passengers. At every station you must surrender your ticket when you disembark. The agent at the station of your destination must account for that ticket which you brought to that station. Give it to him; what use have you for an old used ticket at any rate? Let us find a good carromata and move on.

PRACTICAL EUGENICS

Chas. M. Sheldon

THE minister had been talking it over with his wife, and they had finally agreed that something must be done about it.

"I think I will announce next Sunday from the pulpit that hereafter all couples presenting themselves for marriage must show a certificate of health from a reputable physician. I am convinced that this is the first step toward a much-needed reform."

"Yes," said his wife. "But I foresee certain objections on the part of our young

people. You know, John, that such a radical step will probably provoke a good deal of opposition."

"I suppose it will," the minister sighed. "'The world is out of joint; O cursed spite, That ever I was born to set it right.'"

The next Sunday morning the minister was preaching on "Social Betterment." At the close of the sermon he made this announcement:

"I hereby give notice to this church and parish that hereafter all persons presenting themselves to me for marriage will be re-

quired to furnish certificates of physical and mental health, signed by a physician. I believe that this is a reasonable requirement and that it is not only justified but demanded in the interests of social betterment."

Some of the congregation had been asleep during the sermon, but every one, especially all the young people, were wide awake when he made this announcement.

After the service was over and the minister had come down from his pulpit to greet the people, among the first to meet him was one of the young men active in the Sunday-school and young people's societies.

"I was glad to hear that announcement, pastor. And I want to be one of the first to congratulate you on this step. You know I have the promise of your services next June, and, thank God, I believe I am physically and mentally sound, and can furnish my physician's certificate."

The next person to greet the minister was one of his deacons, who simply said:

"I have been hoping for such a movement for a long time. The reason I never urged it was because I believed it ought to be begun by ministers who did not need urging, but had convinced themselves."

The next persons to greet the minister were a young couple whom he had baptized when children and received into the church from the Sunday-school.

The young man said, speaking with modest but manly directness: "We are ready to meet your conditions, pastor. And we want to tell you that we have talked the matter over and believe in your position most heartily."

Three doctors in the parish also stopped to extend their congratulations, and a number of schoolteachers and business men.

On the way home the minister told his wife how his announcement about health certificates had been received. She seemed a little shocked when he mentioned the frank statement made by the young man who had said that the matter had been discussed between himself and the young woman who was going to be his wife.

"Do you think that is quite proper, John?"

"Well, why not? How about all those physiological laws in the Bible which the Jews were commanded to teach their children? Why should our young people be so falsely modest that they rush into marriage without knowing some of the most vital conditions of it? Don't you think we have

been too careful about some things and too careless about others?"

"Perhaps you are right, John. Indeed, I think you are. But will all this tend to make marriage too mechanical, too—well, too much like a bargain? Or will it not rob love of its spontaneity and romance?"

"Not a bit," replied the minister stoutly. "A good deal of the romance the last century has gushed over has been foolishness and worse. We should not be afraid to know the sacred facts of our bodies."

"Before marriage?"

"Ay. Before rather than after."

During the week the minister's mail began to increase. It doubled the next week, and the week after he was embarrassed and had serious thoughts of a printed form to answer questions and objections. He also had a new experience, one that his wife had not warned him about.

Monday morning two young people he did not know presented themselves at his study in the church. The young man had his license in due form and said he wanted to be married in time to catch a certain train. The following dialogue took place:

"You know my rule about a health certificate?"

"No, sir. What's that?"

"I shall have to ask you and the young woman each to present a certificate of health signed by some reputable doctor."

"Oh!" from the groom.

"My!" from the bride.

"Yes," from the minister.

"But isn't the license all right?"

"Yes."

"From the probate court?"

"Yes."

"Doesn't that entitle us to get married?"

"Yes."

"Then if it's legal, can't you marry us?"

"I can, but I require also a health certificate."

"But—what will we have to do? We haven't time to—"

"Wait. Come out here, William."

This from the bride, who drew the bewildered groom out into the study entry.

The couple soon returned, and the young man said:

"What will be the expense of the certificate? Who pays for it?"

The minister did some Olympic thinking.

"I will."

"How much time will it take? Where will we have to go? We have only three hours."

"Just a minute."

The minister turned to his telephone and called up one of the doctors who had congratulated him on the stand he had taken Sunday morning.

"Can you examine a young man if he comes right down to your office?"

"You can?"

"What will be the expense?"

"All right. Thank you. I appreciate that. I'll send him right down."

Next he called up one of the women physicians in his church and asked the same questions relative to the examination of the young woman, and apparently he received the same answers.

He turned to the waiting couple and said:

"You can get down to these offices and back here inside of an hour, and it won't cost you a cent. I said I would pay for it, but each one of my doctors, who are members of my church, has offered to do this service gratis."

There was a whispered conference between bride and groom. Finally the young man turned a somewhat confused face to the minister.

"Well, we hardly think there is time. But we will go downtown and if we can make our train we will come back."

They went away. At the end of an hour the minister 'phoned the doctors to inquire if the examinations had been made.

No one had applied to either physician.

The minister's memory was good and he remembered the names on the license. So when he read in the paper next morning the list of marriages by the probate judge he recognized that of the couple who had come to the study. He talked the incident over with his wife.

"You lost a fee yesterday morning, Mary. The probate judge has it."

"Do you think you will have any more weddings, John?"

"Well, I have two couples who have

asked for my services. I am sure of them."

"But won't your health certificate drive all the young people who are outside of the church to get married by a justice of the peace or a probate judge?"

"Perhaps. Then we shall have to ask the Legislature to give us a State law. Here is a place where church and State must act together."

"Meanwhile——"

"Meanwhile I shall demand the certificate and get as many other ministers as I can to do the same."

"And what shall I do for pin money?"

"I will raise your salary."

During the last three months, up to the present writing of this article, the minister has married six couples, four from his church and two from outside. All of these young people were willing to take the examination and all of them presented clean bills of health. The doctors who had promised to make the examinations free entered into an agreement with the minister at his own request to accept a part of the marriage fee for their services. In the cases of the minister's own young people they insisted upon paying for their own examinations, and expressed their deep gratification at the results of them. The first health certificate handed the minister is being kept by him as an interesting and valuable document.

The falling off in marriages during the three months has been about one-half of the usual number. The minister's mail has increased to about fifty letters a day. Meanwhile the doctors and lawyers in his own congregation have begun to agitate for a State law. They will get it. And the minister's wife will have to get her pin money from her "increased salary." But why were the first young people who applied to the minister for marriage unwilling to obtain a health certificate? Why should anyone who is fit to marry refuse to be told so by a doctor?—The Independent.

THE NEED OF PROFESSIONALISM

E. L. Craik, A. M.

THIS is emphatically the day of specialists. At one time in the past it was necessary that each man should know how to do a variety of things well enough to enable him to get on well. This tended to make him independent in a small measure, especially if

he had access to the required tools or material. All men were required to know essentially the same things; the degree of proficiency in any line was hardly taken into consideration. Indeed, except in some instances anything like expertness was never found. Only mediocre workmen were to

be found at the forge, behind the plow, or at the carpenter's bench; none of them were in their special place.

As society advanced a new regime known as the division of labor came into prominence. This, as the name indicates, brought about the specialists. One man was no longer a Jack-of-all-trades. It was ascertained to what trade or occupation he was best adapted, and if he acted upon the best counsel he made this his life calling. Then when his sons attained the proper age they learned the father's business. Others, probably, attracted by his efficiency and having a liking for his vocation were apprenticed to him for technical instruction. Thus confined to one line of work some of them became geniuses and made labor-saving machines to render their lot more endurable.

This principle has not been confined to the handicrafts alone. The so-called learned professions have also adopted it. The doctors have divided their practice; one cares for the ear, another for the throat, another for the eye and yet another for the teeth. The lawyers too, have different phases of the legal business with which to deal. One may choose to be an attorney in securing pensions; another may aid his clients in obtaining patents; or another may deal entirely with criminal law. So with the other professions. They have ramified into dozens of specialties.

The principal advantages of this division of labor can be briefly stated. In the first place it narrows the field of work and makes possible more intense application. One man works at one thing with undivided energy. He can always do one thing quicker and better than he can do many things. In the next place it enables each member of society to do things that are to his liking, things for which he has natural adaptation.

All are not gifted alike, but are variously constituted as to aptitude for the different pursuits. It has often been and is yet too frequent, that people fail to decide exactly what they are to do for a life calling. Lastly, it tends to establish a high standard of perfection for each craft or profession. The law of the Survival of the Fittest works out here admirably; it is only the product or the labor of the adept that is regarded with sufficient approval to set it up as a model. Towards this all ambitious workmen strive. So much for the advantages of specialization. But how do they argue for the need of this system?

Society is becoming more and more complex. This is an inevitable law of growth. With this expansion has come an increased personal responsibility, and a loud demand for the very best in each individual. To meet the sharp competition of the world one must be everything but mediocre. To do things he must not handicap himself in any particular; he must avail himself of every advantage or help that may be within reach. He is compelled literally to make opportunities. It is no longer considered cowardly or unfair to seize the present advantage for one's self; a man is rather lauded for so doing. Indeed to the habit thus formed is attributed whatever success he may attain in life.

The advantages of specialization are not always directed toward the noblest ideal, but it is undoubtedly true that the man who would live most and best must do full and effective service not for his own enrichment nor yet for his own development, but for the uplifting of his fellows. Such an ideal, we think, is manifest in the lives of Newton, Edison and Burbank. Each of these set before himself the ideal of the betterment of the race and each has attained to a marked degree the realization of the same.

DIVORCE

Dr. Stanton Coit, London

IN the discussion of marriage and divorce we must divide individuals into two classes, but not as men and women. We know now that men and women are alike in their emotion, instinct and passion.

The division we must make is between the sane and the insane. I believe that all trouble in married life comes from the abnormality of some instinct, passion or

emotion in the husband or wife. Sanity is simply that harmonization of the elements of a human being that work for the best of the community.

There is no better definition of insanity than that it is an abnormal instinct on the part of a man or woman that if satiated will in the end be suicidal to the individual and the social structure.

Then we must recognize that there are

two classes of impulse. The first is that which evaporates upon fulfillment. We know of cases where a man or a woman simply worships an individual, and then when her or his desire is consummated, it evaporates and he or she wonders what it was that excited their sex-fascination.

Then there is the other kind of impulse, that kind which is so deep that its full intensity is seldom realized. On this last ideal marriage is founded.

Some marriages should be prohibited. It is a wonder that society has not recognized this as a whole, when four States already have laws which prohibit the marriage of drunkards and imbeciles.

When we come to a discussion of what marriages should be prohibited, the first question that faces us is, Who shall be the judge? The answer to that is, The community.

The community which now sanctions marriage when certain forms have been complied with should not cast its approbation upon any marriage which will not make the race better.

I marvel at the socialists who argue that the equal distribution of property would heal all unhappiness and misery. They overlook the fact that life and power to

originate life is not the property of the individual. It belongs to the community at large, which has the right to demand the best of the race.

To enter into a marriage for money or social position is a damnation of maternity. Divorce should not be given on the ground of incompatibility.

I say that the only reason for divorce, if we sanction it, must be the reason for marriage. Divorce must be granted on the grounds established by the laws of eugenics.

If the absolute separation of man and woman, with permission to enter into wedlock with another is to be given, it should be given when it will be better for children, the community, the nation and the emotional nature. I do not advocate divorce because I pity the individual, but because I have something greater in mind—the good of the race.

A person should not be permitted to desert his post simply because he is unhappy.

We must make the laws finer, based more upon the result to the community and not to the individual. I maintain that the present trouble with the divorce laws is their brutality, their vulgarity and their blindness to the good of the community.—Health Culture.

THE DECLINE IN AGRICULTURE

T. D. Foster

THE great American Republic has more good farming land than any other country in the world, and with its varieties of climate, it produces or can produce every article of food consumed by its inhabitants with the single exception of coffee.

With three million square miles of territory and one hundred million of inhabitants, the country ought to be overflowing with food, with the figurative "milk and honey," but if one listens to the common report, food products, if not scarce, are said to be held at higher prices in this land of plenty than anywhere else. But a curious fact connected with the situation is, that with our rich lands and great population, our rate of crop yield is shamefully small compared with those of other nations, from which little would be expected.

During the fiscal year just past, there was a great scarcity of potatoes in this country and millions of dollars' worth of them had to be imported from foreign countries and

when some inquiry was made as to our potato crop, it was found that every European country far overtops the United States in the yield per acre of potatoes, and this is a regular business. Our average yield of potatoes to the acre is ninety-four bushels, while that of England is 224 bushels and the other European nations ranking lower, but all far above the United States.

A little investigation has revealed a fact far from complimentary to our United States agriculture. A question was asked as to our rating in wheat in comparison with other nations. These figures were given:

England, 30 bushels per acre.

Germany, 25 bushels per acre.

France, 18 bushels per acre.

Canada, 18 bushels per acre.

United States, 13 1-2 bushels per acre.

India, 12 bushels per acre.

Australia, 9 bushels per acre.

Russia, 8 bushels per acre.

There is something humiliating in such a showing, particularly since throughout the

world, our country has been considered as a land of promise. It can be seen from the figures given above why some half-million farmers from our Northern States, have sold out and gone to Canada, and yet a British writer on Canadian agriculture declares that Canada is not an ideal wheat growing country in which anyone can scratch the soil and produce abundant crops, and Canada does not mean to live by wheat alone; has she not mines, fisheries, forests and manufactures? In the Canadian Northwest, although in the same latitude as England, frost is a great enemy to wheat growing.

It is plain that the 18 bushels of wheat reported for Canada, were made by genuine English and Norwegian farmers and not by the emigrants from the United States. Farming is not only hard work, but it requires close attention to the weather and all attendant natural conditions, and that requires more toil and trouble than the average American farmer is willing to give. Our United States agriculture is highly defective, and it is great only in one product, and that is cotton. No other country can compete with us in the matter of cotton, and that is because it is cared for as much by the climate as by human cultivation.

English agriculture is declining because the men are leaving the fields and going to towns and even emigrating to other countries. In the past four or five decades the number of agricultural laborers has lessened by one-half. Farmers have been

steadily on the downward path, and year by year less and less grain has been grown. In France they look upon the soil as the one and only true source of wealth and on agriculture as the chief industry, on the prosperity of which the fortunes of the country depend. The thriving and numerous rural population is the most solid pillar on which social order rests; their savings are the financial power of France.

What is going to happen? The world's increasing population must continue to eat, but the population of great nations refuse to cultivate the ground, the only source of human food. Some have recommended the subdivision of the lands into small farms, but it has long been established that the small farmer in this country, will as a rule, barely support himself and family and will make no surplus for the vast population engaged in other pursuits.

Unless the habits and tastes of the people who shun agriculture can be changed and they can be turned back to the farms, the only resource will be the systematic cultivation of vast tracts by great syndicates, which will be forced to import as many millions of Chinese as may be necessary to perform the labor. They seem to be the only Asiatics who will do the work, and then we will have great bread trusts. In fact the world's work is steadily developing to the point where great combinations of labor, intelligence, machinery and capital will be more than ever required to accomplish it.

CHAUTAUQUA IN THE COUNTRY TOWN

Mack Isbell

GREAT was the vision of the noble man who conceived the Chautauqua idea. It could scarcely have reached down through the years to the present day development of that idea in the country town. I refer particularly to the Chautauqua as it is found today in the towns of a few thousand population in the middle West; towns made up largely of retired farmers and in close touch with the farming community around them.

Here the people have not been surfeited with good lectures and good concerts and the like; these are yet enough of a rarity to keep the aesthetic and intellectual zest for them on the keen edge. To such a town

comes the agent for some bureau conducting a system of Chautauquas.

Perhaps he will need to do some hard work to get the first one assured but this accomplished the rest is fair sailing, for after the first season there is little difficulty in getting the people to subscribe for the next and after the second season Chautauqua in that town is practically an assured institution.

About the middle of July comes the management with its big tent, with staging and seats, and pitches it on the green square—by courtesy called the "city park." The large trees give abundant shade and the velvety grass is cool and soft to tired feet.

Some benevolent society puts up a rest tent furnished with cots and easy chairs where the old people and children may indulge in their regular naps. The front row of seats before the platform is reserved for the old people and usually consists of their own easy chairs brought from home.

Now begins a week of pure, unalloyed rest and pleasure. Busy tired mothers have looked forward to and planned for it weeks before, baking and brewing as much as possible to last through the week and putting in readiness a big supply of clean clothing for the children.

Do the children attend Chautauqua? Assuredly they do; it is to them a week of pleasure. They seem to feel the quiet charm of the place and seldom make a noise that will disturb the people. Playing about under the trees or lying on the grass, they absorb health and strength from mother nature that builds up their young bodies into fit temples for the precious souls.

Not the least in numbers, of the multitude that fills the tent day after day, are the farmers and their families. Men and women, many of them bent and old before their time, from heavy burdens of life

brought into contact with big minds, sit absorbed in the pleasure of filling their hungry minds and souls with the food that shall nourish them long days to come.

Many of them come in their automobiles, driving the long distance to and from their farms for both afternoon and evening sessions. The street at one side of the park is reserved for the autos; that on the opposite side for carriages and it is an interesting sight to see them filled twice each day.

Often parties of friends bring their lunches and have a picnic supper together thus utilizing the time between sessions in social intercourse.

To sit in the big, cool tent, relaxed, all care and worry given to the winds; to let your mind come close to the edge of the keen wit that flashes from the rough platform; to be swayed by its humor and pathos; to let its deep thoughts plow your soul, is to go from the place a better, stronger being in body, mind and soul and fitter for another wrestle with the problems of life.

You, my reader, whoever you are but especially if you are that happiest of mortals, a dweller in the country, get the Chautauqua habit.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Frederickshaven, Sweden.

Dear Children:—

Here we are in Hotel Denmark. We arrived on time yesterday. The sea was delighted to have us cross without any commotion. It was as peaceful as a little lake sleeping in the shadows of the mountain, and mama slept part of the time. I took a nap also and then read. I bought "Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," in Swedish, and am reading that for a vocabulary in religious terms, and it is coming very nicely. So the trip was not a wearisome one, even if it was without any excitement.

When we pulled up to the wharf there stood Eld. C. Hansen and his daughter Mary, and old Sister Poulson to greet us. They gave us a warm welcome and we started for Sister Poulson's home. Poor old sister! When we were here three years ago her husband, a strong Dane, was living. He was a ship builder. One day he lifted too heavily, injured himself internally and died in three days. Now she has a daughter at home and no more. Her boys

are in our homeland in Iowa, and are doing well. She has a heavy heart and touched my sympathy very much. She was moved from her good home by the sea to a garret home in the city.

We had coffee, and then a good fish supper. Then we took a walk by the sea and came to this hotel for the night. This is the room that Bro. Bonsack and I had three years ago. Here are Danish double beds so interesting to us, but we had a good night's rest and got our mail, and are as happy as two people can be, and still have a slight touch of homesickness. A letter from Bess Jo, Ruth and Dan was here to make us glad. Also others mostly from India.

Bro. Hansen and his daughter are with us. They both speak English, but he is showing age very rapidly. His daughter is homesick for America and expects to return yet this fall. She lived with H. P. Albaugh's when in America before; spent all her money to have a good time, she says. Now she is going back to Racine

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Gwendolyn Blocher.

A HEALTHY BABY

THIS is a picture of Gwendolyn Blocher of Franklin Grove, Ill., taken when one year old. She is now almost two.

She thought she would like to visit all the baby girls and boys of the Inglenook Family.

She was fed on Eskay's Food until fourteen months old, from that on mainly cow's milk. The milk was weakened or cream added just as her condition called for, instead of being doped with medicine.

She does not know what it is to be sick. If she appears not to be feeling just first class she is given castor oil. Has twelve

teeth. Was just as well when cutting them as at any other time. Sleeps winter and summer with windows open. Sleeps three hours each day. Goes to bed about seven in the evening and sleeps all night. She is given a bath every evening during hot weather, and is dressed with just as little clothing as possible. Walked all alone when thirteen months old.

She is a great girl for fruit and water. Last winter it was nothing for her to eat a whole apple at a time. Was in the best of health all winter. Is given all the fresh water she wants to drink. She is a little country baby. Has light hair and blue eyes.

BREEZES FROM THE GULF COAST

M. M. Winesburg

WHEN I say I have drifted into Lane City, do not think it is a large city, for it only has a dozen or so houses, and the most of these are built on the shanty style, which are one story high. There are only two or three two-story houses in the place, besides the hotel.

There are two stores, hotel, church, school, one flat, and a saloon, and also a few industries of this section, pumping stations and a rice mill. The pumping stations are to lift the water from the river for the rice farm. There are three pumping stations here, the one at the river is called the first lift, as it lifts the water from the river; the other two are called second and third lifts, as they fill the canals and distribute the water to the rice fields as it is needed.

The men who own the most of the range cattle live here. One house is just back of where we are staying and the corral and barn joins the back yard of this house, and thus I have had a chance to see them branding cattle since I came here. The cattle would bellow, and the smoke puff up when the branding iron clasped into their ribs; it looked cruel but I don't believe that it hurt them very much.

There are lots of black people here and a good many Mexicans also for the rice harvest is close at hand and the farmers employ Negroes and Mexicans for the harvest. As in the South, the white men do the bossing and the easy work, and the Negro and Mexican do the hard work. They do not put horses into the rice fields because it is too hard on them, and I have been told that sometimes the mules give out too, as the land is sodden from water being on the rice too long and the hot sun raises a steam from the ground.

They claim more acres in rice here this year, than they have had for several years, and the rice farmers are expecting big crops and fat pocket-books, if the rains do not set in and destroy the rice in the fields, as it is the risk the farmers have to run every year. There has not been much rain here since April, but the rainy season begins in the fall and lasts until the next spring, and several seasons, the rains began so early that much of the rice was still in the fields, and of course, had to rain there.

Three years ago the rainy season set in so early that nearly all of the rice in this section was destroyed, and many of the rice farmers lost about everything they had, as they put all of their money in the rice crop. But the people here say it was a fine season for duck shooting, as the wild ducks and geese just swarmed into the rice fields, but the hunters had to wade in the water up to their waist to shoot the fowls. The water was all over the land, from this place down to the Gulf, a distance of thirty miles or more. Just now the rice fields are so hard one can hardly dig into them with a hoe.

There are very few song birds here, but there are plenty of buzzards and longlegged cranes. One can see them along the water holes and the canals, and I have seen another strange kind of a bird which looks as if it had a white ruff around its neck.

The men and boys here do not walk much. They ride ponies most of the time. I saw a strange stunt performed by one rider, the other day, I think he was a cowboy for I saw him out on the range. He was trying to drive a cow with a very young calf, and the calf either could not, or would not go the way he wanted it to, and while I was watching them, the cowboy suddenly leaned down from his saddle and yanked the poor little calf up from the ground and threw it across the saddle in front of him, and rode off with the struggling calf, and of course the mother cow followed her offspring.

The way people hitch their ponies when they dismount, is by pulling the bridle rein over the pony's head and letting it drop on the ground in front of it. The pony will stand there with its head hanging down as if it were sound asleep even harnessed to a buggy they will stand the same way, if the reins or lines are on the ground.

One evening several young boys were indulging in the pastime of roping several young calves which were out in the road, and another amusement consisted in rounding up some yearling steers, and riding them to the discomfort of the steers who certainly did not enjoy it if the boys did. Several small boys here have little Mexican burros, and they are riding or driving them quite often in the evening. The burros are odd looking little fellows, their big

ST heads and long ears look as if they would balance the rest of their bodies.

While I don't like to be always kicking, somebody's "hound dawg," I can't see why some boasters can call the south the land of 'milk and honey.' I suppose there is plenty of milk here, but the calves get it. I know one family who have fifteen cows and one cannot buy a pint of milk from them. The calves milk the cows. Milk, butter, eggs and fruit are scarce articles in this country. I have seen several peach trees, but the

fruit is small, as the hot sun is very injurious to them. In fact, vegetables of any kind are hard to get here; melons and tomatoes are plentiful just now in this place, but I do not know how long they will last without rain.

I understand that the climate here is trying to one not very strong, and a person coming from the northern section loses flesh rapidly while several persons coming from the North have been made ill from the mosquitoes which are plentiful.

DEFENDING A CLAIM

A. M. Gillespie

THROUGH the soft gray of the early twilight, John Andrews stumbled into his little cabin. His wife, busy with the preparation for the evening meal, and with Baby John clinging to her skirt, looked up in surprise. She had listened for her husband's step nightly, for many years, and her keen ear detected that something had happened.

But she was not prepared for the look on his rough brown face. He was pale—something very unusual for him—and a great excitement glowed in his eyes.

"Kate," he whispered hoarsely, "I've found it!"

"Found what? interrogated the surprised Mrs. Andrews.

For answer, he thrust a lump of ore into his wife's hand.

"The lost vein of the Gray Rock ledge, Kate. I am certain of it!" He uttered the words fearfully, and cast a furtive glance out of the cabin door, fearful lest the purpling shadows held an eavesdropper. His wife's face underwent a magical change. From the tired, listless expression of a few moments before, it became aglow with animation.

"Oh, John," she whispered. "Does it mean we are to be rich, after all the long years of suffering and toil?"

Even in his exultant mood, he looked at her in surprise. This was the first time she had ever made complaint at the hardness of her lot; and John Andrews well knew she would not have done so now, had not the revelation of approaching wealth unsealed her lips.

"It means, little woman, that if it turns out as I expect, you can have a big diamond, of your very own."

"No, no, not diamonds John, but oh, to know our future is assured, and that my husband will not have to wear his life out, with the hard labor that is robbing him of his strength.

Two crystal tears gleamed on her cheeks, and John Andrews almost reverently kissed them away.

"Don't build too many air castles, little woman," he said, "but it seems to me, we are on the right road to wealth, now."

"Did you post your notice of possession, John?" she asked, eagerly.

"No, I did not, Kate, for that sneaking Bill Smith was riding like an Indian, close by; in circles and turns he galloped, keeping it up almost all the time I was walking about. Of course, I acted as if nothing unusual was up; but I more than half believe he suspicions there is something worth finding in that ledge, and he is keeping his eyes open. If I had posted my possession by staking it, or laying a paper, with a rock on it, to hold it down, it would have been easy for Bill to have changed it, and put his own name there."

"I know," nodded Kate, "but John, it seems it ought to have been done, and as you are going to ride over to Warner's Hill tomorrow, I think it should be done before you go."

"I will do it first thing in the morning."

"And I will keep watch while you are gone, and—and I guess I had better have your revolver for protection, though I am almost more afraid of it, than I am of claim jumpers."

"You are a brave one, Kate," laughed her husband. "Really, I would not go away tomorrow, if there was any other way out of it."

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THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

"HE RESTORETH MY SOUL."

J. C. Flora.

THESE words are among the most precious in this priceless psalm. They speak to many of the children of God, who are deeply of the need of the restoring grace of the Good Shepherd. If we always obeyed his commands as they were given there would be no need of restoration. But we are not always susceptible and willing to heed the heavenly commands; we easily relapse into a state of lethargy and indifference and it becomes necessary that we should be restored.

The most fruitful source of spiritual declension is the neglect of the Word of God and of private devotion. Just so long as we keep on the best of terms with the Spirit, just so long as we sincerely study God's Word and meditate upon his promises, just so long as we retire from the scenes of this world and taste of the good things of God we shall have a regular growth of grace and in the knowledge and love of God. We must keep our life free and unrestricted from the cares of the world. We must keep in close communion with God. We must keep our machinery well oiled with the golden oil to feed the flame of a holy life. We must keep our life refreshed with the encouragement that may be ours if we retreat to the most holy places. But there are the things that we may so easily neglect. We skim over the promises of God as our eyes trace the general outline of a landscape. The morning and evening prayer are so cold and indifferent that many times we might have better left them unsaid. It is no wonder that our spiritual life declines and we need the interposition of some strong hand to restore.

Unconfessed sins is another cause of spiritual decline. Let the slightest of difference develop between friends and they shrink from coming together, there is a coldness and a restraint that stands out in marked contrast to their previous sympathy and intimacy. There can be no heart-union until the trouble is unearthed and there is a wrong confessed or a misunderstanding explained. The same is true of our relation with God. When we sin we do something against God. This brings unrest and dissatisfaction. God is displeased with us.

Something must be done to bring about a reconciliation. We must confess our sin. We must ask forgiveness. When that is done we may begin to exchange the open heart for the averted one. We may feel perfectly free to go to him who can do all things for us.

Worldly society, with all its accessories is another fruitful source of decline. It is impossible to spend much time amid the trifling talk, the corrupt conversation, the ridicule and empty literature, the frivolous pursuits of what we call "society" without losing much of the finer touches of the soul. We can not constantly live in an impure atmosphere without getting the deadly germs in our system. Neither can we live in the realm of society and not be entangled in its snares and thereby lose the choicest things of life. But on the other hand we are not to live a life of seclusion. We must mingle with our fellow-man. But we can work with him and associate with him without doing as he does. We may go into the slum districts and help to raise those people to a higher plane of living without taking on all the evil practices.

Neglect of some known command will also pull down the strongest spiritual health into the weakness of disease and decline. If all Christendom that is now dickerings with some known command of Christ would dare to obey it there would be one of the greatest revivals that we have ever seen. We sometimes meet Christians who say that they used to be much interested but they have grown cold and indifferent. They failed to use the opportunities that came to them and by doing so God decided that he could not use them as he would desire so he has withdrawn. There are many things that contribute to the soul's decline; its restlessness; its complaining; its want of concern in the things of Christ; its inability to testify for Christ. All these do much toward destroying our spirituality. With many of us they are gnawing away at the very source of the nourishment of our spiritual life and yet we will not go to the Physician, Jesus Christ, who is not willing for us to be invalids, but who is anxious and willing to make us strong men and women in his kingdom.

How welcome it is to turn to the restoring grace of the Savior! Nature is full of great restorative processes. When a rain

rents her hillsides she begins to festoon it with grasses, ferns and creepers. When a wound is made in our flesh our system begins immediately to make the repair. So, spiritually, the blessed Spirit of God is ever brooding over human hearts to do his choice and beloved work of reparation and restoration. When a sheep is lost he goes after the lost one until it is found. When one piece is missing from his crown, one jewel from his breastplate, he rests not till it is replaced. When one child is away in a far country his own joy is at an end till he is back.

Christ uses many restorative methods. Sometimes it is the word of a friend, a minister. It may be some hallowed hymn speaking of the happier past. It may be a paragraph in some biography or religious treatise. Sometimes it may be when we are out amid the scenes of nature that the grace of God, which touches the deepest springs of the heart and softens it. "Oh, do not wait for days or weeks to elapse ere you apply to him for his restoring grace; but just as you are, dare to trust him to do it now. While the throb of passion is still beating high and the deed of shame is recent, look up to him, and claim forgiveness first, and in the same breath ask him to put you back immediately in the very place which you occupied before you fell. And then, though as yet no answering joy thrills your heart, you will be able to exclaim in the assurance of faith, 'He restoreth my soul.' Yes and for those who dare to claim it there is another promise still more reassuring, which tells that 'He will restore the years that the canker-worm has eaten' giving back to us opportunities and privileges which we may seem to have forfeited forever."

DEFENDING A CLAIM.

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"I'll take charge, never fear," returned his wife, smiling.

"And I will get out my papers, too, tomorrow, after I stake my claim. Then you can be banking money one of these days."

It was with a feeling of uneasiness, Kate Andrews saw her husband ride away the following morning. She wished that he might stay near his claim till its success was assured, but she knew it was impossible, so resolved to quiet the fears of her heart.

But her feeling of impending danger weighed her usually high spirits down, and finally, snatching her sunbonnet from its hook, she sped with little Johnnie to a

friend's home, near by, and on pretext that she had some difficult work on hand, asked permission to leave the child there for a while—a request that was gladly granted, for Kate was a person always willing to do a neighborly turn, herself, and her kindness was appreciated. Then when once out of sight of the house, she fairly flew in the direction of the claim.

Her husband had described the exact spot so accurately, she knew she could find it instantly. It was but a stone's throw east of the spot where the two had once found a curiously-fashioned bird's nest, and her nimble feet soon carried her to the place. Yes, there it was, as the white paper, protruding from beneath a small rock, soon announced to her eager eyes. Throwing herself down behind a rocky ledge, she watched for any intruder. She had brought a sandwich lunch along, and so resolved to be on duty all day. A find, if worth while, would warrant many days of steady guarding, if necessary.

An hour dragged slowly, with nothing to relieve the monotony, save the circling of some large bird overhead, or the more friendly curiosity of the smaller varieties, that hopped quizzically near, and regarded the little figure in blue calico, with all the bad manners of birdhood.

A stealthy, crunching noise, made her catch her breath in surprise; and peering cautiously around, she saw the lank figure of Bill Smith stooping over the bit of fluttering white paper, near by, that marked her husband's possession.

He quickly drew it from beneath the rock, and was about to replace it with one of his own, when the woman sprang from her retreat, and insinuatingly showing her revolver, commanded him to replace the paper. Even in her dangerous position, she realized, if she failed, this man would claim all, for there flashed through her mind the thought, that the sneaking fellow had an uncle, as inscrupulous as himself, who was a registrar of claims; and if the two could contrive to work together, so much the better for them.

Bill Smith's face turned almost as white as the paper that fluttered slowly from his trembling fingers, then glancing around he saw the plucky woman was alone. He laughed shortly, and took a step towards her.

"Drop that thing!" he ordered.

"Not until you replace the paper and leave here for good," she replied. Her voice was cool, with no hint of fear in it, though her eyes were wide, like a fright-

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HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

NEW WRINKLES, HELPS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Conducted by Mrs. John M. Douglas.

FOR years, every winter, I suffered terribly from chapped hands. Added to the pain was the annoying fact that they were constantly disfigured by being dry, cracked and bleeding. I have at last discovered a simple, permanent cure. After dozens of different ointments and lotions had failed. After washing the hands, (cold water is the best) instead of drying them on a towel, wash them again, thoroughly, in ordinary cornmeal. Rub the meal well into the cracks and wounds. The cornmeal absorbs all the moisture from the skin, tends to heal the cracks, and, will, in the course of a week or so, entirely remove the trouble, leaving the hands soft and in a good condition.

A really reliable hair tonic and dandruff cure: Resorcin 4 drams, tr. cantharides 4 drams, alcohol 1 ounce, bay rum enough to make 6 ounces. Apply this Tonic by rubbing briskly with the tips of your fingers, so as to get to the roots of the hair. Use two or three times a week. I have found this more efficient than the best known preparations selling for 50c a bottle. It is the very best that can be had for dandruff and falling hair. Try it.

Those who have never tried sand paper for cleaning cooking utensils, should try an experiment along this line. Of course, it should not be used on aluminum ware; but on granite ware, skillets, etc., it has no equal. Sometimes, things get burnt, and some things stick, in spite of soaking; but a supply of medium coarse sand paper banishes the worry of such conditions. Cut the sheets in small pieces, and hang them on a nail in the kitchen. Having once used it in this way, you will count sand paper among your very best friends.

Cut a round piece from an old stocking. Whip the edges to prevent raveling, and sew on the wrong side of the stocking, where you catch the hose supporter. This will keep the finest hose from being torn, and if done neatly is not at all disfiguring to the stocking.

Finding it impossible to have whipped cream on hand, at a moment's notice, I now use two or three marshmallows to

every cup of chocolate or coffee. I really prefer it to plain or whipped cream, as it is richer.

It is annoying to have a shoe lace break when one is dressing in a hurry. But upon examination you will usually find the lace broken in one weak spot where it has been constantly worn in one of the eyelets. By shifting the shoe lace occasionally, so that the rubbing of the eyelets comes in new spots, they will last much longer.

If you are obliged to take a drink of water at a public drinking place where the cup is objectionable, take a piece of white linen paper and place it inside the cup, letting the paper come well up and turn down over the edge. You are then drinking in perfect safety from a paper cup, with the metal one as only a foundation. When traveling with small children, always carry a few sheets of clean linen paper. If you could contemplate, in one arraignment, the widespread, evil of unsanitary drinking cups, public fountains, towels, etc., you would certainly enlist at once in the ranks of sanitation and cleanliness, in these small things that look so trivial and harmless.

For the young housewife.—Ginger cookies: Two thirds cup of butter, one cup sugar, one cup molasses, two-thirds cup of warm water, two teaspoons of soda, two heaping teaspoons ginger, a pinch of salt. Mix rather soft.

Angels food: One and one half glass of pulverized sugar, one glass of flour, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, whites of twelve eggs, beaten until very stiff; sift sugar, flour and cream of tartar several times and stir into beaten eggs. Bake one hour in a slow oven.

Coffee cake: One and one half cups sugar, one cup molasses, one cup butter, one cup raisins, one cup strong coffee, three eggs, two teaspoonsfuls soda, four cups flour, one teaspoonful each of the following: Cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves. Bake in a loaf.

Doughnuts: One cup sugar, one cup sour cream, two eggs, one-half teaspoon soda, flour enough to roll; season with vanilla and nutmeg. Cut with regular cutter and fry in hot grease.

Delicious chili sauce: Eighteen ripe

tomatoes, two onions, three green peppers, chop very fine, one cup of sugar, two and one-half cups of vinegar, two teaspoons of salt, one teaspoon each of ground cinnamon, cloves and allspice. Cook until thick as cat-sup, but do not strain.

Tapioca pudding: One cup of tapioca soaked over night in a pint of water. In the morning, add a quart of milk, stirring gently, boil about twenty minutes, add the yolks of four eggs, well beaten, two cups of sugar and a little butter and let boil a few minutes longer. Flavor with vanilla and pour into an earthen dish, cover with the whites of eggs beaten stiff, and four tablespoons of sugar. Serve cold.

Jellies that will not jell: Add a pinch of powdered alum. The result is fine.

A lemonade hint: Dissolve the sugar in a little hot water before putting it into the lemonade; it will not sink to the bottom as usual, and will sweeten it more quickly.

To save time in shelling peas: Wash the peas thoroughly, and put to boil in the pods. When done, pods burst and peas go to the bottom. The flavor surpasses that of peas shelled before cooking.

DEFENDING A CLAIM.

(Continued from Page 1001.)

ened child's; and the man, looking at her, wondered if it was from fear, or merely alert excitement. But that she meant business could not be doubted, and his face clouded with anger.

Springing to her, he tried to wrest the weapon from her hand. Just as the strength seemed to ebb from her frame, a voice which she instantly recognized, fell on her ear—a voice that sounded far away, but in reality was very near; and the sound of which, brought with it a feeling of intense relief and gladness.

Then, woman-like, she fainted, and was unconscious of the punishment her stalwart husband administered to the coward, and how the latter skulked away crest-fallen, leaving the claim free to the rightful owner.

As Kate opened her eyes, the clatter of horses' hoofs announced that horsemen were near. As they galloped down the trail, John Andrews recognized the foremost as being the superintendent of Gray Rock Ledge. His claim was secure now, there could be no one to dispute it.

After they had made known their discovery, and congratulations had been extended to his pretty little wife and himself,

he, for his discovery, and she for her pluck in defending their rights, they walked homeward together, facing a western sky, which glowed with golden clouds and bright prophecies of the future which awaited them.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME.

(Continued from Page 996.)

Wis., where she has friends and will save and make things go. Here she works all day long at sewing for between twenty and twenty five cents per day, so you may know it takes a long time to get ahead on wages. Anna Jönsen in Vanneberga hired herself for a year for kroners 250 about \$60. This gives you some idea of wages in this land. We have learned that last March Johnnes Olson's wife died, I hear he is homesick for America but has no money to get back. We will learn more of him next week and will then write you. We are well. God bless and keep you ever, is our prayers.

Affectionately,

Father and Mother.

Noah complained. "My wife kept me up every night to see it didn't rain in the windows," he cried.

Thus we see the flood had terrors even for survivors.—New York Sun.

In a certain colored school the pupils were undergoing a drill in the meaning and use of words. "John," said the teacher, "can you give a sentence containing the words, 'defeat' and 'debasement'?"

"De feet slipped on de steps, an' de boy fell into de basement!" announced John, triumphantly.

Gabe—Yes, Spinks had a good job in Washington. He was fiction editor of the Congressional Record.

Steve—Fiction Editor?

Gabe—Yes, he inserted (cheers), (laughter), and (applause) in the speeches published every day.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cooney and Posey were having a discussion as to which orb is the most valuable to man—the sun or the moon. "The sun's the best," said Cooney, "for see how it gives light by day." "G'wan, man," retorted Posey, "the moon's the best, for see how it gives light at night, when we need it worse."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following concludes the list of answers that have been sent in for these questions:

Questions.

1. What are the young people of your community interested in?
2. How do they spend their winter evenings?
3. How many of them take an active part in church and Sunday-school work, Christian Workers' Society, or some other religious work?
4. Are those who do not take an active part incapable, or is there no particular work for them to do?

But few young members here. These take part in church and Sunday-school work.

None are incapable, but a few are isolated.

There is no organized effort here except by the church and Sunday-school. Some years ago we had Christian Workers' Meetings. Since that time some of the workers have become Methodists and they have been attending their social meetings, etc. There are other local reasons why there is not an effort here now for Christian Workers' Meetings.—George Arnold, Burlington, W. Va.

1. A few are interested in Sunday-school, not many in church, very few in Christian Workers' Meeting; some in Sunday baseball and five and ten cent shows, and entirely too much in worldliness.

2. Some spend them by first reading the daily papers; some in stores in town. I do not know of any who read dime novels. I believe they read some of the church literature, as we give it in the Sunday-school.

3. Some take a part in all the services, except the younger do not lead in prayer. I think they would if once broke in and especially interested.

4. They are capable and there is plenty for them to do. If put on Christian Workers' topic often will not come. Some will and can do well when they come.

I am giving this statement from the city church. We have a membership of 120, an average of about 90 in Sunday-school. About one-half are members and the most of the rest are small children. In Sunday-school these are in attendance, but when school is dismissed many of the children go

home, and some of the young members. I am not giving this because I find fault, but I believe I have given you about the facts.

What should young people do for recreation? First, I would suggest that they go to Sunday-school and church on Sunday, then if they desire, take their dinners and go to some grove or some suitable place and eat their dinners and have a social time together. They might arrange for a contest in quartettes or in speaking or singing or any way to amuse themselves in a civil way, not to desecrate the Lord's Day. Then during the week when the work about the home is done have a game of croquet or lawn supper or many other little games that have no appearance of evil. In connection we might mention some things they should not engage in, civil card playing, dice, or flinch or going to Sunday baseball or some of the questionable parks or resorts. Gymnasium, lawn tennis or many other things might be suggested.—I. B. Wike, Huntington, Ind.

1. About 85 per cent of the young people are interested along spiritual lines to some extent, although some are not.

2. Some evenings are spent in reading good books or papers, some in attending church services and others in miscellaneous ways.

3. Not a large per cent take a real active part. A good per cent take a part to some extent but not as active as they should.

4. Neither one. All or most all of them are capable to some extent and there is plenty of work to do but they are slow to get at it or they do not see the need.

The subject of "Recreation" is a large subject. The recreation time should be spent in a way which would be of spiritual benefit and uplift as well as physical. It can be spent in a way that is harmful to both the physical and spiritual, for example; many branches of athletics. A very good way for recreation is to make a visit to some place of nature, such as a grove or a park and have a good sociable time remembering God and doing nothing except that which would be to his glory, and studying him through nature. God gave us these bodies and we are to take care of them in the proper way but never are we to sacrifice spiritual things for physical recreation.

The young people should by all means attend church on Sunday. A very excellent way is to go to some mission Sunday-school or some other place of service where they

can best be used and do the greatest amount of good in God's work. It is good and often of much benefit for the young people to visit in one another's homes or have several gather at the home of another if the time is spent in the right way, but this is very often abused. When they meet together they should be sociable but not loud. The time should be spent along spiritual lines. Singing spiritual songs is a very excellent way to spend part of the time. It draws them closer together and all closer to God. The young people should take an active part in Sunday-school and church work. A good worker never gets cold. They should be willing to be used and be used if they are called there, in any office of church or Sunday-school or as teacher. It is important first that they be worthy of the position. If they have no special work given to them they should have a good Sunday-school lesson, etc., and be ready to push the work along in any way possible. One thing all can do, even little children, is to invite others to Sunday-school or church and make the work grow larger. The most important thing is living a good Christian life and letting the light shine to all.—D. A. Crist.

AMONG THE BOOKS

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THE INGLENOOK

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THE INGLENOOK

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RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

County Advisers for Farmers.

COUNTIES in several States of the Mississippi Valley are adopting a new idea in farm management—that of employing county agricultural advisers. At an agricultural convention in Iowa not long ago it was decided to extend the county adviser system if possible all over the State and encourage other States to do the same. Commercial organizations of Des Moines have also taken up the work and are raising \$30,000 to support a State staff of experts who shall coöperate with the county advisers. The well known Prof. Holden has been suggested as the proper head of the State organization.

DeKalb County, Ill., seems to be in earnest about better farming. The citizens have hired Prof. Eckhart and will pay him a salary of \$4,000 in addition to his traveling expenses and the use of an automobile. The salary seems rather high to start with but the DeKalb County farmers must see value received in the proposition. Prof. Eckhart plans to visit a farm a day and he has already entered upon his duties. A man who is an experienced farmer as well as a student of agriculture, one who studies all his life, could certainly do valuable service to any county. Even the experience he would get by traveling over the county would help him advise the farmers. He would be a disseminator of local knowledge, something which is frequently as valuable as anything else.

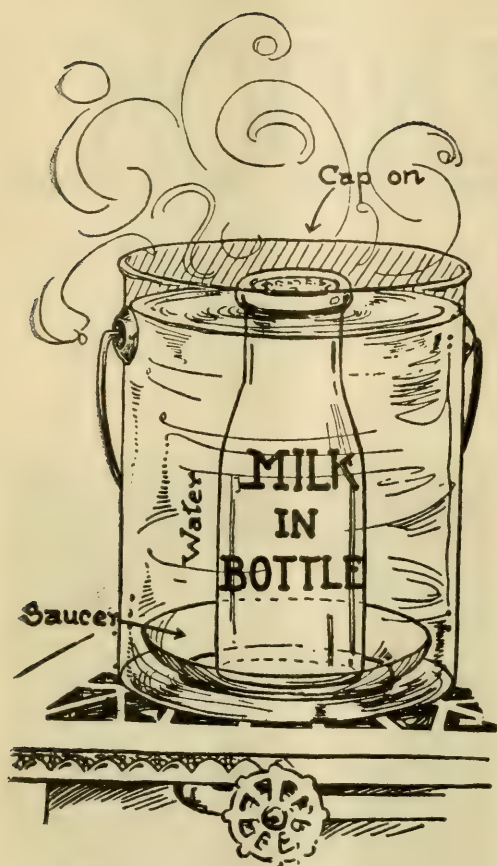
The Struggle for Better Milk.

Those of the West who read the Chicago papers are already familiar with the fight which has been in progress for better milk. The new ordinance provides for a thorough inspection and grading of all milk sold in the city. Besides backing this ordinance



Ernst J. Lederle.

the city health department has been trying to educate the citizens in the methods of caring for the milk after it is once delivered to them. A method of home pasteurization is recommended as follows: "In a small tin pail place a saucer; on the saucer stand the bottle of milk (leaving the cap on the bottle). Now pour sufficient hot water (not so hot as to break the bottle) into the pail to fill the same to within three or four inches of top of bottle and then stand



the pail and contents on the stove. The instant the water begins to boil remove the bottle of milk from the pail and cool it as rapidly as possible. Keep the bottle of milk in the icebox and keep the cap on the bottle when not in use. When you remove the cap do so with a clean fork prong and be careful that the milk side of the cap does not come in contact with anything dirty."

Through the energetic efforts of New York City's Health Commissioner the milk standard in that city has been raised, with a smaller infantile death rate as a result. In the year 1910, 19,000 children died in New York under two years of age. Over two-thirds of them were less than a year old. After one year of cleaning up, the number of deaths of those under two years fell to 17,000. It is worth while to work a year to save two thousand babies, is it not? That is what Ernst J. Lederle, the Health Commissioner thinks. The infantile death rate of New York City and Chicago are about the same.

The New Constitution of Arizona.

For thirty years Arizona has been struggling to be "free" and be a State like her sisters, but for some reason the national fathers mistrusted her ability to govern herself. To all appearances that mistrust has been unfounded because Arizona is now working out her own salvation by framing a constitution and passing bills that deal with problems up-to-date. Social reforms are even embodied in the constitution itself, a thing which is truly unusual. A few are: "The common law doctrine of fellow servant, so far as it affects the liability of the master for injuries to his servant, is forever abrogated."

"The right of action to recover damages for injuries shall never be abrogated, and the amount to be recovered shall not be subject to any statutory limitation."

"An employers' liability law shall be passed."

"The legislature shall enact a workman's compulsory compensation law applicable in such employments as the legislature shall determine to be especially dangerous, by which compulsory compensation shall be required to be paid . . . by the employer if accident is caused in whole or in part or is contributed to, by a necessary risk or danger of such employment, or necessary, or danger inherent in the nature thereof, or by failure of employer to exercise due care."

"No child under age of fourteen shall be employed in any gainful occupation during any part of the school year."

Another measure provides that no employer shall contract with the employees freeing the former of suit for damages. This is important because many a good liability law is crippled by this trick of having the workman sign a contract before he is employed. When a man is out of work he will sign almost anything for a job. When the State legislature met one hundred or more bills were passed and it is said that thirty or more of them deal with social reforms. Unusual authority is given the school authorities and truant officers in dealing with children out of school. We also notice that no child can be employed around a blast furnace who is under eighteen.

The Death of General Booth.

On August 20 there passed away one of the most remarkable characters of modern times, General William Booth of the Salvation Army. He was eighty-three years old. General Booth has rendered a most valuable service to the religious and social uplift of the world and his passing away will

be mourned by thousands who have earned to admire the old man.

William Booth was born in Nottingham, England, April 10, 1829. His father died when he was a boy and his mother was left with but little means. When about fifteen years old the boy became interested in the Methodist church and united with it, but when a young man he came to have ideas of his own. He worked all day for a living and in the evening he went out on the street to preach the gospel message from a soap box amidst the jeers of the passers-by. His native town soon became too small and at the age of twenty he went to London, continuing his work during the day and preaching at night. Two years later he married Catherine Mumford who was attracted to him by his preaching and who gave him much encouragement during those early days of his career. At 29 he was ordained as a minister and a little later asked to take a pastorate in the Methodist church, which he declined publicly in a conference at Liverpool. "I am called of God to do this work (his street work). Shall I refuse to obey that call?" His wife leaning over the railing of the gallery cried, "Never." The young man and his companion left the conference arm in arm to blaze a new trail in spreading Christ's message. There followed four years of bitter struggle with the most adverse circumstances. A storm destroyed their first tent and later they rented a saloon dance hall for a chapel. The religious movement grew and the workers were called volunteers and for some reason or

other the band was later called a Salvation Army with William Booth at its head. The organization finally took the shape it now has. In order to attract attention on the streets he put uniforms on his preachers and equipped them with tambourines and cymbals. These things are used simply as a means to an end and when the crowd is once collected, the teaching begins. The Salvation Army workers aim to reach those usually not reached by church services, those who never make it a habit of going near a religious assembly. The army is no church, it is simply an instrument for the awakening of an interest in good things among the down and out. I have known many Salvation Army workers who are also good church workers, which shows that their labors do not conflict necessarily. Teaching on the street is only a part of the program of the Salvation Army. They give Christmas cheer to the poor and conduct lodging houses and assist the fellow who is down to get up spiritually and physically. Some do not like the excitement and paraphernalia that accompany their religious services and I sometimes doubt whether it secures the best results, but we all know that it is the means of securing hearers on the street. It may take a brass band sometimes to get the attention of a man half drunk. Within a comparatively short time the Salvation Army has spread over the entire world and its paper is published in twenty different languages. We must say again that Gen. William Booth has performed a most notable service to the world both in a religious and in a social way.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Plenty of Room for More People on Farms.

Herbert Quick, editor of *Farm and Fireside*, writes an interesting article in the current issue of his periodical on the causes that are back of the high cost of living. Following is an extract:

"What we want to know is why there are not more people on the farms. I have just read in a magazine the explanation—they are all stirred up about it—that 'all the available land is taken up.' That is true if fencing and owning, and cut-and-covering is 'taking up.' But any farmer knows that there is room for twice, three times as many people on the farms as are there now. I heard Mr. John W. Bookwalter, of Spring-

field and the rest of the world read a paper on this subject last winter. He called the attention of his hearers to the rush of people to the cities as a great danger to the world—to civilization.

"He seemed to miss the effect he himself has had on this matter of the rush of people to the cities. Mr. Bookwalter possesses from 60,000 to 70,000 acres of farmland. On this immense domain there live probably from a thousand to fifteen hundred people. This is in Nebraska. In Nebraska, too, lives Arnold Martin, who, on twenty-one acres makes money, besides supporting his family. If the land owned by Mr. Bookwalter were owned by the men who work it,

there would be living on it three thousand ordinary Nebraska farm folk, instead of fifteen hundred people. If it were owned by men like Arnold Martin, there would be room for three thousand five hundred families, or say a population of fifteen thousand people on this same estate, which now supports perhaps fifteen hundred people on one half the crops—and Mr. Bookwalter on the other half!

"What would be the effect on the cost of living if every tenant-farmer in these United States were all at once changed into an owner of his farm? Would it not change most of them into better farmers? It surely would. They would manure more heavily, establish better rotations, buy fertilizers, cease skinning the land, begin trying to make the place adequate to the support not only of the old folks, but of the children."



American Control of the Panama Canal.

The people of the United States, in opening this canal, are conferring a great boon upon the commerce of the world, and they are especially contributing to the development of South America. In the adjustment of tolls, and in the use of the canal for the promotion of our own commerce, it would be incredible that we should be thought to have placed obstacles in the way of our own freedom of judgment. There has been much discussion of this question, based upon a wholly inadequate study and knowledge of the subject. The Government of the United States will treat all foreign nations equally and fairly, and will treat its own citizens precisely as it thinks best. A similar principle is involved in the question of fortifying the canal. We had long ago entered upon a systematic plan of creating modern coast defenses.—*American Review of Reviews* for September.



Germany to Be a Republic?

"My son will be the last of the emperors," Kaiser Wilhelm is said to have told the historian, Karl von Kroon, recently. "All the world will be republican within fifty years. Germany will be the last of the empires. It is inevitable."

The kaiser is credited with being a farsighted politician as well as an able upholder of his prerogatives as a sovereign. He sees the drift of the times as other crowned heads see it. Monarchy is passing, even in England. It has passed in France and Portugal; it has become merely nominal in other European countries. Even China has become a republic. Germany is conservative on the subject, no

doubt, because it has had excellent rulers. From an American point of view it seems likely to be the last nation to change, a the kaiser prophesies—to be even later than Russia.

Monarchism, like feudalism, has had proper place in the evolution of civilization, but, like feudalism, it must go. There have been a few real kings and queens whose work for the world has been great and the ideal of kingship, as Carlyle paints it, inspires high sentiments and noble deeds. But this is an age in which kings and queens have little to do and in which education is so widely diffused as to make the real leaders recognizable as the need of them arises. The world progresses politically as it progresses materially, intellectually and morally.—*Record-Herald*.



If No Candidate Is Elected.

So much interest is manifested in the possibility of an indecisive vote at the presidential election in November and the further possibility of deadlocks thereafter that a brief showing of the chances is here presented.

To make the vote in November decisive it is necessary that one of the candidates should have a majority of the electoral vote. If no candidate has a majority the election will be thrown into the House of Representatives. The vote there must be by states, each state having one vote, a majority of all the states being necessary to a choice, and the choice must be made from the persons having the highest numbers not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President.

If at the November elections no candidate for Vice-president succeeds in winning a majority of the electoral vote the Senate must choose the Vice-President from the two highest numbers on the list, and a "quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice."

If the House shall not choose a President whenever the right of choice devolve upon it "before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice-President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President."

If neither President nor Vice-President should be chosen by the time the new presidential term begins the succession would go to the Secretary of State in the administration that had just come to a close.

EDITORIALS

Mutual Help.

Professor F. R. Clow, a lecturer in the summer session of the University of Michigan, has no patience with the cry that science is driving religion out of existence and that sociology in the last decade has almost usurped the field of religion.

"There is small likelihood that science will ever be so extended as to drive religion off the earth," said Professor Clow, "though it now and then compels religion to make readjustments, to give up some old dogmas, but as the scientists slowly widen the area they occupy the theologians, like the metaphysicians, simply pull up stakes and move a little further out into the area that is still unknown. We may never expect to see them surrounded and forced to surrender to the scientists, however.

"If sociology and religion could come to a mutual understanding and could learn to avoid trespassing on each other's territory they could be very helpful to each other.

"The sociologist is compelled as a scientist to regard religions as institutions, and therefore religious beliefs as a part of the natural order of things and to be accounted for in the same way as political and industrial institutions. We may look to the social conditions that lead to the establishment of an order of priests, just as much as for the conditions which lead to the establishment of an order of nobility or a class of capitalists."



May Trace Infantile Paralysis to Cats.

Cat fanciers here under the leadership of Mrs. Henry L. West, president of the Washington Cat Club, have registered an indignant denial of the suggestion that cats are responsible for infantile paralysis. The suggestion advanced by medical investigators here is that cats may convey infantile paralysis in the same way that rats are the origin and spreaders of bubonic plague.

"The idea!" said Mrs. West, when she heard the suggestion. "Cats do not originate or spread infantile paralysis."

Cat lovers do not take kindly to the speculations of scientists who see in even the pet household kittens a possible source of contagion and disease.

Dr. Ruppert Blue, surgeon-general of the public health and marine hospital service, says that nothing so far has been

shown which connects cats and infantile paralysis. He has gladdened the hearts of cat lovers by this statement and refuses to lay the blame on cats even in the remotest degree until he has reason for it.

The public health and marine hospital service is making an investigation into the origin of the disease. Past Assistant Surgeon W. H. Frost has been sent to Buffalo to make an investigation and report on the alarming increase of the disease in that city.



New Anæsthetic.

Painless operations with the patient conscious and no unpleasant after nausea is claimed by Dr. Frank McCartney of Denver for the new anæsthetic composed of quinine and urea hydrochloride, discovered by Dr. Henry Thibault of Arkansas. Dr. McCartney says he removed a tumor as big as his fist from the shoulder blade of a patient to whom he had given the new anæsthetic, and the patient not only felt no pain, but laughed and talked while the knife was being used. After the operation he walked unassisted to his room and ate a hearty meal.



Homes in Borneo.

No thought of sanitation is given to housekeeping in the jungle land; here the whole village makes its home under one roof. Gomes, in his book, "Seventeen Years Among the Sea Dyaks of Borneo," gives an account of how these houses are constructed.

"The village house is built on piles made of hard wood, which raise the floor from six to twelve feet above the ground. The ascent is made by a notched trunk or log, which serves as a ladder, one is fixed in each end of the house. The length of this house varies according to the number of the different families inhabiting it; but as the rooms occupied by different families are built on the same plan and by a combination of labor, the whole presents a uniform and regular appearance. The roofs and outside walls are thatched with leaves of nipa palm, and the natives have a certain method of treating these leaves so that the roof will withstand the weather for at least three or four years.

"The long village house is built in a straight line, and consists of a long covered veranda, which is called the tanju. This stretches the whole length of the house, and the floor is made of bamboo, split into

laths and tied down with rattan or cane. This affords a cool, pleasant place in which the men and women meet for conversation and to pursue their indoor pursuits. Travelers passing that way may climb the ladder at one end of the house and walk the length of the house through the covered veranda. On one side of the veranda is a row of doors; these open into separate rooms, and each family occupies one room, in which they eat and sleep. There are no windows for ventilation, but the roof is so constructed that it can be raised a few feet to allow a freer circulation of air. These rooms are swept, after a fashion, and the refuse falls through to the ground under the house. The poultry and pigs occupy the waste space under the house."



Mountain Visions for Valley Duties.

We read of a lad who was apprenticed to a fashioner of mosaics. While the boy worked at his humble tasks he formed the conception of a beautiful picture. In order to carry out his ideal he asked permission to use the odd bits of glass that were thrown aside as worthless. After months had elapsed the master chanced to enter the attic, and found there a mosaic of wondrous loveliness. Hurrying down to the studio he inquired breathlessly of his assistants if they knew the name of the great artist who had there left his picture. Finally, when no one answered, with bowed head and stammering tongue the boy confessed the work to be his. The master, fondly embracing him, cried: "Since you have done so well with the poorest materials, the best are now at your disposal." So in life, the one with mountain vision who does his task in the best possible way, wins the Master's commendation. It is the petty duty performed in the spirit of the mountain vision that makes life worth the living. It is the mountain vision that distinguishes the hand of the artist from that of the blundering workman. To the Creator there is no great or small, since he paints the butterfly's wing with as much care as sunset skies. As the rose-bush changes the elements into a rose tinted like the first flush of dawn, so the valley duties of life are transformed through the alchemy of mountain visions into the sublime realities of life eternal.



The Old-Rose Blouse.

Mrs. Chesley herself opened the door.

"I saw you coming," she explained. "Come up to my room—quick!"

With light footsteps, Mrs. Nelson followed. She admired Mrs. Chesley's beauty and social charm, and was unaffectedly grateful for her kindness to herself, a shy little bride in a strangs town.

"Oh!" Mrs. Nelson exclaimed, rapturously. "It's that imported blouse from Suratt's, isn't it? It's perfectly lovely!"

"I simply had to have it—I couldn't go out another afternoon in my old one. And, my dear, there is one in old rose that you just must have. It would exactly suit you!"

"But," Mrs. Nelson faltered, "I—I couldn't! Jack is just starting in, you know, and—"

Mrs. Chesley interrupted her with an amused laugh. "I know all about that. Of course you wouldn't ask Jack. He'd say, 'Why, what's the matter with that blue gown you got only a month or two ago?' Men never understand, and you can't make them; but my dear, there are other ways.

"Do you suppose I asked Charley for the money for this? Not much! I got Mr. Hoover to lend me the money, and he just adds it to the month's grocery bill. Mr. Hoover gets his money right back, I get my blouse and everybody's happy—all through a little diplomacy. You needn't look shocked, child; everybody does it."

"I—oh, I couldn't!" Mrs. Nelson repeated.

Mrs. Chesley, whose good nature was one of her charms, laughed again. "All right," she said, "but just go and look at that old rose. I'll rest my case on that. I'm sure you'll say it's a bargain you have no right to miss."

Mrs. Nelson had no intention of looking at the old rose, yet somehow she found herself before Suratt's window. There was no doubt about it—the blouse was lovely. Slowly, with flushing cheeks, she turned toward her butcher's.

Jack came home early that night, and something in his voice as he called her made her hurry down-stairs.

"What is it?" she cried.

"Just a hard day, little girl—a little harder than usual. You wouldn't understand. But it was a stiff fight to keep my hands clean. I was almost gone once, but I couldn't stand it not to be able to look you square in the face. It was your battle, Jess, though you never knew it."

Mrs. Nelson caught her breath. Suppose there had been an old-rose blouse upstairs?

THE NEED OF SPECIALIZATION IN WORK

E. L. Craik, A. M.

OUR grand old universe is one of system. It would be an impossibility without uniform laws. The seasons come and go with unchanging routine. Man's faith in the productivity of the soil and anticipation of the fruitage is based upon this fact. What misery would result if harvest should fail to come in any given year! How shaken would be our faith in Providence! Suppose a body should fall upwards or refuse to fall downwards at a constant ratio. Our great laws of the physical world would thus be proved fallacious, and Newton's life would have been lived in vain. But such is not the case; the laws of physics hold—system is everywhere present.

Work was divinely ordained as man's earthly lot when he fell from Edenic bliss. It was not destined to be a mere side issue, a prolonged pleasure; it was to contribute directly to his very life. Moreover, it was to be accompanied by more or less discomfort. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread."

But man as a reasoning being has sought to lighten the burden thus imposed upon him. He cannot get rid of it entirely, but continually tries to make it easier. He employs all the inventive genius at his command to this end, and we believe that incalculable good has been accomplished thereby; indeed, that it is even a part of the infinite plan that man should use his mind for his own interests. That is, he should render his work less laborious by means of his intellect. This is accomplished by having a certain time and manner for doing the different labors of the day. We call it system.

How may one systematize his work? There are possibly many ways to do this. In the first place, he must think out a definite program for daily conduct of business. This is only a mental conception. Many people, especially students, write out these programs. It is a question as to how closely each individual may be able to follow such program whether written or carried in mind. It is manifestly a step in the right direction, whether followed to the letter or not. It may be merely suggestive.

From a material standpoint a man can

accomplish more in a given time if he is systematic. When he changes from doing one thing to another he is already prepared; he has been preparing his mind for the next thing on his program. There is a minimum amount of time lost in the transaction. How about "the other fellow"? He probably has not thought ahead to the work of the next hour. How could he? He doesn't know what it is. It may be to grease the wagon or to calculate how much interest he owes at the bank. He doesn't think it makes much difference which he does first, just so he gets them both done.

Cannot man make his life analogous to the working out of the universe in this respect, in this matter of system? There are certainly many lessons for better conduct in what we constantly see about us. We are all integral parts of the universe, by the way, and the more we as such parts harmonize with the whole, the more harmonious will that whole be. Each person lives in a little world of his own. What peculiar worlds some of us have, anyway. Did you ever stop to think of the inconsistencies and handicaps which some of us have and which simply prevent our doing the very best work possible?

We put confidence in the man who is systematic in preference to the man who works, as it were, by "spurts." And if there is anything that the world needs it is men in whom it may place implicit confidence,—expecting things of them and finding its expectations justified.

We think that the use of system will inculcate the right kind of habits in the individual,—habits even along moral lines. He soon finds that he must step aside from a well regulated course of conduct to indulge acquired passions and appetites. This stepping aside ultimately ruins his plans for systematization.

It requires self-denial and a sacrifice of many a gratification of fleeting pleasure to abide by a fixed rule of life. It may be quite distasteful at first, but upon becoming used to such we can hardly dispense with it. Any means to secure from the individual the best and most effectual efforts is to be commended. This, we think, can only be attained by adherence to a more or less definite system of daily work.

SLAVES TO OUR APPETITES

Dr. W. C. Frick

Part One.

A MAN of authority in the business world recently made the statement that the lines of business offering the most returns on the money invested today are those which cater most to people's appetites. Thus it comes that the confectionery and saloon business, the nickel theater and amusement park have become such remunerative businesses in late years, for people have become slaves to their appetites.

From very early in the history of the world beverages tending to deteriorate into an alcoholic state have held a prominent place among those most popular. The opposition developed against this particular class of beverages in late years is well known to all, but beyond the fact that people become intoxicated under their influence and often commit terrible deeds while thus affected it is a truth that most people know little about it further than that and we have heard lecturers on temperance speak some grave errors when denouncing alcohol.

The truth dares to be told about these beverages without making them advance in the estimation of sensible people. And in this article and others to follow we propose to tell you the truth about alcohol and its derived beverages.

Although alcoholic drinks once tasted, advertise themselves by a constant appeal to the appetite the time has come that those profiting most by their sale find it necessary to advertise in order to keep up the desired demand. This appeal is not made to appetite but to the intellect, and in such a subtle manner as to actually commend the stuff to many well intentioned people. Just at present the most successful tactic perhaps is to advertise beer and other such beverages as food. To affirm that alcohol is not a food would be putting it a little too strong. The fact that many people

know that physicians give alcohol at regular intervals to tide patients over severe periods of illness has led many such people to believe it is given instead of or as a food and the liquor interests as usual have taken advantage of this belief. The human body in health is able to manufacture cells and energy in excess of its daily needs. These it stores away. It is this excess which enables one to fast for a long period, when it is gradually brought out of the body's store house and consumed as needed. In acute illness, however, this reserve force is consumed faster than it is supplied and then it is that physicians employ alcohol as the one remedy that will bring out this reserve just as needed. Alcohol is rarely used for its mere food value.

Wines and similar substances have long held a place as appetite producers, appetizers. Taken in small and suitable quantities before meals they bring an increased production of digestive ferments and stimulate the muscular movements of the digestive organs. These effects are manifest as an increased appetite. Thus far it is an aid to digestion. On the other hand it renders totally indigestible some of the elements of the food and herein it hinders digestion. The practice kept up in moderation over a short period is an actual aid to digestion. But the tendency in every case is to create the alcohol appetite and habit. The doses are almost sure to become larger and more frequent, the size of the dose is forgotten and harm begins to be done in the production of a mild grade of inflammation (catarrh); immense amounts of fluid of actual hindrance to digestion and destruction of its digestive ferments.

The physician who prescribes alcohol as a simple appetizer is laboring under a terrible and too oft unappreciated responsibility and may be the means of sending some individual to a drunkard's and all too probably a murderer's grave.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION

Mrs. T. D. Foster

THE meeting of the National Convention of Colonel Roosevelt's new party at Chicago opens a new chap-

ter in the volume of American politics.

Colonel Roosevelt was a candidate for nomination by the Republican National

Convention at Chicago. He was made to suffer a bitter disappointment through, as he declared it, gross and shameful frauds perpetrated upon his delegates and representatives in the convention, and his claims were entirely rejected.

Then he started out to set up a new party made up of the progressives of the Republican party and of all the radicals, wherever they could be gathered up, whether they are Democrats, Populists and others of every sort.

As for a new party, there has never been one in this country that succeeded in its first trial. The Whigs made many trials before they could elect a president of the United States. Lincoln was elected president by the Republican Party after it had failed under the leadership of Fremont. None of the other new parties had any National standing, although they may have enjoyed some limited and local successes, and therefore, the entire political history of the United States teaches that every new party has been defeated at its first appearance on the race course, although it may subsequently have been successful after one or more failures.

It must therefore, be recorded in advance that the Colonel's new party on the occasion of its first appearance will meet unquestionable defeat. But should he remain in the field and devote himself to building up a party, he will in all probability score a

victory next time, because both of the old parties are badly disorganized, having abandoned their principles and having only such coherency as the prospect of securing or holding on to the National plunder may contribute.

As to Colonel Roosevelt, he has no political principles whatever, but his hold on popular attention is that he seeks to be all things to all men. In the Eastern States he is in favor of the tariff that sustains the mills and factories that give employment to hundreds of thousands of men and women.

In the West he is hostile to all trusts and wants to make the corporations pay the national taxes. In the South he is in favor of the white man's party and white domination. In the Northern States he welcomes negroes as delegates in his convention and is willing to give them offices. He offers to be all things to all men and hopes to gain support from every section and quarter of the country by supporting prejudices and interests of each.

If he can successfully play this game, it will be a grand victory, for in fact, in so vast a country, with such varied interests as ours, it is impossible to stand for one section and its interests without antagonizing the others. To be all things to all men is a great and difficult game, and if he can win, it may insure him a succession of terms. The game is one full of interest.

REMINISCENCES OF THE WEST

J. L. Switzer

THAT old gospel tent did service in Jewell County, Republic County and Smith and Osborn Counties, till it was finally worn out. If some of the sermons and services of that old tent could now be reproduced on a phonograph the people would, even now, sit up and take notice. They cannot be reproduced here, but of one thing I am well assured; that is, they are on record in the Archives of heaven. Not only so, but another thing is certain, and that is, that the seed of those sermons and services is still bringing forth fruit to the glory of God and good to mankind.

Ministers of other denominations attended these services. On one occasion when two of these ministers and a large congregation beside, were present, a rainstorm came up during the evening and continued

all night long. Many had come for miles to attend the meeting. The meeting proved to be an unusually interesting one from start to finish, and at the close the rain was pouring down with no signs of cessation.

That night the tent was turned into a lodging tent. The weather was warm and a nearby straw stack furnished bedding and many slept; but the two ministers present seemed to be too much interested in the services to sleep; and with Brother Stump, Iver and Forney sat up nearly the whole night and compared Scriptural and doctrinal notes.

Both afterward proved warm friends of the Brethren. They attended the services whenever they could and would gladly assist at every favorable opportunity.

Elder Forrest, not very long after this, went to his eternal home in the prime of

his youthful career as a Methodist evangelist. Elder Pantier of the Cumberland Presbyterian faith, threw open his house to appointments for preaching by the Brethren, attended various revival services held by the Brethren and assisted in our meetings. He lived to a good old age, but he, too, several years ago, ended his earthly pilgrimage in Harper County, Kansas.

Present at this meeting were Sister Amanda Miller and Uncle John Miller. They both enjoyed the meeting very much. Several years after, Uncle John died and Sister Miller was married to Brother George Prince, a minister of the Brethren church.

Of these I will here reproduce what Brother M. M. Eshelman wrote, in his correspondence to the "Educator and Companion" about them some years after.

"There lives near Courtland, Republic County, Kansas, a great grand niece of George Washington by the name of Amanda Prince. She was born in Loudon County, Virginia, August 10th, 1816, hence is nearly 74 years of age.

"She was first married to John Miller, in Virginia, and from there they moved to Illinois and from Illinois to Courtland, Kansas, where her husband died several years ago, leaving her the income of 320 acres of land.

"We spent many days with Uncle Johnny and his wife before he went the way of all the earth; and recently we spent an evening with her and her present husband, a Prince of England, that is to say, George Prince, an Englishman by birth and now a minister in the Dunkard Church, of which society his wife has been a faithful and consistent member for many years.

"Mrs. Prince's grandmother, Sarah Russel, was a niece of Washington and member of his family. Her maiden name was McCarthy. The name of one of her children

was Jane, and this Jane Russel was the mother of Amanda Prince.

"She has in her possession a slipper which George Washington purchased and presented to Sarah McCarthy before the Revolutionary war." Mrs. B. H. North, a daughter of Mrs. Prince, living north of Cawker City, Kansas, has the mate to it. These historical relics ought to be placed with the Historical Society at Topeka.

"Grandmother Prince shows the features of the Washingtons in her countenance. She is a woman of great force of character, a lover of good people, kind, tender-hearted, and full of sympathy for the less fortunate of humanity. For one of her age she is in good health, and with the exception of the effects of paralysis, her mind is strong. She converses freely on interesting topics and is glad to associate with good people."

Sister Miller came to the church in Jewell County, Kansas. We often visited with her and Uncle John and shared in their whole-hearted, old Virginia hospitality. Paralysis at last claimed Sister Prince and for years she has been sleeping beside her first husband, near where she rejoiced to be born anew into the Kingdom of God's dear Son.

Both she and Uncle John lived to a good old age. For over forty years he had been afflicted with cancers. He had one on each breast and one on each side of his face. In his earlier affliction, in Illinois, he was many times importuned by his friends and others afflicted with the same disease, to go to a great cancer specialist at Chicago and be cured. But he would not. He told me that of over forty whom he had known to have gone there not one was then living. As a man of good judgment and resolution he lived to be 84 years old and died of other disease beside the cancers he bore so long.

THE LARGEST VANADIUM MINE IN THE WORLD

S. Z. Sharp

UNTIL recently it was supposed that this rare and valuable mineral was found only in very limited quantities in the United States. The principal source of supply being Joachimsthal in Bohemia and Cornwall, England, with small quantities found in Portugal and some

other European countries. In the United States it was known to exist in small quantities in Arizona, New Mexico and Southwestern Colorado. Last fall two prospectors from the gold fields of Telluride, Colo., made a careful investigation of the deposits of this ore in their State and found an enor-

mous outcrop about sixty-five miles southwest of Grand Junction, Colo. After careful examination it was estimated that eight-een thousand tons of this ore were in sight and at once a stock company of capitalists was formed in that city with a capitalization of one million dollars for the purpose of mining and shipping the ore to Europe, mostly to Germany. The price of fifteen per cent vanadium ore is quoted at one hundred and fifty dollars per ton. The reader may wonder why this metal is so valuable. The answer is because of its wonderful effect on steel when combined with it and used for armor plate on battle-ships. It is claimed that an armor plate of vanadium steel, two inches thick has the same resisting power as a plate sixteen inches thick made of pure steel. This enormous difference in its effect on armor plate makes this metal exceedingly valuable and greatly in demand while the craze is on for building battle ships. The price per ton for vanadium metal is quoted at eight hundred dollars.

These vanadium ore beds, two miles in width, have been traced in continuous extent for a distance of fifteen miles varying in thickness from a mere seam to twenty feet. Shipments of this ore to Germany

commenced several months ago, while two weeks ago an English syndicate purchased another rich mine while a third is beginning operations in Utah. Vanadium is never found alone, but always in combination with some other elements as arsenic, lead or uranium. The above mentioned deposits are composed of vanadium and uraninite or pitchblende which in turn contains that most rare of all elements—radium. So small is the percentage of radium that Professor Curie states it would take five thousand tons of uranium to produce one pound of radium, and so complex is the process of extracting it that it takes two months to perform the operation while the cost of refining one ton of uranium residue is about \$2,000.00. Uranium is not so valuable as either vanadium or radium. It is a white metal resembling nickel. It is one of the heaviest of all metals being heavier than gold and about four and a half times as heavy as iron. It is chiefly used in the manufacture of glass and china ware to which it gives beautiful colors.

The discovery of these vast vanadium beds containing also uranium and radium will have a powerful effect upon the markets of the world as well as upon the products manufactured from these elements.

BACK TO THE COUNTRY

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

BERNARD CROWELL had worked for several years without any vacation. "I don't need it and I get more fun out of keeping right on in my office so why should I stop?" he reasoned.

His wife and their two children went to the country every summer to Uncle George Bronson's and remained several weeks. They paid board there, the place was restful and the children liked it. But his wife was dissatisfied with this plan. "We need a vacation, I know. But so do you, Bernard, and why not take one this year? Go with us for once."

"Well, I can't afford it for one thing, and I like work and am not tired so why should I stop?"

"You have repeated that so many times in the last five years that you have come to believe that you really do not need any rest. Now I have fancied this summer that you are not as well as usual and so we shall delay our going for some time hoping that

you will go with us." No argument that her husband could produce had any effect upon her; she was in no hurry to go away, she would wait awhile longer and perhaps they might all go together.

Then quite unexpectedly, Bernard Crowell began to feel tired and worn out, he went to see a doctor who advised a change. "Of course he would tell me to quit work, all the doctors have the habit of asking their patients to go away off somewhere, then they take all the credit for a cure. I hope to stay in my office all summer as usual."

But he did not. Instead, he went to the country with his wife and family. Not to Uncle George Bronson's, no indeed. His wife conceived the idea of having a little place of their own. Bernard scoffed and even showed some indignation at the mere idea of such a thing. "What do you take me for?" he asked with fine scorn. "I am no bondholder, nor is there a single wealthy relative anywhere to whom I can look for a reimbursement of funds when we

are penniless." And he added with grim irony, "You seem bound to ruin me."

His wife murmured something about people who come to hasty conclusions, then noting that he was really troubled, she spoke soothingly. "Dear, I am going to help you to keep both your health and your money. I am looking for an old cottage, one that will house us in the summer to begin with. I am wild to own an acre of real ground and build a home upon it sometime and I am looking for the place now; I have two in view. You are going with me this week to help me decide which is the better bargain."

Perhaps he was feeling worse and so decided that it would prove beneficial to move into the country in the summer, whatever the reason, Bernard objected no longer. He went with his wife to look at the two homes and easily decided in favor of a house twelve miles out from the city. They bought two acres, and decided to make no improvements until they lived there.

Two weeks later, the entire family moved to the country and took possession of a small tumble-down house for the summer months still remaining. Mr. Crowell went back and forth to his office after the first week but he became as keenly interested in the building of a real home on the wind-swept hill as any other member of his family. Before they were there a month he bought an automobile to go back and forth from the city. He had learned to accept silently and understandingly the spiritual sustenance and solace that the widespread meadows, the upland pastures and the winding stream have to give.

The fact that this type of city man gains consciously and thankfully from the new life opened up to him in the country, is very evident. From gray old farmhouses all over this country, the experiment is made. In England men learned long ago that only in the country is home life in the best sense possible; we are beginning to find it so in this land. We see a tide setting countryward, men and women who are not blind to the finer values and pleasures of life, learn that there are unforeseen possibilities of interest and stimulation in a country home. The Crowells never moved back to the city. Their son who was sixteen and handy with tools, did some work on the old house, the children both liked the country best, so that settled it. Mr. Crowell found, what every business man of common sense knows whether he admits it or not, that the farther away he gets in the evening from his business associations of the

day, the better off he is for the morrow's task.

There are undoubtedly many people to whom the country is unbearable, winter or summer. They "simply cannot stand it." They sit by the streams where grand old trees stand like Titans in battle array while their shadows are reflected in the glassy depths of the water below, and talk of the doings back in the city. A marsh meadow lies yellow and green in the sun while overhead a flock of crows makes a great cawing, but a bargain sale is of greater interest to those who hate the country.

It is well to watch and listen as we go by the homes of the birds and hear their songs, their crowings or their matin service.

The Crowells were happy in the country. Discontent and envy and pessimism are found more often in the avenue than in the wilds. Many of the people in the city are made almost imbecile by too many luxuries. Downy couches, sumptuous banquets and palatial halls give rise to murmurs and complaints never heard among the people who work for a living and struggle daily for a foothold. The most wholesome thing to do once in a while is to reduce life to its lowest terms, to throw away as many of the luxuries as possible, to get down to the simplest forms of living, and content ourselves with a few things. Then see how much we have left. If when we are busy in an old farmhouse, we find that we have tenderness, thoughtfulness, love for the family left we are rich indeed. The human heart distorted with cares and passion may well "flee as a bird to a mountain," "the mountain," for in the quiet and solitude of nature Christ will draw nigh unto him and bring salvation to the sinning soul. The peace that passeth all understanding is within us, studying God as Jesus revealed him in the Gospels where he clothes the lilies and gives the soul a trust and resignation too often missed in the rush and grind of the city. Listen to the old cry of the prophet:

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Harken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good. Let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear to come unto me: hear and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David."

These covenanted mercies come to us as the fruits of honest toil and simple living, related to common sense and sacrifice.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Sindal, Sweden.

Dear Children:

Wednesday morning I wrote letters. Mama started out to find Sister Poulson and to be with Mary Hansen, with whom she could talk, as well as to buy some yarn and needles, and now she is knitting as the hours flit away. At noon we went to Sister Poulson's and had a good fish dinner, visited a while, walked out along the sea and mama took our pictures by the seashore. I am hoping that we got good ones, for the surroundings were fine.

At 4:30 we came on to this place. At noon in Frederickshaven I came down to do some banking and found that in that burg they are open from 9:00 to 11:30 and 2:00 till 5:00. But when I found them open on the way to the train I had not the least trouble in getting money.

Upon arrival here Bro. Hansen said we would have to put up at the hotel, and so we did. It has a big bar and runs a big saloon business here in this country village. Then we went down to the church where Sister Karen Jörgenson lives and some old sisters, spent a little time there and returned to the hotel for the night.

Here it is the last days in August and your mother and I sleeping under big feather beds for two reasons. We have nothing else to cover us with and the nights are real cool. I suppose that is a great contrast with home. Our beds are side by side, but each has his own set of bed clothes and the narrow, thick feather beds must be watched or one gets out from under them.

We breakfast in our room, and the eggs and butter are fit for a king. We ate dinner at the church and Sister Jörgenson set out a feast that makes mama wonder how they can do it. Eat? Well, I should say so! Then came Bro. Eskildsen from Hjörring and we had a long conference over the Jönson difficulty in Malmö. That evening, though it had rained, we had meeting and about twenty were present. Meeting was appointed for eight. They began singing, and kept it up till 8:30 o'clock, and I said we ought to begin meeting, but Bro. Hansen said he heard there were some more coming and they wanted to wait for them. So we waited. Finally I began to preach, the Lord took our weak

efforts and made much good out of them. He came near to our hearts and we were touched. Then we came home and slept under the big feather bed, and when mother arose yesterday morning she said she had not felt as good as she did then for years.

I wrote more letters yesterday and at 11:00 o'clock according to appointment, we went to Hjörring to visit the elder and his family. This is the place where Brethren Eby and Fry, back in the seventies of the last century, began their work. We had a good dinner, and walked around to the place where Fry and Eby lived and took a picture of Elders Eskildsen and Hansen, Hansen's daughter and Sister Poulson, the first woman baptized into the Brethren church in Denmark, and myself. I hope we got a good one.

Then we came back and had a meeting in the home of the elder. Thirteen were present and we had a homelike meeting. There were four brethren and nine sisters. The congregation is made up of old people. Here was an old sister of eighty years or more that wanted me to anoint her. This, Bro. Hansen and myself did, and I performed my first anointing service in this far-away land. I have only assisted heretofore.

Then we had supper. Now it was a real "layout." They had gotten for me some of those famous smoked mackerel which are perfected in this country. Mama set her teeth in to them and stopped. She said she never ate anything so fine. That is true too. Raw or uncooked mackerel smoked and cured, oh, so tender and sweet. My! how I wish that you children could have eaten some of them too. Well, I wear a broad smile of satisfaction. Mama will help me brag on mackerel after this. Further, she makes an effort at talking Danska, and these dear old sisters are so delighted that they just take her in their arms, whether she wants them to or not. But she rather likes these husky Danska hugs and I am glad that she does.

We came home a little after seven. Mama went to the feathers, and Hansen and I sat up and worked out a complete record of the members in the church here. There are thirty-six members scattered over a wide area. Some have not been

seen inside of a year. How we wish that some one would come and help these people! They are religiously turned. They would hear if they had reasonable messages. Oh, who will come to Denmark and help?

I finally turned into the feathers also and slept till half past seven. Then I out and began writing this letter to you. At 8:15 mama called the servant for breakfast and she brought us a pile of mail from Brønderslev. There were two letters from home, Father Miller two, Father Royer two, Early one, Pellet one, uncle Frank's one. So we just had a good old time hearing from dear ones. Breakfast was served, and we ate heartily. I only ate four boiled eggs this morning, five yesterday morning, and then we finished reading the letters and had family worship in which our hearts overflowed with joy for what was ours. The Bible reading was good; the letters were good, and we had nothing but joy in our hearts.

Bess tells that Clyde will teach in Mount Morris and she will go to school this year. Mother clapped her hands when I read that. I trust that you have honorably pulled loose from the North. This is a good thing I feel sure, and the Lord is opening the way for you in a blessed man-

ner. Father Miller will be much pleased when he knows you will accept Mount Morris. At this writing he did not know what you would do.

The wind-up of our church work is drawing nigh. The pressure of the load is heavy upon me at times. If only I could talk fluently, how I should like to tell some of these people some things they should know. What I shall undertake anyhow remains for the inspiration of the hour to reveal. My heart is full of many things.

Mama is reading "The Farmer's Wife," which you sent. Hansen is planning our trip fully through Thy, for we have made a change of one day in our plans. Sunday night, Sept. 4, we must be on the train all night and mama will have to get up and go from the boat to the train, and from the train to the boat as we go to Copenhagen. Sept. 8 we hope to be in Malmö. We now know of elders helping us in France and our trip on home. Mama says we will try to reach home Saturday, the 5th, as it now appears, spending the first Sunday in New York and the following week at Hagerstown and the East, providing upon our arrival all is well at home. This is my original plan, and I am glad there are hopes of it being carried out. May the Lord bless and keep you ever.

A MISSENT LETTER

Ada Van Sickle Baker

GERALD COLBURN sat with his head bowed in his arms, in a state of great mental perplexity. His wife, delicately pretty and looking paler than ever in the glow of the lamp light, cast furtive glances at him, as she busily plied her needle to and fro, in the dainty little dress she was making.

Grace, the two-year-old baby, toddled from one to the other of her parents, her tongue prattling with all the joyous abandon of childhood, as she held up her latest toy for inspection. The light gleaming softly on her curls made them shine like spun gold, and the mother laid a caressing hand on her little daughter's head, as she murmured words of mother love in the tiny ear. That her father did not fondle her as usual, greatly surprised the child, and at last she climbed into his lap to demand the attention that should be rightfully hers. For the first time that evening he spoke to her:

"Where is the letter, pet?"

Little Gracie shook her head, her curls bobbing with the motion.

"I los' it," she replied.

Gerald glanced quickly at his wife. "Did you hear that, Grace?" he asked. "Little Gracie says she lost that letter—the one that caused such a bending of our proud spirits to write."

"Oh, impossible!" exclaimed his wife. "Why she just this moment had it in her little hands." She got down on her hands and knees and looked under the table, behind the easy chair, and every place in the room, where the little one might have possibly put the letter. But it had disappeared completely, and as she straightened up, there was a puzzled look on her face. "Well, that beats anything I ever heard of!" she exclaimed.

"Some bad fairy must have wafted it away." Then her husband aided her in

the search, but he was no more successful than his wife had been.

"Well, there is nothing to do but write another," he declared. "I dreaded the first, but this one will be still worse."

"I will rock Gracie to sleep, and the little hands will be out of mischief for a few hours at least," said the mother, kissing the dimpled, wondering face. At last the little one was tucked in bed for the night, and Mrs. Colburn returned to her husband's side.

"Letter number two is written," he said, smilingly, "but where that other went to is a mystery. I suppose it will turn up soon. I forgot just how I worded the other, but this will convey the same meaning. I will read it to you."

Mrs. Colburn perched herself on the arm of her husband's chair, and looked over his shoulder as he read:

"Dear Uncle:—I hesitated quite awhile before asking this favor of you, but as I am in a position where I need your help, I decided to state the matter plainly to you. You know I borrowed money on the few acres which comprise my fruit and vegetable farm, a couple of years ago. It never would have happened had it not been for the serious illness of Grace. You know how my bills piled up then. There was only one way to pay them, and I took that way. Now the money must be paid back; if it is not we will be homeless. If I can keep the land I can make a good living, for the garden produce and small fruits I raise will soon put me firmly on my feet again. But I must have immediate funds. Now what I wish to ask you is this. Will you make me a loan? I will pay you back with interest. I think you know me to be a straightforward fellow, and I hope you can make me this loan for a short time. If you do not, I hardly know what I shall do. Your nephew, Gerald Colburn."

"Oh Gerald," said his wife, "I do hope Uncle will make us the loan. Wouldn't it be terrible to give up our place when it is just beginning to pay us so nicely?"

"Indeed it would, dear," assented her husband.

"If it had not been for that costly illness of mine," sighed Mrs. Colburn.

"Don't complain, Grace, for you are spared to us, and if God permits one to live he will not desert them in their needs."

"You are such a comforter, Gerald," replied his wife softly.

The days were eagerly counted till the return letter should come. At last it came, and as Mr. Colburn walked rapidly away

from the postoffice he eagerly tore open the letter. Then he read the cramped handwriting, and his face which had been bright with anticipation grew sad with disappointment, for the letter was short and terse, and his uncle bade him to "pay off his own debts," and ended by saying "if he had listened to all the petitions that had come to him he would now be a pauper himself." The face of Gerald Colburn burned scarlet. It was bad enough to be refused without the addition of the cruel words.

He saw the face of his wife at the window, as he turned in his own gate, and she opened the door before he had reached it. Then her face fell as she saw the look in his eyes.

"Oh, Gerald, what is it?" she breathed.

"Uncle has refused the loan," he answered in a strained tone of voice. Then he turned to her, and his voice was tense and hard.

"Yes, he has refused us Grace, and it means our ruin. For the want of a few of his countless dollars we are to be turned out of the home we have toiled so hard for. If we had not tried, it would have been different, but God knows I put forth my best efforts, only to meet with this."

Down went his wife's head. "Oh Gerald," she sobbed, "if it had not been for my illness, all this trouble would have been averted."

"Do you think I could blame you, Grace? That illness showed me how precious my wife is to me."

The following day Grace was alone, as her husband had hired out to a farmer for a few days. The day seemed very long, for she had many things to perplex her; and the knowledge that the mortgage would sweep away her home rested like a heavy pall over her.

It was almost dusk, when she discerned the stalwart form of her husband coming through the purpling shadows. She marveled at his buoyant step, and he sprang up the steps, two at a time.

"Read this," he cried, and flung a letter in her lap. She hastily scanned its contents.

"Mr. Gerald Colburn. Dear Sir:" it said. "You will indeed be surprised to receive this letter from a stranger, but I will explain. I am a wholesale fruit and vegetable dealer. Last week one of the men in my employ was uncrating a lot of small fruits. An unaddressed letter fell out, and he brought it to me. I did not know what to do, but at last I tore it open, and read a letter that was undoubtedly intended for

your uncle, but must have fallen, by mistake among the berry boxes. It is not a habit of mine to read other people's letters, but when I read a few lines I became greatly interested. Perhaps you will think my bump of curiosity is unusually large, but I would like to know if you re-wrote that letter, and what his answer was. Did he make you the loan? Let me hear from you. Respectfully, John Wallace."

Gerald Colburn's face was a study in expression as he finished reading the letter.

The return letter he sent the produce dealer was straightforward and manly. He told of his disappointment in not getting the loan, but explained that his uncle was old and somewhat childish and that he bore no ill feeling for his relative.

In a few days' time he received the answer. It stated that the dealer had made inquiries concerning his standing, and that the reports had been most favorable. It also stated that he would assume the mortgage, and that Gerald and his family would be permitted to live as they had in the past, and that the former could devote his whole time to raising vegetables and small fruits which the dealer would purchase at the highest market price, and thus the mortgage could in time be paid.

"Well, I have heard of perplexities arising from a baby's mischievous fingers, but this is the first time I ever knew of a blessing coming from that cause," said Gerald Colburn, thankfully, as he kissed Gracie's naughty little fingers, separately and collectively.



THE TRUE SPIRIT OF GIRLHOOD.

What the ideal girl should be in appearance, disposition, attainments and physique is a matter of general opinion, but, in the main, everybody is agreed that she must be as near perfection as it is possible without losing the charm of girlishness. Without her inconsistencies and her variable moods, her ready smiles and as ready tears she would not be a "girl," so these little points do not in reality detract from her perfections, as long as they are part of herself, and not adopted for effect. In her description of an ideal woman, Ella Wheeler Wilcox chooses a type of fresh-air girl very naturally. That of course means that she is wholesome and healthy. Further, the writer says:

The ideal girl carries with her wherever she goes a spirit of joy and purity and cheer. She is like a sunbeam and a bright June

morning breeze and a bird song all intermingled. She has good words for every one, and sympathy for the less fortunate whether they have brought on their own calamities or have been the victims of circumstance.

The ideal girl has aspirations rather than ambitions. She longs to make the most of herself; to use her days wisely and well and to let no one go by that does not mark some progress toward improvement. Yet with it all, she is full of the spirit of youth, gay with the joyousness that is a part of her period of life. She is alert to be helpful, courteous to those older than herself and thoughtful for those younger; her love and care for animals is tempered by taste and judgment, never ridiculous and hysterical.

This type of girl is popular with her own sex and admired by men, towards whom her manner is frank and natural. However much of a good fellow such a girl may be it would be impossible for her to affect mannish ways or dress, or to lose her womanliness.

The ideal girl is to be found in all walks of life. She does not belong to any one class of society and is met with in the school, the office, the store, the home of wealth and the farm. In after years she appears as the ideal mother and wife, in such is her lot. But wherever she fills her individual part in life, the developed woman is but the fulfillment of the true spirit of girlhood.—The New Era.



To be conscious of real service to humanity brings a transcendent joy that lifts the burden on every cross.—Rev. F. D. McRae, Presbyterian, St. Paul, Minn.

The really humble man feels that since God has made and given him all, raised him above the beast, endowed him with an immortal soul and a free will, it is only conforming with a natural law that the will and the order of this loving, yet just, father should be obeyed.—Rev. Michael Shea, Roman Catholic, Louisville, Ky.

Some of the greatest thinkers, poets, philosophers and musicians were born under consumptive tendencies. Take Keats, for example, and Byron. Methuselah lived 96 years. A man today who lives twenty-five years lives longer than Methuselah, for he did nothing but beget sons and daughters.—Rev. J. W. Taylor, Methodist St. Paul, Minn.



William Wright Eaton.

THE HEALTHY BABY

THIS is a picture of William Wright Eaton, who is in every way a model baby. He is just one year old. He was fed as nature intended until nine and one-half months old, and was then put upon a food of diluted cream. He weighs 23 pounds, and is 29½ inches tall

and has four teeth. He has regular periods for feeding and sleeping, and is not accustomed to being rocked to sleep either. He has never been toted around by children, but left in a shady yard to amuse and develop in nature's own way. He is a perfectly healthy baby.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE SHEPHERD'S LEADING.

J. C. Flora.

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

HE leadeth me." What a blessed link between those two personal pronouns. The chasm between the shepherd in glory and the poor sheep might seem like an infinite one, but it is bridged by this one tender sweet word "leadeth." In the East the shepherd always precedes the flock, so he may discover the greenest patches, and the least stony path, so does Jesus ever keep in front of the soul that trusts and loves him. It is our privilege to allow as small a place as possible to intervene between his footsteps and our own.

We must be willing to be led. We are so naturally inclined to shoot on in front and "prospect" for ourselves. And from this restlessness arises much of the fret and disappointment of life. We think we can do so much better for ourselves than Christ can do for us. We doubt if there is not something outside of what is contained in his will that may be worth while. We are inclined to run before or linger behind, or to go off to forage to the right or left. For most of us it takes a long time to learn that the place of usefulness and blessedness is to follow where Jesus leads. Our greatest ambition should be to follow the Shepherd wheresoever he goeth.

These words make a considerable demand upon our faith. Of old the apostles could see him in front of them as he went up to Jerusalem, and they followed him in fear. But that is impossible now. We cannot see that gracious form treading the perilous pathways of earth. We love him whom we have not seen. But though he be as viewless as the air, yet his teachings are distinctly discernible by the trusting, loving heart.

We detect his leadings in many ways. In the drift of his example and in the direction of his advice contained in the Gospels; in the counsel of a friend, the message of a sermon; as well as in those inner promptings whence we know not and bear us we know not whither. Sometimes the way opens up rather marvelously where once we thought it was closed. At other times a strong im-

pulse seizes us, which, after due thought and prayer we are constrained to follow.

This only we would insist upon: if you do not know which way to go wait till you are sensible of the leadings of the Good Shepherd. Your life is wonderfully interesting to him; every step of it is of great concern to him. It will be very wrong for you to act without knowing what he would have you do. If you do not know that you may rest assured that it is not time for you to move; stay where you are. If you will dare wait to be shown the way, the revelation will come and not a moment too late. Do not conclude that you are so stupid that you cannot know his will. You may always have been very dull of apprehension, but obtuseness of the intellect matters little to Christ. He can deal with that and he will. If he cannot make you understand in one way he will in another. It is the duty of the Shepherd to lead the willing sheep right. The only thing which obstructs his guidance is the stubbornness of heart and will.

We might conclude from the previous verse that the Shepherd always leads us by the still waters and that when we are led by the rocky pathway and when the course lay amid deep, damp glens, overshadowed by heavy forests and overhanging rocks, that at such times the sheep was following its own wild way, outside the tender guidance of its Lord. And so the Psalmist takes up the metaphor again, and tells us that there are other walks by which the Shepherd is leading us to our home. Not always by the gentle streamlet, but sometimes by the foaming torrent. Not always over the delicate grass, but sometimes up the stony mountain track. Not always in the sunshine, but sometimes through the valley of the shadow of death. But whichever way it is, it is the right way, and it is the way home.

Christ's leadings are always along "paths of righteousness." You may hesitate at this. You say that you cannot feel that God's ways with you have been right. You are puzzled by their mystery. You are almost driven to despair by their mazy difficulties, their inexorable demands. Such feelings are not to be marveled at. But he is very pitiful; "for he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." We

must not judge God's ways while they are in progress. Wait till the plan is complete. Wait till you have got out of the vale to the mountain brow. Wait till, in the light of eternity, God can call you aside and reveal to you his purposes. Meanwhile, trust! All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth. Let us not judge God by an incomplete or unfinished scheme, let us have patience till the end shall justify the path by which we came. In the breaking down of eternity we shall discover that God could not have brought us by another route which would have been as expeditious or as safe as the one by which we have come.

Would that we had the faith to look up from every circumstance, from every fretting worry, from every annoyance and temptation into the face of our Guide, and say, "It is the right way, Thou great Shepherd of the sheep; lead thou me on!" But we do not need to plead with him for this. He is pledged to do it for the sake of his own great name. "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." What is his name? "Wonderful?" "Counselor?" "The Mighty God?" Then there is a claim upon him to do nothing inconsistent with divine integrity and glory. "The everlasting Father?" "The Prince of Peace?" Then there is a claim on him as a tender and loving father and there is a claim on him in accordance with the sweetness and loveliness of his heart, the memories of his cross, and the tenderness of his benediction of peace.

"For his name's sake." What a plea that, to look right up from the heart of man to the heart of God, sure that he will not deny himself or belie his character, or do aught inconsistent with his tender love to those for whom he died! What a wonderful Shepherd! Going on before and leading us by the way of Gethsemane and Calvary. And as we catch his answer melodious with love, we will trust and not be afraid, we will follow thee whithersoever thou goest; and we believe that we shall find that no step of the path was inconsistent with the leadings of a Love wise and strong and tender as the heart of God.



If you love what God loves and hate what God hates, how can physical death destroy your soul? Nothing evil can befall a good man, either before death or afterward. Unto God all live.—Rev. N. T. Brown, Baptist, Jacksonville, Fla.

Man shall not live by bread alone. He never sees life in its fullness through the

senses alone. He never grasps it in its fullness or in its wholesomeness until he sees life reflected in the face of the Crystal Christ.—Rev. N. Boylston, Congregationalist, New York City, N. Y.

We must have a spiritual life in the midst of our daily life, not to remind us when the days are gray and lowering of heavenly things, but to march into the territory of sense where you and I spend so much of our time because of the age in which we live.—Rev. F. H. Green, Methodist, Wilmington, Delaware.

Truth is within you because God is within you. Truth is an everflowing stream, and when you assume that God and truth have emptied themselves into a set of books, or a single book, you dam the current behind your dogmas where it goes dead and stagnant.—Rev. A. P. Packard, Disciple, Harrisburg, Pa.

In these apparently peaceful, prosperous times the seeds of sacrificial heroism do not flourish so easily. We can keep Lent but we can not keep ourselves. We have lost the crucifix of the soul, so we manufacture one out of ascetic observances and formal austerity.—Rev. M. M. Barnes, Baptist, Lynchburg, Va.

The stream of truth from God flows through banks of ordinary clay and often mixes with the mire thereof. Hence we should distinguish in every form of what we call revelation between the spirit of truth in its appeal to our heart and reason, and those effects of mind and knowledge, peculiar to him who illustrates and applies it for us.—Rev. Arthur Mercer, Swedenborgian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In the long ago God came in like a tide upon the soul of Moses. In the beginning God was seeking Moses and Moses was seeking God. And the interchange of thoughts and prayer and communion bound man and God together. Soon Moses wrote out his thoughts of God. That was his theology.—Rev. B. A. Barnes, Methodist, Wheeling, W. Va.

What goes on after death and behind the veil? Philosophy tries to bore a hole through the veil. Superstition falls on its knees and tries to peer under the veil. Poetry mounts into the air and endeavors to see over the veil. The materialist begins a chemical analysis of the veil itself and weighs the flesh and the tissues.—Rev. N. D. Hillis, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

NEW WRINKLES, HELPS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Conducted by Mrs. John M. Douglas.

EMERGENCY medicine dropper: Take a fresh, crinkly hair pin right from the paper, sterilize it in boiling water, twist it together and bend one end down at right angles a little less than a third of the whole length. Dip the dropper in water, then insert the long end in the bottle, and pour slowly. It works like a charm, and I have another weapon added to the emergency armory on my medicine chest.

A substitute for raisins: The common whortleberry, or huckleberry, may be dried in the shade, and then placed in paper bags and kept for winter use. It will be found a very acceptable substitute for raisins.

To remove obstinate stoppers from glass bottles, dip a piece of woolen cloth into boiling water and wrap tightly about the neck of the bottle. In a very few moments the stopper can be removed.

When boiling milk, sauces, custards, stews, porridges or liquids, place a large, clean marble in the kettle. It will automatically do the stirring during the cooking process, and will save standing and wasting precious time doing it with a spoon. It prevents any burning, and you can attend to the rest of your work while the marble is busy helping you.

When putting up preserves I always buy the best can rubbers, so that I have a good many left over that seem to be perfectly good. But as I am afraid to risk them, I have adopted this plan: I dip them in melted paraffin and lay them on waxed paper to cool. When it hardens, they are gathered up and put in a box. When canning, I put the paraffined rubber on the can and screw the lid on quickly, and the paraffin helps seal the fruit still more securely.

To destroy cut worms around sweet peas make a rather strong suds with laundry soap. Pour suds along row of peas, watch the ground closely while the suds soak in, and you will be astonished to see how quickly the worms will come to the surface. Gather them into a small pan of the suds, and they will soon die. Repeat this every morning or as often as you can, and the worms will soon be destroyed. Soap-suds will not injure the sweet peas. Any

suds left from the wash will do, providing no washing compound has been used.

A use for old umbrella frames: The frames of old umbrellas or parasols can be used very artistically for trellises for vines. Just open them, strip off the silk, sharpen the handles to a point and thrust them open in the ground. Sweet pea vines or balloon vines trained over them are exceptionally pretty and beautify the lawn.

How to keep plants when absent from home: Take a tub, and get as many common bricks as you have pots to place in the tub. Cover with water; the bricks will absorb the water, and the plants will draw all the moisture they require, and keep in good condition for many days.

Rhubarb jelly.—Cut the rhubarb in cubes, leaving on the skin, and cook in just enough water to cover. When very soft, let drip through a jelly bag, but do not squeeze. Take a measure of sugar to a measure of juice, boil twenty minutes; to every quart of this liquid add one teaspoonful of gelatin previously dissolved in a little cold water, and stir until the gelatin is thoroughly dissolved, pour into glasses and set away to cool. It is of a delicate color, and very delicious in flavor.

Housewives, have you ever tried squash pies? Especially pies made from the small, yellow crook-necked variety? They are certainly wonderful. I believe they surpass the old standby, pumpkin pies. Just try them sometime: Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one pint of squash, one pint of sweet milk, one teaspoon of butter, a pinch of salt, one teaspoon of ginger, one-half teaspoon cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake until a nice brown. This will make two pies. Your family will demand more next time. Increase the recipe in the proportions given.

Why a baked potato is the best. Potatoes are the commonest article of diet; they are a valuable food, but, strange to say, most housewives cook them so that the most valuable parts are lost in the operation.

When a potato is peeled before cooking, the most valuable part, starch, lying directly beneath the skin, is lost. It follows, then, that the best way to cook potatoes is in their jackets. Boiling is a good way, all the valuable parts of the potato are retained; but baking is the ideal method.

By this operation, the food parts are brought into the best possible condition for

easy digestion, and the main parts of food value are retained in their entirety and brought into an ideal condition for ready assimilation in digestion. By all means bake or boil your potatoes.

Never cut a baked potato, as it will get immediately soggy; always break them open.



HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

Ada Van Sickle Baker.

A splinter that has been driven deep in the hand can be extracted by filling a bottle with very hot water, press mouth of bottle to injured part. The suction will draw the flesh, and the steam will extract both splinter and inflammation.

After a day's washing, try rubbing the hands with salt. This relieves the hands of moisture.

Common bicycle clips are useful in holding up long sleeves when one is washing dishes, or doing other work that soils the sleeves.

When you bake a cake, and remove it from the oven place the tin on a cloth wet with cold water. The cake will be quickly removed.

If a cake cracks open while baking, too much flour has been used.

To clean gilt picture frames, dip a bit of cotton in gin and rub hard. Dry at once.

To make lace cream colored, wash in a lather of soap and water. Dry, then put in sufficient milk to cover. Let lay for awhile. Roll up in cloth, and iron while moist.



REV. MR. YOUNG GIVES GOOD ADVICE TO MARRIED PEOPLE.

"Married life is like the life of machinery—friction is a bad thing and too much of it causes a lot of noise and inefficient work. In some families the only peaceful moments are when everybody is dead or asleep. The great question is how to keep down the friction.

"First of all, use a great deal of the lubricator, love.

"Then don't forget the courtesies of courtship just because you are married. Your wife has a birthday just as often, and Christmas comes around just as regularly as before; so don't forget them. Only spinsters and bachelors of a certain age have no birthdays.

"Studiously avoid rash and unkind words. A sharp tongue can cause a serious wound. Don't scold; don't be dumb; and above all, give the woman the last word. It is her inalienable right and you are foolish to argue about it.

"Don't worry your wife with your business hardships, and don't think there is nothing to housekeeping. You would give up the job in a month.

"For wives—Don't greet your tired husband with a tale of misbehaved children, troublesome dressmakers and gossipy neighbors. He has troubles of his own. The best and first thing to do is to fill him up with a good dinner.

"Every wife should be a good cook. If she herself doesn't have to cook, she should be able to direct the work. Many a man has been driven to dyspepsia, despondency and drink by poor cooking. A man can't exist and be strong on thin soup, stale bread, sliced tomatoes and raw cucumbers.

"The man can earn money and succeed in finance or learning, but the woman is the only one who can create the real home atmosphere."



THE FIRST COALLESS SHIP.

Olive A. Smith.

THE Selandia, the first steamer driven by oil engines, recently made a triumphant journey from London to Antwerp. The trip required only a day, and the success of the undertaking, coming at this time of coal troubles, is fraught with great significance.

It is reported that Earl Grey was on board and sent a wireless message to King George concerning the success of the voyage, to which the king replied with a message of congratulation.

The vessel can carry 1,000 tons more than if propelled by coal, and can take aboard 700 tons of oil, which is enough for a 20,000 mile voyage. The cost is about one-third that of coal fuel, and there is an economy of three-fourths of the usual engine staff.

The Pacific Coast Steamship Company, the oldest line on the coast, has contracted to convert its steamer Eureka, from a coal to an oil burner.



Whatever your sectarian complexion, the majesty and universality of his righteous offering for the truth compels our adoration. In this he stands before mankind supreme and indisputable.—Rev. S. P. Codman, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following concludes the list of answers that have been sent in for these questions:

Questions.

1. What are the young people of your community interested in?
2. How do they spend their winter evenings?
3. How many of them take an active part in church and Sunday-school work, Christian Workers' Society, or some other religious work?
4. Are those who do not take an active part incapable, or is there no particular work for them to do?

1. They are much interested in worldly amusements, although we preach against them, yet they seem to hanker after them. They attend church each time that there is church but they do not seem to be as spiritual as they should be. Possibly we as ministers are to blame to a great extent because we do not give them enough to do.

2. The evenings are spent in various ways. Some seem to like to loaf in stores, others hanker after parties and plays and not a few love to spend their evenings in reading books of a high standard, while a few may read dime novels and play cards.

3. Not so many take an active part in church and Sunday-school work, although they are members of the church. They seem to be very negligent. They used to be somewhat interested in Christian Workers' Meetings.

4. No, they are capable to do much for the Lord and his cause. There is much work for them to do. Push is what they need.

The young people are the greatest problem that confronts our church as well as all the popular churches today. The problem to be solved is, How can we hold our young people and so interest them in Christ's work that they will accept Christ as their Savior in early life and become so attached to the church and his work that they will not hanker after the worldly amusements that the popular churches of today get up to hold them in their churches? I am studying the problem and I hope I may by the help of God be able to cipher

out an answer that will help all our "Nook" readers.

Young people need recreation as well as the older folks. The type of recreation that is needed among our young people today is to develop them into a higher standard of manhood and womanhood both morally and spiritually. The Christian standard of recreation is very high. Christ in his earthly life has given us the true standard of recreation.

After the toil of the day he would wend his way up into the mountain and pray to his Father all night. That was recreation to him. Then he said to all "follow me." Some want to put the standard low enough to suit the ideas of men. They have not learned that the Christian standard of recreation is the bright Yea, the joyful side of life. Our young people think that Christ's standard of recreation is so high that they cannot attain it. Let them stop right there and count the blessings that are in store for them.

Going to church, Sunday-school and all religious services are recreation because it gives refreshment of the strength and spirit after toil. Young people should not spend their Sundays in Sunday excursions, Sunday baseball games, Sunday visiting, novel reading, loafing, card playing and pleasure seeking, but instead of following those things they should attend Sunday-school and take such an active part in Sunday-school that they should lead the careless into the Sunday-school and thus help to raise the standard of morality in their community to such a pitch that it would draw all classes of people into the Sunday-school.

They should take such a part in church work that would honor their Creator and glorify Christ who gave his life for them. The reading of good books is a recreation to all our young people and may they read them carefully.—H. A. Stahl.

1. The young people of this community seem to be more interested in having an enjoyable time than most anything else. They like to get together and have what they call a "good time." I think they would be interested in almost any line of work, but seem to be afraid to take an active part themselves.

2. The majority spend the winter evenings at their homes, some of them reading good literature, others not so good, and some doing nothing at all.

3. Almost all attend Sunday-school but only a few take an active part in the work.

Very few attend Christian Workers' Society but those few will take some small part in the work.

4. It is not because they are incapable at all, neither because there is nothing for them to do, but some are timid, while others do not have the proper influence thrown around them at home, and especially as regards the Christian Workers' Meeting.

It is my belief that the young people of our rural communities should associate together. They should have some form of healthful recreation. I think a Literary Society or Debating Club is very nice. Then social singing might be held at the homes of young people in the neighborhood. I believe they should spend their Sundays going to church services of all kinds and learning all they can of God's word, and not use the Sabbath as a day of funmaking and pleasures indulged in that belong entirely to the world.

It seems to me that the reason we do not have more sociability in the rural districts is simply because people are living so fast that they think there is no time to be sociable and rest a little from work.—A. H. Miller, Bolar, Va.

1. Having a good time. This desire, so far as I can discover, is well-nigh universal.

2. Our young people read and study mostly during winter.

3. Nearly all of our young members are thus interested.

4. Those who do not participate are by no means incapable but they are more after the things of the flesh than the things of the spirit. We can not put old heads upon young shoulders is a trite but true saying. We must stay young and show our young people that we love them and are interested in them or we can do them little good. If we are not in sympathy with them and thus lose their highest regards for our advice and opinion, we can hope to do but very little good. We must lead and help in those religious exercises which are pleasing to the youngsters.—H. H. Keim, Elk Lick, Pa.

1. Most of our young people are going to school nine months out of the year.

2. They spend their evenings in singing and at home. They are good about not going out much.

3. All of our members take an active part in all church and Sunday-school work.

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We also have a Christian Workers' Society, and all take part. They have the young people's class in Sunday-school organized so they can do better work. They have about twenty in the class, not all members but prospective ones.

4. We have set our ideals so that each member will have some work to do using every one in some way that they may improve the talents God has given them. Yours for better work for the Master.—George E. Stone, Crystal, Mich.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Some women were visiting the Boston art museum when one of them showed a lively interest in certain large plants which had been placed there for decorative purposes. She turned to one of the elderly retainers and asked eagerly: "These plants belong to the banana family, do they not?"

With scorn and injured pride, the veteran attendant answered coldly: "No, they belong to the superintendent."

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"Nothin'," replied Tommy.

"Why, she promised you ten cents, didn't she?"

"Yes, but I used her sickle to do it with and she charged me ten cents for the use of it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

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Lillian—When you're better acquainted you'll discover that he is light at both ends.

Romantic Ethelinda—How the trees in the orchard are moaning and sighing.

Literal Pete—So would you if you were as full of green apples as they are.

Hippo Described.—Johnny, who had been to the circus, was telling his teacher about the wonderful things he had seen.

"An' teacher," he cried, "they had one big animal they call the hip—hip—"

"Hippopotamus, dear," prompted the teacher.

"I can't just say its name," exclaimed Johnny, "but it looks just like 9,000 pounds of liver."—Youngstown Telegram.

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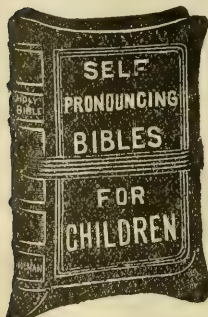
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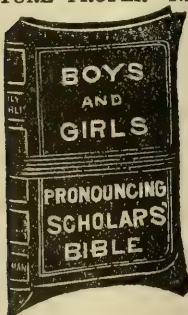
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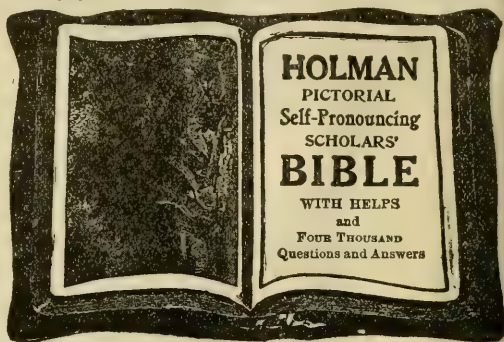
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EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIV

September 17, 1912

No. 38

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



Van Wert County, O., Library.

The Rural Library.

ANDREW CARNEGIE has done much towards the establishing of libraries all over the United States but his work has been mostly in the interest of city libraries. Unfortunately the country has been neglected, excepting in a few scattered communities where someone of unusual energy backed a campaign for better library facilities. The usual city library is of little use to the country. We have one in our county seat that is doing valuable service for the citizens and schools of the town in which it is located and by which it is supported. There is an arrangement by which country people may get the loan of books by paying a small fee but this service is made use of by only a very few each year. To our knowledge there is no library free or otherwise in the whole county for the benefit of those who do not live in towns. The rural schools of Indiana, each contain a small supply of books that are sometimes read and sometimes not. The weakness of these small libraries is that they soon wear out and there is no way of getting a fresh supply except by purchasing them. However

there are a few township libraries in the State of Indiana that serve the isolated rural districts as well as towns. In the September number of the Rural Manhood we read of a successful library in Van Wert County, Ohio, which has been in existence for eleven years and during that time it has had a constant growth in usefulness. Van Wert is a farming county. The county seat has a population of only 7,157 and the only other place of importance is a town of 5,000.

A former citizen bequeathed the county a sum of \$50,000 for the erection of a library building providing the county would maintain it. The library belonged to the county but the question arose how to manage it so that all the citizens would have an equal chance. This problem was solved by the establishment of branch libraries, fifteen of them, over the county. These substations are in charge of some one, usually a postmaster or general store keeper, who receives fifty dollars a year for his trouble. From one to two hundred books are kept in each branch library and these are renewed at least once every three months. Besides these branch libraries



Attractive Picture Books and Primers for the Younger Pupils.

others are maintained also in the rural schools. Last year ninety of the district schools availed themselves of the opportunity of securing books from the central library. Altogether, then, there were over one hundred places in the county where books were kept for the public. Now you may be wondering how many of the farmers read the library books last year. We are not told whether each person of reading age read a book but the library report shows that there was a circulation of nearly 74,000 volumes last year and the total population is only 29,119. Those figures tell how well the people of Van Wert county appreciate their library facilities better than anything that could be said. The expenses of the library are met by a one-fourth mill tax and the probability is that this may be raised to one-half, the maximum levy permitted by the State law. Last year the library tax was over \$7,000, sufficient to meet the current expenses but a larger tax would permit of more expansion. The librarian, as you may suppose from the above, is a public servant. She attends teachers' institutes and farmers' gatherings studying conditions and advertising the uses of the library.

Another interesting feature of this library is the loaning of religious books to Sunday-schools. To us it seems that this is a neglected part of our library system. Each country church ought to have a religious library for public use but the expense of maintaining it is a serious drawback. There are scores of books on missions, Sunday-school management, teacher-training, and rural churches that ought to be had in every country church. Some of the most important volumes could be purchased and others secured from a public library where there is one. One of the best church libraries we ever saw was in a Unitarian church. It contained the very best reference books in religion, sociology and philosophy, the ones that every Sunday-school teacher and minister should be familiar with. Besides these, of course, there were books treating on the Unitarian faith.

Compulsory Segregation for Tuberculosis.

The most advanced legislation on tuberculosis by any State is found in a bill recently enacted by the New Jersey legislature. The new law provides that when tubercular patients refuse to use proper precautions and obey the regulations of the Board of Health, they shall be committed to special institutions by order of the courts. Each county is to care for its own

patients and when the persons committed are unable to pay for their care the State will allow the county three dollars a week for each person. There is only one other State which has a regulation of this nature and that is Maryland. In that State provisions are made for the segregation of dangerous cases only. The cities of San Francisco and New York also have similar measures. The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis is back of the campaign against the plague in this country and in all probability other States will fall in line before long. Russia is also becoming interested in tuberculosis. About a year ago the Russian League against Tuberculosis was formed and they are now carrying out an extensive program of education.

Small Farming in Denmark.

The American Minister to Denmark, Dr. Egan has been making an investigation of the small farming as carried on in Denmark and also of the Danish coöperative societies. Dr. Egan came home on a leave and lately made a tour through the South telling the farmers in a series of lectures what he learned in Denmark. He says: "I was sent by the Department of State to expose to dairymen and farmers especially interested in dairying, the methods by which the Danes have become the most prosperous people agriculturally in Europe. When I say most prosperous, I mean by comparison. The wealth per capita of Denmark is comparatively next to that of England. This wealth, however, is equalized. There are no very rich people there. Every man is fairly well off, but the poorer he is the more careful does he conserve his resources. Material well being in Denmark is as common as education. . . . The Government being dependent upon the farmers, does everything in its power to increase the number of small farmers, and this is done by making money as cheap as possible for them. The State controls a great series of banks, managed somewhat after the manner of the 'crédit foncier.' An agricultural laborer in Denmark who has worked on a farm for five years, who is poor, and who has a character so good that two reputable members of the community will certify to it, may obtain from one of these banks a loan of about \$1,582 in our money. He obtains this solely on his character and ability and not by any material security he can offer. With this money he may purchase a farm of from 3½ to 12 acres." The Danish farmer buys and sells

through coöperative societies. He has to if he wishes to compete with the products of other countries. "Today the Danish farmer buys nothing individually. He uses no seeds until they have been tested by experts furnished by the coöperative society. He buys his fertilizers and soy beans from Manchuria, cotton and meal from the United States, through the coöperative society."

Poverty and Education.

It is not true that every educated man is wealthy nor is it true that every rich man has a good education, but when we compare the illiterate and uninformed with those who have had some mental training then the value of an education becomes evident. There are many farmers, for instance, who insist that one needs no other education than a knowledge of reading and writing and a little arithmetic to be a good farmer, forgetting that they themselves are not living by their own intelligence alone but that they are unconsciously absorbing informa-

tion that others have worked hard to get. It is said that dense ignorance is what has hindered the development of many communities in the South. The public schools have never been equal on the average with those of the North, and the colleges have been fewer in number. A writer in Wallace's Farmer who has traveled in the South says that ignorance in farming methods and things in general is a great drawback everywhere. A certain farmer in Arkansas with whom he stayed over night had neither milk nor sugar on the table. The next morning the visitor found the cow out in the yard with a bandage on her tail. On asking what the trouble was he was informed that the cow had the hollow tail and that the owner had cut a slit in it and bound in some salt. Is it any wonder that there was no milk for family use? Superstition and ignorance can be dispelled only by an all-around Christian mental development and is it not strange some people have so little use for schools?

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Birth Rate by Commission.

Alarm in France over the low birth rate is no new thing. It is chronic with the politicians, and now a commission has been appointed to investigate causes and suggest remedies. This commission may present an interesting exposition of conditions and causes, but what can it or any similar body offer as remedies?

Jacques Bertillon, an eminent statistician, would have the people taught that the child is a burden which the father supports for the entire community, would regard three children as the payment of a debt by the family to the state, would grant the contributing parents a remission of taxes; and it appears that this plan for a remission of taxes has been adopted by other countries. But that the lives of millions of people can be modified by any such scheme is more than doubtful.

The state's interest in the birth problem is primarily an interest in the strength to be derived from numbers and may be ascribed largely to the traditional ideas concerning war and nationalism. If you are putting up people to be killed sixty millions will go farther than forty. But no man or woman will be influenced in the family relations by the thought of bringing children into the world to be used as targets for Krupp guns.

The individual is affected just as little by loud lamentations over race suicide. That may mean race suicide in the largest sense covering the human race, or the reference may be to a particular race, while in this country if the term be used in the restricted sense it must signify national suicide, since we have all the races. It brings us back to the slaughter again. Have many children so that they may be killed.

This is a plea that emphasizes the criminal folly of war, but it will never produce large families, nor will any other thought that emanates from a political authority. The problem is a personal one, to be decided, so far as the will of the person may decide, by considerations of various kinds over which the family court has full jurisdiction.

That France is not threatened with desolation by the low birth rate is evident from these figures: The country has a population of 38,961,945, an area of 207,095 square miles; New York, our most populous State, has a population of 9,113,279 and an area of 49,170 square miles; Texas our largest State, has a population of 3,896,542 and an area of 265,780 square miles. The death rate of France, unassisted by war, is higher than that of some countries, and the state

may help to reduce it by doing all that it can for the public health.—Record-Herald.



Ohio's Big Progressives.

The recent election on the amendments to the Ohio constitution was one of the most bitter conflicts waged in that State. The provisions in the proposed amendments were especially distasteful to the bosses and big interests. Everything that talent and money could put in the way of reform was utilized. The task of supporting the people's side in the controversy fell upon volunteers. The people of that State were fortunate in having a goodly number of men of devotion and principle who went out upon the platform and upheld the cause of progress in such a manner as to convince the majority of its justice. Among that host there were no greater than Newton D. Baker, the earnest disciple of the late Tom L. Johnson, who is the present Mayor of Cleveland, the heroic Brand Whitlock, who occupies a like position in Toledo, and the veteran of progressive movements, Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati. These men see in the faint streaks of light in the East the harbinger of the morning of the new day. They dream of social justice and labor earnestly for a system of government that will regulate social affairs in accord with the principles that apply to affairs between men.

And, lest you forget, we again mention that this same Herbert S. Bigelow is the man who delivered inspiring lectures at South Bend, Ind., on educational topics and whom a few of our high-browed citizens denounced as a socialist and a vagarist even though the result of the recent election places him in the front rank of constructive statesmen with Jefferson and Lincoln. To the minds of these captious critics all Ohio must be mad and they the only sane creatures extant. In the way of the car of human progress they foist their prejudiced notions and attempt to obscure the true path. But their day is about over. The cackling of these would-be birds of wisdom no longer distracts the thought of the right-thinking. Their opportunity for harm is lessening. The great majority of our citizens no longer harken to the effusions of a few fossilized minds laden with ante-bellum ideas. The plain people are tired unto death of listening to the pratings of so-called leaders of economic thought, who have never read a standard work on economics, who do not know whether Adam Smith was a horse doctor or one of the world's most profound thinkers in the field of political economy

and who associate the name of Henry George with a brand of cigars instead of coupling it with the greatest gospel of social regeneration that was ever produced by by an uninspired mind.—The New Era.



The First Prohibitionists in America.

The first Prohibitionists of America were the Georgians. On August 9, 1733, the governing body of the province of Georgia, prohibited the importation and use of rum. The King of England gave his consent to the enactment and for ten years absolute prohibition held sway. The inhabitants of Georgia were almost all Scotchmen, with a strong sprinkling of Moravians.

Prohibition in Georgia, as has happened often since, fell before the interests. The importation of negroes had also been prohibited and these two prohibitions cut deep into the profits of the ship-building provinces and British sea-captains. So on July 14, 1742, Parliament repealed the prohibition law, over the protests of the Georgians.



Children and the Third Rail.

Three girls who escaped from the Geneva State Home for Girls at night came to an electric railroad. They thought that by following it they would reach a town and they knew nothing of electric currents. There was a "rail for each," one of them said, and they joined hands to walk them, childish fashion. One was killed instantly, another will be crippled for life; the third escaped with slight injury.

"We did not know there was such a thing as a third rail," said the girl who escaped. Yet she was 15 years old; her companions were 15 and 18 respectively.

Presumably these girls had been given some "education," so called, but it was not education that fitted them to escape danger. Every boy and girl should be taught, at an early age, to shun such perils to life as may be encountered near home or residence. All wild creatures give their offspring lessons of caution; human beings should be at least as thoughtful in this respect as the beasts. Schools and institutions should not neglect the subject, for home training cannot be counted upon, in many cases.

Electric currents are necessary to progress, as are steam railroads, automobiles and street cars. And because of their increasing use there is more need today than ever before of warning children of dangers and of instructing them concerning perils which they may meet.

EDITORIALS

Religious Duties.

Varied excuses are given by people for not living a Christian life. Charges are made against Christianity by them which are entirely without foundation.

Perhaps in our distorted vision we have mistaken sobriety for dullness, equanimity for moroseness, disinclination to bad company for aversion to society, abhorrence of vice for uncharitableness, and piety for lack of enthusiasm. Pleasures that waste and destroy, that corrupt and debauch, that bring the soul under the dominion of sense, and trample reason under the feet of the passions, these pleasures, falsely so-called, religion does forbid.

Amid riotous revels where the interchange of folly and profanity goes briskly on, she would indeed appear dull and unsocial, ignorant of the rhetoric with which the conversation was adorned.

Aversion to Christianity is a matter of ignorance and prejudice. Scarcely one out of a hundred who talk the loudest and most boastingly against Christianity has ever taken the trouble to examine its claims. With its internal and external evidences he is not familiar or else knows nothing of any consequence about them.



True Values.

More men succeed in living noble lives amid poverty than men succeed in living noble lives amid riches. Many a rich man does not know how to be rich. Russell Sage did not know how to be rich. Julius Rosenwald does.

Many noble men know how to be prosperous without loss of their character and the ruin of their souls. But the extreme test of character is to be content today when poor and tomorrow when poor; to know how both to be abased and to abound.

How utterly ruined some folks are as soon as they lose their money. They at once drop all their self-respect and go about apologizing and shrinking as if all they regard worth while had dropped from them. People who hold up their heads with pride and go about with an air of superiority, all at once disappear from their accustomed places as soon as they have lost their money. How little self-respect they have. They think they are nothing when they are poor! They were never much when they were rich.

Grumbling Is Dangerous.

Grumbling is not only a disagreeable but a dangerous habit. A large per cent of the people who have a deranged digestive system acquired it through grumbling.

You can make your home a heaven or hell on earth. There are no grumblers in heaven and that makes heaven. In hell there is nothing else, and that makes hell. Some men eat at their wives' tables for years and never give them a word of credit for all their patience and pains when proper praise would turn drudgery into delight. Instead, if everything is not just to their liking they grumble about it.

How easy it is to acquire the habit of grumbling and faultfinding; and its shallowness is often surpassed only by its sinfulness. Are you quick to speak of the mistakes of others, slow to recognize their achievements? Are you looking for the worst that is in your fellowmen rather than the best? Such business is not merely to be called un-Christian; it is infernal. If you want to know how the devil feels, you do know if you are such a grumbler and faultfinder.

Grumbling is a positive injury to health. It spoils digestion and throws a burden of depression on the nerve centers, which hinders all the vital functions of the body. It may get you into "the vicious circle" of the neurasthenic, for the body and the mind react on each other. If you are over-fatigued, a little rest may work a world of change in your disposition. If you get too cross for anybody to live with, just try a little sleep, and you may wake up as fresh and beautiful as a May morning.



Recreation and an Efficient Civilization.

Recreation, by making the individual's life more vital and more wholesome, by quickening his thought, by enabling him to do his work in less time, makes him more efficient and more valuable to society. Wholesome recreation creates a spiritual atmosphere, responsiveness, a quickness of perception, flashes of insight which make it possible for the human race to advance from generation to generation. Wholesome recreation stores up energy so that men after bearing the load of the routine of life have power in their play hours to make guesses as to the yet undiscovered laws of the world and to keep on making guesses until a universal law is found, the work of the world made easier and man given yet more time for leisure and for life. Only so long

as a country has a play spirit powerful and vital enough to drive men beyond the routine of life can it continue to have progress.



Life's Proportions.

The student of geometry is familiar with the terms length, breadth and depth. These expressions have their place not alone in textbook lore, but in the workshop of the soul, since we have length of life, breadth of interest, and depth of feeling.

The length of life rests with God, who in his loving providence hides the number of our days in an impenetrable veil of mystery. The Master Workman knows the allotted task of his workers, and gives to each the time necessary for its accomplishment. Some seek eagerly for lengthening years, as in olden times men sought for the philosopher's stone. Yet longevity, when desired for itself alone, is worthless. To be valuable the long stretch of years must be filled with breadth of interest and depth of feeling.

The breadth of life depends upon the individual. It is a God-given benison that, with the ego as center, the radius of life may be so drawn as to produce a circumference that intersects the chief interests of the day and generation, social, economic, religious, educational, and philanthropic.

The depth of life also depends upon the individual. Life may be shallow as the lily-fringed brook where minnows play, or deep as a lake, high in the mountains, encircled by peaks and clad with eternal snows whose depths know no plummet. Let us watch our life proportions, and with eyes fixed upon God draw its lines with firm and steady hand.



Obscure Inventors.

There are many men in the industrial world who make a profession of inventing and of whom the general public never hears. Mostly they are engineers of the highest technical training, who are really great scientists. But their identity is merged into that of the great corporations who pay them princely salaries.

The epoch-making inventions which have changed the daily life of individuals, which have developed a new civilization, have been made mostly by farmers and mechanics who knew nothing of the industry they were revolutionizing. It rarely happens that the original inventor can bring the epoch-making invention to the commercial perfection that means wealth.

Alexander Graham Bell, a teacher of deaf-mutes, worked out the telephone idea but his device was barely able to transmit speech. Edison was hired to make it talk. He produced the carbon transmitter which really made the telephone an efficient instrument. Since then others have vastly improved the telephone, such men as Dean Carty, and Scribner, of whom the world has never heard, but some of whom have taken out several hundred patents on telephones alone. They are always working years ahead. They must devise switch boards, determine upon central stations that will meet the requirements of a congested population long after they are dead.



Rev. F. S. Howland, D. D., Pays Tribute to Schools.

"Our schools are one of the chief bulwarks of our national life. Without them the republic would not be safe and could not long exist. In a government where the power resides in one man this may not be true. If the royal family is educated the nation may be safe. In an aristocracy form of government, the patrician classes must be men of education, but in a government like ours, a democracy, the education of the rulers means the education of all the people.

"No republic can long exist which neglects the education of all. Again, the progress and development of our country depends on the intelligence of our citizens. For thousands of years China has been asleep; little or no progress has taken place in that great empire of 400,000,000 of people; her resources have remained undeveloped, but she has at last awakened from her Rip Van Winkle sleep.

"What is the secret? The spread of learning, the introduction of the public school. The new republic of China will be successful in proportion as the people of that land become educated."



Only in the prepared soil is the seed springing up into ripened fruitage. Only in the old Roman world does Christianity find a permanent lodgment. Its growth there of thirty, sixty or a hundred fold was wonderful.—Rev. L. S. Bowerman, Baptist, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The just man is fair-minded to all the people. Without prejudice, doing justly is loving kindness.—Rev. J. C. Bolton, Presbyterian, Philadelphia, Pa.

RADIUM

S. Z. Sharp

IN Southwestern Colorado and Southwestern Utah, this year's discovery of the immense deposits of vanadium, uranium and radium will have a great economic effect upon the scientific world, and will produce an interesting statement of the wonderful effects of radium.

This rare element was discovered in 1898 by Prof. Pierre and Madam Curie at Paris, France. The demonstration of what this mineral would do, won the Nobel prize for Madam Curie. She states that a single grain of pure radium could destroy every soul in the city of Paris, taken one at a time, the number of inhabitants being over 2,500,000. The total amount of pure radium in the whole world is estimated at four ounces and the cost per ounce is given as \$2,200,000. Last year it was quoted at \$3,000,000.

This element is never found alone in nature, but always in combination with other elements, generally with uranium or pitchblende, but in minute particles it is distributed over the whole surface of the earth. It is even found in the air diffused from the soil or it comes up from spring water. It is warmer than the elements surrounding it and it is supposed by some that the internal heat of the earth may be kept up by the heat liberated from radium.

Radium is exceedingly difficult to separate from uranium and the process is very complicated. Prof. Curie states it would take 5,000 tons of uranium to produce one kilo (2.2 pounds) of radium and would cost \$2,000 a ton to refine the uranium residue and the process would require several months. No wonder there is so little of it and the cost is so great.

In weight, radium is heavier than gold;

in appearance it is like common salt. It is the smallest element known, one of its particles being only one-thousandth part of that of hydrogen. In its pure state it gives out radiations two million times as intense as that of uranium. Rays from radium will cause many phosphorescent bodies to become luminous. They, like X-rays, will penetrate several inches of iron and several feet of water. About 200,000,000,000 particles are expelled from one grain of radium bromide per second, yet the number of atoms of a grain of radium is so enormous that not a perceptible difference in the size of the body is noticed for several years. Compared with its weight, an emanation from radium emits an energy more than a million times greater than that of the most violent chemical reaction. One pound weight of the emanation after separation from radium would emit energy at the rate of 10,000 horsepower.

It gives off three distinct kinds of rays known as alpha, beta and gamma rays. The alpha rays are obstructed by note paper while the gamma rays affect photographic plates through a foot of iron.

It destroys the germinating power of seeds. It causes the hair of mice to fall off, and produces paralysis in fish and birds and sometimes even death. It causes young tadpoles to develop into monstrosities instead of frogs. It destroys various minute organisms and checks the growth of others, and has given encouraging results in the treatment of diseases.

In London there is a Radium Institute where small particles of radium bromide are kept in cases of lead (the only thing it will not penetrate), and loaned out to physicians at \$200.00 per day.

THE BANANA

Mrs. T. D. Foster

THE banana although grown to some extent in the United States and Mexico, is a tropical fruit, as its real home is Spanish Honduras, Central America. In fact, nearly all of the interior, and a large portion of the coast of Honduras, are covered with immense bana-

na plantations. The natives are engaged to cut these bananas from the trees, using the machete, an instrument very much like the sickle. After the bunches have been cut from the tree, they are piled up some 75 to 100 to the stack.

Up to within the past six or seven years,

wagons were used to haul the bananas to the docks to be loaded on the ships, but now there are only a few of the plantations which are not furnished with railroad facilities. Ceiba and Puerto Cortez are the principal ports and it is at these two ports that the largest banana carrying vessels in the world, dock to take on their cargoes.

There are other ports also, but of minor importance; Tela, for instance, which is located about thirty-seven or forty miles from Ceiba. Tela, however, has no docks, owing to the shallow condition of the water at that point. The ships, therefore, are forced to anchor out some 500 feet, and the bananas are taken out in "lighters."

The "lighter" is very much like the barge used in the rivers and bayous in this country, and their carrying capacity is anywhere from 1,000 to 1,500 bunches. After being loaded, the "lighters" are towed out to the ship's side by small tugs. It is only the small class of ships which dock at Tela and several other small ports, where the large vessels are unable to get in. The small ships carry from 2,500 to 30,000 bunches and are owned and operated by the so-called "Independents." The large and modern vessels are owned and operated by the United Fruit Company.

The banana is not grown from seed as a great many people would believe, but the stubs which are known as "suckers" are laid under light covering of earth, very much the same as the sugar cane in Louisiana. After these suckers begin to sprout, they require little or no trouble, and it is only after the tree has begun bearing, that they occasionally have to be trimmed. The banana tree in the tropics bears freely within three and one-half to four years after being planted and the fruit is far superior both in size and flavor, to that grown in either the United States or Mexico.

The plantain, which belongs to the banana family, was carried to America soon after or during the days of Columbus, for its fruit was a principal article of food there, in the first half of the sixteenth century. The plantain accompanies the Indian in his frequent change of residence and forms the wealth of many occupiers of land in the vicinity of large towns, and is a true staff of life to the population of all colors and classes, through the tropical countries. It is both farinaceous and saccharine. The name, *Musa Paradisacal*, alludes to the fancy that the plantain was the "forbidden fruit of Eden," or to a legend, that the aprons which our first parents made for themselves were of plantain leaves.

New Orleans is the largest banana market in the world. It is not at all uncommon for her to have from four to six vessels at her docks in a week's time, which would mean that there are between 350,000 to 375,000 bunches unloaded at the port of New Orleans, in the small space of time of from five to seven days. The bananas are carried in what is known as the "hold" of the ship, and are, of course, hidden from view while in transportation. When the ship arrives at New Orleans the bananas are taken from the "hold" and loaded into refrigerator cars. The United Fruit Company use conveyors operated by electricity, to convey the bananas from the ship's "hold" to the cars. The "Independents" still unload by hand.

The banana possesses life, the same as human beings. This is proven from the fact, that when an air-tight car is packed with bananas, if left closed for several hours, when opened, it will be found that the temperature therein is very high, showing that the bananas have generated heat, just the same as would occur should a lot of people be closed in a room for a short length of time.

In warm weather the cars in which bananas are shipped are always well supplied with ice, so as to keep the fruit cool; during cold weather, the cars are packed with hay and straw, so as to prevent the bananas from freezing.

Every banana train which leaves New Orleans, usually consists of from forty to fifty cars, each car carrying from 350 to 375 bunches. These trains are always accompanied by two men, commonly known as "banana messengers." These messengers are supplied with a thermometer and every five hours during the trip, they must open the cars and take the temperature therein, in order to ascertain whether the bananas are too warm or not warm enough; or in other words, to find out how they are faring; and as bananas are shipped from New Orleans to all parts of the United States, Canada and Mexico, they are sometimes five or six days on the road.



Christianity is not a philosophy, but a religion; not a creed, but a life.—Rev. L. W. Mason, Un'tarian, Pittsburgh, Pa.

When the creed of self-indulgence breaks down a sour pessimism takes its place.—Rev. D. Dorchester, Methodist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE MEXICAN REFUGEES

M. Elizabeth Binns

IN the Inglenook of August 20, mention was made of the large number of Mormon refugees who had been driven from their homes in Mexico by the rebels engaged in the Mexican revolution. It said many of them were in abject want and glad to escape with their lives.

That statement is mild, very mild, not only in regard to the Mormons, but more so in regard to thousands of other refugees who have never been heard from. The Mormons made their case known or their coming in such large numbers made it known for them, but behind them is their church, an organization in which the community idea more or less prevails, and upon which they could call for help.

But how about the thousands of others who have lost all and for whom there seems to be no redress? One family went over with five thousand dollars and two children. They came back with only one child and had to borrow money with which to release a few personal belongings from the custom house. An old man and his wife after thirty years' residence accompanied by hard work had to leave all in Chihuahua and come away with nothing.

There are scores, or rather hundreds, in El Paso who have lost practically all they had, others lost thousands of dollars. Worse than that they had weeks of the most harrowing anxiety, and perhaps lost relatives or friends.

Many of the refugees and those suffering financially are not saying much about it so that their trouble has been overshadowed by the larger case of the Mormons but it is there just the same and none the less acute.

If the revolution, as the rebels are calling it, seemed to be nearing an end or was having the appearance of being productive of good, the discomfort of the loss would be more easily borne, but it seems so useless at present. A band of rebels ride up to some little town or colony, demand all the arms, ammunition, horses, money or anything else of value, then more or less of them stow the goods away for personal use or go on a carousal. At least, that is the way it has seemed in Juarez, just over the Rio Grande River from here. They looted the stores in Juarez and within a

few days articles from the stores were offered for sale cheap by individuals in El Paso. Absolute strangers crossing the river as tourists were held up and robbed of valuables or arrested and made to pay ransom. Merchants were told that they had to supply so many saddles, blankets or sacks of flour, as the case might be, and if they didn't, certain penalties would follow.

An observer in El Paso certainly does not get a good impression of the Mexicans, and hears little good of the majority of them. Some of them say they do not want Americans, others say what should we do for work if it were not for the Americans. They certainly have no business enterprise of themselves, and do little to improve their own condition. It is said that people in Juarez are starving and one of the reasons for it is that their women cannot now come over to El Paso to find housework. Many of the men will go half starved rather than work, and even the women are thriftless and improvident. In the southern part of El Paso there are whole families, not small ones either, living in single rooms, of little adobe houses many of which can scarcely be designated by more than the name of hut, for many of them have only the mud floors and little or no furniture.

They are not living in that way because they can do no better but frequently because they won't exert themselves to try better. As past generations lived, so they are content to live if sufficient unto the day is the food thereof.

Perhaps they are to be pitied much or more than blamed, but those who try to help them receive little encouragement. Many of them here are independent and even impudent to the people who employ them. About their work they are slovenly and cannot be trusted either to do the work without oversight, or to be in the vicinity of valuables.

Within the nation there must of course be fine people but it seems shameful that thrifty, hard working people should be made to suffer as thousands of Americans have done at the hands of an element that the government apparently cannot control and which seems to have for its motto, "Appropriate everything of value no matter whose it is and make the owners suffer if they protest."

SLAVES TO OUR APPETITES

Dr. W. C. Frick

Part Two.

IT is a common practice among workers in lumber camps and other workers exposed much to the cold of winter to partake freely of alcoholic spirits. They say it warms them up. We propose to prove the fallacy of this belief and illustrate by the recitation of an actual occurrence.

The human body is warmed through the medium of its blood, largely. The degree of the blood's warmth, the rate at which it moves through the blood channels and the equilibrium of its distribution determine how warm the body is maintained. The amount of blood situated at any one point is in turn determined by the degree to which the particular location's blood vessels are enlarged. Now note carefully how alcohol affects the circulation of the blood. The primary effect is to enlarge the caliber of the blood vessels and this effect is especially marked on those which supply blood to the skin and the underlying muscles. Result,—the bulk of blood courses through the vessels of the skin and is in close proximity to the outside world, and a general feeling of comfortable warmth is felt. At the same time the heart is stimulated to beat faster and stronger and thus overcomes the effect produced by the enlargement of the vessels.

But, like many other drugs affect the human organism, this condition is quite transitory and very soon the pendulum is swung toward the other extreme—the effect is reversed—the close proximity to the outer world of so much blood causes a rapid radiation of body heat and the blood is thus rapidly cooled. Now the less warm the blood the less rapidly it moves and the greater its effect on the vessels through which it courses, namely that of causing their caliber to decrease. The skin thus becomes deprived of its warmth, producing fluid and the body becomes chilled. Nothing short of another drink or else close

contact with external heat will warm up a man in this stage.

Now the illustration. A, B, and C travelling across the cold prairie were compelled to camp out over night. A was a total abstainer while B and C believed in the efficacy of alcoholic spirits to keep up bodily temperature. The night was bitter cold. Before retiring, B and C each drank liberal quantities of liquor but C took much more than B. Before falling to sleep both B and C were pleasantly commenting on how comfortable they were while A felt the chill working its way severely between himself and his covers. He suffered thus all night. On arising next morning, however, he possessed all his senses and on attempting to awaken his companions he found C to be dead and B so badly frozen that it was with great difficulty he managed to bring him to. How account for this? The circulation of A's blood was undisturbed all night. B's blood had been rapidly cooled and with great difficulty had the heart been able to pump it through his body, while in C's case the task has been too great for his already by alcohol weakened heart. These men had taken freely of brandy before turning in. Beer would not have produced these effects, which are only attained when alcohol is used in concentrated form as in whiskey and brandy which contain 30 to 60% by volume of alcohol whereas beer contains 3% to 6% only.

Alcohol is one of the most delusive agents that man possesses. It is like man's tongue, bridled, a wonderful power for good, unbridled, a snare and a delusion. It appeals to a person in all its actions until it robs him of his senses and then it starts to do its damage.

We feel assured that by this article we have overthrown any and all false ideas in your minds as to alcohol being a heat-maintaining agent.

(To be continued.)

HEALTH IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

APPROXIMATELY, 475,000 of Chicago's children will assemble at some 450 centers on Tuesday, September 3, the occasion being the

reopening of the city's schools.

All of these children will be brought into closer relationship with larger numbers of children than at any time since the closing



of the schools in June. This closer relationship will be largely maintained in closed quarters, the schoolroom.

It is a matter of greatest importance that the children and the schoolrooms be right at this time. The well children must be protected from children who may be carriers of infection; the schoolrooms must be clean and thoroughly well aired. Classes should be assembled only in rooms which have all windows open to the fullest limit, and these open class rooms should be the rule until the school doctor has examined every pupil for the detection of infection bearers.

It is a foregone conclusion that some of the children will be infection bearers. Their presence in closed, unventilated rooms would materially increase the danger of spreading the infections they are harboring. The best means for minimizing this danger is to keep the air of the schoolrooms as fresh and pure as possible. Better yet would be the assembling of classes in the open air until the infection carriers are discovered and excluded for it is accepted as a scientific fact that infections are seldom, if ever, spread in the open air.

At the present time there is more diphtheria, scarlet fever and anterior poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis) in Chicago than a year ago, a situation which, of course, means that there are increased chances for a larger number of infection carriers being among the children returning to school this fall. We do not wish to convey the impression that the present contagious disease situation is alarming; we merely say that it is somewhat worse than at this time last year; we might add that it is not nearly so threatening as in some recent years. It is bad enough, however, to cause the Department of Health to issue this note of warning and to offer suggestions for minimizing the dangers.

To the medical profession the Department addresses an urgent request for the closest

cooperation at this time. We urge the prompt reporting of all known or suspicious cases of contagious diseases that come to the physician's notice; we urge very strict enforcement of quarantine regulations, that no child living in an infected house be permitted to attend school or play with other well children until such time as you are absolutely sure that all danger of spreading the infection has passed.

To parents and others charged with the care of children, we offer this advice: Follow implicitly the instructions of your physician and adhere strictly to the letter of the law regulating contagious diseases. If there be a sick child in your family or under your care, do not permit the child to come in contact with well children and do not permit other children in your family to play with your neighbor's children until your doctor or the Health Department says it is safe to do so. Just bear in mind the fact that your child would not be suffering from a contagious disease today if some other mother had done her duty with respect to her sick child. Surely, you do not want other children to suffer and possibly die through your neglect. If your child is ailing when schools open on September 3, keep the child at home until you positively know that it can mingle with other children without danger to those children.

To school teachers we offer the following suggestions: Before the assembling of classes see to it that the schoolroom is clean and well aired. As a matter of fact, the whole building should be thrown wide open and thoroughly aired for several days preceding its occupancy, and every washable part or fixture should be subjected to thorough scrubbing. The teacher at least, can see that the air of the schoolroom is fresh during the whole time that classes are being held there. Keep the air of the room as nearly like the outdoor air as possible.

Prior to the assembling of classes the teacher should examine the Health Department records of contagious diseases, a copy of which is furnished to each school, and from these learn of the existence of contagious diseases in the family of any of her pupils. The teacher can then be on watch for children from any such homes, and if any be found in attendance they should be promptly hustled back to their homes.

As the children assemble look for evi-

dences of illness and promptly isolate all suspicious cases until the school doctor can examine them. Children with "sore-throat"; eruptions of any kind; congested, watery eyes and snuffles, or those having coughs which excite suspicion of whooping cough, should be promptly separated from

the other children of your class.

The school teacher can be of very great assistance in the work of protecting the health of her pupils. Let the first day's most important work be that of giving the children a good start.—Chicago School of Sanitary Instruction.

FRAULEIN'S HOME-COMING

Virginia Roderick

IF I am still here—perhaps. But you know I go home soon to Germany." It was "Fraulein's" familiar answer to all questions that involved a future more than two or three months ahead. And always her gentle face lighted with a happiness that smoothed out all the tired lines. She had been talking about going home for four years now, but it was only recently that she had dared to say "soon." . . . And each time she said it took a mile off the ocean.

One night at dinner a new boarder who heard it began to ask questions. Did her people live there—her parents, brothers, sisters? Fraulein's blue eyes clouded a little, but she answered bravely: no, none of these, unfortunately, but her "very dear cousins"—all she had left. The boarder, a blatant patriot, marveled, and was for pursuing the inquiry; but some one diverted him to guessing the dessert—John Stanton it was, the big bookkeeper who had won Fraulein's everlasting gratitude by taking her to a German play, of which he understood not one word.

All of the boarders knew Fräulein's story. She had come across with her father and mother when she was about eighteen. The father had done fairly well with a shop until the mother suddenly died. Then he lost heart, and by the time he followed his wife two years later there was little left for Anna. So she began sewing by the day—and saving for the return to Germany.

That was all—except for the loneliness. She had been content with only a few friends while her parents lived; afterward, the long hours of work, a melancholy shyness, and, above all, homesick longing for Germany, had cut her off from those she might have known. And so the homesickness had deepened. Her whole heart was set on her own people—the "dear cousins" whom she had not seen since she left them ten years before and from whom she rarely heard.

Meantime she must save enough for the journey and for the establishment of a dressmaking shop on the outskirts of Munich—Munich, where women brushed the streets so clean one might have tea on them, where there were, oh! such wonderful concerts in the Hof-Garten, such comical ducks on the Isar in the English Garden, when one went walking on a Sunday; where—but there, she must not tire people who were good enough to ask her about Home.

Only with John Stanton did she forget to apologize; he would inquire about all manner of things German, and listen intently, while her blue eyes widened and shone. Despite her look of fragility, she was very pretty then—her pale face flushed with happiness.

Better than any one else, perhaps, John—whose name was John by divine right, to convey his utter dependability—guessed at the loneliness of Fräulein's life. And it was he who realized the nervous fear that now, with the end almost in sight, heaped itself on top of her homesickness. What if the bank should fail! What if she should be ill! One or two nights when she came in white and worried looking, he coaxed her out into the little promise of a park that lay near their up-town boarding-place. And presently, as the time shortened, he began bringing her steamer plans.

Then one of her fears came true. The long strain of work and feeling told on her at last, and the collapse took the crudest form possible for a seamstress. For weeks she lay in the torments of inflammatory rheumatism, her whole consciousness absorbed by pain; then, when the suffering lessened a little, came the terror of being crippled so that she could not sew—at the best, of being helpless so long that all her swiftly melting savings would be gone. . . And every day added a long mile to the ocean.

To her intense surprise, several people from the boarding-house came to see her in

the hospital. John Stanton came two or three times, and once he got the boarding-housekeeper to offer her a loan. But Fräulein had plenty! "It iss only putting off Germany a little longer," she said cheerily—her voice wouldn't have held if she had tried to say "home."

The next time John called to see her he suggested writing to the cousins—perhaps they would send for her to come as soon as she was able to travel. But Fräulein was adamant, and she repeated her little formula of brave patience. John, standing rather awkwardly by her bed in the long hospital ward, looking down at her, had to turn away abruptly: when she was well, she was pathetic because she had lived nearly thirty years with so little in them; now, as she lay there with her yellow hair in a braid, it was the forlornness of her youth that made her pitiful.

It was eight weeks before she was released, able to walk a little on a crutch, and to move her arms enough to dress and feed herself. But it would be a long time till she could make the finer movements necessary in sewing. The front-parlor boarder was to be away for a week or so, and he had agreed to the landlady's suggestion that Fräulein should be put there in his absence, instead of in her own little coop on the third floor. Fräulein was overwhelmed at his kindness, and amazed to speechlessness at the cordial interest that greeted her return.

On the second night, after dinner, John Stanton knocked at her door, and came in, when she answered, with a quiet resoluteness that she sensed at once. She looked a little anxious.

She was sitting at the window in a rocking-chair that he said was plainly uncomfortable. So he brought a cushion and propped her carefully. Then, still standing, he said what he had come to say.

"Fräulein, I want you to listen to me—and not interrupt," he began in his pleasant, rich voice. "You trust me a little, don't you? You believe I feel friendly toward you?"

"No one else has been so kind to me," she answered earnestly.

"Not kind — friendly," he corrected. "Well, then, here's the situation: You want to go to Germany more than anything. You've had an awful setback with your savings. Now I've saved about three hundred dollars—for nothing in particular—just for old age—and that's not very near, I guess. I haven't a soul dependent on me—and don't expect to have. Now there's no

reason under God's canopy why you shouldn't take that money, go to Germany now—instead of beginning to save again over here where you don't like it—be happy, get well, and pay me back when you get good and—"

Fräulein forgot the warning not to interrupt. She had turned white, and her slight accent thickened as she broke into protest:—"Oh, no, no—you are so goodt, so goodt, but I could not do that—could not!"

"Why not?" Stanton demanded sternly. "I thought you were a more sensible woman than that. What if I am a man and you a woman! What—" He was bluffing, of course. He had expected just such protests.

"Oh, but I wouldn't even from a woman accept it," Fräulein argued, trying to placate him. "Why—I might die! And you are not rich, and I haf no security—oh, please, my friend, I can not!"

There were tears in her eyes. John looked at her a long time—started to speak—stopped. Then, very gently: "Anna, would you take it if you were married to me?" he asked. "You could either pay me back or come back, as you wished. I'd have a chance of getting you back, anyhow—which I haven't now. And if you didn't—"

Anna's face had burned crimson, and the blue eyes were steel. "I'd be a thief!" she exclaimed. "Why, how can you think I would do that!"

Suddenly John dropped down beside her. "Anna, I've left out one thing," he said, "and I guess you don't understand. You see, dear, I love you." He took her hand gently, and she let it lie in his.

For a little time she studied him, the furious red fading to pink, the steel softening to blue. "Do you mean," she asked slowly, "that you'd let me go over and—visit—and then come"—she faltered and stopped.

"Come back to me? Yes, dear. Just that. Oh, Anna, could you? I didn't dare hope. I thought you wanted everything German—" He stooped and touched his lips to her hand.

She slipped the other arm around his neck. "Why, John, now I don't want to go at all," she whispered—"till you can come, too, some day. I guess—I guess it isn't homesick for Germany I was, but homesick for—home."—Everybody's Magazine.



Men are wanted for church work whose hearts God has touched.—Rev. Geo. A. Foskett, Methodist, Louisville, Ky.

READY FOR EMERGENCIES

Reseda

A FINE shower last night. It was much needed. It has made everything take on a new lease of life. It was like the visit of a cheerful friend.

Did you ever have an acquaintance whose every visit left you with the conviction that this world was nothing but a nest of evil, with everyone in it from small boy or girl up to old people doing nothing but laying plots to undo you. That is, her visit gives you the impression that she thinks so. You yourself do not have to think so, but it takes all the cheerful philosophy and common sense you possess to get the taste of all the evil things you heard her say of people out of your mind and dispel the poisonous mists that seem to enfold you.

Then in comes your cheerful friend (I wouldn't call the other one a friend under any circumstances, though she has been my next door neighbor for a quarter of a century). And lo, the mists disperse and old earth seems a good place to live in again.

I have just read a letter from Renee. She is a cheerful friend that dispels the mists and quickens the mind.

Did you ever hear anyone make the remark that it was a pity to bury a good education on the farm? Well, now if it don't take brain work to run a farm, then I don't know.

Take for instance, on wash day, 15 minutes of 11 a. m., you receive the cheerful news that the harvest hands, six of them, will be there for dinner and no bread baked. If it does not take brain work (and we are taught an education is to develop our brain) to plan that dinner as well as a sure and swift hand to execute the plans.

Also a great deal of philosophy to look pleasant and keep from saying things about letting you know sooner, then I can't conceive of a situation that would. And that is what farmers' wives are doing every day, and doing cheerfully.—Colman's Rural World.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Sunday evening, Sindal, Sweden.

Dear Children:

I wonder if you thought of it today that this is the half-way place of our journey, as far as time is concerned. Ten weeks ago today was our last Sunday home. Ten weeks from today will be our first Sunday at home if our plans are carried out, and we will lack from Saturday till Monday of being gone twenty weeks. Well, it can not be over too soon, but there is much to be done in that time.

A meetinghouse here, a preacher from America here and no meeting last night. They made no provision for it, and so I worked at other things. No meeting this forenoon, for that would interfere with other services in town. Meeting this afternoon at three. I talked and then mama talked for ten minutes on "Love." She is a coming speaker too and the interpreter is not going to be in her way either. We had a good meeting, much appreciated and we were glad.

Then at six we had self-examination services, for we were to have a love feast. I spoke on "Self-examination." Then people moved about and the outsiders helped to get the feast ready. At last the time to begin was on and we began. It was good. They not only had meat and soup, but bread, butter, potatoes, preserves, pickles and everything to make a good, square meal enjoyable. It came much nearer what I believe the apostles had than the meal we have at our feasts at home. The rest of the service was simple. Mama and I sang a duet, "God be with you till we meet again," and the meeting was closed.

Farewells had to be said. Dear Sister Poulson clung to us. Her boys are all in America save one. Her children are leaving her, and she is lonely and alone. It went hard to give her goodbye this evening. There were others who gave us many goodbyes, and it does one's heart good to be in such an atmosphere.

They are in earnest. And the fact that they cling to the faith so well, under such conditions, proves to me beyond a doubt that a good work could be done among these people and there would be a gathering into the fold. As it was, including mama and myself, nineteen communed,—seven brethren and twelve sisters.

In the morning we go south to Brönderslev and have a meeting in Hansen's home

at three in the afternoon. Then we proceed to Thy land and on our way.

God bless and keep you ever. As I write these lines you are at home, 2:30 P. M., perhaps writing to us and thinking of us far away. Dear children, be faithful to God, cease not to pray earnestly to him and in time he will bring us together again. Good-night.

Father and Mother.

ROVER

John H. Nowlan

FROM my earliest recollections I have had a hobby of making pets of the various creatures coming under my observation. The first recollected attempt was in the days before promotion from dresses to knee pants. At that time the subjects experimented upon were tree frogs, by a stretch of juvenile imagination called guineas.

The calf grew large and cared less and less for its young master; the toad did not resent handling, because it expected to be taken where flies were plentiful; and the fish would come to the surface of the water in the tank, for were they not given many a savory morsel? In turn the squirrel, prairie hen, dove, tadpole, pig, hen, rat, and others were induced to be on friendly terms, but when food was not given they came to care less for human association.

All of these pale into significance when placed beside the dog. He wants a master. A dog without a master is one of the most miserable of creatures. Give him a master and he will be faithful to him through all trouble. He may be abused, kicked and cuffed around, but at the sound of a kind word all is forgiven, and he is your servant once more.

Several years ago the writer was on his way home one Friday evening after having finished his week's work and stopped at the county seat to make a few purchases. On coming out he found that a large dog had allied himself to the horse and buggy. The horse was untied very quietly and the driver felt relieved when he was on his way home. To his surprise the dog insisted on following in spite of repeated efforts to make him desist. Arriving at home he took charge of the horse, holding the rein till the driver was ready to put him

into the stable; then he went to bed under the buggy.

When Monday morning came he had so endeared himself to the children of the family that he was allowed to remain till his owner could be found. Then there was rejoicing when it was learned that he had been lost by some movers several months before.

The first thing to do was to give him a name, and in consideration of his wanderings he was christened Rover.

He appointed himself guardian of the place and a more faithful one could not be found. At any hour of the day or night the slightest sound would arouse him to his task.

And he was an advocate of peace. Not from fear, for he was of large size, showing plainly his Newfoundland lineage, but from love of peace.

If poultry, animals, etc., were fighting or persons scuffling he would rush in between and separate the combatants. He would suffer abuse from other dogs rather than fight; but when he lost patience woe to the enemy!



Emmet and Rover

But there comes a time to all when work is done and so with Rover. He came to us on a Friday evening, in October and on a Friday seven years later (October 28, 1910), he failed to report for supper. A search revealed the cause. He was found lying dead beside the railroad track near here, though the cause of his death was apparently not a train.

He was brought home and sorrowing

hands laid him to rest on the sunny side of a clump of hazels where he had often lain. The suggestion of neighbors that his fur would make a fine robe was met with the answer, "He has paid his way."

Though he was "only a dog" what a lesson in faithfulness, putting to shame the lives of many a human! May it be said of us that we were as true to our trust as he was to his.

A SILVER VASE

Ada Van Sickle Baker

THE collector of curiosities and antiquities drew an involuntary sigh of pleasure as his eyes rested on the fresh beauty of the place. From

a short distance it had appeared a lovely tangle of greenery; now, that he had come upon it from another angle, he beheld a delightful, old-fashioned rambling house. It glistened snowy-white where the sunlight filtered through the arching greenery, and shone on its smooth surface. Ivy vines clambered over the front windows, and clung tenderly to the round, white pillars.

It was just such a place as artists love to paint; and when a charming, sweet-faced old lady gently opened the door, and walked out on the wide veranda, where she seated herself in an old-fashioned porch rocker, the watching man, who was now walking more slowly, felt that the picture was complete.

She was gowned in black, but it was soft and lustrous, with dainty frills about her throat and wrists. A broad, black velvet band confined her silky hair, and a tiny bunch of violets peeped from the gray curls near her left ear. Another cluster of the same sweet flowers nestled in her belt.

But it was her face which proved more attractive to Warren Edmonds, the collector. A face that was sweet, but with a gentle pathos, and in whose eyes linked a mournful expression. The man found himself wondering what that expression meant. Surely, the little lady, about whom an innate refinement seemed to hover, was at home in her surroundings.

In a moment he was advancing up her brick walk, and was soon before her, bowing low.

"I am Warren Edmonds, a collector of antiques and all sorts of curiosities," he said, "and the thought just came to me, that per-

haps this olden castle might hold some ancient heirlooms, that you might be induced to part with for a goodly sum. I hope I am not mistaken."

Her eyes came up to his own, with the wondering expression of a child's, as she arose, and with gentle dignity extended her soft hand.

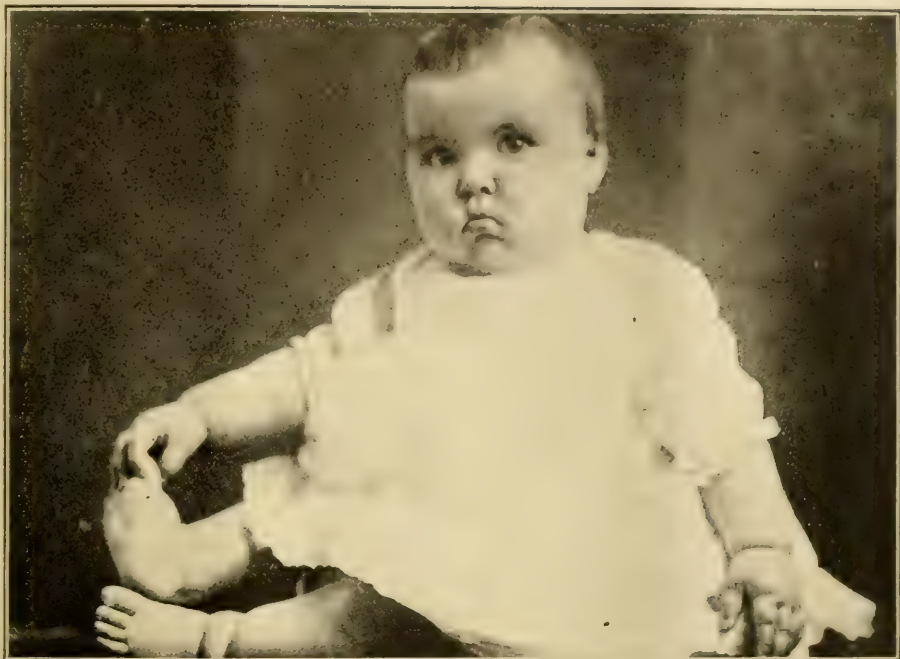
"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Edmonds, and I feel that you have come at the right moment. Yes, I have an ancient vase that I shall be glad to dispose of." Here her lips trembled, and a mist of tears dimmed the faded blue of her eyes.

"No, not glad, either," she corrected herself—"but out of necessity, I will part with it." Then motioning him to a seat, she continued:

"Years ago, when I was very young, my husband gave me a costly case. We had just been married three months, and had moved into this house. One day a foreign peddler came through—it was a veritable wilderness then—and in his baskets he had the loveliest treasures which he had brought from some place—India, I think he said. My husband wanted to buy me one of the lovely vases, but the price seemed exorbitant, and I reasoned that we had better not buy any of them, as we had just spent such a lot of money in getting this place to suit us, but George declared I must have one of the treasures; and it was very hard for me to decide between a lovely open-work silver workbasket, and a handsomely carved vase, but as George had planted such a profusion of flowers, I decided that the silver vase would be in almost constant use in the summer time.

"We bought it, although the price seemed to be the highest pinnacle that silver vases ever soared to; and for many months we

(Continued on Page 1057.)



Rachel Beverly Keister.

THE HEALTHY BABY

Hollidaysburg, Pa., Aug. 19, 1912.

Dear Brethren:

Here is a photo of our baby girl who is ten months old. She has been healthy since birth and only fed on nature's food.

Her name is Rachel Beverly Keister.

Her home is in Youngstown, Ohio, but at present she is visiting her grandparents near Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Sister Myra L. Keister,
3178 West Federal St.,
Youngstown, Ohio.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

J. C. Flora.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley
Of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me."

IN all Scripture there is not a verse more familiar than this one. No Bible figure has made a more lasting or indelible impression. This picture of the close of life has held a prominent place in our memory ever since we first lisped these words. In millions of cases these words have been the last ones of dying saints. Methinks I can see that valley now. The Shepherd is conducting his flock into green pastures and in a quiet resting place. But suddenly the path turns downward and begins to wind toward the ravine below. On one side there is a high precipice with its moss covered pinnacles of solid rock towering into the skies, on the other an abrupt bank to a large river bed where the water foams and roars as it rushes over the rugged rocks. Just ahead the mountains tower still higher on either side. This weird stream and lonely pathway on its bank move on into the dark channel. The trees from the mountain sides shake hands over them. It would be dark there in the most brilliant moon. To linger there after sundown would be a loathsome place. All along its course are poisonous serpents and ravenous beasts. Such is the valley of the shadow of death, through which the Great Shepherd once went alone, and by which he now conducts all his flock home. The front ranks have long ago emerged into the sunshine; others are now passing through its dark shadows; and ere long we too shall be beneath them.

This figure gives us some comforting thought about death. It is not a state, an enduring condition, or an abiding place. It is a passage, it is a transition, it is a valley through which we pass. The valley may be a dark one and infested with evil things but we do not pitch our tent there. In death the spirit leaves the body and passes out, just as an artisan will leave the workshop at evening, shutting the blinds and doors as he passes out to his home, and leaves it deserted and still; but his voice is to be heard in the home circle. In Damascus there is a long, dark, narrow lane, ending in a tunnel. It has been there for ages. The traveler descends and passes

through, but on the other side he emerges into the court yard of an Oriental palace flashing with color and sunlight. This is a figure of a believer's death. Dying is being born out of the confinement of darkness of earth in the glorious light and liberty of the heavenly life. "Absent from the body but present with the Lord." No standstill, but an exodus, a passage, a walking through a brief valley, sunshine on this side, sunshine on that, and just a moment, a parenthesis, a hand breadth of gloom.

Death is the gate of life. Our beloved are not dead; they are the living who have passed through death into the presence of the King. It is not the end. It is only a transition from this world, mingled with joy and sorrow to one where everything is joy.

Yet the valley is dark. The pain of the body often depresses the spirit and overcasts it with gloom, but it is no index into the spiritual life. It is hard to part without sadness from those who have been our fellow-pilgrims. There is a sense of loneliness, for though three thousand travel this way every hour, yet each goes alone. At best it is a solemn thought to die. The hardened desperado may meet his end without a shudder. But in all refined and tender feeling where the spirit has not been quenched we cannot face death without a sense of seriousness and sobriety.

But at worst death is only a shadow. Christ met the substance, we only encounter the shadow. The sting of death has been overcome. The shadow is the exact counterpart of its substance. But it is not in itself harmful. The shadow of the dog cannot bite; that of a giant cannot kill; that of death cannot destroy. You cannot have a shadow unless there be a bright light shining somewhere. The shadow is temporary, the light eternal; for "God is light and in him is no darkness at all."

But this imagery may stand for other experiences besides dying. We have often passed through dark valleys on our way home. The road to the new Jerusalem leads through dark and perilous ways. When we feel our souls overcast we should pause for a moment and consider if the cause may not be traced to neglect or sin. If so, confession may bring immediate relief. If not, we must trust in him in dark

as well as in the light and plod on. There is something good in all these shadowed valleys. They test the quality of the soul. They reveal our weak places. They make us follow the Shepherd closely lest we lose him. They teach us to value as never before the rod and staff. Blessed are they who believe, who have not seen; and who are content to be stripped of many of the pleasures and joys of life if they know they are doing the Shepherd's bidding and they are permitted to hear the sound of his voice and the knowledge that he is near.

Listen to the courageous declaration of the saintly soul, boasting of its fearlessness: "I will fear no evil." There is no fear in love. Perfect love casteth out fear. Nothing else can do it. You may deride it. You may try and shame it. But all will be in vain. If you would master it you must expel it with trust, which is born of love. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear." It is very well to say that when I am afraid I will trust in thee, but it is still better to say, I will trust and not fear.

Sorrow and dying make Christ's presence real. Have you ever noticed the change in the pronoun? Hitherto the Psalmist had spoken in the third person, but now as he moves down into the dark, he draws closer to the divine Leader and Guide, speaking to him in a whisper, and saying thou. When things go well we content ourselves by talking about Christ, but when the sky darkens we hasten to talk to him. He may be separated from our sight, yet we may see him through an eye of faith. Our heart may be heavy with sorrow and we may feel forsaken as Christ felt in the garden of Gethsemane, yet we may have the assurance that "He will never leave us, nor forsake us." He cannot break his word. He has not left us alone. He trod the wine-press alone that each poor, timid child of thine in all future ages might be able to sing the words of undying comfort: "I will fear no evil; for thou art with me."



A SILVER VASE.

(Continued from Page 1054.)

used it as a flower vase. Then George died, and I polished the vase and put it away, where it has been kept for many long years. Now—" and her voice broke with emotion, "I must have more money—twenty-five whole dollars. My only child, now a woman of forty must undergo an operation, and we lack twenty-five dollars of the re-

quired amount to have it done; and—and if you wish the vase—it cost much more than that, you see, we were just foolish children when we bought it—you may have it for that sum."

The buyer of antiques looked thoughtful. "Bring me the vase," he said.

The woman slowly toddled into the house, and soon returned with the precious vase.

"There," she said, trying to speak cheerfully, although a tear, more silvery than the vase, splashed on the man's hand. "Isn't it beautiful?"

He took it in his hands, and studied it. The age-stained ornament, was indeed, a fair imitation of an expensive vase; but the man of experience saw at once, that it was only pewter.

"And you would part with it for twenty-five dollars?" he asked.

Over her eager face, there dawned almost a frightened expression, as she realized her treasure was about to be taken away.

"Yes," she said bravely; but she turned away, as she uttered the word.

The man drew a fat wallet from his pocket, and laid the bills in her hand. "Now," he said cheerfully, rewrapping the vase, and handing it back to her, "I shall not take it now—some other time, perhaps. I have quite enough luggage for this trip."

Then he was gone, and the sweet-faced old woman, clasped the greenbacks closely, but closer still, she clasped the vase to her fluttering heart. Yet it was not till a week later did she feel an unalloyed happiness. It was when she reread the closing sentences of a letter from the buyer of antiques, which read:

"Keep the money, it is yours, and also the vase for all time, for never again would it be prized as it is now, and I shall never call for it. The thought of your daughter's restoration to health, and of you sitting in that enchanted bower, dreaming over again the joys of days in the misty past, will always be ample reward. Then, too, you reminded me of my own precious mother, who sleeps 'neath the daisies on the hillside. Were she living now, and situated as you are, and I could not help her, I would indeed, be grateful to anyone who would do so. From all view points, I am but doing my duty."

With a glad cry she held up the vase; and the sunlight, filtering through the veins, did indeed, transfigure it into silver, though to her unsuspecting eyes, as to her husband's before her, it was, and always would be, pure silver, without a flaw.

SUMMER DESSERTS.

Miss M. Andrews.

Orange pudding: Take four large oranges, peel, cut into small pieces, and sweeten to taste. Then boil one pint of milk and add to it a tablespoon of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold milk and the yolk of three eggs. When done let it cool and then mix with the orange. Beat the whites of the eggs with one cup of sugar, spread over the top of the pudding and set in the oven to brown slightly.

Snow Ball Custard: Beat the whites of three eggs stiff, make a little sweet and boil in a pint of milk, dipping them in the boiling milk in tablespoonfuls. As they rise, turn them and when done put them on a plate. Then put the beaten yolks into the milk, sweeten to taste, stir until it thickens, remove from fire and flavor with lemon. Turn this custard into a dish and place the white balls on top.

Tapioca Fruit Pudding: One-half cup of tapioca soaked over night in enough cold water to make a quart. In the morning cover the bottom of a pudding dish with any kind of fruit, either canned or fresh, sprinkle with one-half cup of sugar and a little salt and pour the tapioca over the fruit and bake one hour. Serve cold with sugar and cream.

Banana Cream: Take six bananas, cut them into thin slices and put into a glass dish, pour over them some pineapple syrup and let them soak two hours. Take one-half cup of sweet cream and whip with a little sugar, pour over the top, sprinkle with pink sugar and serve.

Tapioca Jelly: Cover one cup of tapioca with a pint of water, soak over night, next morning cook until the tapioca is perfectly clear, add one-half cup of sugar, then stir in hastily the well-beaten whites of two eggs, turn into a mould and stand in a cool place to harden. If perfectly made this will turn out keeping the place of the mould. It must be as delicate as gelatine, not firm and stiff. Put a pint of milk into the double boiler, beat the yolks of the two eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, moisten a tablespoon of cornstarch in a little cold milk, add to the hot milk, cook a moment, add the egg and sugar, cook another moment, take from the fire, flavor, and turn out to cool. Serve the jelly with this custard poured around it.

Tapioca Ice: Soak one cup of pearl tapioca over night, in the morning boil in

water until it clears, add one cup of sugar and a little salt. Have a ripe pineapple chopped, and turn the tapioca and sugar over it while boiling hot, stir and turn into a mould to cool. When cold eat with sugar and cream.

Strawberry Ice Cream: One quart of fresh strawberries mashed with one pint of sugar, two tablespoons of gelatine, dissolved in one cup of hot milk, then cool, one pint of cream beaten to a froth. Mix all together and freeze.

Peaches with rice: Stew the peaches until clear in a rich syrup, having first pared and cut them in halves. Boil whatever quantity of rice you choose, mold in an oval form, and arrange peaches around it. Boil the syrup down rather thick, pour it over the dish and serve hot. This is a delicious and simple dessert.

Orange Basket: Cut from the stem end of an orange two pieces and in such a way as to leave a strip of peel to represent the handle of a basket. Remove the pulp from the basket and also from the pieces. Notch the edges with scissors, fill the basket with sections of the orange or with orange jelly.

Orange Jelly: One small teaspoon of granulated gelatine, one teaspoon of cold water, one-half teaspoon of boiling water, one-fourth cup of orange juice, two teaspoons lemon juice, one and one-half tablespoons of sugar. Soak gelatine in cold water and add boiling water. When the gelatine is dissolved, add to it, the orange juice, lemon juice and sugar, strain and mould.

Peach Kisses: Pare and halve six large ripe peaches. Boil one pint of granulated sugar with a quarter of a pint of water until the syrup snaps when dropped in cool water. Dip the halved peaches one after another into the syrup and set them away to harden on a buttered dish in the refrigerator. When hard, whip the whites of four eggs until stiff. Beat into the whites five tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and two tablespoons of blanched and finely-chopped almonds. Drop the egg mixture in large spoonfuls in a pan of boiling water and cook for a minute or two, then lift out carefully on a large plate. Fill each of the peach halves with this mixture, rounding the tops slightly and keep in a cool place till time to serve. This is a delicious dessert and is also dainty in appearance.

Cornstarch Pudding: One pint of sweet milk, whites of three eggs, two tablespoons cornstarch, three tablespoons of sugar and a little salt. Put the milk in a dish and set

on the stove and when it reaches the boiling point, add the sugar, then the starch and lastly the whites of the eggs whipped to a stiff froth. Beat it and let cook for a few minutes, then pour into a wet mould and set in a cool place. For sauce, make a boiled custard as follows: Bring to the boiling point, one pint of milk, add three tablespoons of sugar, then the beaten yolks thinned by adding a tablespoon of milk, stir all the time until it thickens, then flavor and cool.

Huckleberry Pudding: Put a quart of huckleberries in a pan and scatter a dessert spoonful of flour over them. Mix a cupful of water and one of sugar with the berries and scatter a tablespoon of butter over the top in small bits. Make a batter of a scant quart of flour, a small teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of baking powder and a big tablespoon of butter mixed all together and wet with milk. Dip the dough lightly out with a large spoon and place over the berry mixture. Steam an hour and serve with cream. Any fruit may be used.

Surprise Pudding: Line custard cups, or any cups may be used, with boiled rice, pressing firmly against sides and bottom. The cups should be buttered before the rice is put in them, fill the center with cooked peaches or pears drained of all juice. Over the top, put a layer of rice. Set aside to cool, then turn out and serve with cream and sugar.

Strawberry Tapioca: Soak a cup of pearl tapioca two hours, add a pint of water and a cup of sugar, and cook until clear. Hull and wash a cupful of nice large strawberries, and when the tapioca is partly cool, stir these in carefully so as not to break the berries. Pour into a pudding dish, serve cold with cream and sugar.

Strawberry Custard: Make a custard by bringing two cups of milk to the boiling point, then stir into the milk, the following mixture: Two well-beaten yolks of eggs, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, and two tablespoons of water blended together. Gradually stir into the boiling milk, stirring constantly, and add a half cup of sugar. Stir and cook until it is a thick, smooth cream. Put a pint of hulled strawberries in a pretty glass dish and pour the custard over them. Cover the top with a meringue made of the beaten whites of the two eggs. Top off with a few nice large berries, and serve cold.

If you wish to have whipped cream when cream is scarce, beat the white of an egg to

a stiff froth and add to the cream. The egg can not be detected and adds much to the quantity.

Delicious Ice Cream: One gallon of good milk, three cups of sugar, one-half dozen eggs, two tablespoons of cornstarch. Scald the milk and dissolve the cornstarch in cold milk before stirring it into the hot milk. Beat the eggs, whites and yolks separately, and stir into the hot milk together with the cornstarch and sugar. Cook like a boiled custard. When cool flavor and freeze.

Strawberry Sherbet: Quart of strawberries, mashed. Juice of two lemons, quart of water, pound of sugar. Boil sugar and water together for five minutes, when cool turn over the strawberries and lemon juice and strain in freezer.

Ice Cream Fluff: Boil one cup of cornstarch and three cups of sugar till thick, pour over the beaten whites of three eggs. Flavor, beat till cool and drop on buttered tins.



For all young men who are fighting sin and the devil and carrying a clean conscience in the midst of contaminating circumstances Jesus has a warm welcome.—Rev. H. T. Kerr, Presbyterian, Chicago, Ill.

Only ripe fruits and nuts are the proper natural food for man.—Rev. C. E. Prather, Christian Scientist, Denver, Colo.

The victorious life is only for those who seek it with all their hearts.—Rev. C. L. Laws, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mankind is always seeking a promised land, ever wandering in search of ideals.—Rev. C. E. Jefferson, Congregationalist, New York City.

It is better to aim at perfection and miss it than to aim at imperfection and hit it.—Rev. T. M. Hawes, Presbyterian, Louisville, Ky.

The only way in which a man reaches prosperity is by rendering service.—Rev. Lyman Abbott, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Something positive, something definite, something certain with reference to the unknown world is the thing for which we are all seeking—especially is this true of old people.—Rev. William Callaway, Baptist, Denver, Colo.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Editor's Note:—This page is open for all our readers. Questions asking for personal replies should be accompanied with a two-cent stamp.

Question.—Would it be wrong for a member of the church to join the Grange or some other farm society or organization intended for the welfare of the farmer?—J. L. H.

Answer.—If the Grange is a good one it is very helpful to join, because much that is worth while will be brought to the attention of the farmer that he might otherwise never learn about. There are places where the Grange is miscondacted and abused, where one never gets anything helpful. In such a place it would be wrong to join. As to whether or not one would be justified in joining depends entirely upon the local conditions. In some communities it would be wrong because of the nature of the Grange, while in other communities it would be very helpful. The same may be said about all other farm societies and organizations.



Question.—What is the best method to dry clean cotton carpets or rugs without sending them to cleaners?—L. A.

Answer.—Give them a thorough beating and a good airing in the sunshine. Then put $\frac{1}{2}$ pint ammonia into $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon of water and with a rag wet in this solution give it a good scrubbing.



The Problem of Our Young People.

There is no greater problem confronting the Christian people of America today, than how to use, and interest our young folks so as to make them useful in church and state, and be a glory and honor to their parents after they have laid the armor aside and gone to their reward. It is natural for young people to want to be doing something, and there is nothing that strengthens and develops both mind and body as some good employment. Give the child no exercise where he can be doing something and it will grow up undeveloped physically, so with the mind if not occupied with something useful it will seek other avenues of activity, and may often be trained in wrong channels. "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it" is

still true, and we are living in a day when we very much need well-trained young people in all lines of our church work. Give them something to do from childhood up and make them feel that work depends on them and they are responsible for it. Parents will rear up, and educate and train their children, and entrust them with any other business, but when it comes to doing work in the church for the Master, they feel they are incapable, or in other words they keep too wide a gap between the old and young in the service. Just as the nation must have young people coming on well trained to fill up the ranks of the older ones, so must the church have young, strong, well-trained men and women to take up the armor and fight the battles of sin. "Give us young people for the fight, but old people for counsel." Our Sunday-schools, Christian Workers' meetings, and much of our general church service should be largely conducted and assisted by those of younger years. Nothing so completely chills and causes our young people to get discouraged as to have everything led and conducted by the old members with often very poor qualifications, and literary attainments. Again our ministers should keep themselves as young and fresh as lies in their power, it is impossible to keep the hoary crown off our heads, but our work will be much more powerful and effectual, if we continually work with and keep in touch with the young, and each minister should make this phase of his work a special study. Then our church houses should be neat, comfortable, convenient and attractive, not for display, but fully adapted to all our needs. It is a sad commentary on our religion for us to live in good, comfortable houses, and put off the Lord with something very inferior and ordinary. Every available means should be carefully studied and planned to make our church service as inviting as possible.

For recreation we should not resort to any means that would lower or draw our minds from the true worship of God. I have before me a paper, where at a "country life conference," the churchhouses are built with that object in view, they recommend, baseball, picture shows, gymnasiums, skating, bowling and golf, but we think this so foreign to the true spirit of worship that it should never enter the minds of the Christian people. If the true Christian spirit does not attract we are in a very serious condition, and anything that will draw us still lower will make conditions

ore complex. If we would encourage and se as we should our latent talent among ur young people, in our church activities, e would have no inclination for those opular and sinful amusements for recreation, more especially in the rural districts, either would it need to be published broadast that there are sixteen hundred rural hurches abandoned in the last ten years n one of our sister States.—Peter Brower.

AMONG THE BOOKS

Beginners' Guide to Fruit Growing.

The interest manifested in fruit growing or home use is the starting out an army of beginners in the business who need helpful and definite instructions as to how to proceed to avoid disappointments.

Professor F. A. Waugh, who has prepared many helpful books on horticultural subjects, has lately written a book "Beginners' Guide to Fruit Growing," in which he assumes that the simplest things are of importance to the beginner. He states these simple facts in such a form that his book becomes a valuable guide. Every detail is explained so that there is no chance for mistake. He discusses the selection of soil, planting, pruning and spraying, with accurateness so that an amateur easily becomes familiar with the information necessary to lead him to success. The book contains 118 pages and is cloth bound. Published by the Orange Judd Company, New York. Price, 75 cents.



Vegetable Gardening.

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Restitution was not to be thought of, so the rogue fell back on that which never deserted him—his mother-wit. "I'll give you the goose and ask your Riverence to forgive me," he said.

"No, my son," said the good priest, "that will not do. You must restore it to its rightful owner."

"But, your Riverence," said the rascal, "I offered it to the man I stole it from, and he wouldn't take it."

"If you did that," said the priest, "you could do no more."

And so Paddy gained his point.—Abbie C. Dixon.



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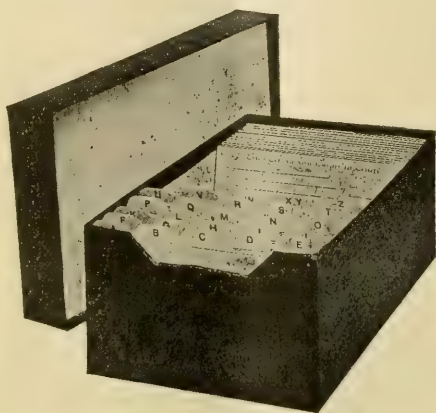


Willie—Papa, Fido was just hit by a taxi.
Papa—All right, Willie, telephone for a taxidermist.



What will become of the men who have the means of help and absent themselves from church?—Rev. Andrew Magill, Disciple, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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THE INGLENOOK

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September 24
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Vol. XIV
No. 39

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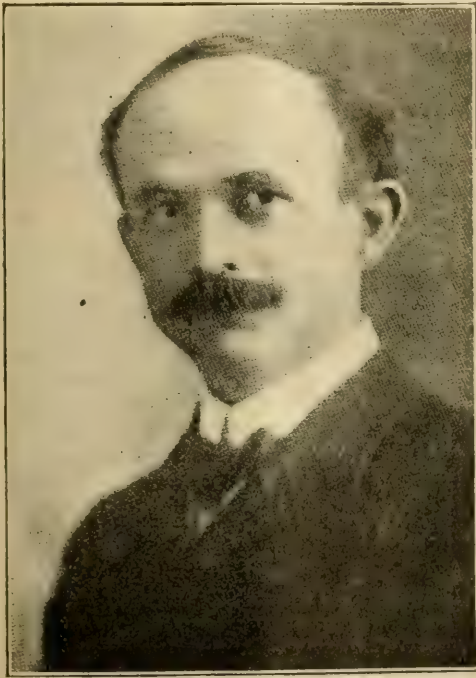
Vol. XIV

September 24, 1912

No. 39

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



Judge Benj. B. Lindsey, of Denver.

FEW men of the legal profession have more friends over the country or are more loved than Judge Ben Lindsey of the Juvenile court of Denver, Colorado. At the last election 41,478 votes were cast for Lindsey and only 16,248 for his opponent which shows that Denver is in earnest about her Juvenile Court. But that is not all. Denver has been doing some housecleaning after a political struggle of nearly twenty years. Judge Lindsey led the campaign for better municipal government and he put the same

energy into the fight that he does in helping the boys who are brought before him, to a better life. While hearing the cases of delinquent boys as they come to him day after day he has been slowly solving the real problem—whether the boy is the cause of it all or whether some one else higher up has a share in the downfall. In Everybody's Magazine, George Creel speaks of this very thing. He says: "As he sat in the Juvenile Court, heart torn by the sorrowful procession that streamed through the doors, he saw that the system which gave privileges and monopolies to a few, and denied common rights to the many, was responsible for involuntary poverty, and that it was involuntary poverty that bred the sores and festers of society. . . . He charged that municipal corruption had its source in the scramble of public utility corporations for unfair favors. That slums were encouraged and maintained by the respectable privilege seekers as 'vote mills,' that the entire political system was a compact among criminals, rich and poor, for the protection of illegal profit." The entire citizens' ticket was elected in Denver and the people are victorious over the bosses. Even with this success the city is not satisfied. Her next experiment will be a commission government to which the successful candidates pledged themselves.

During the national conventions there was some talk of putting Judge Lindsey in the race in some way or other but the matter was dropped and he is yet a judge and willing to stick by his job. He is one man who lives for what good he can do regardless of the personal gain that comes to him. In this country the names of Juvenile Court and Ben Lindsey are permanently linked together.

The Litchfield County Choral Union.

In Litchfield County, Conn., the choirs of five towns are federated into a Choral Union. The towns are Norfolk, Winsted, Salisbury, Canaan and Torrington. The united membership of these choirs is over 700 and every year 400 or more of them are picked out to give a series of concerts in Norfolk. This Festival is one of the principal musical events of the country.

We said that these choirs were from towns but a large percentage of the singers come from the country also, many miles from town. A writer in Collier's speaks of this part of the work as being of special significance. "First of all there is a social meaning. The weekly rehearsal during January-May constitutes a break in the daily routine, the charm and value of which cannot possibly be estimated by a city dweller. . . . I have heard tales of women walking alone several miles through lonely woods week after week; of other women driving ten miles to the rehearsal and ten miles back again; of a couple coming a distance of twelve miles for eight years, and rarely missing a rehearsal. In the Salisbury Lakeville group alone eighteen members have walked from one to two miles each way. Yet the average attendance has never fallen below 85 per cent of the total membership, and has often reached 90 per cent. To appreciate this faithfulness at its full significance, you must know something about the winds and the snowdrifts that hold sway in the Litchfield hills during winter." This Choral Union is certainly one of the most remarkable institutions in the country. In the little town of Canaan one-tenth of the population belong to the choir and take active part. The choir is of such a democratic nature that the daughter of a bank president, the clerk and the washer-woman can sing side by side. To learn of an institution like this is as refreshing to one's mind as is a summer shower to a parched and thirsty vegetation.

Octavia Hill.

Another Pioneer social worker is no more. Octavia Hill died in London last month at the age of seventy-five, after a half a century of labors for the benefit of tenement dwellers in London. Early in life Octavia Hill saw that the habits of people were greatly influenced by their surroundings and that the health and comfort of the renters were largely in the hands of the greedy landlords. Miss Hill was not only a theorist but also a practical worker. She decided to buy some of the worst kind of

tenement property and act as she thought a landlord ought to act. John Ruskin, that venerable champion of all that is beautiful, loaned her \$15,000 to make the purchase. Miss Hill put everything on a business basis and did not give any special inducements of philanthropy. However it is true that she cut the rents almost in two and still made a net income of five per cent on the investment, and returned part of the money she borrowed. A certain portion of the rental she set aside every year for improving the property. This was the beginning of her later undertakings. When financially able she purchased dilapidated tenements and followed the same program as before. At one time she cleared away a lot of old sheds and manure piles and turned the space into a playground.

Octavia Hill was one of the pioneers in the improvement of housing conditions in London. Since the beginning of her labors others, better financially equipped, have done more extensive work than the modest but sincere efforts of Miss Hill were able to accomplish.

The Wage Problem.

In a labor day address presidential candidate Wilson said that he did not favor a minimum wage scale fixed by the government because it would subordinate the workman more than he is at present. Just why it should subordinate him, it seems to us that he did not satisfactorily explain. Some legislation is needed and there is no use in talking about it for ten years before doing anything, either. A minimum wage scale sufficiently flexible to meet the demands of the different sections of the country would give some relief at least. This problem like many others will have to be worked over generation after generation and no permanent arrangement can be made.

Bishop Samuel Fallows thinks that these problems are worth talking about in a sermon—and they are, especially when there are factory operators in the congregation. Exploitation of human lives is just as big a sin as we have among us. Last Sunday he said this in his sermon concerning the wages of women: "Perish forever the debasing heathensim which would hinder woman's progress in any direction because she is a woman. For doing a man's work she is entitled to a man's pay. . . . It cannot be denied that when young girls and boys or young men and women are thrown into the promiscuous herdings of the shop or factory where they are engaged in a fierce competition of business without the re-

straining and uplifting influences which surround young people in the school the girls have become loud and bold and oftentimes swaggering. Speech has become rude, dangerously familiar, or at the best, exceedingly careless, and maidenly modesty been put in extreme peril." He then talked of the social danger which threatens the homes where wages are low. "Take an illustration which is but one of many thousand cases. A young man and woman are both employed in winning bread. The man is getting \$12 a week, the woman \$6 or \$8. He

can scarcely pay his board and dress decently and meet other obligations out of his salary. She can do so in a less satisfactory manner. They fall in love. What shall be the outcome? Very clearly two cannot live on the salary he is earning, much less can a family. Either marriage must be given up or the woman, if wedded, must continue to labor. Home, in every sense of the term, is therefore out of the question. A boarding house must be the resort—the foe of normal domestic life."

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Crop Reports.

The government crop report for September announces that the aggregate yield of grain in the United States for 1912 is the largest on record, and that a serious car shortage for the moving of these unprecedented crops faces the country. In Kansas the wheat crop is so large that the elevator capacity of the State is inadequate to meet the demands, and 1,000,000 bushels of the golden grain are piled on the ground. The oat crop will reach almost 1,300,000,000 bushels, the largest yield ever recorded by any country in the world. An enormous hay crop is also reported.



Intervention in Mexico Threatened.

Renewed activities on the part of the revolutionists in the northern provinces of Mexico, including raids across the border into American territory, with increasing danger to all Americans settled in Mexico, and a larger number of specific acts of violence against them, have brought out rumors of American intervention. In the south also the Zapatistas are becoming bolder, though Emilio Zapata has not yet made good on his threat of months ago, to shortly enter the City of Mexico if President Madero should not resign. Americans in the southern provinces are in especial danger as protection from the United States could only be afforded by sending a sea expedition to some Mexican Gulf port, which would mean formal intervention and war; whereas in the north a display of troops on the frontier has a certain protective effect.—The Public.



Yes, Prohibition Prohibits.

As a general rule liquor men declare prohibition does not prohibit. Occasionally

one of them tells the truth, as does ex-Mayor Rose, of Milwaukee, who says that he is opposed to prohibition because it does prohibit.

Of course it prohibits. Get rid of the open saloon and there is a tremendous decrease in the consumption of liquor, even though officials are lax in the enforcement of law. Close the saloon and twice as many speakeasies will not sell a tenth as much stuff because the sale is outlawed, and men with any self-respect will shy at having anything to do with an outlaw.

In the prohibition campaign in Maine a year ago the liquor men contended that prohibition was a failure because the people of that state spent \$1,100,000 a year for drink. But when this sum is divided by the population it shows an expenditure of but \$1.49 per capita against an average annual expenditure for drink of \$17.39 per capita for the nation as a whole.

In trying to prove that prohibition does not prohibit the liquor men claim that twenty million gallons of liquor were shipped into prohibition States in 1910. But these prohibition States have a population of 15,000,000, and it is easily demonstrated that the per capita consumption in these States does not exceed one and one-fourth gallons as against a per capita consumption the same year for the nation at large of nearly twenty-two gallons.

What is worrying the liquor men of the country is the fact that prohibition does prohibit.—The American Issue.



Two Ways for Woman's Suffrage.

The American way to secure suffrage for women is by the patient appeal to reason. It is a slow way, but the only sure way. Its advocates have been at work at it for

two generations, and they have gained fair success, full suffrage for women in six far Western States, California, Washington, Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Wyoming; and suffrage amendments will this fall be voted on in Michigan, Kansas, Oregon, Wisconsin and Arizona, with a fair prospect of success. Eastward the star of woman's empire holds its way. The Roosevelt national convention endorsed woman's suffrage, and various Republican State conventions have done the same. As never before women will be speakers in the coming campaign. There is every appearance that in a dozen years half our States will give votes to women. The method used to gain these results has been purely that of reason, the women trusting to the good will of their husbands and brothers to do them justice. This is the American way. The English way is to break up meetings with screams of "Votes for women," to smash windows, to stone members of the cabinet, to set fire to theaters, and generally to do mischief and be a nuisance. It has gained not one particle of success. At best it has sent dozens of women to prison for short terms, and the last exploit at Dublin has sentenced two women to five years at hard labor. Those who say that women lack logic can find support in the Englishwomen's notion that there is a relation between hammering windows and depositing a ballot. American women have shown that they are not lacking in reason and logic.—The Independent.



Railroads for China.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen has been authorized by the Chinese government to establish a corporation for the construction of some 70,000 miles of railroads throughout China, according to a press dispatch. His plans include a proposition that foreigners shall be given opportunities to do business freely throughout the republic, but the government's approval seems not yet to have gone beyond the general scheme, by which the railroads in the frontier provinces will be under exclusively Chinese control and those in the interior provinces will be constructed by corporations having a right to do business for about forty years and representing foreign as well as Chinese interests.

The most trustworthy statistics show that at the end of 1911 some 5,500 miles of Chinese railroads were open to traffic, not including the Russian and Japanese systems on Chinese territory in Manchuria, and more than 2,800 miles of new trunk lines were under construction. From the western

point of view China needs railroads, and their building would perhaps furnish a large market for American builders of cars and locomotives and steel makers. Dr. Sun Yat Sen knows the western as well as the eastern world; he is ambitious to make China a modern country, but the conservative forces are strong and his railroad project may encounter much opposition.—Record-Herald.



Southern Disturbances.

American sailors from the gunboat Tacoma were fired on in the streets of Bluefields Sept. 15, during an anti-American demonstration incident to the celebration of the anniversary of Central American independence.

A mob of excited Nicaraguans was formed immediately. Bloodshed was threatened.

Prompt action by Lieutenant Lowell, in command of the landing force of sixty marines, undoubtedly prevented more serious results. He rushed the marines to the scene of the trouble and dispersed the mob.

The entire force of Americans patrolled the streets of the city throughout the night and prevented the assembling of natives in groups.

The sailors, who were fired on by unknown Nicaraguans, were not hurt.

It is realized that the situation remains critical. A strong anti-American feeling exists. Articles denunciatory of Americans have appeared in the local newspapers.

The anti-American agitators have persistently circulated a statement that Nicaragua ultimately would be forced by the United States government to bear the expense of maintaining marines in this country.

Except for the night's trouble the Atlantic coast of Nicaragua has been free from disturbances since the beginning of the present revolution.

Two weeks ago the Bluefields authorities arrested three men suspected of revolutionary plotting and sent them as prisoners to Corn Island. The prisoners, Julio Monterey, Onofro Sandoval and Joaquin Estrada, denied they were connected with an anti-government conspiracy.

American blue-jackets and marines have been called on by Minister Weitzel in Nicaragua to rescue numerous college girls from famine at Granada. The girls have been isolated forty days and are facing an empty larder.

The college is under French control. Many of its inmates are foreign residents.

EDITORIALS

Three Kinds of Early Men.

As a result of thirty years of exploration in the Delaware Valley, searching for evidences of the early man in America, Ernest Volk, a field archæologist, who for twenty years prospected under the direction of Professor F. W. Putnam of Harvard University, announces some interesting finds.

He has succeeded in tracing three distinct habitations of man in Delaware Valley—the Indian on the surface of black soil, a specimen of prehistoric man termed by the explorer an "argillite man," as he used argillite in the manufacture of his implements, and finally a still older race, the so-called "glacial" or "gravel man," who lived before the days when the yellow loam formed the surface soil. The archæologist says:

"The traces of man in the gravel, far below the above two named stations of occupation, were found in the shape of artificially fractured stone, chiefly of argillite and quartz. The bones of arctic animals, such as the musk ox and of elk, probably species now extinct, were also found."

From City to Country.

Where the soft winding country road ends the hard, hot pavements of the city begin, and how soon the feet get tired.

When we leave the country behind us, we say good-by to the cozy house painted white with green blinds and broad, sloping roof and wide porch covered with vines. Good-by to the big, cool shade trees and the contented-looking fat hen leading around with a cheerful cluck her yellow brood of lively chicks. Good-by to the sweet odor of a load of hay rolling into the big red barn; and the neighborly greeting of everyone you pass on the road.

Over the line into the city. At once monotonous rows of brick and gray stone greet us on every hand. Every house like every other. Narrow halls with windows at each end and dark rooms in between, and smell of neighbors' meals, and noise of family quarrels, and crying babies, and barking dogs, and bad air all stagnated in the narrow space between the flats, not left open for love of humanity but for fear of fire.

Over the line from the country into the city they pour. To get a job. To get a school. To get experience. To get the wider outlook from the broader way, clanging

bells, rain of soot, choking smoke, taking a certain light out of the eyes, a certain courtesy out of the whole manner of men and women. If you fail in the city there is no more terrible example of a down and outer.

Every man is pushing his neighbor. Sixty men on one street car and nobody speaks to anybody except the conductor, and he don't answer. Gamblers and deacons, Cyprians and missionaries, drunkards and reformers, all huddled together. Great success that has lost all interest in great failure. Great failure that is filled with terrible hatred for success.

In the city we go diving into cellars, climbing lofts, packed into elevators, irritated, excited, mad. A roaring, reeking, consuming human ant hill, squirming from morning until night. A lot of children, in the sight of God, for the most part blowing soap bubbles. These are conditions that rob life of its charm. They destroy all eternal values. They reduce men to bits of machinery.

A Tribute to Women.

Bishop Samuel Fallows of Chicago recently paid a high tribute to women, when he was discussing the Woman Suffrage question. Speaking of them as capable workers he said:

"The notion that women could not keep a secret has been utterly exploded by the experience of employers. Young men are apt to 'talk shop' when they are together. The young women in their homes and among their companions are found to be dumb as oysters about their employers' business affairs.

"Women appear also to have more conscience and a finer sense of honor in business relations than men. In all the qualities of honesty, temperance, conscience, amiability, tact and discreet silence they set good examples to the sterner sex."

An Evil Righted.

Thomas Spencer Jerome, United States consular agent at Capri, Italy, has utilized the opportunity he had to study the life of the Emperor Tiberius. Like most historians of the day, he doubts the bits of gossip relating to the acts of dissipation of that gentleman. It seems hardly credible that a man of the abstemious habits and laborious life that Tiberius led in his early days should have changed so completely at the age of seventy. Tacitus was not only a historian but a partisan. The "Outlook" says:

"At the close of a series of lectures embodying the results of his study of this subject, delivered by Mr. Jerome at the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, the authorities of Capri voted him a resolution of thanks and gave him a public reception; and he used the occasion to propose that a tablet should be set up in honor of Tiberius, 'the most illustrious guest the island ever had,' inscribed with the emperor's own words: 'Of mankind I request that when I am no more they will do justice to my memory; and with kind acknowledgments record my name and the actions of my life.' This very reasonable request seems likely to be regarded after all these centuries, and the exquisite view from the top of Mount Tiberio can be enjoyed without the intrusion of the black shadows of historic infamy."

Where Responsibility Ends.

The little boy who is all the time crying, "Teacher, Johnny's throwing paper wads," "Teacher, Mary's got a storybook inside her geography," "Teacher, the kids were awful bad while you was out of the room," does not always disappear before the higher grades of life have been reached. Many of us carry the burden of other people's misdeeds on our shoulders and grow sour and sad with the thought that there is no virtuous man to be found roundabout us.

There is enough mischief going on in the world to make it easy to take this point of view, so that it is not one upon which we should pride ourselves. The only creditable course is to keep our thoughts busy attending to our own desk, for here our actual responsibility ends, and a quiet example is sometimes more useful than words in restoring order about us.

Sir Philip Sidney who, during the confused events of Queen Elizabeth's reign, lived a life seldom surpassed in history for blamelessness and service, once wrote to Sir Francis Walsingham, who was troubled over family discord: "I think a wise and constant man ought never to grieve while he doth play, as a man may say, his own part truly, though others be out; but if himself leave his hold because other mariners will be idle, he will hardly forgive himself for his own fault."

Most of us, if we begin to look at the matter from this point of view will find so much to worry about within that we shall have little time left for grumbling about what goes on without; and where we find no blame in ourselves, there should be blessed freedom from anxiety.

List 50,000 Marchers for Temperance Sunday.

Fifty thousand recruits were recently enlisted in the Sunday-schools of Chicago for the civic welfare parade to be held Saturday afternoon, Sept. 28, of which Brigadier General Ramsay D. Potts, U. S. A., will be grand marshal. About 10,000 speeches against the saloon were made by Sunday-school teachers to audiences aggregating 250,000.

"If a man wants big doctor's bills and an early grave the use of alcoholic liquor is the best thing to bring it about," said Dr. A. M. Corwin to the Brotherhood Bible Class at the new First Congregational church. "Liquor has no physiological value and it is well that the exhibits in the civic welfare parade will show this fact among others."

Joseph G. Tyssowski, speaking to the Bible class at the North Shore Baptist Church, said:

"Human derelicts would not be so but for the saloon. The saloon has no respect for law and should be abolished. The civic welfare parade will have an educational value that can not be estimated."

"The Scandinavians will have 10,000 in the line of march," said Andrew O. Silversen, who is to be marshal of the Scandinavian section of the parade, to the Sunday-school of the Salem Evangelical Free Church.

Work for the Editor.

'Most anyone can be an editor. All an editor has to do is to sit at his desk six days in the week, four weeks of the month, and twelve months in the year and "edit" such as this:

"Mrs. Jones, of Lost Creek, let a can opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry."

"A mischievous lad of Matheton threw a stone and struck a companion in the alley last Tuesday."

"John Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a leak and fell, striking himself on the back porch."

"While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise from a church social last Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green on the public square."

"Isaiah Trimmer, of Lebanon, was playing with a cat Friday, when it scratched him on the veranda."

"Mr. White, while harnessing a bronco last Saturday, was kicked just south of the corn crib."



Administration Building, Ohio Agricultural Station, Wooster, O.

AT THE OHIO AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION

Charles H. Keltner

THE citizens of the great State of Ohio are entitled to no little amount of pride in that group of buildings and broad expanse of acres which they own adjoining the city of Wooster. In the early days of agricultural experiment station work in this country, when but little reliable information concerning the problems which were then facing the American farmer was available, the present somewhat picturesque and very well chosen location of this station was selected. In this portion of the State the land is somewhat rolling and the view from the tower of the administration building covers no small portion of the surrounding country.

As I approached this large, commanding structure and observed its position on the crest of the hill, I was made to feel that it was Ohio's valuable fortress, standing guard over the precious riches of her soils and protecting her from that great band of agricultural thieves who steal a State's most valuable resource,—the plant food that is locked within her soil.

For some time I had looked forward to

an opportunity to visit this place, view its equipment of buildings, laboratories and experiment plots, and perchance, meet its director, Mr. Charles E. Thorne.

It was during the latter part of June, just after the wheat had "headed out," that this privilege was afforded me. After being introduced to the kind and courteous gentleman who so willingly pilots visitors about the institution, I was taken to the various divisions in which I was particularly interested. In one portion of the main building is the department where the diseases of plants are studied. Here I met the investigator, who appeared to appreciate my interest in his work and paid high tribute to the professors under whom I had taken a course along the same line. He was not long in convincing me that he was pursuing his study of the minute organisms which attack the crops of Ohio's farmers with an eagerness and determination equal to that of the shepherd who drives the marauding wolf from his flocks.

In the division of entomology inquiry was made concerning an insect which I had seen

on shrubbery in different portions of the State, describing as best I could. The gentleman said, "I suppose you refer to this beetle," and, after stepping to a cabinet nearby, showed one of the same kind, designating it by its Latin name which was as long as ten of the insects.

Across a beautiful expanse of lawn which is surrounded by a proper amount of shrubbery are the buildings in which the investigations relating to farm animals are conducted. On entering one of these buildings I made inquiry for Dr. Forbes, who has charge of the experiments in Animal Nutrition. He is a busy man but very willing to explain the nature of his investigations concerning the effect of certain mineral compounds in animal foods. Hogs are being used for his work. When the scientist studies the feeding of pigs and the effect of different substances upon their system he dare not trust to ordinary farm methods which are far too inaccurate for his work. So Dr. Forbes uses a room that is as clean and sanitary as a hospital. Each pig occupies a pen that shines like a kitchen cabinet and the white creatures look almost as clean as freshly bathed children on a Sunday morning. Such conditions are not practicable, and neither are they necessary for ordinary farm practice, but they are necessary for experimental work in order to reduce the possibility of error to a minimum.

Out on the wheat field a large party of rural school teachers were studying under the direction of a representative of the station who has charge of the investigations in varieties of wheat. In the main, they appeared to be there with the serious intention of learning all they could concerning this very interesting subject. How helpful they will find this information, when they return to the schoolroom this fall! It not only will serve as subject matter for more than one informal talk but it will be of frequent use. Agricultural knowledge is rap-

idly becoming an essential to successful teaching.

The wheat field is divided into many different plots and on the different plots different varieties of wheat are grown. As this line of experimental work extends over a period of years its results are very valuable to the farmers of Ohio. In spite of the fact that the past season was not favorable for Ohio's wheat all of those varieties which have proven to be adapted to that portion of the country promised a fair yield—far better than what would be secured by the average farmers. As I compared these plots with the many fields that I had seen in that and surrounding counties during the two weeks previous I was again reminded of the valued science applied to farm practice.

There are some who do not realize the value of such institutions which are maintained at public expense. The fact is, their real value can not be measured. They are the real guardians of our wealth. We erect gigantic fortresses along our coasts and protect them with ponderous guns, we police our shores with invincible navies, but all of our expenditures for protection are money worse than wasted, when we fail to teach our own people to conserve the God-given resources which may be destroyed by avaricious farmers. Should foreign armies land on our shores, sack our cities, destroy our public buildings, burn our homes, their devastation will be only temporary; but should the native American citizens continue their present methods of soil destruction, poverty and degradation are inevitable. The cost of a single battleship is sufficient to provide common school instruction in agriculture for one quarter million boys and girls while the outlay necessary for the firing of a single gun will pay the annual salary of several teachers. May the time soon come when agricultural instruction will be available to every American youth!

A HOME: AND HOW TO GET IT

George F. Hall

BUT they shall sit every man under his own vine and fig-tree, and none shall make them afraid." With the poetry left out, this passage reads: "Every family shall have its own home, and shall stand in no fear of landlords."

Own your home! First. It saves rent. When severe and expensive sickness comes

to your home, or when you are out of work and your income is of necessity stopped, the monthly rent bill is a source of anxiety and worry. If at such times you owned your own home you could rest easily; no landlord could turn you out. When old age comes you have a hearth by which you can sit undisturbed, without going to the

poorhouse or living in a garret. Second. You have an opportunity of increasing the value of your property. You can improve it by building additions, a shed, or barn or fence; making a lawn or garden, putting on fresh paint, setting out trees and shrubbery, and keeping things in good repair. Most people are more careful of their own house than of a rented one. Third. It gives one a feeling of independence; you feel more like a man, you are monarch of your castle. No landlord can make a tour of your rooms every month, no new owner can give you short notice to quit. No stranger can come and say: "I hear this house is for rent or sale, and I have come to look it over." Better a shed that is yours than a fine house you do not own. Fourth. It will tend to make you a better citizen; when a man becomes the owner of real-estate, he becomes interested in having good laws, honest men to administer them, reasonable taxes, good schools, public improvements, and other things that will make his property more secure and more valuable. Fifth. The influence on your children is good. It is worth much to a child to be able to remember a pleasant, permanent home as a part of his childhood. Better still if that home was his birthplace. Much do those words, "The old home" convey in after life!

Get a home as soon as you can, fix it up as good as you can, and keep it as long as you can.

How to Do It.

That is very good advice, you say, but how are we to do it? That is what I wish to deal with now.

Every family wants a home of its own. Most families can have such homes. Yet I know of no short road either to riches or to the possession of a home. I can give no rules or suggestions that obviate the necessity of the practice of those sterling virtues: industry, patience, perseverance, honesty and economy.

On these rocks I advise you to build your homes; and not on the sinking sands of indolence, extravagance, speculation, lotteries, sharp practice or dishonesty of any kind. I have no scheme by which a home can be figured out without work, nor am I interested in any real estate that is sure to double in value in a year.

Aim at It.

We are not apt to accomplish what we do not aim at. Set it before you as a definite thing to be done. Cause your family to understand the advantages of it. Enthuse them with the motto: "A Home of Our

Own." Let dress, eating and drinking, excursions, society pleasures that cost money, let all luxuries and many comforts be made to wait upon the getting of a home. The husband owes this to his wife. Parents owe it to their children. A young man should work hard to get a home, though it be a small one, to which he can take his bride.

Let me urge upon every young man to get a home of his own before he gets a wife of his own. You may be homely in looks and awkward in manner, but if you have a good heart, have been industrious and economical, and have saved enough to get a home, there are plenty of good, true girls who will give you the preference over the dude who dresses flashily, is up in the way of the world, drinks, smokes, and spends money that he does not earn. The average young man, if he aims at it, and sticks to it, can have a home of his own.

When you get a home keep it. Don't plaster it with mortgages that you cannot raise, and don't use your family's home to speculate with. A man who does that is near kin to the man who pawns his wife's wedding gown to get money to gamble with. Don't do it.

Economize. Study the subject of economy; learn how others economize. Do not despise small savings. Ten cents a day, \$36.50 a year, \$365.00 with interest at the end of ten years; this is not to be despised, and 10 cents a day is putting the amount the ordinary family should save, at the very lowest figure.

Keep an account book. Balance it every month; see what you receive and what you pay out. It helps in economy. It is interesting, and is, all-around, a necessity.

Avoid speculations. Many a homeless family would have today a comfortable home if the husband and father had not invested in mines or railroad stock or city lots at fancy prices, or made bets, or indulged in some form of gambling.

To buy land at a fair price and wait for a legitimate rise in value is right, and if done with caution and good judgment is one of the best possible investments. But beware of fancy priced realty that will double in a year.

Pay cash for what you buy. Use your monthly income to live on next month, instead of for paying last month's bills. Always pay cash. You will get things cheaper. It is an aid to economy. "Owe no man anything" has the sanction of the Bible, common-sense and human experience.

Be economical of time. Work every day, except Sunday. You may be compelled to lie idle for awhile so work while you can. Let the circus and the horse-race go. An excursion now and then will do you and your family good.

Let all the family help. The wife if she is healthy, and the children too, can often help in one way or another to pay for the home. Within proper limitations, it is an interesting sight to see a whole family economizing and working hard to get a home that shall be their own.

Avoid extravagance in necessities and comforts. Do this especially in the matter of food, dress, and furniture. These are the principal necessities upon which economy can be exercised.

If a home of your own be your wish and that of your family, then set it as the goal which each must help to gain; and a home shall be yours. One which all can look upon in satisfaction, and enjoy as only a home can be which has been gained by the earnest, heartfelt cooperation of the whole family.

SLAVES TO OUR APPETITES

W. C. Frick, M. D.

Part 3.

THUS far we have merely touched on the less important effects of alcohol on the human system. The great and overshadowing effect as generally viewed is a dethronement of the reason. Used as a mere appetizer it does not dethrone reason, employed for what food value it may have it probably brightens the intellect if anything, or partake of to maintain bodily warmth, no serious intellectual effect is produced. But it is at the festive board or the saloon bar when large quantities are imbibed that its effect on brain matter becomes plainly visible. It is a peculiar fact that the highest and noblest functions of the brain are acted upon first and most markedly and the lowest functions the last to be affected and this order is rigidly adhered to from the highest to the lowest. The usual reversing of effect noted in two previous articles are as evident here. There is first stimulation of all parts of the nervous apparatus and later depression.

Thus he who has taken the usual size pre-toast glass at the banquet table is, if ever, in fit condition to make a pleasing speech for the alcohol which he has lately quaffed, sharpens whatever wit he may possess, gives him a feeling of intense vigor and a power to talk fluently which he never before possessed. But as the night advances and glass follows glass, his wit changes to absolute nonsense or profanity, and his intense vigor changes to stupor of such intensity that he rides home in a cab to save himself and his associates the well earned stare and scorn of decent people.

Again. Here is one who has made up his mind to engage in a quarrel or to commit a murder, but is a bit nervous and uncer-

tain as to his ability to carry out his intentions at the critical moment, braces up and nerves himself for his deed by blunting his senses with liquor. The deed accomplished, he seeks the saloon where he drinks glass after glass until he's dead drunk, knowing it will carry him in reason several days past his horrible act and only too likely cause him to absolutely be in ignorance as to having committed any crime. Today, if the fact can be established that a man committed a murder while intoxicated it often saves his neck from the noose, and rightly so. Doubtless before God the man who sold the liquor which intoxicates the committer of such a deed is as much, perhaps more, to blame than he whose hand held the death dealing weapon. The same idea might well be carried back to the voters who voted to license the saloon.

Formerly it was a common practice in severe operations to give immense doses of whiskey or brandy before operating that the subject might be drunk while being operated upon and thus have both senses and intellect dulled to imperception. These are a few examples with explanations of how alcohol acts upon the nervous apparatus of human beings.

When stimulation changes to depression, the faculty of judgment is taken away first and even while those of imagination and speech are still intact. Soon, however, imagination leaves, emotions begin to vary, the subject crying one minute and laughing the next. Soon the speech becomes incoherent until finally every vestige of intellect seems to be gone and all sounds and indications are as unintelligible as the grunt of a pig. But with all its lack of intellect a pig knows enough to feed itself while an

intoxicated man soon loses even this power and must be fed by others.

Thus we have seen alcohol bereaves man of all reason and all power as well. Led by his natural appetite to grasp for more when his senses are intact he becomes an easy prey to all suggestions when alcohol has bereft him of them.

Have we not again seen how subtle an agent this substance is and how once under its cursed influence one is almost invariably its slave? Flee the danger, my friend, the first time you are invited to partake of the friendly glass. If you appreciate the blessing of a will all your own you'll never take the first glass.

BREAKER OF DROUGHTS

M. A. WILSON

THE title of "rainmaker," by which he is popularly known along the Pacific Slope, Charles Mallory Hatfield modestly disclaims. "I do not say that I can make rain," he explains. "That would be absurd. My claim, borne out by over ten years of successful demonstration, is that I can create conditions that will attract the moisture already in the air to a given spot and condense it to the point of precipitation. It would perhaps be nearer the mark to call me an inducer of rain."

Interest in Hatfield was first aroused in 1903, when the persistent dry weather in the region about Los Angeles brought him quite suddenly into the public eye. For years he had been studying the subject of droughts and quietly experimenting with the problem of attracting moisture through artificial means. These experiments were known only to his immediate acquaintance, and when a quiet young man, not long in his twenties, came suddenly forward and offered to break the drought, astonishment and skepticism ran riot. Even the newspapers looked upon it as a huge joke. The young scientist stuck to his guns, however, till finally a group of Los Angeles merchants decided to take up his offer. They entered into a contract with him by which if he brought rain within a stated number of days they would pay him a stated sum in return; no rain, no pay.

He built his tower and began work February 2, 1904. By February 9 the inch for which he had contracted had fallen, and .64 inch besides.

The same conditions threatened the following year. Storms that flooded the districts north and south of southern California, passed this region by with mere scattering showers. Once more Hatfield offered to break the drought, and this time his offer was taken up in haste. The contract entered into was on a larger scale, Hatfield offering to bring a fall of eighteen inches

for the season, or six inches in excess of the seasonal average of Los Angeles for the ten years previous. Exactly 19.19 inches fell in the time covered by the contract. The papers stopped joking and began to take Hatfield in earnest.

Letters came to him from semi-arid regions up and down the coast asking him to come and see what he could do for them, and since that time, he has been kept busy filling contracts for various communities. The very nature of his contracts advertised him far and wide, for "No rain, no pay," is still his unvarying rule. One contract even took him up into the Klondike region in the summer of 1906, when the Dominion Government and some British mine owners promised him a bonus of \$10,000 if he could bring enough rain during June and July to enable the mines to go on with their summer clean-up. Heavy rains followed Hatfield's experiments there.

In March, 1912, the ranchers and business men of the Hemet Valley, California, offered him \$4,000 if he would break the most persistent drought known in this region in years. For the past eleven months the total precipitation had been something less than two inches. The most discouraging feature of the drought was the fact that day after day the clouds would mass up across the sky, sometimes hanging so low that it seemed as if one could smell the rain; yet toward night the wind would veer suddenly and blow hot and dry from the desert, scattering the storm before our hopeful eyes. It seemed as if some spell were binding the heavens. "Just the conditions under which I can work most successfully," was Mr. Hatfield's comment.

The first week in March we got a good rain from a storm that swept right down the Pacific Slope, 1.94 inches in all. Los Angeles recorded 2.56 inches for the same storm. But while it was still raining down there a wind blew over from the desert into

our valley, and as so many times before, we saw the clouds begin to scatter. The scoffers who had been jeering at wasting \$4,000 on Mr. Hatfield when the rain was coming anyway, grew less aggressive. Some said it was no use expecting any more at this time of year.

Meanwhile Mr. Hatfield quietly went on building his towers, and on the evening of the fifth began operations. "I'll have that rain back here soon," he said with a quiet little smile.

And he did. It began raining again on the seventh, and kept on raining with scarcely two days intermission through March and the most of April. The Hemet Valley, heretofore content to lag behind Los Angeles by an average of 2.64 inches in the seasonal rainfall, now caught up and finally crept ahead, until by the end of April we could make this surprising and satisfactory comparison; Hemet 11.79 inches; Los Angeles 11.46. Yet on the night that Mr. Hatfield had begun operations the rainfall in Los Angeles had amounted to almost double the Hemet rainfall.

Even more satisfactory was the thought that now the crops were assured; and the

Hemet Water company's reservoir a few miles back in the mountains, which the drought had brought to a low ebb, had now risen over fifteen feet in six weeks, so that all danger of a water shortage was past. These are some of the reasons why many have faith in Hatfield.

In carrying on these operations he erects two towers consisting of stout frames from twenty to twenty-five feet high with large box-like rooms at the top enclosed with a black waterproof material. Here he keeps a number of metal trays filled with powerful chemicals, which, he explains, evaporate and act as powerful attraction to the moisture in the air. The secret of the chemicals used is of course his own, though he is glad to explain the nature of the reaction. "Often," he says, "there is enough moisture in the air to produce abundant rains, if only conditions were such as to attract them toward the earth. I have studied the conditions governing rainfall since I was a boy at school, and under the best conditions: years of residence in this semi-arid country. There is no magic in my method."—Technical World.

BESS OF THE UNDERWORLD

William Newton Nichols

FROM the wretched bed, where her dead child lay, the gaunt-eyed woman raised her hunger-shriveled hand in malediction.

"They all ride by, well fed and clothed—Business Agent, and Business Man—with proud heads erect, and eyes of scorn for outcasts of the gutter like me—yet but for them my man would still have had his manhood, my child her life, and I my purity!

How did it start? Why all rosy of course, as all such things do. Bob was a carpenter, getting his three and a half a day; we had been married ten years, had our cottage about paid for, and two children, my girl who lies dead here, and a boy a year younger.

One day in the winter, when things were a little slack, as was usual on account of the cold, the Business Agent called up Bob:

"Got a little velvet for you, come down to Greywire's—bring your hand kit."

Bob is gone a couple of hours, or so, and comes home all agrin, throwing three ten-dollar bills on the table.

"How's that for pulling them down?" he

asks. "That comes of joining the union. Greywire had a scab do some work, and Jake wouldn't let the painters paint it—told him he'd have to have a union carpenter tear it down and rebuild it. Job was done all right, so I told Greywire to pay me for the work, keep his windows soaped for a week, and save all the muss of the tearing down and building-up. He fell for the 'con' and I made him out a bill to show the painter-boss that it was all right to go ahead.

"I suppose I'd better slip Jake a 'ten' though, so he won't get nosy!"

Well, from there on he and Jake, the Business Agent, got to be awful thick, and every little while Bob would show up in working hours and loaf around the house, and still he always gave me as much as ever for the house, and once or twice bought me some extra.

Then, when the trouble talk began in the mills, he began going over evenings to the Hall, or to the corner saloon, to talk with Jake—and the next thing I knew he reeled

home drunk! Drunk! him who had never taken a drink since we were married!

Then came the strike in sympathy with the mill-men. We had some money laid up for our last payment on the house, and we lived on that while it lasted, then we ran "tick" with the grocer till he told us he had so much "tick" from the strikers that he couldn't hold up any longer, and so we tried to raise some money on the place.

But we found that Valder, the builder we bought from, was in cahoots with the mill-owners—had to be to carry his building loans, and instead of raising money on the place he foreclosed on us for the last payment, and we were in the street!

Then I went to my mother's, and Bob began pan-handling for the drinks and hanging around saloons—and one day Jake called him a "filthy bum," and fired him from the union for not paying his dues.

The bosses had agreed not to hire each other's men, but to make the strikers go back to the employers they struck against, and to let each employer deal with his old hands as he thought best. So Bob couldn't get a job anywhere else, and his boss said that to teach him a lesson he wouldn't give him back his old job, at three-fifty for eight hours, but he could work as a helper, at two-twenty-five for ten hours!

Bob couldn't hardly swallow that, and went on a drunk.

By this time father was about down and out, too, from being out of work so long, and I was ashamed to sponge on them any more.

I hunted up Bob and coaxed him to try even at two-twenty-five till something else turned up. So we got a couple of rooms and put what stuff we had left in them, and tried to start again.

But the rooms were so hot and stuffy that the children were cross and peevish and got on Bob's nerves, and he started going to the saloon for quiet, then began boozing again—and then the boss canned him!

The night he came home and told me that, the boy took sick from the heat and scant food, and in three days was dead.

The town had to bury him—and Bob came home drunk and pounded me—and he hardly had spoken cross to me in ten years!

For three days I and the girl went hungry, without even a crust to gnaw, and then I broke down; sold my wedding ring, bought food, ate heartily for two days while I fixed up what bits of finery I had left—and took to the streets!

I had no trade to work at, and never had the strength to do my own heavy work when Bob was earning good wages, and now I could not wash and scrub for others. And I hadn't courage to die then; I wish to God I had!

The first "pick-up" on the street was who? Jake, the Business Agent, fat, well clothed, and money in his pocket, and with the start of a jag! He didn't know me, between his drinks and the way hunger and grief had changed me.

The next "come-along" was the boss's son! 'Twasn't enough that they had between them destroyed Bob's manhood—they must be the ones to degrade his wife!

What need to tell what followed. It's bum finish.

For a while I was a "new one." and money came fast, and I learned to drink, to be able to forget and be gay. Then, when the drink could no longer keep me gay, and my looks were gone, I drank to forget. And then came the gutter, and hunger and poverty again, and neither false hope, nor the strength of pure womanhood to help me bear it.

And now my girl is dead, as my boy died, from hunger and squalor, and I am left alone—broken, friendless, destitute.

If I should throw myself in the river, do you think God would forgive me, and let me go to be with my babes?—The Gateway.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Tuesday morning, Norresundby, Denmark.
Dear Children:

We have just stepped off one of Denmark's trains to change cars on the way to Bedsted, where we hope to arrive at four. Eight hours on the way and a good horse and buggy could almost make the distance

in the same time. This is the railway station and off in a corner I am writing to you. And by the way, I am drawing quite a crowd around me. Here are three Danska lads looking with wondering eyes at this machine doing well. I have not heard them say a word, and I suppose if they would

say I would not understand. It is wonderful how they look. My overcoat is lying across the table in front of me, and a kitten with a yellow ribbon around its neck has climbed up and nested and quietly napping. Now comes "Dad" and "Mam" to look on, too, and such a crowd as is seeing "Bar-num's what is it" just come to the station. Well, these dear people do not have chances to see such wonders as this, and I do not wonder that they should be surprised to see me write.

We came to Bronderslev yesterday without any excitement other than when Mama was called at six,—she objected to being called so early in the morning. Nothing else. We had breakfast and were off on the same train that brought us from Bronderslev to this place this morning. Upon arrival at Bronderslev we were greeted by Mary Hansen, who expects to come to America this fall and live in Racine, Wis. We have urged her to come and see us when she can, for we will be close to her. We found only one letter awaiting us, for the others had been sent to Sindal the day before. This letter was from Mrs. Sylvester and was the more appreciated because like her as our neighbor, she is the "only" one who will scrap with me. Her letter was read eagerly, and when we get to a more interesting place we will remember her again with a line.

I went up town and had my shoes half-soled. The cost for sewed soles and rubber heels is about ninety cents. How is that for cost? Then I bought myself a Danska shirt and a few other items, and we returned and had dinner. At three we had meeting. I should judge about fifteen were at the meeting, but we had a good little meeting. I talked on the shepherd psalm, and the Lord was near to us. The people left and we settled down for the night. We went to see Bro. Eskildsen off to his home. He is a dear old man past seventy-one years and not long for this world. We hardly expect to see him if we should come back here three years from now. And he is such a fine old man, so tender and kind. His wife took mama into her loving arms, and mama will never forget that dear old lady's face. But they are old and the journey of life is about over for them, and my heart was saddened as I looked upon them for perhaps the last time.

Mama and I took a long walk out into the country. We needed the exercise and mama would sleep better I know. Upon our return a good supper awaited us and we retired early. There was no noise and so

we slept oh, so sweetly and soundly. I had the same bed I had three years ago, and so all was comfortable for me, save that the bed was six inches too short. But thank fortune, it was a cot and so I just reached out into the room and slept anyhow.

But I must get amused at some things, nevertheless. Here is our dear Bro. Hansen. A more pious man I never saw. He carries the keys to his home, and he CARRIES them too. Two rings full and then some. What does he lock? Every closet in the house has a padlock. Every bookcase, every drawer in every bureau and other place, and even the doors in the back yard are locked at night, though the yard has a high board fence around it and the gate locked in the bargain. It is an honor, a distinction to carry keys. This is Europe for you and is in great contrast to our not locking any doors night or day at home. In Malmö we saw Sister Neilson carry keys and unlock for her girls and yet she does not for a moment think them dishonest. Why, what are locks put on drawers for if not to lock them and carry the keys?

Your mother spent some of the shekels she had been saving for knitting needles; cost 10 öre, or about two and one half cents. Now she knits and knits and thinks of things in general and her dear children in particular. The satchel, heavy and crowded enough, is loaded with a "bargain lot" of black Danska yarn, and what will be the outcome I am sure I can not say, but so it is with her.

As for me, I guess I can still keep going. I am in no hurry, for if I were what would happen to those around me? Mama is having the sport of her life seeing me slow down. At first she thought I would need a new coat tail, but that desire has gone by. Not going fast enough for that. Even to go to the table one must be asked several times and then finally go as though you were not hungry. I think though that comes from the deference these people want to show us. As long as we hold back no one else will move. Mama is expected to move and it goes hard for her to take the lead. She is doing much better though than at first.



Civilization is a granary that has been filled by hands that are now departed. We speak of the greatness of the twentieth century. Strictly speaking, what we ought to speak of is the greatness of the nineteenth centuries that preceded ours. Literally we have nothing that we did not receive.—Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Malcolm N. Cash.

BABY

Emma T. Cash

IN the first few months of life an infant grows rapidly, and it is necessary that careful consideration be given to all things which will tend to nourish the child and keep its health up to the highest standard.

At this period the infant's time is divided, for the most part, between feeding and sleeping, and attention should be given to the former, as the diseases most common

and fatal at this time are connected with digestion.

During the first eight or nine months the child should be fed from the breast of the mother. Sometimes the mother's health is such as to interfere with this duty, but it should be attempted if only for a few weeks, for to feed an infant artificially from the start exposes it to serious risk. As evidence of this fact it may be mentioned that

three-fourths of infantile deaths during the first year are among children brought up on artificial food. The health of the mother during the nursing period is of the greatest importance; the food she takes and the life she leads are matters of much concern. The diet should consist largely of milk, strengthening soups, potatoes and light puddings. Beef and mutton may be taken in moderation. Highly seasoned foods and pastry should be avoided, and also alcoholic liquors. Tea and coffee may be drunk in very small quantities.

Regularity in feeding is essential to health. If a child refuses food or takes less than usually, the food should be examined to see if it is all right. If it proves to be satisfactory, then the mouth should be inspected in order to ascertain whether trouble exists there. If neither of these is the cause, the food should be taken away and not offered until next feeding time.

In hot weather less solid food should be given, and more water, which should always have the chill taken off of it.

Beginning with the tenth month, the child may be fed on other fluids beside milk, such as beef juice and sometimes orange juice; the former may be given generally before the midday meal, commencing at the age of ten months with one tablespoonful, and gradually increasing the quantity until at the age of twelve months from four to six tablespoonfuls are given daily.

Farinaceous foods may also be given, either in the form of a thick jelly or a thin gruel.

All cow's milk used in feeding should be properly sterilized, i. e., heated so that germs may be destroyed; and much care should be exercised in its preparation, as, while most of the germs found in milk are harmless, occasionally there may be those present which produce typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever, tuberculosis, and many forms of diarrhoea.

The nursing bottle and the nipple should be perfectly clean. To wash a nursing bottle thoroughly, add to hot water and soap a little bird gravel or coarse sand. Shake up and down in the bottle, then rinse and scald the bottle with boiling water. Always fill the bottle with cold water after feeding.

It is wise to have more than one bottle and nipple. Bottles should have inside surface rounded, as this style is more easily cleaned than others. The old-style, with long tube in the bottle connected with the nipple should not be used.

The baby's mouth should be washed out,

after feeding, with a solution of boric acid, applied with the finger, covered with soft linen. The linen should be thrown away after using; absorbent cotton may also be used.

Solution: Boric acid, one teaspoonful to one pint of boiled water.

If these precautions are not observed, the baby is liable to suffer from one of the several forms of stomatitis.

Sicknesses Common to Little Ones and Their Cure.

Unusual paleness or a marked increase in color, loss of desire to eat or play, disturbed sleep, vomiting accompanied by paleness, signs of fever, hands or feet unusually hot or cold, in short, any condition different from the customary will indicate that the child is not perfectly well. If the child does not improve quickly after receiving simple remedies, send for a doctor.

Cholera Infantum. This is more or less prevalent in summer time, in large cities among weak children who are poorly nourished. The general symptoms are diarrhoea which may be slight, accompanied by a loss of flesh and a dullness of intellect. The features may also become pinched. There is a marked thirst, a persistent vomiting of bile and mucus after the stomach has been emptied of food, and a constant diarrhoea. The advice of a competent physician should be obtained without delay.

Colic. This is caused by indigestion. It is most frequent during the first four months of an infant's life. The symptoms are sudden outbursts of crying, which may continue until the child is blue in the face and exhausted; the abdomen is swollen and hard, the child clinches its fists, doubles up its legs and then suddenly straightens them out. Place the baby on its stomach across your knees, or lift it over your shoulder. Rubbing the abdomen with the hand will often assist the expulsion of gas.

Croup usually comes on at night and may be noticed by a hollow, dry, barking cough. The child also has difficulty in breathing. Ordinary or spasmodic croup is not considered dangerous, but membranous croup is the same as diphtheria of the larynx. In the case of spasmodic croup the room should be kept warm and hot cloths applied over the throat. An ordinary steam kettle should be kept boiling within a short distance of the child. If the symptoms are urgent, ten drops of syrup of ipecac should be given every fifteen minutes until vomiting occurs. If breathing becomes difficult to a marked degree, a doctor should be called at once.

Diarrhoea. All solid food should be topped at once. If the child is being fed on milk, then the milk should be greatly diluted. If vomiting occurs, then milk should not be given, and only broth and oiled water fed for eight or ten hours. A small dose of pure castor oil may be given.

Rickets. Rachitis, or rickets, is the result of insufficient or unsuitable food, lack of proper clothing, damp or poorly ventilated dwellings, too little sunshine and outdoor air. A "rickety" baby may be plump and even fat, but is nevertheless weak, slow to cut its teeth and in learning to walk. Other symptoms are a distended abdomen and a constant desire to kick off the coverings while asleep. Change the food and permit the child to get more sunshine and fresh air. Improvement is slow, and it will be wise to have the advice of a good physician.

Symptoms of Contagious Diseases.

Diphtheria. The throat is sore, glands swollen, and large white patches appear upon the tonsils. A doctor should be called at once, as in every other case which bears any semblance to a contagious disease.

Measles. They come on something like cold in the head. There is a cough, followed by sneezing, running eyes and nose. The eruption usually appears on the fourth day on the face and neck.

Scarlet fever may be noticed by a high fever and sore throat. Vomiting also occurs. A rash appears on the second day, first upon the neck and chest.

The Need of Fresh Air and Sunshine.

In the summer time, in good weather, a child as young as one week may go out of doors, but in the spring or fall, no child younger than one month should be taken

out. A baby may be in the open air in summer and early autumn between 7 A. M. and sunset; in winter and spring, between 11 A. M. and 3 P. M. An infant whose age is less than four months, however, should never be taken out of doors when the temperature is below the freezing point.

Fresh air is as necessary to the health of a child as proper food. It renews and purifies the blood, improves the digestion and appetite.

City babies, as a rule, do not get enough fresh air and sunshine, and mothers living in crowded centers should take advantage of every opportunity to get to the parks, which are to be found in almost every large city.

Useful Hints.

If a child is feverish, omit solid foods, put to bed and call a doctor.

A wakeful baby will often drop into quiet and restful sleep after taking a few drops of cool water—not cold.

A little sugar added to water will make it more palatable.

A baby lies more comfortably on its right side.

Never let a child or infant sleep in a room with a sick person.

Never play with a baby after feeding, as it is apt to bring up its milk.

Babies often suffer from thirst; having no manner of expressing the desire except by crying. It is often thought to mean hunger instead of thirst. Even a nursing baby needs pure water occasionally.

A baby's stomach is intended for food and drink; avoid, therefore, giving medicines unless they are actually needed.

A photo of an example of the preachments of this article may be found at the head of the same.

DREAMS

Miss M. Jackson

We call them dreams; these fleeting thoughts, that pass like lightning through our brains, when tired body lieth down and asks for nought but peace and rest.

In waking hours material things hold way and arbitrate our deeds. We are the slaves of time and place; environment drags down our souls.

It is not so when poppy buds swing o'er our heads and we have gone to that far land which is so near. Time is no more nor yet is space; we do all things we wish or think. We fly or float; our will is all, we are alive and truly kings.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

COMFORT THROUGH THE ROD AND THE STAFF.

J. C. Flora.

"Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

WHATEVER the valley of the shadow of death may stand for in our Christian experience it is sure that the lonely spirit in its passage through it stands in urgent need of comfort. From the beginning to the end of Sacred Scripture there are no words more consoling and encouraging than "Comfort ye my people." Indeed it would appear that the eternal God had set himself to performing the task of comforting his children as a mother comforts her child. All true comfort emanates from God, through the work of the Holy Spirit. Although our temperament may be ruffled and our entire personality overwhelmed in despair yet he promises us the Holy Spirit to comfort us and to lift us above the things of ordinary life. It would sometimes appear, that God puts us into special circumstances of difficulty and trial in order that he may make manifest to us the infinite resources of His consolation, just as we need to go out into the dark night to see the stars. But the great truth that we have here is that Almighty God, our Shepherd comforts us by his rod and his staff. How is it that these two duties of the Shepherd which seem to rather speak of disciplining can possibly bring comfort to the tried believers? It is this point that we wish to emphasize in this connection.

What is the Shepherd's rod? It is surely the symbol of his defending power. It is the weapon by which he strikes down our adversaries, even though it be heavy with chastisement for ourselves. In traveling over some perilous way where there are wild and vicious animals and where cruel robbers may be hid away in some darkened cave. Therefore it is very necessary for a shepherd to be well armed with some heavy club so that he may protect the sheep in his care. Does this not suggest the protecting care of Christ our Lord who is ever on the alert to ward off from us threatening ills, whether they emanate from the prince of the power of the air or from those malicious foes to whose presence in this life the palmist so often alludes.

Many who read these words may spend most of their entire life under the shadow

of a great fear. They dread temptation. They fall before it without an effort. The fear that some day they will become the prey of a lion or fall into the hands of Saul. Would that they might transfer this for trust in their faithful Redeemer, confident that at all times he will be about their path, and amid their lying, so that they may dwell in safety in the wilderness and sleep in the woods. O timid heart, dreading every spiritual and temporal evil like a child going down a long, dark lane in dread at every turn for fear something would befall it. We should hand over every responsibility of our lives to him who can and will keep us from any harm. He has said, "My sheep shall never perish neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

What is the staff? It might be better called the shepherd's crook, which is often bent or hooked at one end. It is closely associated with the shepherd. Beneath the sheep pass one by one to be numbered. By it the shepherd restrains them from wandering or hooks them out of holes into which they may fall; by it, he also, corrects them when they are disobedient. In each of these thoughts there is a comfort for the tired children of God.

We are numbered among God's sheep and we pass one by one beneath the touch of the Shepherd's crook. Our names may be unknown among the great and learned but they are written in heaven. Our mansion may be lonely and ungarnished, compared to the mansions of the rich, but, we have "homes not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Our sphere of service in the world may be limited, but we shine as stars of the first magnitude in the sight of God. We are counted as the small dust in the balances, but in the eye of our Heavenly Father we are prized as a very precious jewel. "The myriad stars of heaven seem to make up one huge flock. Their Shepherd is God, who is driving them through space; or who watches them as it were, resting on the heavenly slopes as a flock of sheep on the downs at night. And I have a name for each of them. Is it therefore to be supposed that he will not be as minute in his care of each one of us? Will he not have a name for each of us? Will he not number us when he tells the tale of his sheep even as he numbers the hairs of our heads? This very morn he touch-

you with his staff and counted you. You are the destined object of his care. Is it likely, then that he will suffer you to perish, or want any good thing?"

By the Shepherd's staff we are also extricated from circumstances of peril and disaster into which we may have fallen through our own folly and sin. When Peter began to sink in the waves, the Savior caught him and supported him so that they walked together to the boat. This is only a sample case of our Shepherd's tender care. At such times he is not unmindful of his own; and though we may seem to have forfeited all claim to his care yet he is "a very present help in time of trouble." He does not permit us to reap as we have sown. He averts the full penalty of our mistakes and misdeeds. Whenever we may be he comes after us. He is not satisfied if we are not safe. "Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out. As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered; so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day." Oh, the long-suffering and patience of Christ.

By the staff the Shepherd also corrects his sheep. It is not pleasant for any one of us to be corrected. The stroke of the staff is painful. It is the polished stone that has the greatest value. It is the tree that is pruned and cared for that produces the finest fruit. "Whom the Lord Loveth, he chasteneth." We should be content to suffer because of the rich revenue of blessing which accrues. With us, as with the oyster, every wound becomes the origin of a pearl. Our own experiences make us very tender toward the failures and sorrows of others, and we are able to join in the glad outburst of the Apostle who said, "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ."



All great interests in religion are born in adversity. If men had never suffered and died they would not have gone to a heavenly world.—Bishop Hamilton, Methodist, New York City, N. Y.

No political party can live on old dead issues.—Rev. F. C. Bruner, Methodist, Ogden Park, Ill.

There is no peace, here, or hereafter, for the man in sin.—Rev. W. B. Riley, Baptist, Minneapolis, Minn.

Once-a-week Christianity is the devil's favoritism.—Rev. M. A. Matthews, Presbyterian, Seattle, Wash.

The wrong-doer adds to the burdens of the State and the city.—Rev. David Utter, Unitarian, Denver, Colo.

Which is worse, to murder a body or destroy a character?—Rev. Walter Colley, Baptist, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

What we want religion to do for us is to lift us clear out of ourselves.—Rev. S. A. Elliot, Unitarian, Boston, Mass.

There is no saving the churchman without saving the nonchurchman.—Rev. Lee S. McCollester, Universalist, Detroit, Mich.

God can and does use all kinds of men in doing his work in the world.—Rev. B. I. Dickey, Presbyterian, San Antonio, Texas.

The State has just as much right to fix a minimum wage as it has to fix the hours of labor.—Rev. J. J. Ryan, Catholic, St. Paul, Minn.

Back of all the unrest that disturbs our day, whether that unrest is revealed in the discontent of the poor or in the feverish quests of pleasure or in the wealth on the part of the rich, is the soul's cry for God. The church must answer that cry by bringing Christ and his love to the knowledge of men.—Rev. P. T. Barnes, Presbyterian, Rutland, Vt.

Christ is the heart throb of history, the completion of the individual, the goal of the races, the crown of the universe. Combining with men and nations in the superlative compound of righteousness, he destroys the inhuman and ungodly by filling each and all full of true humaneness and vital godliness.—Rev. H. H. Wood, Episcopalian, Providence, R. I.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

HOME DRESSMAKING.

Miss Andrews.

The making of underwear should be considered quite as important as the outside garments, for upon the fit of the undergarments depends largely the fit of the outer ones. A great amount of time may be put on the making of underwear, as the amount of handwork is unlimited, the finish often being entirely by hand. Yet much fine and beautiful work may be done on the machine and it is a great time saver.

Much care should be exercised to have the tension drawn evenly on both the upper and lower threads, also to use just the right sized needle and thread. One could not expect to obtain good results by using the same needle and number of thread on all materials. No. 80 cotton is the best for white except on very fine material when 100 may be used for hems and tucks and all outside stitching. Leave no raw edges on muslin underwear of any kind. Either use the French or felled seam.

The latter is made by placing the edges together and stitching a three-eighths of an inch seam; then one seam edge is trimmed close to the stitching and the other edge is turned in and stitched down over the trimmed edge, making a perfectly flat joining.

When making drawers, use the French seam to join the edges of each leg portion and also join these portions together in the seam that extends from the front band to the back. In open drawers this seam is not joined, but each portion is faced along this edge with a bias strip of the same material. Stitch the facing to each leg portion. Turn in the other edge of the facing and hem it to the inside of the garment. If the leg portions are to be ornamented with tucks, allow for the tucks when cutting, and tuck the portions before stitching the seams. Hem the bottom however, after the seams are stitched. A gathered ruffle of either the material or embroidery makes a pretty finish and should be inset in the hem which is cut through its folded edge for this purpose. Sew the ruffle to the lower edge of the hem and baste down over the seam and stitch. If no hem has been allowed, sew the ruffle to the edge of the drawers so that the seam will come on the inside and then face it on the inside

with a strip of material about one and one-half inches wide. Baste one edge of the facing in the same seam as the ruffle and stitch. Turn in the other edge and stitch down to the drawers. When insertion, either of lace or embroidery is used, baste it in position with a row of basting on each edge and stitch on each edge also, cut the material underneath through the center and turn each of the edges back and crease to hold it flat. Cut away to leave only enough for a tiny hem, turned back from each row of stitching and then stitch.

For closed drawers, a placket on one or both sides will have to be cut. Cut it seven or eight inches long, and finish by sewing a straight strip of facing the entire length of the placket and face one side down as a faced hem and leave the other out as a fly. This is done of course before the band is put on. The band may be cut straight or yoke shaped and the drawers gathered into it and finished similar to the facing at bottom.

Underskirts are cut much the same as outside skirts, and to avoid the bulky fullness at the waist line and over the hips, yokes are frequently used. The width of the yoke is usually about five inches. Two yokes should be cut for each skirt. Tucks and insertion, and ruffles of embroidery or lace make a good finish. Allow for the tucks when cutting. The hand stitches upon muslin differ somewhat from the hand stitches upon dresses. Muslin underwear is subject to a greater strain in laundering, consequently the stitches must be taken firmly through the goods, while in dresses the stitches are concealed as much as possible.

The stitches generally used on muslin are the overhead stitch, back stitch, hemming stitch and running stitches. The overhand stitch is employed for seaming two edges together, usually two selvages. First baste the two edges together, then hold the material loosely in the left hand having the edges between the thumb and the forefinger, and place the needle in from the back and let it point toward the shoulder. Overhand with close stitches over and over the edge, taking up as little of the material as possible and making the stitches of equal length and depth. When the material is opened this edge or seam must lie perfectly flat and not form a cord. Back

stitching is used in seams requiring strength, and is made by taking one stitch at a time, placing the needle back each time in the same hole where the thread of the last stitch was placed. The hemming stitch is a slanting stitch and is made by holding the hem across the forefinger of the left hand and placing the needle in so it will point toward the left thumb. Take up one or two threads of the cloth and also catch the fold of the hem at the same time. When turning a hem always turn it toward you.

Selection of material and designing: In the selection of material, choose that which will add to rather than detract from the beauty and personal appearance of the wearer. Simplicity is considered one of the chief characteristics of a well-dressed woman. The tall, slender woman should avoid all figures and lines that would have a tendency to increase and emphasize the effect of the height. Plan and design to dress with much fullness. On the other hand the short stout woman must of course employ tactics just the reverse in effect. Simplicity is her safeguard. Vertical lines and stripes will apparently add to her height.

In designing a garment as well as in selecting the material for it, there are important points to consider, two of which are the season of the year, and the occasion for which it is intended. Usually the light colors and delicate shades are more desirable and pleasing in their light weight materials for summer wear, while the darker shades are more suitable in heavy material for winter wear. People in modest circumstances should plan and design their dresses according to their means, that is, if one can afford to have only one extra dress, plan and design the making of it so that it will be suitable for all occasions as nearly as possible.

Careful pressing is the most important part in dressmaking. A narrow iron is more preferable for pressing seams than a wide one. Open the seams in cloth dresses and dampen with a wet cloth or sponge and press hard until thoroughly dry. Do not press velvet by setting a flatiron on it. Lay the iron on its side with a damp cloth over it and open the seams and draw across the edge of the iron. Soft fabrics such as silks do not need dampening and should not be pressed with too hot an iron, as that leaves the silk soft and old looking.

When basting velvets, plush, etc., baste as near the edge as possible as the basting threads often break the pile or nap down

and leave a mark. As soon as the seams are stitched, remove the bastings as soon as possible by clipping every stitch or two, clipping the basting in this way will leave no marks as it otherwise would if a long thread were drawn out.



We are so human that the thought of others does not often enter our heads until we have first tried to satisfy self.—Rev. A. N. Wylie, Presbyterian, Houston, Texas.

The multitudes of America, like the multitudes of ancient Rome, have one religion. It is the religion of money lust.—Rev. J. H. Holmes, Episcopalian, New York City.

Agnosticism is the passing form of the old infidelity as the race is swept up to an intelligent and abiding possession of the eternal things.—Rev. P. A. Simpkin, Congregationalist, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The living Christ is the inspiration of the worker in the present world, and he opens the door of hope into the country beyond the veil, the land of the hereafter.—Rev. L. H. Hough, Methodist, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Men greet proposals in the economic and industrial world with the damning label of Socialism, as if the use of that term absolved them from the necessity of earnest and searching heed.—Rabbi S. S. Wise, Hebrew, New York City.

Any talk of relative value of a burglar or a bishop for a father is speculative. Eugenics will improve society and its message is welcomed, but the remedy for moral ills lies deeper than that.—Rev. C. N. Pace, Methodist, St. Paul, Minn.

My youth was fraught with fear because God was depicted to me as one who wreaked vengeance. How terrible is the thought that God compels disaster to fall upon man that he may be made to realize God's power.—Rev. W. W. McArthur, Baptist, Denver, Colo.

The church does recognize separation when a couple find their temperaments are of a conflicting nature and domestic harmony is not possible between them. But the church cannot and will not recognize a system that rends the ties which exist between man and wife.—Cardinal Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore, Md.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—How should young girls spend their Sunday afternoons?—M. E. J.

Answer.—There are a good many different ways in which the time might be spent very profitably. If your week days are spent in physical labor, it will be helpful to spend a part of the time in reading. If you are attending school, it will be a relief to get away from mental activities and spend a part of the time in social recreation, either with some other members of the family or with a few friends. A part of every Sunday afternoon should be spent alone in reflection and meditation. Even if it is not more than half an hour, it is very helpful to be alone for the cultivation of right thinking. If you are spending the time with some friends avoid being boisterous. The boisterous girl loses her lady-like charms. Avoid doing anything which you know later in life you will regret. The young girl is laying the foundation for her own career and not for that of some one else. Spend the Sunday afternoon in cultivating tastes for those things which you know will be helpful to you later in life. Learn to know the value of good books and magazines. Cultivate a taste for good music. Become proficient in the art of forming friends. Develop a taste for the finer things of life and when you grow to maturity you will find more joy in living than many people now do.



Question.—Kindly tell us what causes the moon to change its orbit around the earth moving north in winter and south in summer. I can readily understand why the sun thus moves north and south, but cannot see why the moon should move north as the sun moves south, and vice versa. We have lately been watching it and the motion does not seem to be regular. Although the general trend now is northward as the sun is going south. Can you enlighten us?

Answer.—Three factors enter into the motion of the moon; the sun, the earth and the moon. The sun is the center around which the earth revolves and the earth is the center around which the moon revolves. Now when the moon travels around the earth it must also travel in the

same direction in which the earth travels in making its revolution around the sun, thus giving the moon a double motion. It travels in its regular orbit around the earth, but its orbit must also be carried along as the earth moves in its regular path around the sun. Because of this double motion there is a variation of positions of the moon, which you say you have observed.

The first peculiarity about the moon is the constant and regular change of its illuminated surface from a thin crescent to a circle, and vice versa, and a corresponding change in the time of her appearance above the horizon. These changes depend upon the position of the moon relative to the earth and the sun, for it is only the half of the moon facing the sun that is illuminated by his rays, and the whole of this illuminated portion can be seen from the earth only when the sun, earth and moon are nearly in a straight line (the line of syzygies), and the earth is between the sun and moon. When the moon is in the line of syzygies, but between the earth and the sun, no part of her illuminated disk can be seen from the earth. In the former case, the moon is said to be full, and in the latter, new. A few days after new moon the moon appears to be a little to the east of the sun as a thin crescent, with the horns pointing to the east, and as she increases her angular distance from the sun at the rate of about 12 degrees daily, the crescent of light becomes broader till after the lapse of a little more than seven days, at which time she is 90 degrees in advance of the sun, she presents the appearance of a semicircle of light. The moon is then said to have completed her first quarter. Continuing her course, she becomes "gibbous"; and at the 15th or 16th day from the new moon attains a position 180 degrees in advance of the sun, and now presents the appearance known as full moon. From this point she begins to approach the sun, again appearing "gibbous," and after a third period of more than seven days, reaches a point 90 degrees west of the sun and enters her last quarter. Here, again, she appears as a semicircle of light, the illuminated portion being that which was not illuminated at the end of the first quarter. The moon, now rapidly approaching the sun, resumes the crescent form, but this time with the horns pointing westward, the crescent becoming thinner and thinner, till the moon reaches the position of "new moon" and disappears. The earth as seen from the moon presents similar phases, and has consequently, at the time of new moon,

the appearance of a round illuminated disk, and at full moon is invisible. This explains the peculiar phenomenon occasionally observed when the moon is near the sun (either before or after the new moon), of the part of the moon's face which is unilluminated by the sun appearing faintly visible, owing to the reflection upon it of strong, earth-light. This phenomenon is often called the new moon in the old moon's arms. At new moon, the moon comes above the horizon about the same time as the sun, and sets with him, but rises each day about fifty minutes later than on the day previous, and at the end of the first quarter rises at midday and sets at midnight, continuing to lag behind the sun. When full, she rises about sunset and sets about sunrise, and at the commencement of her last quarter she rises at midnight and sets at midday. The daily retardation of the moon's rising, just stated to be about fifty minutes, is subject to considerable variations.

The moon revolves round the earth in an elliptic orbit with the earth in one focus; the eccentricity of the ellipse being 0.05491, or more than $3\frac{1}{4}$ times that of the earth's orbit. The plane of her orbit does not coincide with the ecliptic, but is inclined to it at an angle of 5 degrees, 8 minutes, 40 seconds, and intersects it in two opposite points, which are called the nodes. The retrogradation of her nodes along the ecliptic causes a continual change in the plane of her orbit, so that if, during one revolution round the earth, she occults certain stars, at the next revolution she may pass to one side of them, and will remove farther and farther from them in each successive revolution. Owing to this continual change of her orbit, the moon in course of time passes over or occults every star situated within 5 degrees 24 minutes of the ecliptic. The motion of the nodes is so rapid that they perform a complete circuit of the orbit in 18.6 years. Another important change in the moon's orbit is the revolution of the line of apsides (q. v.), by which the perigee and apogee are continually changing their position relative to the earth and sun. This revolution is more than twice as rapid as that of the nodes, being performed in 8.85 solar years. Its effect upon the moon is to produce a variation in her distance from the earth, independent of that produced by her elliptic motion.

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An Indiana politician not long ago made what he deemed an excellent speech on the economic questions of the day. He was anxious to ascertain its effect upon that portion of his audience which was of a political faith opposed to his own. These, for the most part, were negroes. One of them he sought out, asking:

"How did you like my speech, friend?"

"Shore, boss, it was an elegant speech," said the ducky, with such a note of admiration that the politician felt moved to investigate further.

"What part did you like particularly?" was the next question.

"If yo' asts me, boss, I don't mind tellin' yo'," said the negro. "What took me most, sah, was yo' perseverance—de way yo' kept goin' over an' over the same thing agin!"—Howard Morse.



She was a rather plump old lady and had always tried to be accommodating to her neighbors; but even her obliging spirit had to refuse a request from a neighbor who sent by her little boy the following message:

"Please, ma'am, Mother sent me over to see if I couldn't get a couple of pounds of lard off of you."



Willie's grandmother had come to visit them.

"Are you mama's mother?" asked Willie by way of conversation.

"No, dear, I'm your grandmother on your father's side."

"Well," said Willie decidedly (he was an observing little fellow), "all I got to say is you're on the wrong side."



A conductor and a brakeman on a Montan  railroad differ as to the proper pronunciation of the name Eurlia. Passengers are often startled upon arrival at this station to hear the conductor yell:

"You're a liar!" You're a liar!"

And then from the brakeman at the other end of the car:

"You really are! You really are!"

THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

October 1
1912

Vol. XIV
No. 40

THE GREAT COMMISSION

A FINE picture, 18x24 inches, the principal part of it representing a baptismal scene. The applicant is kneeling in a stream of running water, the administrator standing beside him, ready to begin the sacred rite. On either side are men, women and children witnessing the performance. In each of the four corners of the main picture is a smaller one (7x3½) representing respectively the blood-stained cross, Mary Magdalene on her early run to the tomb, the women returning, each on their way to report to the disciples the empty tomb, and the door of the



tomb with the stone rolled away. At the top of the picture is represented a beautiful golden crown. The six-in-one picture is an interesting study. It portrays, graphically, the fulfillment of all righteousness in Christ's own baptism, the door by which man may enter the church, the way of the cross, and the crown as an emblem of the reward of the righteous. The picture is printed in colors, on heavy paper, and, if framed, will make an appropriate ornament for any Christian home. It will be a constant reminder of the Great Leader, of the sacrifice he made for our redemption, and a stimulus to right living.

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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THE INGLENOOK

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October 1, 1912

No. 40

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



Thomas J. Tynan.

A Lesson in Prison Management.

A FEW days ago mutiny occurred in the State prison at Jackson, Mich., and several companies of soldiers had to be called in to quiet the disturbance. The newspapers of the larger cities at once took up the matter, so that within a day or two the whole country heard of the trouble. Naturally the question asked was whether the prison officials were at fault or whether the trouble lay wholly among the convicts. Since State troops had to be called in, suspicion was at once placed upon the system of management which has obtained in the lower Michigan prison. The upper or branch Mich-

igan prison located at Marquette passed through the fire of investigation some months ago and the result has been a better prison management and better men.

We do not care to criticise the details of the management at Jackson because we do not know enough about them, but there are some flagrant abuses carried on which are black spots in our civilization. In the first place the system of convict labor has never been abolished in Michigan. The prisoners have been hired to contractors who try to get all the labor out of them for the least possible pay. Where such a system exists there can be no reformation, there can be only punishment. Again, in the Jackson prison men's souls have been sold for money. The prison has been a brilliant success financially but a dismal failure in making better men. In fact little or no effort was ever made towards reformation. The entire system has been punitive and the aim financial gain. During the past years Michigan prison was not the only one in which such a primitive system existed but the difference is here, that other States awoke to their sins and Michigan did not. Some years ago reformatory measures were passed by the legislature but they have not been given a fair trial by the Jackson prison. One of the regulations was that no prisoner should be flogged by a lash. It reads thus: "The warden or deputy warden may punish the convict for misconduct in such manner and under such regulations as shall be adopted by the board: Provided, that punishment by showering with cold water or whipping with the lash on the bare body shall in no case be allowed." We looked up the above regulation after reading in the newspaper a statement of the Jackson warden in which he denied that any convicts were whipped by a lash by saying that they were punished by a leather

paddle. And here is the "nigger in the woodpile." This innocent leather paddle is a large piece of heavy sole leather about the shape of a tennis racket and fastened to a stout wooden handle. The paddle weighs about two pounds. In order to make the leather a more effective punishment, holes are punched through it which aid in bruising the flesh of the victim. We let our readers judge whether such an instrument is devised for the sole purpose of inflicting humane punishment and of reforming men. Notice how nicely the letter of the law is evaded.

Employment of Convicts.

Many people think it sufficient and satisfactory if a convict be employed, no matter what the trade or the nature of the work. We do not have data complete for every prison in the country but below is a list of about twenty institutions showing the trade that is taught the convicts. In your own judgment do you think that they are fit trades for men to learn and do you think the majority of them would help an ex-convict to earn a living? Does it not seem foolish that an able-bodied man should be taught to sew when that work is done almost wholly by women outside the prison walls?

Name of Prison	Trade Taught
Connecticut,	Shirts and Shoes
Delaware,	Pants
Southern Illinois,	Hosiery Knitting
Indiana,	Shirts, Binder Twine
Kentucky,	Shirts and Shoes
Kentucky Branch,	Hollowware and Shoes
Maryland,	Shirts, Hollowware, Brushes
Michigan,	Binder Twine
Michigan Branch,	Overalls
Minnesota,	Binder Twine, Shoes
Missouri,	Overalls, Shoes, Brushes
Nebraska,	Brooms
New Jersey,	Shoes, Brooms, Shirts
North Dakota,	Binder Twine
Rhode Island,	Shirts
South Carolina,	Hosiery Knitting
South Dakota,	Shirts
Tennessee,	Hollowware, Hosiery, Shoes
Vermont,	Shoes
West Virginia,	Skirts, Pants, Brooms, Brushes
Wisconsin,	Hosiery Knitting

Road building has been a popular method of employing prisoners also, and many States have roads built or repaired by convicts either watched or unguarded. The following is a list published in a recent report of the Michigan State prison:

Name of Institution	Number Employed in Road Making
California State Prison,	40
Georgia Penitentiary,	5,000
Illinois Penitentiary,	250
Kansas State Prison,	25
Missouri State Prison,	17
Montana Penitentiary,	220
New Mexico Penitentiary,	79
Oregon Penitentiary,	92
Virginia Penitentiary,	690
Wyoming Penitentiary,	65
Colorado Penitentiary,	175
Utah State Prison,	50

Among the newer ideals of prison management is the employment of convicts on farms. The out-door life and freedom are great factors in character building. The State of Texas operates six large sugar farms on which are employed 2,700 prisoners. Cotton, corn and peas are also raised. Mississippi employs 1,836 in general farming and stock raising. New York State is coming to the idea also. The State purchased a 1,000-acre farm which will accommodate 1,200 men. In North Carolina about half the prisoners are working under the contract labor system and the remainder are put at general farming. Ohio gives her "trusties" permission to work on the farm and about 200 convicts are thus employed. In other issues we have discussed the prison systems of the other southern States not mentioned in the above lists.

Humane Treatment and Reformation.

It was about two years ago if we are not mistaken, that the conditions of the Branch Prison at Marquette, Michigan were investigated with the result that the legislature forced Warden Russell to abandon the brutal punishment which he had been using. Now he admits that discipline is much better than it was under his former system. The warden of Colorado State Prison has been doing a most remarkable work by use of the honor system. A great scenic highway was constructed between Canon City and Colorado Springs and the men were permitted to work unguarded. Only one broke the faith placed upon him.

In his reply to a telegram by the Chicago Tribune concerning the Jackson affair the warden of the Arizona State Prison says: "The corrective instead of the punitive system of handling convicts was inaugurated by Gov. Hunt in the Arizona State Prison and carried out by the officials. . . . Convicts are human beings and if treated as such by all wardens of American prisons there would not be any prison riots. The convicts will respond to humane and Christian treatment the same as other humans and they will resent brutal and unchristian treatment with greater ferocity than the same number of people would on the outside."



Teacher—"Now, who can tell me what our text means: 'First the blade, then the ear, then the full blade in the ear'?"

Little Jimmy—"Sure, I know. It means you'd orter eat green corn wi' a knife!"—Chicago News.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Peace Between Italy and Turkey.

The commission of Turkish and Italian delegates which has been in session at Lausanne, Switzerland, since early in August, has settled upon the principal terms upon which peace can be established. These terms include, according to the dispatches, the tacit acceptance by the Porte of Italian occupation of Tripoli as an accomplished fact, Turkey being permitted to retain a Mediterranean port at one of the extremities of Libya with a strip of territory allowing communication with the Arabs in the interior. Provision also is made for the recognition of the spiritual suzerainty of the Sultan of Tripolitania; for the payment of monetary grants to the Arab chiefs of Italy, which also will pay to Turkey annually a certain amount of the national debt, the payment being guaranteed by revenues derived from Libya; and for the cession to Turkey of some portion of Italian territory in the Red Sea as compensation for the loss of Tripoli. A loan to Turkey is one of the subjects of negotiation.—The New Era.



National Chinese Railroads.

Dr. Sun Yat-sen has been authorized by the Peking Government to build national railways covering a territory of 70,000 miles in extent. Mixed Chinese and foreign companies will be given concessions to participate in constructing the roads for a period of forty years, after which the lines are to revert to China. But the roads in the frontier provinces will be built by the Chinese Government. This action will open the whole country to foreign traders, and involves a great extension of the privileges to foreigners. The preliminary agreement to the Lloyd's loan of \$50,000,000 was recently signed by A. Wendell Jackson and the Chinese Minister in London. The terms of the agreement include the establishment of a bank with its headquarters in London, and the capitalizing of \$10,000,000, half of which is to be contributed by Chinese. Last week there arrived at the United States twenty-eight Chinese students, who were sent here by the Governor of Kwoungtung Province. Prince Na, formerly the president of the Mongolian alliance, has gone to Mongolia to convince his rebellious people of the necessity of supporting the central government.—Independent.

Postal Savings Banks.

Farm Journal.—The postal savings bank scheme has hardly had a fair trial, and it is therefore too early to criticise it; but there is one feature of the plan which does not commend itself to the masses. The money placed in these postal savings banks by the people may be loaned only to banks at two and a half per cent interest, yet the people who find it necessary to borrow from these banks are obliged to pay from six to seven per cent interest. The ideal working out of the postal savings bank scheme would include the loaning of the savings of the people direct to the people at a favorable rate of interest, while safeguarding the principal. This would doubtless be a difficult plan to work out, but there should be a man in this country with brains enough to do it.



So are We a Strange People.

Grain Growers' Guide.—The foreign land speculator is welcomed with open arms to western Canada by all the powers that be. "He brings in capital." Verily he is a useful man. He buys up a large tract of land, prohibits anyone from using it and retires to a life of ease. The toiling masses on the prairie sweat for their daily bread and increase the value of this land. The speculator shortly pockets the \$500,000 or more that he has "made" out of the land. Then he returns to his native land and laughs at the foolishness of the Canadian people who thus quietly hand over the proceeds of their labor to anyone who comes along. But if the foreigner should bring with him a stock of the necessities of life and offer to sell them to us at a low price our "Canada for (2,600) Canadians" law would drive him from the country. He would be a dangerous man trying to ruin the Canadian people by giving too much value for their money. Truly we are a strange people.



Nogi.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

Strange, but immutable, is the law which decrees that all salvation, all progress, all conservation, must bear the price of blood. Sometimes that price is paid upon the battlefield—once it was paid upon the cross.

Eternally and everywhere it is being paid by living men and women who, unknown to the world, drip their heart's blood of desire upon the altar of life's sacrifice.

To those who do not understand the traditions of old Japan, the suicide of General Nogi and the Countess, because of the emperor's death, was self-murder, not to be either glorified or excused. But it was none the less significant of Japan's glory.

It is the law of the Samurai that the most honored military servant of the emperor must make the occasion of his lord's death one of high example to the nation. He demonstrates at once his contempt of death, his devotion to the empire as personified in the emperor and his leadership of the nation's loyalty by suicide.

The custom resembles the ready service of those Japanese soldiers in the Russian war who volunteered gladly for "sure-death" parties. These parties were assigned to service entailing certain destruction. The barbed wire which protected the Russian entrenchments were cut by these devotees, who continued their work, not with the prospect of finishing and escaping, but merely of accomplishing the greatest service before certain death came.

The Japanese seamen, when faced by the certainty of capture, testified to their indomitable will by killing themselves, and thus depriving their foes of the prestige and encouragement expected.

The death of Nogi and his wife will teach the young of Japan that the empire is everything, the individual nothing.

When that spirit of the Samurai becomes implanted in the soldiers of the great reform, not death, but lives of living sacrifice will show the hopelessness of contending against a determination and a fearless devotion which is predestined to glorious victory.—E. D. P.—The American Advance.



The Hobo.

Chicago Daily Tribune.—The comic artist is largely responsible for the popular misunderstanding of the "tramp" or hobo. Those who know him do not share the simple and presumably humorous theory that the gentlemen of the road never work and abhor effort. An interesting correction of this conventional fallacy is given by Mr. E. R. Lewis, division engineer of the Michigan Central railroad. "There is life and reserve energy in a gang of hobos that is difficult to detect among other classes of railway laborers," says Mr. Lewis. "The hobo will often soldier if he can, as will

every other laborer at times. But the hobo can be reasoned with. He is an intelligent, independent working unit. Each man is a real American man, full of comprehension, guile, and a certain amount of energy." The hobo is good in emergencies, when the ordinary European laborer is likely to be a "quitter." Moreover, the hobo is good for at least five months of work a year. The hobo seems to be a higher type than some other better disciplined classes. It is not work he abhors, but humdrum. He has a touch of imagination and there is something within him that beckons him on. He is not willing that life should have no adventure. He refuses to be a brother to the ox. Of course, he is selfish and wasteful. But at least he has a soul to challenge and rebel. He is not a model citizen, but neither is the slave of habit or circumstances. Men are not coral zoöphytes.



Jacksonville Adopts Stringent Ordinance.

Recently the city council of Jacksonville, Illinois, passed an unusually stringent anti-liquor ordinance. The ordinance was prepared by the Anti-Saloon League and is in the main similar to that adopted by about fifty other cities and villages in the State. It provides as follows:

1. Prohibits sale of spirituous, vinous, fermented or malt liquor, whether such liquor would cause intoxication or not.
2. Prohibits the forming of clubs where liquors are received or kept for distribution.
3. Declares any place where this ordinance is violated a nuisance.
4. Prohibits owners of property from allowing premises to be used in violating the ordinance.
5. Prohibits displaying or posting of signs or advertisements indicating that liquor can be procured in such place.
6. Prohibits delivery of liquor by common carrier to any but the bona fide consignee, or to any person under a fictitious name.

Jacksonville having the commission form of government the ordinance was referred to the voters for ratification. The vote was taken September 10. The vote was large and the ordinance was endorsed by a majority of more than two to one.

When it is borne in mind that Jacksonville was one of the first cities in Illinois to rid itself of the saloons under the present local option law, and has been consistently dry since November, 1907, this vote becomes significant.—The American Issue.

EDITORIALS

Kansas Horses Dying.

Farm work is going undone in western Kansas for lack of horses killed by the plague. Crops remain ungathered and fall plowing is weeks behind. On many farms all the horses have died. Until the experts ascertain positively a remedy for the disease, the farmers are unwilling to purchase more horses, which they fear will meet the same fate.

The disease is rapidly spreading eastward, according to reports received by J. H. Mercer, state livestock sanitary commissioner.

Mr. Mercer has sent out a warning that horses all over the State should be kept off pastures and given no water except from wells. They swarm with diplococci, which cause meningitis.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad took a hand in the fight on the disease when its officials sent two trained veterinarians to the plague-stricken district. All agents of the company in Kansas were instructed to report on the number of horses that have died of the plague in their district, and whether the horse was kept off the pasture before taking sick. This information, the experts say, will be of great aid in determining the exact nature of the malady.

Daily Growth.

To be successful and happy in the highest sense each individual must experience daily and continuous growth. Certainly a true worker in any department of life is neither a backslider nor an unprogressive. Indeed, it has been well said that in one's experience standing still is impossible, for if we are not going forward we are going backward. To this important fact it is undoubtedly true that many of us are not sufficiently awake.

A little consideration of the general attitude reveals this situation: Believing that he knows the moral way of living the average mortal is content to rest in that belief, drifting along from day to day with no definite purpose to become a better man or a better woman with each passing hour. He is no better today than he was yesterday; tomorrow he will probably be no better than he is today. The knowledge that such a situation exists does not startle those who feel no urgent need to grow constantly more like their highest ideals.

With this easy-going attitude one may

pass his days for many years. He feels that he is "pretty good," or "as good as the average," and with that he is satisfied. Yet all the time, he who admits such self-justification to his consciousness is blind to what is required, blind to man's possibilities, unmindful of the great verity that "growth is the eternal mandate of Mind."

The mere thought of the possibility of endless growth changes one's whole attitude toward life. It gives one an infinite outlook beside which the petty desires of materiality sink into insignificance. Every individual may catch a glimpse of his unlimited possibilities and begin to understand what Paul meant when he wrote, "But we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

Humility.

One of the highest and best virtues that any individual can possess is humility. One of the most necessary things in the make-up of true character is humility. One of the greatest blessings that can come into the life of a man or woman and make each stronger and better in every way is humility.

In the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel it is related that upon a certain occasion Jesus' disciples came to him and asked, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" Jesus then "called a little child unto him and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Striking the keynote of the entire situation, he continued, "Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

Whosoever shall humble himself. How wonderfully simple, yet how mighty in import, are these words! How fraught with beautiful meaning, with real tenderness and sincerity! How they serve to point the way to spiritual progress, to a realization of the divine truth which, when known aright, is always demonstrable and when demonstrated always makes free from bondage of every kind, even as the Master said it should.

There is no man or woman who does not deep down in the heart wish to enjoy in this present time an unstinted measure of health, happiness and prosperity; of peace, contentment and harmony—the king-

dom of heaven—and it is right and natural that all should so wish. To have this wish granted we must learn, first of all, how to take on childlike meekness and humbleness, for “Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.”



Women Ranchers.

All of the attendants at the meeting of the Cattle Raisers' Association recently held in Texas were not cattlemen. There were some cattle-women, who have a prominent part in the industry of the Southwest. There are those not men who mount their ponies and ride over their sections, inspect their herds and watch the “round-up.” They watch every detail of the ranches. Theirs is a life for the most part “in the saddle,” and they are as efficient as the men when it comes to riding a horse and helping in the round-up.

There are fifteen women in Texas, members of the Cattle Raisers' Association, who own big ranches in the State.

Mrs. M. B. Huling, nee Gleen Young, of Lampasas, Texas, who owns 108 sections in Culberson County, rides her pony over her ranch and knows every foot of it.

Mrs. Cornelia Adair of Palo Duro, Texas, who resides in New York and London, owns 40,000 head of cattle in her immense ranch in Armstrong, Donley, Hall and Briscoe Counties.

Others who own Texas ranches include Mrs. W. M. Albrecht of Weser, Texas, who owns 2,000 head of cattle on her ranch in Victoria and Goliad Counties; Mrs. J. W. Canon, of Sheffield, with a ranch in Pecos County; Mrs. D. Dunn, of Byers, Texas; Mrs. Mary Halliman of Victoria, Texas; Mrs. R. W. E. Hirst of Fort Stockton, Mrs. H. M. King of Corpus Christi; Mrs. Perry Lefors of Miami, Texas; Mrs. Raymond Martin of Laredo; Mrs. Alice Peeler of Campbellton; Mrs. W. E. Reyner of Stamford; Mrs. Amalia Riley of Eckert; Mrs. E. F. Shiner of San Antonio and Mrs. C. E. Treadwell of Fort McKavett.

Mrs. Huling is one of the most practical ranch women in Texas. She gives her ranch her personal attention. She was married to Mr. Huling, an El Paso ranchman, in 1903, and has two daughters, Eva Belle Huling and Elizabeth Dane Huling. Mr. Huling died in 1910 and left her in possession of the ranch in Culberson County.

She is thoroughly conversant with the ranch and its needs, and knows every foot of her immense pasture. With her saddle

and pony she spends many hours a day in the open. She looks after the watering place, the fences and any other necessary improvements.

When the round-ups are held Mrs. Huling is out with her pony surveying the herd as it is driven. And when the branding is going on she is there to help in any way she can.

Sometimes she helps hold the swaying herd and it is not infrequently that she is seen pursuing an unruly animal, and she always brings it back.

When a herd is to be delivered, she is present to watch the final “turnover” and see the cattle counted out. She is assisted in the management of her ranch by Ed Young, her brother.



Tracking the Golden Plover.

Bird migration has always been and is yet a thing of much mystery. Let the man who has never felt the thrill of this mystery take his atlas and turn to a map of the western hemisphere. Let him locate the arctic islands north of North America, say seventy-five degrees north latitude, and with his pencil draw from there a line down along the coast of Labrador, across to Newfoundland and down to Nova Scotia, then across the Atlantic to the Lesser Antilles, in the West Indies, from there to Brazil and across Argentina, and finally halt his pencil in Patagonia.

He will have traced then what is said to be the southward migration of the American golden plover. But let him continue the course across to the Pacific, northward up the coast, then across Central America and up the Mississippi Valley, through Central Canada, and back to the northern islands. He will then have mapped what naturalists have given as the yearly itinerary of this wonderful bird—a journey of some 15,000 miles.



Baby Pictures.

Several of our readers have asked whether the Inglenook will accept any more baby pictures. The baby pictures that have been sent in have all been so pretty and the babies so healthy looking that we are willing to accept other pictures so long as they keep coming. In each case we should like to have the mother tell what care the baby received and why she thinks her baby has been so healthy.

THE MAGIC EFFECT OF THE SEDIMENTATION BASINS

Charles H. Keltner



Artificial Cataracts.

MISSOURI is the Indian name for Big Muddy and every one who has stood upon the banks of this mighty river and watched the great volume of water which is so yellow with the mud that it holds in suspension can appreciate the appropriateness of this name.

The Mississippi annually dumps into the Gulf of Mexico 7,500,000,000 cubic feet of solid sediment, which is sufficient material to cover a square mile to the depth of 268 feet. Of this great amount of substance the Missouri furnishes no small amount. As we stand and look at its current which is almost opaque because of the large quantity of substance which it carries in suspension, we see only a portion of the total load that it actually bears. As it has moved over the rocks and sand, touched its retreating banks or engulfed the waters of its tributaries, it has dissolved great quantities of mineral matter, which, although present, has little effect upon the color or transparency of the water. A noted scientist has estimated that there are over 700,000 tons of mineral matter in solution in one cubic mile of average river water.

Generally, the problem of securing water in sufficient quantity and of satisfactory quality for the family use of persons who live in the country is not a difficult one; but, when it becomes necessary to supply a sufficient quantity of water of good quality for thousands of families as well as for manufacturing establishments which use large quantities of pure water, the problem

becomes much more complex and must be solved according to scientific principles. Again, farmsteads often can be located where there is a trustworthy water supply, but, with few exceptions, the growth and development of cities are the outgrowth of a number of factors other than a water supply, of which the geographical factors are usually the most important. Some cities are able to tap the mountain streams near the region of melting snow and there, where there is but little chance for contamination, secure pure water. But frequently, it is necessary to take the supply that is at hand and treat it in some manner so that it can be used without danger.

The Missouri offers to Omaha an abundant supply of water but the citizens of that progressive city would not be content with using the water just as it comes from the river. Neither would it be safe for them to do so, for this river serves as the outlet for too many sewer systems, besides other sources of contamination.

To the north of the city, in a suburb called Florence, the great water works are located. In the main, this plant consists of a large pump house, which has been designed with the view of having it attractive as well as serviceable, and the seven sedimentation basins. Just a short time before I visited the plant, it and the system of mains had been purchased by the city from the company which had installed it in the year 1887.

A large intake extends out into the river which flows by the station grounds. Through this, the water is conveyed by



Large Open-air Reservoirs.

the action of the pumps and forced into the uppermost one of the basins. These basins are large open air reservoirs which are of concrete construction. They are thirty feet deep and each has a capacity of approximately 25,000,000 gallons. Even during the summer season it is possible to fill them at such a rate that the water changes only once in twenty hours. In this time, no little amount of the material which has been held in suspension settles, in fact, so much settles that it is necessary to clean the first basin every two weeks and often more frequently when the river has been very much more turbid than usual. In this time the mud accumulates upon the bottom to the depth of two feet.

In going from this basin to the next, the water flows over an artificial cataract and thus is exposed to the sunlight on clear days and also subjected to considerable aeration. But at the top of the cataract just at the surface of the water, is a metal pipe which extends entirely across the stream. Through small openings in this pipe, a solution of common alum is introduced into the water. The alum aids in clarifying it. Lime and a number of other substances will produce the same effect but alum seems to be the most desirable. The action of each one is the same, causing the particles of clay which had been suspended as individuals to collect into groups and then settle more rapidly. Notwithstanding the fact that two and one-half tons of alum are used each twenty-four hours, there is not enough added so that the most sensitive taste may detect it. The second basin, also, is cleaned once in two weeks, for about two feet of sediment collects on the bottom in that length of time.

When the water flows over the artificial cataract which conducts it into the third reservoir it appears very clear. The alum has done its work well. But it is not ready for use until it has passed over four more cataracts and entered five other basins. As it leaves the last basin to be forced by the powerful pumps throughout the city, it receives its final treatment, which is the introduction of a solution of chloride of lime, this being used to kill any dangerous germs which were not destroyed in the basins.

The rooms in which the pumps are at work are spotless and clean. All parts of the machinery which are susceptible to polish are well rubbed and not a particle of dust is visible anywhere. In order to make enjoyment more complete, visitors are provided with resting places right by the won-

derful pumps. And why should we not stop to watch them? We are at the very heart of the city. Each silent stroke sends the lifegiving fluid into the great system of arteries that reaches to the most distant extremities of the municipality. What heart throbs they are! 700 gallons! Enough to quench the thirst of thousands! Would that I could tip my hat to the builder who did his work so well!

Filter systems are often used to purify water for drinking purposes. However, the use of the filter is not a guarantee of the water's purity, for a filter improperly tended is often worse than none; it may serve as a favorable place for the multiplication of germs. This was well illustrated at Cincinnati, where, at one time, bacterial analysis revealed the presence of more bacteria in the water after it had left the filter than there were before it had entered. The city of Toledo, which uses as much as 29,000,000 gallons per day, has 34 filters in its purification plant. The most extensive plant in this country is the one used by the city of Philadelphia. It is of the same type as the one that was installed for London more than a century ago. Most modern system are force filters but the metropolis of Pennsylvania uses the slow sand method. Some distance out from the city one can notice the great plant along the line of the Pennsylvania railroad. As no water is visible it is hard to detect the use to which that great colony of submerged buildings, which resemble small cyclone caves or dog kennels, is being put. About these buildings a force of fifty men is constantly employed and the city has invested in these works not less than ten million dollars.

There is a great difference in the purity of the water of different rivers. As one stands and watches the clear water pour over the ledge at Niagara Falls, he is impressed with its freedom from sediment; it would seem as if this water should be much more trustworthy than that of the muddy Missouri. Yet, this is not necessarily the case; Buffalo is twenty miles away and the river which supplies the city of Niagara Falls with drinking water serves as the outlet for Buffalo's sewage. When the seemingly clear water of the river stands in the sedimentation basins, as much as five feet of sediment collects in one month's time. The water of the river often contains as many as 30,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter (about 400,000 per cubic inch)

(Continued on Page 1113.)

SLAVES TO OUR APPETITES

Dr. W. C. Frick

Part Four.

THE curses of alcohol are all too often visited upon the innocent. Indeed it is hardly a question but that every child born to a liquor using parent suffers throughout his life to some extent because of the liquor habit of his parent. These are truths that seldom enter the minds of temperance people. But, if every man just as he is about to take his first drink, could look down through the years of his future life and see the effect upon his life that his drinking will have and could realize how one drink but creates a thirst for another, most men would never empty the initial glass.

In the production of diseases there are usually two causes, a predisposing and an exciting. Alcohol predisposes to many diseases, that is, it creates in the body or some part of it a condition that makes it become an easy prey to some external cause which would be powerless to cause disease in the same body when absolutely healthy. On the other hand it is less often an exciting cause of disease.

The mere taking once of concentrated alcohol in sufficient quantity will excite an acute inflammation of the stomach, an acute congestion of the kidneys, or the liver, a condition known as delirium tremens, a very serious affair.

Given an alcoholic debauch plus an exposure to cold or damp weather and the sum is often acute Bright's disease and other serious troubles of which exposure to the elements often acts as the exciting cause. Chronic disease of the kidneys is

often caused by long continued use of alcohol and a condition of superfat known as obesity, the subjects of which lead an uncomfortable life and fall an easy prey to pneumonia which appears to be on a continual search for them.

Gout is often predisposed by the alcoholic habit and hardening of the arteries sometimes results from alcoholism; both diseases often leading directly to heart disease.

It is on the liver, however, that alcohol exerts some of its greatest havoc, a condition known as cirrhosis, a gin-drinker's liver being produced, cure from which is rarely obtained. Of 600 epileptics observed by a certain authority, 260 were born of heavy drinking parents. Dilated stomach is a terrible condition common to drinkers of beer and such small alcohol percentage beverages.

The heart is often loaded with fat and becomes degenerated and weak. The long-continued use of moderate amounts of alcohol tends to an all around nervous degeneration. Many a poor man has died of brain hemorrhage in a jail cell when he was supposed to be dead-drunk because the odor of alcohol was on his breath.

No man would admit he might ever become a murderer through the use of liquor, though a man perchance might succumb to one of the diseases mentioned. But who would desire to run such a gauntlet?

Never a truer saying, "Wine is a mocker, whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise," and no one knows it better than the man who avoids liquor.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION

George Frederick Hall

AND what about our boys?" I heard a sweet-voiced woman inquire, at a meeting where the conversation had drifted into a discussion of the dangers that lay in the pathway of girls. "Nearly every progressive magazine or home paper contains columns of advice to young girls, warning them against associating with boys whose standards are not high, and whose conduct is not above re-

proach; and in the Mothers' Departments there is much said regarding the kind of boys our girls should avoid, but where do we find the columns warning boys against a certain class of girls, or suggesting to mothers that the boy needs her help because he is really more in danger of falling under the spell of evil influences than is the daughter?"

"Boys are such gullible creatures," con-

tinued the speaker. "I know all about them, for I have two; and that is why, when you are speaking of the pitfalls that lie before your girls, my heart is full of anxiety about my boys. The oldest is in his freshman year in college, while the other is in his third year in High School—just the age when they need to be under splendid influences.

"Their father and I have been most careful in their training, and until this year they have walked carefully in the path laid down before them, and have been wholly happy in it. They are healthy, lively, pure-minded youngsters, with decided distaste for anything like slang, or rough talk or actions. They have always been great home boys, too much so, we think, for although, above all else we want them to be home loving, yet in order to broaden their lives and make them full and complete, we know that they must associate with others than their own home-folk, must have outside diversion and pleasures, and should learn to choose their companions while they have their father and mother to advise them.

"And partly for this reason and partly because we wanted them to have the best possible time before life's duties and responsibilities should begin to burden them, we have urged them to mingle more with the young people this year than heretofore.

"Now our boys have invariably talked about their boy friends to us, and we have found that they have been particularly careful to avoid the companionship of those who are rough-talking or ill-mannered. This year they have been paying some attention to the girls, talking them over as freely with us as they do their boy friends; and to our astonishment and distress we find that the conversation and conduct of the girls of their set, girls, mind you, of good family connections, have done more toward influencing our boys to lightly regard girlhood and to break away from that beautiful deference and respect that they have heretofore shown to all womankind, irrespective of age or condition in life, than all their years of association with the boys, rough as some of them have been at times."

Now this mother's story is the story of many another mother who has most carefully reared her boys, only to find them at the impressionable age going down under the pernicious influence of bright, pretty girls, who chew gum in public, intersperse their conversation with the latest slang, talk aloud in the concert during the singing, laugh loudly on the street, assume mas-

culine airs and who do not hesitate to tell positive untruths, if it seems necessary to defend themselves or to carry a point.

To one who frequently comes in contact with the average girl of today, it is appalling to note the bold, ill-bred manner of many of them, and the freedom with which they make acquaintances with young men; and although the whole nature of a manly, well-bred boy protests against this freedom or familiarity, yet he is unconsciously influenced by it, and by and by will lower his standard to that of the girl.

Nor is it anything unusual now-a-days for the girls to ask the boys to take them for a ride or to some place of amusement, and to hint to them very plainly that they desire such and such presents, and to cheerfully accept them when offered.

But if the mothers of those girls who seem to have lost the fine sensibilities and delicacy of action that were once their chief attraction, would tenderly and patiently point out to their daughters the inevitable results of rude, careless, hoydenish ways and actually see that nothing of this kind enters into their young lives, it would go far toward bringing about a different condition in society.

The trouble with many mothers dates back to the time when the girl first entered her teens, a time when the mother begins to recognize in her daughter, the coming woman, and treats her as though she possessed the wisdom that can come only with mature years, talking to her of "beaus" and extolling her pretty face and fine complexion, and making many sacrifices in order that she may be as expensively dressed as the other girls.

If girls could only be made to feel that their influence over boys is so potent that they can, in large measure, make or mar the lives of the coming man of affairs, there would be far less fear in the heart of the mothers of boys. Have them to know that no self-respecting boy will drink, swear, or use tobacco in any form; that no boys will invite them to places other than are clean and right in every respect,—if girls refuse to consider them as friends at their first deflection; then no boys will speak lightly or disrespectfully of other girls, if they show an unwillingness to listen to it.

And have boys to feel that every girl they associate with, is entitled to the highest respect until she cancels all right to it, and that it is their duty to tactfully and kindly show disapproval of all that is not ladylike or womanly, and an approval of all that is fine and high.

SOCIALISM

J. L. Switzer

AN article taken from "Health Culture" says: "I marvel at the Socialists who argue that the equal distribution of property would heal all unhappiness and misery." I marvel at authors and persons who persist in wasting their ammunition in shooting at phantoms.

Can you find a Socialist anywhere who asserts his belief in the necessity or possibility of the equal distribution of property? Is it in their platform? Then why make such marvellous statements to "marvel" at?

Socialists say they want the productive enterprises and all public utilities to be owned, operated and governed by the General Government. They believe that this would greatly alleviate the distressing conditions that prevail in society. The article from which the above clipping is made is an article upon the divorce question.

Socialists believe that every private saloon and every private brewery and distillery should be wiped out of existence. Would this tend to help the divorce evil? What think you? Socialists believe that the

extortionate profits exacted by manufacturers and retailers from the scant earnings of poor families should be promptly forbidden by the government "of the people, for the people and by the people." Would this tend to help the divorce evil?

Miss Helen Keller, though blind and deaf and dumb, says she has discovered that poverty is one of the most fruitful causes of intemperance and vice. Do you think that poverty and privation has anything to do with the divorce evil? What do you think? Would it not be a blessing if many wiseacres who now say they see, could be made as blind as Helen Keller? Having eyes and ears that won't see and hear is a worse calamity than hers.

Let every candid man and woman take time to inquire into the demands and suggestions of Socialism and find out what they do advocate and teach before beginning to throw stones. This is but justice. That we have a goodly land, is true. That we have a good form of government, is true. That it is susceptible of improvement, I verily believe; and that is the sum total of Socialism.

"THE GARDEN OF SLEEP"

Lula Dowler Harris

Sometime ago I wrote a story for the "Inglenook" in which I mentioned Clement Scott's "Garden of Sleep." The name of the story was: "The Two Gardens." Mr. Miller tells me one of his readers has asked where a copy of the song can be secured. This inquiry prompted me to write a description of this "Garden of Sleep" as it really is today. There must be many who have heard this song who do not know that this "Garden" is a real one. Those alone who know the song can appreciate it. Its haunting words appeal to us long after the music has ceased. This particular spot in Norfolk, England, is called "Poppyland." It is visited by many tourists. Cromer is no distance from it, and daily excursions are run from it to the garden. One gets a peep at some of the prettiest scenery in "Poppyland" on this trip. It is pleasing to notice a drinking

well which has been erected to the memory of Clement Scott.

Here on the rocky coast of Norfolk nature has fashioned one of her shrines and it is indeed a "Garden of Sleep." Situated on the very edge of the cliff, so close that the people who dwell near it say that it will not be long until it falls with the crumbling rock into the sea. All that remains of the church is the tower. Not a tree nor a bush near it. It looks desolate indeed. The winds whistle through it and the music of the waves is the only sound that echoes round it. At its feet are the graves of those who once worshiped within its walls, time-worn stones, some overgrown with yellow moss, some bearing the marks of storm and age upon them, many bearing quaint inscriptions. The tourist reads many like the following, as he wanders from grave to grave: "Reader, prepare to

meet thy God," "Oh, pause and cast thy wandering eyes," "A good example before thee lies," etc. These and many more quaint epitaphs are read daily by tourists in "The Garden of Sleep."

All around, among the graves on every spot where vegetation can find a foothold can be found the poppy, nodding its scarlet head this way and that in the summer breeze. It is indeed a spot to set the poetic heart singing. Small wonder that the heart of Clement Scott responded to the challenge.

Far away the blue waters roll, near at hand stand the golden harvest fields, the poppies smiling gaily midst the golden heads of corn, while the wind rustles among the grain like a quiet requiem for the dead. The ruined tower stands as a sentinel keeping guard over the quiet sleepers at its feet.

It is a beautiful place in the morning sunlight, but how desolate it must look by moonlight when only the dash of the bil-

lows is heard as they break at the foot of the cliffs. Lonely it must be too when the winter winds howl and the snow falls like a pall over the grassy graves.

Clement Scott wrote so much about this part of Norfolk whose natural charms make a fine appeal to the imagination and fancy of the poet.

The lines of the song as I recall them are:

"On the grass of the cliff, at the edge of the steep,
God planted a garden, a garden of sleep
'Neath the blue of the sky, in the green of the corn,
It is there that the regal red poppies are born.
Brief days of desire and long dreams of delight
They are mine when my Poppyland cometh in sight.

The Garden of Sleep where the poppies are red,
I wait for the living alone with the dead,
For a tower in ruins stands guard on the sea,
At whose feet are green graves of dear women asleep.

Did they love as I love where they lived by the sea?

Did they wait as I wait for the days that may be?

O life of my life, on the cliff of the sea
By the graves in the grass I am waiting for thee."

THE MAN OF GALILEE

W. E. Hulet

THE universal conscience accords to him the title of Son of God, though made lower than the angels and crowned with glory and honor that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man. When I read the life history of this illustrious person it gave to my imagination a well defined image of that great struggle of soul that has put a song into the end of time.

In my mind's eye I saw them lay him in the manger, when the blazing star set its silent watch over Bethlehem.

I saw him at his mother's knee, seemingly as helpless as the race of mortals for whom he would give his life.

I saw him in the temple at Jerusalem confounding the wisdom of the wise, by interpretations of law which set at naught the traditions of Israel.

I saw him in the mansions of the rich and the hovels of the poor, telling the story of his kingdom and calling to remembrance the sins of a lost and degenerate race.

I saw him with Apollyon on the mountain top defending his title to the souls of men, and upholding the majesty of his Father's word.

I saw him touch the bier of the widow's son at Nain and give back to a broken heart its earthly joy and consolation.

I saw him at the tomb of Lazarus, when he unlocked the prison house of death and called back from the eternal world the brother of Mary and Martha.

I saw him amid the green fields of Galilee and treading with weary feet the stony paths of Palestine, that he might acquaint the world with the purpose of earthly existence.

I saw him return to Jerusalem to assail the avarice and corruption of the priesthood that had locked the world in darkness and enslaved the souls of men.

I saw him smite the kingdom of Satan with his withering gaze and the broken scepter of darkness fall, never to rise again.

I saw him committed to the hands of wicked men by the evil design of a traitorous kiss.

I saw him at midnight in Gethsemane when the agonies of death passed over his soul as he drained the cup of sorrow to its dregs.

I saw him led, a prisoner, through the streets of Jerusalem, while the jeers of an ignorant mob rent the still night air.

I saw him arraigned before Pontius Pilate, when Jewish hate and Roman power combined to take the life of the Son of God.

I saw him standing calm and serene before that Roman Senate, already a conqueror by the divine right of self-denial.

I saw him wearing the crown of thorns and the mock robe of kingly state which through the ages have shone with a more benignant lustre than the diadem of the Cæsars.

I saw him led from Pilate's bar condemned to the worst form of death that cruel ingenuity ever invented. I saw him ascend the hill to Golgotha unmoved by the derisive laugh and insolent taunts of a selfish and time-serving race.

I saw him upon the cross amid the dark-

ness and gloom that shrouded the world when the heavens put on sack-cloth of blackness and the sun refused to look upon the scene.

I saw him taken from the cross and laid in Joseph's tomb and with him the hopes and aspirations of all his friends.

I saw him upon the morning of the third day with the keys of death and hell at his girdle.

I saw him ascend, escorted by myriads of the heavenly host. I saw the everlasting gates of glory lift up their heads. I saw him constituted King of kings and Lord of lords, that all nations, kindreds, tongues and people should serve him.

MY INDIAN SCARE

Mrs. E. J. Arnold

WHEN we came to the Mountain Region of Western Texas in 1886, it had been only two years since the Indians had raided the canyon about twenty-five miles west of us. They robbed and killed a family and made their escape. I always had a horror of Indians as I had lived near the frontier and heard much of their murderous deeds and had relatives killed by them. Therefore, I could not help feeling that where they had been so recently they might return.

You can imagine my consternation when one morning about two hours before day-break we were awakened by the barking of the dog and the galloping of a horse and a man's voice called out, "Get up, there are Indians in the country and they have robbed a house about eight miles from here. The woman escaped, went to the woods and gave the alarm." It required no second bidding to cause me to get up. I dressed somehow, I never knew how and began to

urge my husband to get up, for my first thought was not to leave the house until daylight had come. By this time the children were all up crying around me begging me to go somewhere for safety.

Does anyone imagine that man got up and "Fout for his kintry and fireside"? No, he did nothing of the kind, but just lay there and laughed at my fears.

"Don't you know," said he, "that Indians never attack a house until they know there is no man about?"

"I should like to know what difference it makes whether there is a man about or not if he will not get out of bed," I said.

"Ah! there are no Indians in this country," said he and made the children all go back to bed. Poor little things kept rolling over each other, all trying to get in the middle.

By this time my fears had given way to anger and had it not been for the children I would have taken my chances to see him scared out of bed.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Dear Children: Wednesday morning.

WE are now here in the home of Eld. Martin Johansson in the country, and not many miles from the ocean to the west of us that separates us from the homeland. The ride was a most tedious one. It rained

nearly all the way from Bronderslev till we reached here. The rain is the cold kind that searches the bone. There are no fires, and so we are not the most comfortable in the world. Our train was so slow that even Bro. Hansen remarked that it did not make any speed. It stopped longer than it traveled, one would think, and about every two

hours we had the joy of getting out and going into another train. Finally we reached Tisted, where we had a half hour change. Hansen and I walked up town, and through Hansen pointing to an auto standing in the street and I replying that we had lots of them in America, I noticed a lady smile. I turned and said to her: "Are you from America?" "Yes, from Chicago," was her reply. Glad again. I chatted a little with her and Hansen and I went in our quest for some fruit for mother.

I reached Bedsted and there Martin Johansson met us and in a little Danska spring wagon took us home. We were glad to see the family. The children remembered me from three years ago, and mother is right at home with them. The first thing she did was to put one to sleep; then she got hold of the two-months-old baby and held that awhile.

We have the best room in the house and it is good, but the stone walls and floor make it damp and cold. We sleep under about six inches deep of feathers and can have our window open all night. The feathers are much and so is the sleep.

This morning Hansen and I walked to a neighbor to see them thresh oats. Anybody in America who has threshed would have enjoyed what I saw. The farmer has a self-rake reaper. So he cuts the oats, binds them temporarily with bands made from the oats. Later, before shocking, he follows up and binds each sheaf again with a straw rope he made in the winter days. Then he shocks and stacks. Now the steam thrasher is at his place by the stack. They were humming away before I got up this morning, and the hum of the cylinder sounded natural enough, but it was rather unnatural for me to be in bed when I used to hear it. I was always behind the machine on the straw stack or some such place instead.

Well, the first impression I had of the threshing scene was that nearly all the men had their coats on as though it was cold. I sought at once to understand that and there was a reason. The mouth of the cylinder into which the grain was fed is in the top of the machine near the centre. There stood the feeder dropping the sheaves down into the machine. Before him on the machine were two band cutters who did not cut the bands. The first one untied the straw ropes of the second binding and threw them back on a pile. The other cut the temporary bands and let them go with the sheaf into the machine. At such a

working speed as that would require, you can readily see why the pitchers did not have their coats off. I smiled within myself, but was not satisfied with my impressions until I climbed up an adjoining stack and looked down on the entire. I went behind the machine and there found two young fellows carrying the straw all of five rods into the barn on their backs. They were a sturdy straw carrier of the living type and kept the machine nice and clean behind. No trouble as to the straw stack or the stacker either. They were not cyclone blowers either, just common Danska men who could carry a load of straw, that's all. I looked at the grain run into the sack and it seemed to me that I could take naps between the filling of the sacks. I must see the engine. Yes, a veritable engine it was. I could not tell steam pressure for the gauge was in a foreign scale of some kind showing about "eight" whatever it was. But I noticed the farmer supplied the water for the engine and he did it on a wheelbarrow, hauling a milk can full at a time to the engine. You can guess the capacity of the whole thing. Well, it was odd to me to see the whole thing and I came away wondering what they would think of some of our man eaters and man killers in America.

I am back home writing and the children are about me. They are on the table, under my arm and all around me. This is wonderful to them, to say the least, and I do not doubt it a little bit.

But now I must close. We received your letters last evening when we came here, and this morning have more mail. Glad that you are getting along as well as you do. God bless you all. We think of you much, as yesterday and today you had the convention in Elgin. God bless you and keep you ever.

Later.

We must wait a little before starting out this morning, and I feel like writing you again this morning.

Yesterday after coming home from threshing I put in the time in writing. Our room is cool. That is, the walls are built of solid brick and draw much dampness. The bed has a damp cold in it and the floor feels damp. The children in this home have had bad colds, and I do not wonder at all. I have some cold myself this morning.

These are remarkable children from an American standpoint, but not more remarkable than other Swedish and Danish chil-

dren. Mama said she could hardly stand it to see their customs. We sat down to a splendid breakfast of good things, and they sat around and looked on. We had chocolate and eggs and such things, fine cookies and the like. As soon as we left the table everything was removed and they sat down to the common meal they had lived on all their lives. How would you like it? But that is the Danska way of doing it for two reasons. They have not the room to do otherwise and they can not afford it. The elder here said yesterday he was glad that we came, for he did not always have such good eating. And while I have begged not to have so much set down to us, it is no use. We had meat and bread and eggs this morning. Then came tea and white bread and butter. I thought I was done. Then came chocolate and cookies and then we

quit. That is Denmark hospitality much to their credit.

Last evening we had meeting here. It was set for half past seven, no later. I began to preach at half past eight. They looked for a few people because it was rainy. The house was full. Among them was Johannes Ollson and his sister and her husband.

Here is a scene just now sprung on us. The women have come into our room en masse, that is, about six or seven, and one with shoe blacking is polishing my shoes, though I protested. They won't take protests but clean the shoes anyhow.

We had a good meeting last night, as I was about to tell you. And after I sat down the elder got up. He was warmed up and touched the hearts of the people greatly by his appeal. I was glad.

THE COLORED PICNIC

M. M. Winesburg

THE colored people of Strawsburg were holding a picnic in the oak grove near the Watson home; and Dessie and Bert, the young hopeful of the Watson household were very enthusiastic over it. A darky picnic was a new thing to them. It was Emancipation Day picnic, and Bert and Dessie sat on their porch and watched the crowds of gaily dressed darkies, as they flocked into the grove with the fluttering of "Old Glory" and the crash of music.

The children had early been taught the meaning of our beautiful symbol and the sight of the tilting colors and the strains of patriotic music set their little hearts to pit-a-patting and their hands to clapping and finally they were begging permission to go over to the picnic grounds too. But as a matter of fact, their mother refused that request because she thought it was the darkies' day for rejoicing and she did not think that the white people should intrude on their enjoyment.

The children stood the strain on their curiosity pretty well, although it was rather hard to hear so much fun going on nearby and not be able to see it, for the trees prevented them from seeing; but they sat all forenoon on the porch and listened to the sounds of merriment that floated over from the forbidden grounds.

In the afternoon Mrs. Watson's sister, Mrs. Brown and her two children, came

over to the Watsons' and the four children, Bert and Dessie Watson, Bobby and Fanny Brown soon scampered off out to the barn yard and clambered up on the roof of a low shed where they thought they could hear better and also perchance get a good peep at the picnickers. Although they could hear plain enough, the thick foliage of the oaks and beeches only allowed them passing glimpses of the merrymakers and they could not see on the platform at all and there was a distracting sound of tapping going on where it stood.

"Come on. Let's go over to the fence. We can hide in the bushes along the fence and see all that's going on on the platform and the Chalkies can't see us either," said Bobby Brown as he began to scramble down from the roof of the shed.

Then forgotten or unheeded were the injunctions of the morning and in a twinkling every child was clambering down and when all were on the ground they ran for dear life for the friendly shelter of the fence where they were soon hidden in the bushes which grew in the corners of the old worm fence.

"Now," said Bobby in a low whisper after they were all safely hidden away, "don't any of you dare to speak out loud for the darkies might get after us if they find out we are a-watching them." Each one put a finger to their lips to signify that they would keep still.

Four pairs of eager eyes were soon peering through the bushes and fence on to the rudely built platform where the darkies were keeping up such a racket. Just at that time the darkies started up a promenade with linked arms, two and two—a lady and a gentleman. They started around the platform, their feet keeping time to their singing, and these are the words they sang in lustful tones, while heels clinked on the boards and hands were clapped by the bystanders:

"Tee-rowdy dow, tee-rowdy dow,
In some fine lady's garden."

The funny song and the antics of the singers tickled little Fanny until she giggled outright, and Bobby scowled and shook his grimy fist at her to keep her still, but that only made Fanny want to laugh all the more. So she backed out of the place where they were and dodged into the next fence corner where she thought she could giggle without Bobby hearing her.

But, the next instant the other three children were startled by a terrific shriek from Fanny's fence corner and Fanny came stumbling back into their midst, followed by a host of enraged yellow jackets whose nest she had stepped into. Before either Bobby, Bert or Dessie could realize what was the matter with Fanny, the pursuing jackets charged on them. Zip, one took Bobby on the cheek while another one landed on his hand, which made him jump, while a howl from Bert and a wail from Dessie proclaimed that the yellow jackets were getting in some good work on them.

Darkies or no darkies, youthful human flesh could not stand those red-hot lances and keep quiet; and a perfect bedlam of yells broke loose in the fence corner and a tumbling mass of flying hands and feet shot out of the bushes. Outside the children tried to fight off the enemy and only succeeded in making them madder.

While engaged in trying to beat off the jackets Bert espied several black forms leap the fence some distance from them and he yelled out:

"Run kids, run. The darkies are after us too." And away he went, jackets and all, with the other three close at his heels and the bees in the rear goading them on.

Panting and breathless, four well stung kids reached the friendly shelter of the old shed and stopped to get their breath as well as they could for they were crying and taking stock of their injuries. Bobby's cheek looked as if he had the mumps and his hand was puffing up like a toad, while Bert's upper lip was as thick as any darky's

ever could be. Fanny only saw out of one eye for the other one was fast swelling shut and Dessie was growing horns by the looks of the protuberances on her forehead, and each of them had several other smarting places on their arms and legs.

"See what you done smarty," growled Bobby as he petted his swollen jaw and glowered at Fanny.

"I didn't do it either; it was the jackets," whimpered Fanny as she wiped the tears from her face with her apron and glowered back at her brother out of her one well eye. "It's your fault; so it is, for we wouldn't a went over there if it hadn't been for you, and I'm going to tell mama on you too. Now see if I don't." And Fanny started up a fresh cry while Dessie, who had never let up on the crying, started for the house and the rest followed her. The mothers who were sewing and chatting on the back porch were suddenly confronted with a bunch of children in various stages of dilapidation.

"Mercy, children. What has happened to you?" asked Mrs. Watson as she looked at their battered up condition.

"Jackets," mumbled Bert through his swelled lips, while Dessie buried her smarting face in her mother's lap.

"Where in the world have you children been and what have you been doing?" demanded Mrs. Brown.

Bert hung his head down and looked at Bobby, and Bobby who had not disobeyed any injunctions because none had been given to him, blurted out:

"We went over to the fence to watch the darkies and Fanny got into a jackets' nest and got jackets on the whole bunch of us."

Mrs. Watson looked at her boy's swollen face and asked:

"Bert, didn't I tell you and Dessie not to go over there?"

"Yes, but you didn't tell Bobby not to go and when he started I forgot," faltered Bert shamefacedly.

"Well, I think that you will be likely to remember the next time, by the looks of your face and hands just now," was his mother's comment as she went into the kitchen for salt and water, and liniments to put on the smarting faces and hands, and when she came back Bobby said:

"Please aunty, don't scold Bert. It was my fault. But I didn't know that you didn't want us to go over there."

"I think the jackets have punished him for me," replied Mrs. Watson, quietly.



Esther Vaudene Whitney.

THE HEALTHY BABY

ESTHER VAUDENE WHITNEY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Whitney, of Riverdale, California, was born January 14, 1911. At birth she was perfectly healthy and weighed about $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. She has slept by herself except the first two weeks. She was fed every two hours on the milk intended for babies until about six months of age. The next three months she was fed every two and one-half hours, and by the time she was one year old, every three hours. She had nothing else except occasionally a few Graham crackers in milk (when her other dinner was short). After thirteen months she

was given warm cow's milk to drink, also bread and milk, gravy, soup, well-cooked mush, rice, bread and butter, soft-boiled eggs and mashed potatoes. For fruit, apples and bananas always agreed with her. She was eleven months old when this picture was taken, and weighed 21 pounds. She has had as regular meals, baths and naps as was possible. She has never been sick but about two days in the short twenty months of her life. She is a happy out-of-doors girl with a sand pile to play in, goes to the milk lot every evening for about two hours and plays as happily as can be at the end of a rope.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE BANQUET.

J. C. Flora.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

AT first it seems difficult to understand why the psalmist turns so abruptly from the sheepcotes to the festal board. And yet the demands of the spiritual life are so great that it takes more than one metaphor to give us a true conception of our relationship with God. Of course it is very helpful to think of one's self as a sheep and of Christ as a Shepherd; but there can be no fellowship between the dumb animals and their watchful keeper. The very small child has a deeper insight into his father's love and sympathy than the dumb creature of his care. The psalmist seems to say that I am more than Jehovah's sheep. I am Jehovah's guest. It is a mark of great intimacy to sit with a man at the table. It is not only a means of satisfying the hunger but of intimate and affectionate love. Here, then, arises a rich theme for meditation to compare like to a seat at God's banquet table, eating the things which he has prepared.

We sit at the table of God's daily providence. Our Heavenly Father has a great family. He controls the universe with all its minute mechanism. But he is more especially interested in those who are his children and those who in a special sense, call him "Our Father." All the stores of his divine provision must fail before he can suffer us to want. He may sometimes keep us waiting until his time has come but he will not keep us waiting too long. He will supply the widow's barrel of meal. He will rain bread from heaven, so that men may eat angel's food. He will multiply the slender store of the boy's wallet, so that present need may be met, and stores accumulated for the future. On a recent Sunday evening a sick member of a congregation debarred from attending her customary place of worship, intrusted to the hand of the minister a two-shilling piece, which he was to hand to a poor widow known to them both. It so happened that he encountered her slowly making her way to the church and at once handed to her the coin. But he was hardly prepared for the immediate response. "I did not think he would have sent it so soon." On further inquiry

he discovered that she had placed her last coin that day in the collection, and was entirely dependent upon such answer as her Heavenly Father might send to her trustful prayer that he would provide for her next meal. Evidently she had been accustomed to close dealings with God, and had learned that his deliverance is sure. When faith and hope stand expectant awaiting a blessing from God they shall not be disappointed.

God's children should not be fretful about their daily bread. We ought to have more trust in God. What would you say if, when schooltime came tomorrow morning, your little boy, before he started with unwilling feet to school, entered your larder and busied himself in examining its contents, with especial provision for dinner. Would you not say, "Be off to school and leave me to care while you are gone!" Would you not rebuke him for his lack of trust? Oh, that we might learn a lesson from the little ones, and believe that life is one long residence in one of the mansions of our Father's home; and that the time can never come when the table is quite bare. He may suffer you to hunger, but later his angel will touch you and say, "Arise and eat." On the deserted floor you will find something that will satisfy your appetite, though it be nothing more than a cruse of water at your head, and cakes baked on the hot stones of the wilderness for your repast.

God also prepares the table of spiritual refreshment. Tired, disappointed with fruitless toils, agitated by conflicting hopes and fears, we often pull to the shore trodden by his blessed feet; nor do we ever approach him without finding that he has anticipated our spiritual requirements, and that "his flesh is meat indeed, and his blood drink indeed." Daily we need to look to God's table for nourishment for the spiritual life. If we might eat his body and drink his blood and meditate upon what our redemption has cost our souls would grow fat. We need to meditate more of what love has been manifest on our behalf and what suffering has been endured that we may enjoy the greater life.

We may specially apply these words also to the table of the Lord's Supper. This is emphatically a table which God has prepared; which not only perpetuates the memory of the night in which our Lord was

betrayed, but which enables us to raise our wandering thoughts, and fix them on him where he is now seated. There is nothing mystic in the food itself. But when we sit around the table and partake of the fruits of the earth we are reminded of the great fellowship of man and of Jesus' willingness to associate with us and not only to be a fellow among us but willing to serve us. We ought to communicate often at the Lord's table so we may be lifted higher and higher in our spiritual experience.

There is much comfort in the three words "prepared for me," because it would seem to indicate the anticipatory care of God. He does not allow us to be taken by surprise. He does not let his children ask for anything they need of which he has not seen before. As he has prepared beforehand the way in which we are to walk so he has prepared beforehand the food by which his workers shall be nourished. The spring is bubbling in the shade before mother and child sink fainting on the sand. The angel of the Lord has not only taken possession of the hostile country, but has provided of the old corn of the land. God provisions his castles before they are besieged.

That is a very significant addition—in the presence of mine enemies. We are sure to have enemies all around us. Those that would do us harm. But they cannot cut off the blessings that come hourly from above. They cannot hinder the angel ministers who spread the table and heap it up, and then form themselves into an inner ring of defense. They may gnash their teeth at the vanity and futility of their rage; but when God elects to feed a soul, fed that soul shall be. "Eat, O beloved; yea, eat and drink abundantly." The King doth bring thee into his banqueting house, and his banner over thee is love. The time is not far distant when we shall sit with Christ in his kingdom; and as the far-traveled, footsore brethren of Joseph ate with the prince who lay in the pit, so shall we sit down at the prepared table of a marriage supper, and Christ will gird himself and come forth to serve us, and the festivities of an eternity, which shall know no penury or want, shall obliterate the memory of the sorrows of time.



Unto man God gives his love divine, the sacrifice of his dear Son, his guiding wisdom and strength to uphold, but man must work out his own salvation.—Rev. W. N. Potter, Methodist, Richmond, Va.

Jesus is the touchstone of character.—Rev. A. B. Davidson, Methodist, San Antonio, Texas.

Jesus has thrown the light of heaven before us, and set the halo of eternal presence around us.—Rev. A. L. Murray, Episcopalian, Evanston, Ill.

Life is struggling with death. Darkness is opposed by light. Good is in conflict with evil.—Rev. G. H. McClelland, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

You have met men who, when they have grasped you by the hand, have hooked you to their hearts.—Rev. Charles Bayard Mitchell, Methodist, Chicago, Ill.

True religion and undefiled is to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.—Rev. O. B. Wakeman, Baptist, Raleigh, N. C.

The standard of any civilization may be fairly gauged by the value it places upon human life.—Rev. L. A. Harvey, Unitarian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rome with all its wickedness was not much worse than this modern Babylon of ours, just close at hand.—Rev. E. S. Tipple, Methodist, Yonkers, N. Y.

MAGIC EFFECT OF THE SEDIMENTATION BASINS.

(Continued from Page 1102.)

but a perfect filter system reduces this number to twenty.

The great reduction of the number of deaths from typhoid and other diseases which can so easily be transmitted by the public water supply is a testimony in favor of the modern purification systems which are used by our great cities. While it is no doubt true that the water which is supplied to the residents of our large cities is freer from contamination than that which is consumed on the average farm, those of us who have been born and raised in the country always long for a drink from a good, old-fashioned spring or deep well, when we visit in a city.



In one respect, the tail of a dog

And the heart of a dogwood tree
Are alike, that's so, for they both of them
grow

Furthest off from the "bark," you see.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Miss M. Andrews.

IF canned corn is cooked in a double boiler it is more creamy and delicious, and all danger of scorching is done away with.

Old potatoes which turn dark when boiled, may be made white by adding a tablespoonful of milk to the boiling water.

A most useful kitchen implement is the splint whisk broom costing only a few cents, and worth dollars for what it saves the hands. It will go into the corners of pans and bottom of pots and remove every sticky particle.

Here is a recipe for fudge biscuit which is very nice to put in the children's lunch basket in place of cake. The recipe calls for two cups of brown sugar, three-quarters cup milk, butter size of a walnut, one-third cake of melted chocolate. Boil several minutes, then take from the fire and beat until thick and creamy. Then spread thickly on any kind of cracker and press another cracker on top, making a sort of sandwich. These are delicious and wholesome too.

Kerosene used in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a gallon of water will whiten clothes without injury and quickly releases dirt, as it does not rot the clothes it is superior to any other bleacher, but to insure best results the clothes should be rinsed in hot water after being boiled in kerosene and water.

When ink is spilled on anything, scoop up as much as possible with a teaspoon and then pour on cold milk and continue scooping until the milk shows no tinge of ink, after which sprinkle thickly with salt, and let alone for several hours, then replace the salt with fresh supply. By this time the ink will have as far disappeared that rubbing with a cloth wet with cold water, then with a dry clean one will usually leave the material free from any signs of ink.

Try making a removable case for the ironing board instead of pinning it up in a sheet. This case is drawn over the blanket like a pillow case and a fresh one put on as soon as it becomes soiled, whereas the ironing sheet being securely fastened is left on longer than is strictly hygienic.

To mend holes in lace or net curtains, cut a piece of material as near like the cur-

tain foundation as possible making it about an inch larger all around than the hole. Then dip in thick starch and lay over the hole ironing it in place and trimming it where necessary. This patch will last until the curtains are washed and be almost invisible.

When your cake sticks to the bottom of the pan, as it will sometimes do in spite of every precaution, try setting the pan on a wet cloth for a few minutes, then turn bottom side up and see how nicely it will come out. To keep a cake from falling just give the pan a few sharp raps before putting it in the oven. This treatment bursts the little air bubbles in the batter, prevents falling and makes the cake finer grained.

If you get a grease spot on anything that you do not wish to wash, put a piece of blotting paper under the spot and rub the latter with gasoline. The blotter will absorb the grease and gasoline, and leave the goods clean and fresh.

When tea is spilled on the tablecloth, cover the stain with common salt as soon as possible, leave it on for a while and when the cloth is washed the stain will have disappeared.

Excellent coat hangers may be made of newspapers rolled together forming a good sized tube. Tie a cord in the center with a loop to suspend by.

A small teaspoonful of cold water added to the white of an egg will cause it to whip more quickly besides increasing the quantity.

To take poison out of a snake bite, mix the yolk of an egg with enough salt to make a thick poultice. Apply this to the wound and bandage tightly. When color changes, renew application.

Brush your teeth with a little peroxide and see how it whitens them.

If your kitchen is crowded and you have an ordinary kitchen table, gather a ruffle neatly around it and you will be surprised at the number of things that you can hide under it.

Instead of chopping or using a knife when preparing lettuce for salad, try using a clean pair of sharp scissors. The lettuce will retain its crispness and flavor.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Darning may easily be done on the sewing machine. When using the machine, the edges of the hole to be darned, should not be trimmed, as the stitching weaves over and under the ragged edges. An embroidery hoop is useful in doing this as it spreads the material smoothly and keeps the threads from drawing and puckering. The cloth should be placed over the hoop wrong side out and the ring turned over when working, so that the material will lie flat under the machine foot and the right side be seen. A small needle and fine cotton should be used and the tension as loose as possible and the stitch long. The presser foot should be raised so that the work can be done back and forth without turning the hoop at each row.

To make a neat, trim edge when embroidering scallops try this way: First pad them as usual, then cut away the goods about one-eighth of an inch from the outer line, fold under evenly to the line, and baste, then buttonhole the scallops in the usual way. This is simple and easy, and the edge is prevented from fraying which gives such an untidy appearance.

After basting the seams and fitting your thin dresses and underwear, put the small hemmer on the sewing machine and sew up the seams, being sure to have the bias side uppermost. In this way you have your seams sewed and finished at the same time.

It is said that if a silk skirt is pressed before being worn, it will never crack. The heat of the iron does much to prevent its cracking.

A spool rack is a great convenience in a sewing room. To make one, take a board ten by twelve inches or smaller as required, and either paint it or cover with oilcloth. Mark off in spaces of one and one-half inches, and drive a steel nail at each cross section. The nails serve as spindles on which to hang the spools, which are far more easily gotten at and kept in order than if placed in a box or basket. Secure the board to the wall near your sewing machine by means of a loop of tape attached to each corner.

In making iron holders, spread a sheet of asbestos or leather between two pieces of denim. This will make a holder that is light, easily held and will not heat the hands.

To make kitchen aprons in the easiest and quickest way, gore the front and sides, put bias edges together and hem with narrow hemmer on the machine. This makes a neat seam and the apron can be worn either side out.

In making children's skirts, run a tuck around the waist instead of the skirt for lengthening.

When pressing a skirt placket or any part of a garment with hooks and eyes, fold a heavy bath towel and lay it on the ironing board. Arrange your placket hooks down on this and lay a clean, smooth cloth on top. Iron over this and you will find no marks from the hooks or glossy spots on the right side.



Sammy's mother talked to him long and earnestly about the poor marks he had been getting in his work at school. She painted in alluring colors the career of the little boy who studies his lessons and gains the love and respect of his teachers. She went even farther: she promised him that if he got good marks she would give him a whole dime, all for his own. Sammy seemed impressed.

That afternoon he returned from school fairly dancing with joy.

"Oh, mother," he shouted, "I got a hundred!"

"Sammy!" cried his delighted mother. She hugged him and kissed him and petted him and—gave him the dime.

"And what did you get a hundred in?" she finally asked.

"In two things," replied Sammy without hesitation. "I got forty in readin' and sixty in spellin'."



Eggs in Mississippi.

When a certain Mobile man stopped for luncheon at the small railway station eating-house in a Mississippi town, an old darky shuffled up and announced in a gruff voice that the bill of fare consisted of ham, eggs, cornbread, and coffee.

After due deliberation, the traveler stated that he would like some ham, eggs, cornbread, and coffee.

Such a pretentious order for one person only appeared to stagger the aged servitor. But he soon recovered his equanimity and started toward the kitchen. Then he turned and came back with this inquiry:

"Boss, how will yo hab dem eggs, blind or lookin' at yer?"—Edwin Tarrisse.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—My daughter has finished her eighth grade work in the public school. She is twelve years old. I should like to have her continue her school work but there is no good high school near by and I do not like to send her to our county seat where there is a good high school. She is too young to attend college. Would it not be better for me to keep her at home for one year?—Mrs. L. P. E.

Answer.—Next year your daughter will be one year older, and will have lost a part of the time which she should have spent in school. All of the colleges offer academy courses. There is a good church college in your Church District. If you will go to the college in your Church District, with your daughter, and place her in the care of the matron she can take her academy work there and you can rest assured that she will be well cared for. It will be better for her to continue her school work now than to be kept out one year and then attempt to continue her work. If kept out of school for a year, there will be so many interests from other sources to attract her attention and there is danger of losing interest in the kind of work which she could now successfully carry.

The college in your district is not so far from your home but that your daughter could frequently go home and you could visit her occasionally. By keeping in touch with her and with the matron you can know what progress she is making and whether she is doing as well as you would like. If you will write a letter to the president of your college he will be glad to give you full information about the work which she would take.

Question.—Is there anything gained in a Sunday-school class to have the class organized?—G. P. L.

Answer.—That depends on how it is organized. You may have a good twenty-dollar watch but if you do not wind it, it will never run. Class organization is a good thing when it is worked, but it is a poor thing when it is not worked. The purpose of class organization is to shift responsibility from the teacher to the student. This changes it from a one person's class to a class of many. In the unorganized class the students are likely to either as a matter

of habit or as an accommodation to the teacher. In the organized class the student attends because he feels that the success of the class depends largely upon his presence and his personal efforts in making the class interesting to others. Ten men can do more work than one man can do providing they know what is to be done. Ten students in a class can do more than one teacher providing they know what to do. That is the purpose of the class organization, to show every student what should be done by him as an individual.

When all the work is being done by the teacher, the class lets him be both the saddle horse and the chore boy. The teacher has more than he can do and either must leave some of it undone or be satisfied to do it in a slipshod manner. The students become spiritual weaklings, depending entirely upon the work of the teacher. When the class is organized the student becomes an important factor in the class and feels that the class would be a partial failure without his assistance. When he works he grows strong and becomes capable of doing more work.

Every Sunday-school class should be organized but after it is organized it should be worked to its fullest capacity.

Question.—What effect does electricity have upon life?—H. D.

Answer.—Electricity has a stimulating effect upon both plant and animal life. The entire matter of applying electricity for the purpose of stimulating growth either in plants or in animals is still in the experimental stage. No doubt, some day it can be successfully applied.

When the electric current becomes too strong for the resistance of the living cells and tissues life is extinguished.

Question.—Where can I secure a copy of the song, "The Garden of Sleep?"—C. L. H.

Answer.—We print the words of the song here. The music can be purchased from Chappell & Co., 41 East 34th St., New York.

The Garden of Sleep.

On the grass of the cliff, at the edge of the steep,
God planted a garden, a garden of sleep
'Neath the blue of the sky, in the green of the corn,
It is there that the regal red poppies are born!

Brief days of desire, and long dreams of delight,

They are mine when my poppy land cometh in sight.

O! heart of my heart! Where the poppies are born.

I am waiting for thee, in the hush of the corn.

O! heart of my heart! where the poppies are born,

I am waiting, am waiting for thee, in the hush of the corn.

In my garden of sleep, where red poppies are spread,

I wait for the living, alone with the dead!

For a tower in ruins stands guard o'er the deep,

At whose feet are green graves of dear women asleep!

Did they love as I love, when they lived by the sea?

Did they wait as I wait for the days that may be?

O! Life of my life! on the cliffs by the sea, By the graves in the grass, I am waiting for thee!

O! Life of my life! on the cliffs by the sea, By the graves in the grass, I am waiting,

I am waiting for thee.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

The hotels in Baltimore were somewhat rowdy—somewhat—during the Democratic convention, and service in some of the restaurants was slow.

One morning a big, well-dressed man walked into one of the hotel dining rooms and pounded on a table. The captain of the waiters and a waiter came over.

"Breakfast card!" ordered the big man.

They gave him a card and stood at attention, whereupon the guest proceeded to order a most ornate breakfast. When he had finished he looked over the captain's record of the order and approved it.

"We'll serve it right away, sir."

"Serve it right away!" roared the big man. "Who asked you to serve it right away? I'm ordering this breakfast now for tomorrow morning!"—Saturday Evening Post.



Tommy: Say, dad, who was Shylock?

Dad: What! Don't know who Shylock was? What do I send you to Sunday-school for? Go and read your Bible.—Sydney Bulletin.

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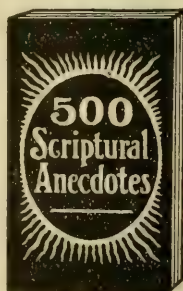
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"What animal," said the teacher of the class in natural history, "makes the nearest approach to man?"

"The flea?" timidly ventured the little boy with the curly hair.—Buffalo Courier.

A teamster charged at a London police court with overloading his horse was asked how heavy a load he had on his wagon. "About a ton," he replied, "but it was all light stuff!"—London Tit-Bits.

"How is it that woman seems to know so much more about Europe than most of us?" said the frank and outspoken lady.

"Because," replied Miss Cayenne, "she stayed at home and read guidebooks instead of squandering her time in travel."

Two piles of apples lay upon the ground. One contained a large-sized and rosy selection; the fruit of the other was green and small.

"Large on the top, sir, and small at the bottom?" inquired the new assistant of his master as he prepared to fill a barrel.

"Certainly not!" replied the farmer virtuously. "Honesty is the best policy, my boy, and one I've always held to. Put the little apples at the top and the large ones at the bottom."

The assistant complied. His master was evidently as green as his greenest fruit.

"Is the barrel full, my lad?" asked the farmer.

"Yes," answered the assistant.

"Good!" said the farmer. "Now turn it upside down and label it."

The teacher wrote on the blackboard, "The horse and the cow is in the lot." "Who can correct the sentence?" she asked.

A pause, and little Pearl hesitatingly held up her hand.

"Well, Pearl," inquired the teacher, "what is wrong?"

"The lady should be mentioned first," said Pearl.

Don't cry over milk that is spilled, good man,

For it's better, you'll surely allow
To pick up your pail just as quick as you can

And go after another cow.

THE INGLENOOK

PROGRESS

INDUSTRY

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING
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October 8
1912

Vol. XIV
No. 41

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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THE INGLENOOK

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October 8, 1912

No. 41

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



Mary Garrett.

"From the wonderful way in which that baby learned to talk (a child placed under the care of Miss Garrett), almost like a normal child, from having its attention always directed to the look of the word on the teacher's lips, my sister decided to resign from her position (teacher in the Oral School for the Deaf) and establish another school where children could be taught, as early as possible, how to go among hearing and speaking people." Mary Garrett joined her sister in the work and now she conducts the Home for the Training of School Children before they are of school age, in Philadelphia. That the Home has been successful is beyond doubt. The State of Pennsylvania thinks enough of it to give it financial aid and it is a permanent institution in the educational system of the State. The dream of its founders is that similar Homes may be established all over the world. They see no reason why deaf mutes should be kept from the society of normal associates, as they are when not taught to speak or when they cannot understand spoken language by the motion of the lips. By the method of Miss Garrett children can be taught to speak when taken at the proper age.

A Little Encouragement.

When a fellow feels good he ought to pass the word along, don't you think? Well I feel good, even though the weather is putting us back with the work out doors and we need many things about the place which our means will not permit us purchasing, and so on and so forth. Last spring a dozen or so of us, farmers, business men and mail carriers met and talked over the matter of having a good clean entertainment course in our little village during the winter. Several thought we could not make it go financially but all agreed that it would be a pretty good thing to have. To many, of course, it was something new and

A Revolution in the Training of Deaf Mutes

A WRITER in the American Magazine tells of Mary Garrett who for several years has been working out very successfully a new system of training for the children who are born deaf mutes. The plan of Miss Garrett is to take the children when young, before the school age, and teach them to understand words by the expression on the lips. The children are taught to speak by seeing instead of hearing. Her sister now dead originated the plan which Mary Garrett is now putting into practice. Of her sister she says:

they had nothing upon which to base their opinion. Finally a course of five numbers was purchased of a lyceum bureau of Chicago and for a sixth number it was decided to secure an agricultural lecturer since a greater part of the patronage would come from the country. That was last spring. During the summer the professional kickers and others who ought to have known better spent much time talking of the foolishness of the whole affair and of how it would be a failure. In the meantime those of us who were enthusiastic about it did all the advertising we could, knowing that every opportunity must be used in getting the people interested. When the time came to sell tickets there was much fear and trembling, but the patient advertising of the summer soon began to bear fruits. One business man who was sure that he would have trouble in selling disposed of eight tickets the first morning he was out. Then other good reports came from the remainder of the committee. At this time we have over two weeks in which to push the work and the seating capacity of our auditorium is about sold—and the tickets sell for \$1.50. It has taken some effort as a few of us know, and it has taken valuable time which could have been spent very profitably at home but we believed that such an entertainment would be a good thing for our community and the time was spent willingly. The entertainments, mostly musical, are all of a high order and will be a benefit to any person, young or old, who will attend. We believe it to be the beginning of bigger undertakings in the future. Our dreams include a community building in which all meetings, institutes, and conventions of a public character may be held and we are talking about it as well as dreaming about it too. We who are grown up never had these privileges, the use of a library and magazines, and the opportunity to hear good music and stimulating lectures but that is no reason why we should not give them to the present generation. I write this in order that others may be encouraged who are doing similar work. Things worth while are not accomplished easily. They are the results of persistent and thoughtful effort.

A Corrupt Police Force.

Those who read in the daily paper of the murder of Herman Rosenthal, a gambling-house keeper in New York City will recall the suspi on that was at once aroused concerning the "police system." Before his murder Rosenthal was about to testify

concerning certain police blackmail then in practice. The "system" was at once thought by many to be behind the crime. Gustave Stickley in the *Craftsman* writes an editorial that is worth reading several times and pondering over. Among other things he says: "Although so open and spectacular a method of eliminating an undesirable witness may be more or less peculiar to New York, probably every large city in the United States could contribute a chapter to the story of police rings that collect protection money from the vicious and the criminal. But nowhere else, presumably, do the profits from such alliances total up to as many millions of dollars as in New York. According to the statement of one of the gamblers involved in the Rosenthal case the annual tribute paid to the police by the gamblers of this city is \$2,400,000; and it will be remembered that in a magazine article published after he left office, Police Commissioner Bingham estimated the city's total annual graft at more than \$100,000,000. In this connection the following conversation on the subject of police graft between Mr. Frank Moss and a veteran police captain is as illuminating as it is depressing, and challenges the thoughtful attention of every American citizen. . . . I said to him: 'Captain, Commissioners may come and Commissioners may go, but the old guard seems to hang on. You are always here. Will you tell me what kind of a Commissioner you men prefer?' He said: 'We like a nice honest gentleman who does not know that he is alive.' I said, 'Explain that.' He answered: 'He makes a good front to the public and prevents public suspicion, while the insiders do the business behind his back.' I said, 'But why do you men take this dirty money?' He said, 'Wouldn't we be fools if we didn't?' 'What do you mean by that?' I asked him. He said, 'Everybody in New York works his job, even the ministers.' I said, 'Do you believe that?' He answered, 'I know it.'"

Is the statement of the police captain true, that everybody works his job? No, it certainly is not. He may think so since he is dealing with crime and corruption every day of his life but there are people in New York who do not work their jobs. This summer an earnest band of men and women have been bringing down the infantile death rate lower even than it was last year. And do you remember those whole-hearted musical school settlement workers of whom we wrote several weeks ago, of Mr. Mannes? There are building

inspectors and honest citizens who have been instrumental in improving the housing conditions in the great city. New York is full of corruption from the top down and without a doubt the police department has a good share, but it is grossly incorrect to say that every man works his job. What would you say of the hundreds, yes, thousands of missionaries and Salvation Army workers in New York City? Are they also corrupt? Would graft have given us women like Helen Gould or Mrs. Russell Sage?

Saving the Babies.

The summer is about past and statistics will soon be available from the larger cities telling us how many infants died during the season and of the progress made in the reduction of infantile mortality. The following prayer was written by Walter Rauschenbusch for the Baby Hygiene Association of Boston: "O God, Thou hast laid the little children into our arms in utter

helplessness, with no protection save our love, we pray that the sweet appeal of their baby hands may not be in vain. Let no innocent life in our city be quenched again in useless pain through our ignorance and sin. May we who are mothers or fathers seek eagerly to join wisdom to our love, lest love itself be deadly when unguided by knowledge. Bless the doctors and nurses, and all the friends of men, who are giving their skill and devotion to the care of our children. If there are any who were kissed by love in their own infancy, but who have no child to whom they may give as they have received, grant them such largeness of sympathy that they may rejoice to pay their debt in full to all children who have need of them.

"Forgive us, our Father, for the heartlessness of the past. Grant us great tenderness for all babies who suffer, and a growing sense of the divine mystery that is brooding in the soul of every child. Amen."

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Taft Settles Religious Garb Question.

For many months there has been a controversy going on in religious circles over the matter of allowing nuns who teach in the government Indian schools to wear the prescribed dress of their order. Indian Commissioner Valentine, who has just resigned to fight for Roosevelt, issued an order forbidding any teacher employed in the government schools to wear any special garb. There was such a protest against this from Catholic circles that the president suspended the order so as to investigate the matter further.

Now he has disposed of it. He directs that hereafter no teachers shall be accepted for service in the government Indian schools who wear any costume identifying them with any special church. This will prohibit nuns from acting as teachers, as their vows require them to retain the garb. But those nuns who are already teachers will be allowed to remain. These are only 51 out of a total of about 2,000, the president says.

He explains that the Catholic teachers were taken on by the government when the government put an end to the sectarian schools and undertook the management itself. There is no sectarian teaching in the Indian schools, but each denomination

is allowed outside of school hours to conduct religious work among the pupils.

Former Commissioner Valentine vigorously defends his action in forbidding the garb. These government Indian schools, "are not private schools but are public schools, and nothing should be allowed in them which is not allowed in any public school in the country."



Licensed Railroad Workers.

Addressing the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography at Washington, J. D. M. Hamilton of the Santa Fe Railroad suggested that a government license for railroad employes might become desirable. Sixty-five to 70 per cent of the accidents reported to the interstate commerce commission, according to Mr. Hamilton, occur through the carelessness of railroad employes.

The human element in railroading must be great, whatever mechanical appliances are devised. Carelessness on the part of one engine driver, conductor or trainman may cause the loss of many lives. The best of orders and rules cannot prevent this. Thoughtful, careful, conscientious, sober workers are necessary to protect public safety on railroads as elsewhere. In time

it may be thought desirable by legislators and the public to license every railroad employee.

Every wise employer, however, tries to get men with good records, and it is becoming more and more difficult for a man with a bad record to get or to hold permanently a place in the service of a railroad. Indeed, in every line of industry closer scrutiny of recommendations is the rule. It pays to obtain a reputation for reliability; as long as this is the case workers who are ambitious will strive to become more reliable.



Those Who Have Tuberculosis.

The health department in its current bulletin offers some timely advice on tuberculosis. Chicagoans and all other persons should know that it is not necessary to go to the Southwest or any other distant place to be cured of this disease. There is no more pathetic sight than a sufferer from tuberculosis in a community where he cannot get work, far from friends and without money enough to support himself in comfort. "Tuberculosis can be cured in any part of the United States," says the bulletin.

It is desirable to restore to health every one who can be restored, for national efficiency as well as for humanitarian reasons. But tuberculosis is a preventable disease, a result purely and simply of wrong living in the physical sense. There is lamentable ignorance among the people of the importance of guarding against this disease. The health departments, various associations and the press do much to spread knowledge, but the capacity to receive and to apply it develops slowly.

Missionaries are wanted in this cause—individual workers who will impress on those with whom they come in contact in daily life the need of right living. Individual attention is most effectively called to any subject by individual example and advice; we shall not banish tuberculosis without extensive individual action.—Record-Herald.



From Peru to Liverpool for a Hospital Operation.

Ten years from now it is pretty certain that the Senora de Fernandez would not have been compelled to go more than half way round the world in order to reach her home in Lima, Peru, after her sojourn in Iquitos, also in Peru and only 635 miles from the parental roof. When she became

so ill that an operation was necessary, her husband was unable to accompany her because his gunboat had added to its usual troubles with rubber smugglers a near-war with Ecuador and Brazil, all fiercely interested in their lowland boundaries the moment that rubber had become a magic word for giving white men courage to enter the fever-laden jungles of the Upper Amazon. Without any companion, therefore, she must go to the operating table that can be reached with the least change. The direct way—over the Andes—to Lima is, of course, unthinkable except upon the condor's wings. By the route next shortest—over which she had come—the home trip would require at least four changes—one at Para at the river's mouth; another, at least, and probably two, in Venezuela and the West Indies; again at Colon on the Isthmus, and then finally at Panama for the boat to Callao—unthinkable for an invalid.

But the rubber depot of the Upper Amazon basin does connect directly with skilled surgeons at one place. From Liverpool come on regular schedule freight boats of ocean-going register. These find no embarrassment as they enter that monster of rivers and, propelled by their twin screws and your neighbor's demand for a new set of tires, continue on and on toward the Pacific till, 2300 miles upstream, they reach Iquitos. Even there they disdain to anchor, but calmly warp themselves into their assignment at the dock! As if an ocean liner should some day merely toot a formal salute to Miss Liberty and coolly sail past New York on up the Hudson (if your imagining is good) until it should come alongside at Denver, Colorado!

On such a boat the brave little Madam was put—sick almost unto death and without another woman on board. After a weary 7,000 miles, or thereabouts, she was met by the ambulance and taken to one of the great Liverpool hospitals—and to health. A few weeks later saw the continuation of her homeward journey—a matter of 3,200 miles to New York, 2,000 more to Colon, fifty more along the Canal to Panama, thence 1,500 to Callao, with, finally nine more (by trolley) to Lima and home. Nearly 14,000 miles of water and fifty-nine of land in order to go from an Atlantic to a Pacific port of the same country! Truly trade and transportation routes be arbitrary masters!—From "Panama and the Parallels of Latitude," by Charles Whiting Williams, in the American Review of Reviews for October.

EDITORIALS

Love Your Neighbor.

Many people believe that Christianity is a failure. The Church has been laboring for centuries and with but small result. Why? Largely because while pretending to teach Christ it has not appealed to the Christ Within. It has really taught each man to think that the main thing is to save himself. Himself! That is the root of the trouble. There is no brotherhood and no altruism in saving oneself. To get to heaven by hook or crook is entirely in line with robbing your neighbor to add to your terrestrial happiness. You cannot severely blame the man who continually has his own salvation dinged into his ears by the Church, if he decides to discount a few of the Lord's notes and takes a little of his happiness now at the expense of future interest. Jonathan Edwards used to teach that the joy of heaven consisted in looking over the parapets and witnessing the tortures of the damned in hell. Jonathan was precisely the preacher for those who witnessed the gladiatorial combats, who now visit bull fights, who delight in shooting harmless animals, or in feeling that they are better dressed or housed than their neighbors, or that they ride in an auto while the other man goes in a trolley.

From whence comes this idea of caring as much for your neighbor as for yourself? It is not new, to be sure. Christ taught it and others before him, and received scant attention. Even today the average man is only seeking what he can get for himself. It is an interesting question. How can you account for this curious interest in the welfare of another in no way connected with you, when neither law nor force of custom demands it? It is the divine spark, the Christ within, that impels men to be altruistic, to love their neighbors as themselves.

Self-Deception.

A friend remarked a while ago: "The worst fooled man is the man who fools himself." And when you think it over you will probably admit that the remark is true. For there are those, not a few, who make practice of self-deception and become so skillful at it that anyone except themselves can see how utterly they are fooled.

And that's a great pity. Even at the best, it is not easy to see things—facts,

truths—as they are. Our own senses are not always reliable. We cannot always trust our eyes and ears. When we try to reason we have to be very careful at every step of the way lest we reach a false conclusion. In view of these difficulties in the way of knowing right and being right, isn't it a shame that anyone should deliberately set about deceiving himself?

How is it done? In various ways. One of the commonest ways is that of determining to believe what one wishes to believe. In this process one shuts out of the court of judgment all witnesses who bring unwelcome testimony and so reaches a decision. And the mischief of it is that he really comes to think that the conclusion he has reached is solid, substantial, enduring truth.

Let Us Be Practical.

To be practical is to be sensible: It is to turn our advantages to good account, to put our knowledge and skill into substantial form; in short, to make fair use of what we have.

But let us swing clear of what some men mean when they use the word. They seem to think that whatever makes for success is practical, their view of success being determined by the dollars or places of honor gained, without regard to the means used, so long as one isn't caught by the government detective.

Let us keep it in mind that honesty, truthfulness, generosity, are practical, and that their opposites, however successful they may appear to be for a while, are decidedly impractical in the long run. When Jesus gave his disciples the Beatitudes he was not filling their minds with visionary and sentimental notions which would unfit them for contact with the hard facts of life. He was arming them for victorious warfare.

Let us be practical, but hold to it that such a purpose involves the strictest and most steadfast integrity. Crooked methods never produce straight results.

What Is War?

War is an attempt to settle, by killing men, questions about which nations differ. The side which kills the largest number of people, or is most easily able to stand the frightful cost, becomes the victor in the strife, and the victor may be the one which has righteousness on its side or the one which has grossly and shamelessly trampled on the rights of the sister nation. In for-

mer days personal differences were settled in the same manner. Two men disagreed respecting some matter of personal interest, and in place of settling the difference by conferences, or by reference to third parties or by law, one assaulted the other with his fists or with a club or with a knife or with a gun, and in this way they decided their dispute.

It is generally agreed at this time that the duel was a system fit only for savage and barbarous people. Except in belated regions, where it yet lingers, it has been abandoned by the whole civilized world; but the principle which is involved in the duel is identical with that which is involved in war. The difference is that war involves the slaughter of hundreds of thousands, where the duel costs the death of one or two.

Helps for the Farmer.

As part of President Taft's plan for a system of rural credits, which shall make it easier to obtain money for the improvement of farms, Henry Sherman Boutell, former representative from a congressional district located in Chicago and now United States minister to Switzerland, has made a study of the Swiss system for aiding farmers.

In the course of his report to the State Department he says:

"In the various cantons (states) provisions are made to facilitate loans to farmers. In some of the cantons there exist mortgage banks, which are cantonal institutions and which are authorized to make loans to farmers against a first mortgage, up to two-thirds of the real value of the farm property.

"The chief advantage obtained by the farmer in placing a mortgage with the cantonal or state mortgage banks is that he escapes the necessity of repaying the principal of his mortgage in a single payment, and he is practically relieved from the danger of foreclosure.

"A farmer wishing to raise a loan of \$10,000 on his property is required to pay each year, in addition to his $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, 1 per cent as amortization. After the first payment he owes the bank \$10,000 less 1 per cent.

"The second year he must pay interest, not on the \$10,000, but on \$10,000 less 1 per cent. However, his actual payment is still $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the \$10,000. Each year, however, a larger portion of this $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent is for amortization; a diminishing portion of it, as the amortization continues, is for interest.

"In this way the farmer ultimately pays back the entire loan."

Mr. Boutell discusses at some length the methods by which, after examination by experts, either the cantonal or the federal government grants funds to the farmers for improvements. The limit of federal aid is 40 per cent of the cost of the work, though the federal government may give 30 per cent of such cost and cantonal government 30 per cent, leaving 40 per cent to be borne by the farmer. If the farmer cannot supply the share allotted to him he may, for that purpose, get a loan secured by a lien, which takes precedence over all the other debts based on the farm property. This makes it easy to get money on farms.

Insect Music.

Few ears are properly adjusted to hear all the music of the world. There is much that would be an inspiration to us if it were not for the dullness of our ears.

Country Life in America says: In comparison with birds and bird-songs, insect music is little appreciated or understood. Many of our commonest musical insects are rarely seen, for at best they are shy, reclusive creatures. Many species hide in the grass at our feet, too tiny to attract attention; others dwell in noisy colonies in the rank herbage of impenetrable marshes. Some of the larger sorts are exclusively tree-dwellers. Except for their notes their existence would never be known to the casual observer.

A carefully trained ear and mind are indispensable to enable one to detect and to discriminate readily from the general insect medley any particular species of musician. It is even possible to find persons whose auditory mechanism is quite incapable of recording the exceedingly high-pitched notes of some insects; they are deaf to any sounds beyond a certain pitch.

As with birds and their songs, much of the charm and pleasure to be gotten from insect music depends upon the emotional coloring associated with it. We are enraptured with the notes of the pewee in spring, or the earliest piping of the frogs not because these sounds in themselves possess any intrinsic sweetness, but because they recall endearing memories of many a happy, hopeful springtime. Their plaintive notes add to our minds an emotional warmth and sunshine. They awaken for us an inner, subjective springtime that has for so long time been hidden away within us awaiting just this familiar call to startle it into new life.

STRANGE DISEASE AMONG HORSES

THE Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., has the following to say concerning the strange disease found among horses during the past few weeks:

During the last five months numerous reports have been received by the Bureau of Animal Industry relative to the existence of forage poisoning in various sections of the United States, particularly in Louisiana, West Virginia, Kansas, and Nebraska. It has usually occurred when a hot, dry period has been followed by rain, or during wet seasons, especially those which are characterized by frequent rains alternating with hot sunshine, producing a damp, sultry atmosphere. Such conditions are most favorable to the production of molds, and all outbreaks that have been investigated by the Bureau have been traced to the eating of unsound or moldy forage or feed, or to the drinking of water from wells or pools containing surface water drained through decomposed and moldy vegetation. The disease has been shown to be also due to eating damaged ensilage, hay, corn, brewers' grains, oats, etc. Horses and mules at pasture may contract the disease when the growth of grass is so profuse that it mats together and the lower part dies and ferments or becomes moldy. No specific organism or virus has yet been found which can be considered as the cause of this disease.

How the Disease May Be Recognized.

The so-called cerebro-spinal meningitis of horses being an entirely different disease from that which occurs in man, the symptoms as well as the cause are distinctly different. In the most rapidly fatal attacks death takes place in from 5 to 48 hours. Such cases begin with violent trembling or stupor and extreme weakness, or with staggering gait, partial or total inability to swallow, impairment of eyesight, followed by partial or complete paralysis, inability to stand, with marked delirium, during which the animal lying flat on its side becomes violent and knocks and bruises its head. In the second form of the disease the same line of symptoms may be noticed in a milder degree. Difficulty in swallowing, slowness in chewing the food and inability to switch the tail are observed. Breathing becomes heavy and noisy, and delirium may develop with stiffness of the spinal muscles or partial cramp of the neck and jaws. Death occurs in from 5 to

10 days. In the last or mildest form the lack of voluntary control of the limbs becomes but slightly marked, the power of swallowing never entirely lost, and the animal has no fever, pain, or unconscious movements. In those cases which get well the animal generally begins to improve about the fourth day and goes on to recovery. One attack does not protect against a second attack, as horses and mules have been known to have the disease two or three times.

How the Disease May Be Prevented and Treated.

The first principle in the treatment of this disease consists in a total change of feed and forage. Horses kept in the stable should be fed with sound forage and grain from an uncontaminated source, even if such feed has to be brought from a distance. Horses that were affected while at pasture should be removed from the field in which they have been running. The animals should be brought to the barn or corral and fed on wholesome and clean feed and forage. The water, unless from an unpolluted source, should likewise be changed.

At present this preventive treatment is the only satisfactory method known for checking the disease, as all medical remedies used have been unsatisfactory in the vast majority of cases. The first step is to empty the bowels and remove the poisonous products, but on account of the difficulty in swallowing, an aloes ball or Glauber's salt is hard to give. In fact no remedy should be given by the mouth if the throat is paralyzed, as pneumonia is liable to result. Fifteen grains of barium chlorid injected into the jugular vein, or 2 grains of eserine under the skin, if the animal is not too greatly depressed, will usually act promptly. Intestinal disinfectants such as calomel, salicylic acid, and creolin are also used. If much weakness is shown and the temperature is below normal give aromatic spirits of ammonia, digitalis, alcohol, ether or camphor. Rectal injections of warm water are good, and warm blankets wrung out of hot water may also be applied to the body. Subsequent treatment should consist of 2-grain doses of strychnine twice daily, or a mixture of 2 drams tincture nux vomica and one-half ounce of Fowler's solution given at one dose, and repeated three times daily, to combat the effect of the poison upon the nervous system.

THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM OF FRANCE

Paul Mohler

HAS it ever occurred to you that the United States of America has no such thing as a national system of public instruction? Do you know that some States can hardly be said to have even a State system. It is true that all our States have public schools supported by the States, but in how many of them is there anything approaching State supervision or State-wide uniformity? In not many you will say.

But in France all this is different. France has indeed a national system of public-school, not only supported by the national treasury, but directed from the capital of the nation. In France, the official head of the schools, the Minister of Public Instruction, is an important member of the government. Certainly the French do not fail to appreciate the importance of the national schools. However, since the office of the minister is liable to political changes, the real administrative directorship of education is vested in three directors whose offices are in the building of the ministry, the Director of Primary Education, the Director of Secondary Education and the Director of Superior Education, each of them supreme in his own department. Here in these offices are kept the records of all the teachers of France; from these offices the education of the young of France is directed as fully and completely as are the schools of an American city by its local board and superintendent.

This perfect control is only made possible by the perfection of the entire national organization. For purposes of administration of schools, France is divided into seventeen university districts with definite boundaries. Each district contains a national university which controls education in all its stages within its district. As a matter of fact, the rector of the university seems to be more concerned with the primary and secondary schools within his district than with the university itself. He travels and visits schools and reports to the directors in Paris. These reports cover every phase of the school work of the district including the nature of the work done by each teacher, his successes, failures,

progress or decay, etc. The rector has autocratic power within his district, but even his reports are checked by those of the national inspectors of whom there is a force constantly in the field, going everywhere, and reporting even on the rectors of the universities themselves. When it is understood that each teacher's promotion depends on these reports, their importance will be seen. By the way, dear American teacher, how would it affect your nerves to work under such constant supervision?

Now for the schools themselves. Although there are in some instances "mother schools" for the care of small children while their mothers go out to work, and "infant schools" preparing small children for the regular primary schools, the beginning of the education of the French child may generally be said to begin in the primary school when he is six years old. In this school, which corresponds to our common school, he is taught the elementary branches, finishing the course at 13. Up to this time, school attendance is compulsory, but upon the completion of this course, the child may leave school, or may go into the higher primary schools which prepare for the practical work of life. Through all of this, instruction is free.

As a rule, those who are to be trained for the learned professions are educated even from childhood in separate schools called lycees or colleges in which a fee is charged although they are State schools. The fee seems to be designed as an automatic provision for keeping these professions in the reach only of the well-to-do and to cut out the children of the poor, a sample, perhaps of the "democracy" of France. These schools prepare the student for the university, in which there are chairs of law, medicine, science, and literature. On the completion of the "college" course which corresponds to our high school course, the graduate receives the degree of "Bachelor," and is permitted to enter the university. After finishing his university course of four years, he receives the degree of "Licencie" or "Licenciee" (Fem.). No one may teach in the secondary schools who has not received the degree of licencie or licenciee.

To become a regular professor in a university, one must receive the degree of "Doctor," demanding exceptionally prolonged work, which few men do before middle life. One may become a teacher however, by passing a special examination in Paris, and may later receive his final degree. It may here be said that the amount of work required of a student all through the course seems to an American prodigious, and the examinations, positively terrifying. The candidate for the degree of doctor, must present two theses, one of them of considerable length, each of them forming a solid contribution to the literature of his department of learning. He may be compelled to appear before an audience of doctors in a public hall, and there be called upon to defend his theses against every objection urged by the doctors present, and to defend it in good French extemporaneously. A student bringing a degree from a good foreign university, may secure the doctor's degree in two or three years.

It is the aim of the schools to develop the intellect as fully as possible. Children are given much memory drill, and their mental activities along all lines are stimulated to the utmost. Each child is given a card at the close of his day's work containing his record for the day. This card is to be signed by the parent and returned the next morning and kept as a part of the pupil's record. The principal of the school on his visits to the rooms of the school, will take up these records one at a time, call for the pupil to stand, then comment on the record, praising freely the efficient, scoring without mercy the backward. As further inducements, many prizes are offered by the government, the municipality, etc., so that every inducement of reward or punishment is placed before the student to urge him on. It certainly gets the work out of the children, but it also gets into them as a motive for activity, nothing higher than the hope of reward and the fear of punishment, rather a low type of motive, we think.

And that brings us to the great question

that has vexed the educators of France for a century; the matter of religious education in the public schools. Until the Revolution, the education of the people, what there was of it, was in the hands of the Roman Catholic Church, and the most important part of its teaching was its own creed and theology. When later, the State undertook to establish schools, the church insisted on controlling the religious instruction in those schools, claiming that there could be no morality without religion, and of course no true religion but that taught by her ministers. It may be that that arrangement would have been continued indefinitely had not there been such strenuous opposition to the principles of modern science by the churchmen. But finally, the schools were entirely rid of the Romish instruction by the prohibition of all religious teaching. Unfortunately the free-thinking element in France is just as fanatical as the Roman, and they have forbidden even the mention of the name of God in the public schools.

As an answer to the charge that morality would disappear with religious teaching, a system of scientific moral instruction has been prepared for the schools of France, but it is not proving successful. If it should even promise to succeed under favorable circumstances, certainly the reward and punishment system in vogue at present would nullify all its effects. Truly that nation is in desperate case when the best it can hope for from its schools is intellectual development; when it must choose between "scientific moral instruction" and Roman Catholic dogmas. May God send the light this great nation so much needs!

This article should not close without mention of the splendid normal and industrial school of France. In reality, the purpose of education in France is not culture, but practical use in the struggle of life. If you wish to be a specialist along any certain line, come to France, but if you simply want to be a bigger, better man with a good wholesome culture of body, mind and spirit, you had better stay in America.

A COMMUNITY LIBRARY SCHEME

Mrs. Donald L. Cash

I SAT in the spacious living room of a friend's country home. The walls half way up were solid with books. I made a tour of the room and this was what I saw: East wall, fine collection of

Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Cooper, Austin, Eliot, Plutarch, Macaulay, Carlyle, Johnson, Guizot, DeFoe, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Browning, Herrans, Longfellow and two or three shelves of mis-

cellaneous fiction, travels and books on various subjects; south wall, same authors in different binding, different miscellaneous works, bound Harper's, Scribner's, Godey's Lady's Book, and other magazines; west wall, same standard authors, in de luxe binding, full quota of modern fiction and up-to-date works on all subjects.

"What does this three-ring library mean?" I asked my hostess.

"Oh," she laughed, "both my husband and myself are collectors of fine books. Then, I fell heir to my father's library, and he fell heir to that of his father."

Here, all in the finest binding, was the nucleus for two good neighborhood libraries.

How many duplicate copies of the standard authors do your bookshelves contain? What have you packed away in your attic in the shape of magazines or books, bound or unbound? How dare you store this precious matter when so many minds outside your home thirst for good reading matter? Why, ten books will form the beginning of a community library. Every good deed acts as a magnet, and draws unto itself other good works. You have ten books, each of your neighbors has from ten to one hundred books packed away. Your minister and the other ministers have an accumulation of excellent works and printed sermons which come through many channels. Do you not believe that invalid Mrs. Allison, who cannot attend divine service, would like to spend her Sabbath morning reading a good sermon? School teachers are flooded with reading matter of various kinds. Merchants and workers in various trades subscribe to trade papers. These would be read with interest by young men and students seeking the same kinds of work.

Say there are five hundred families in your community who can be depended upon to supply 10 books each; and that is a moderate estimate,—you have 5,000 volumes to begin with. Or, if fifty families each gave but one book, you have a library the size of many sent out by State Traveling Libraries.

To be honest with ourselves, is it not laughable to sit down and sigh for a library and throw the burden of providing it upon strangers when hundreds of good books are stored away in our homes? If the Pied Piper of Hamelin were a librarian and he should call forth books instead of children, how many volumes do you imagine would come tumbling out of dusty recesses into the daylight? I am confident

that your neighborhood library lies scattered about you. All it needs is your interest and enthusiasm to bring it together.

How shall we set about founding this community library? First assemble the friends who you know are as full of enthusiasm and energy as you. Make your appeal over a cup of tea. Throw yourself into this appeal, otherwise you will find a lack of interest. I know that every community is a law unto itself, therefore, I cannot suggest the exact plan that will work out best for you. It may be that each friend will pledge herself to collect a certain number of books, to interest a certain number of friends. Ministers would doubtless announce the plan from their pulpits. By permission of the school authorities, the notices may be read in the schools,—your newspapers will also print the appeal.

When you start to count the avenues of publicity open to you, I am sure you will feel encouraged. Naturally, you will have a very clear idea in mind as to just what lines of books you wish. The test is, those that you would be glad to put into the hands of members of your own family. Set the time by which you hope to open the library, then ask patrons to get their collections in readiness to deliver.

As to the place for the library. If you cannot secure a large storeroom in the business portion, have a residence library. Many State Traveling Libraries are housed in farmhouses. Use your big shed kitchen which has degenerated into a catchall. Never mind the bigness and bareness of the room. If the worse comes to the worse, turn your attic into a library, or use your barn.

Leave the natural wood finish and build in your shelves to match. Or, stain them a silvery grey green or warm brown. Books are their own decoration, so the walls need not act as backgrounds. Tables can be made of smoothed boards laid across supports, "horses," with wooden kitchen chairs stained to match the woodwork, floor stained or painted, with strips of matting to lay about on rainy days. The boys and girls can do most of this work, especially if the boys are taking carpentry in school. A second hand counter makes a good desk for the librarian. For all details regarding card systems, duties of a librarian, catalogs, etc., write your State librarian, at your State capital, and secure the information. If your entire community is pressed for time, open the library but two afternoons and one evening a week; say Wednesday afternoon, and Saturday from 1 to 9 P. M.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR

T. Matsen

IT was during my early days as engineer for one of the large mining companies, that I and my chum had been ordered to the Northwest to complete the surveying for a proposed railroad through the mountains. Our immediate circumstances compelled us to camp and sleep either in the open air or in a tent. The first evening after our arrival was mostly spent in trying to secure a suitable spot for this purpose. It was in the early part of October, and although the days were quite warm the nights were very chilly, compelling us to sleep fully dressed and wrapped up in quilts. The day's work had been hard and we were both tired and soon fell asleep. I was awakened at midnight by a sensation of something crawling on the inside of my trouser leg. Instantly an unspeakable horror broke on my mind. These mountains were noted for the abode of one of the world's most venomous snakes, the rattlesnake. This one, driven by the chilly night, was seeking a place of warmth and comfort, and with this end in view, had chosen the inside of my trouser leg. A cold chill ran down my back as I thought of the sort of death I would die if I should make a move of any kind which would disturb or anger the reptile and make him strike. Slowly I called my chum, lying next to me. Hastily raising himself on his elbow he whispered, "What is the matter?"

"A snake has crawled up my trouser leg. It is still crawling nearer and nearer. Be quiet and get up, and make a fire."

My chum got up and hastily gathering the last smouldering embers of the fire, added as much wood as was in the immediate vicinity. When he came over to where I was lying, I again began to speak to him in that slow, soft tone, hardly moving the lips all the time I was speaking, "The snake is still creeping towards my head, it is getting nearer and nearer. Take off the quilt slowly."

I had wrapped the quilt around me in such a manner that I was lying on the beginning of the folds with my full weight, making it a very difficult matter to remove without disturbing his snakeship. I therefore begged him to use the utmost care and discretion in this direction. The quilt was finally successfully removed, and as I looked down at the further end of my bed I could

see seven or eight inches of the reptile's tail protruding out of my trouser leg. The snake evidently did not take very well to the idea of having part of his body exposed to the chilly air, for he immediately began to crawl further up, and at a rate at which I surmised he was trying to make up for lost time. Beads of cold perspiration stood out on my brow, and, as my chum afterwards told me, I was as white as a sheet. Its head was now on my chest, and its cold and clammy body lying next to mine. Taking a knife my chum began cutting away my clothing, beginning at the trousers. Owing to the dullness of the knife, the task was not one to be performed in an instant. Every minute seemed an hour to me. Had my chum accidentally pricked the snake with the knife, or disturbed him in the slightest manner, all would have been lost. It must have been a matter of about forty minutes before my chum pulled back the left side of my wearing apparel, exposing to view one of the finest specimens of a rattlesnake. His head, a large triangular mass, was resting peacefully on my chest. He was lying full length, the end of his tail on which were a number of rattles, resting on the instep of my foot. The sudden change from warm to chilly atmosphere was not a bit appeasing to him. The critical moment had arrived. Would the snake strike or would he crawl away? I dared not look at him. I closed my eyes and prayed, prayed as I had never prayed before. The snake raised his head on seeing my chum, and a chill and faint feeling came over me as I imagined I could feel his fangs sinking into me. He moved his body, his triangular head began to sway slowly from side to side as if he were feeling for a spot to strike. Suddenly he began to crawl, slowly, slowly, and then he would stop. Then he began to crawl again, his head was now on the ground, only his body was touching me. I felt like yelling for joy, but a second thought assured me that it would have meant instant death. Slowly it crawled away. Now only the rattles were in touch with me. It had now left me entirely and was going towards the fire. I raised my arm to get my gun. Instantly the snake threw back his head ready to strike. There was a shot and the snake crumbled in a heap on the ground. My chum had been too quick for him.

A SON'S TRAINING FOR A HOME

Lulu D. Harris

PARENTS, in training your son for the responsibilities of his own home it is not so much a question of an education at Harvard or Yale as it is a question of your influence over him in your own home. Home influence must supplement the education of the boy at home or abroad. Home hours and play hours constitute the greater part of a boy's life. We are all aiming at some sort of happiness. Teach your son that he can arrive at such a destination only by the paths of usefulness.

The ideal home is a fireside with a man and woman in pleasant converse with children placidly playing about them. Foster earnestly his faith in love. Whatever else may be right in the world, love itself is the one beautiful thing, the one thing that redeems mankind from much that is mean and base.

Teach your sons as they grow up around you that this is a beautiful and altogether delightful world. Point out its manifold beauties and teach them how to enjoy them. The home should be the ante-room to heaven. The very best of our qualities, the sweetest things in our natures, our most attractive manners should be displayed in the family circle. The boys in the home should be early taught personal responsibility. Teach them to wait upon themselves when possible. It is common in families where the girls are younger than the boys that the sisters are expected to wait upon their brothers. "Bring me that, or put this away," is frequently heard in these homes.

Mothers are largely to blame for this state of affairs. I have in mind one mother who waited upon her two boys hand and foot. Their bath water was even emptied for them. They left their clothing hanging on chairs or lying upon the floor. The patient mother following after them placing each garment where it belonged only to be called upon later to get the same articles for them. Why not have a place for your boy's belongings and oblige him to keep them there and in order? Your girls are expected to do this, why not your boys?

The above mentioned boys are married now and I know from personal observation that their wives have a hard time of it. Their husbands expect them to "bring and take" for them. Could that mother

have seen far enough in the future to see her boys in homes of their own and could have seen the result of her training, think you she would have done as she did? I know she waited on her boys from a sense of kindness. But her kindness was misplaced.

Make your son self-reliant. The oftener he lets others decide for him the weaker he is. When his reasoning powers are sufficiently developed throw him on his own responsibilities. Make him decide for himself. He may and will make mistakes but he will profit by them. Discuss his problems with him, give him the benefit of your experience but let the final decision rest with him.

This is an antiseptic age. Teach your boy cleanliness of mind and body. The great crimes against the physical body are those of overeating, overstimulating and overworking. It is impossible to commit any of these crimes without awakening a warning protest from nature. Serious consequences are sure to follow if the warning is not heeded.

Teach your sons to be useful members of society. This training develops a sense that contributes very largely to comfort and satisfaction in life. Self-denial is indispensable in a useful life. An earnest purpose finds time to be useful. The mere resolve to help others will increase his powers of usefulness.

Teach your son self-control. Every temptation that is resisted, every noble aspiration that is encouraged adds its strength to that great movement which is bearing humanity onward towards a richer life and higher character. The most precious of all possessions is the power over ourselves, power to withstand trial; to bear suffering; to confront danger; power over pleasure and pain; the power of calm reliance in scenes of darkness and storm, power to comfort and console the distressed and power to protect the weak. How much we admire the boy who is kind to his old mother, gentle to his sisters and respectful to his father. My mother used to say: "When you see a man good to his mother you see a man who will be good to his wife."

Teach your sons self-respect. The most elevating feeling with which the mind can

be inspired is self-respect; no greater duty can be urged upon those who are entering the battle of life than simple loyalty to their best convictions. The lower nature must always be denied when one is trying to rise to a higher sphere. Someone has said "The altar of sacrifice is the touchstone of character."

Train your boy to endure physical suffering. Even as a baby he can be trained to bear his little bumps like a soldier or to run to his mother for a kiss as a cure. The boy is being trained mentally as well as physically. The man who rises when he falls and smiles in the face of adversity is doubtless the boy who bore his childhood bumps in silence, and the man who drowns his troubles in the wine-glass is perhaps the child whose fond mother kissed his bumps to cure them. Any man can smile in the face of prosperity but it takes a soldier to smile in the face of adversity.

Make your son self-supporting as soon as possible if you would train him successfully for his future home. He must be the

bread winner and the sooner he appreciates the fruits of his own labor the better. Teach him that he will not only be a richer man but a better man if he lets tobacco and liquor alone. Encourage him to save a part of his earnings. The young man who always has money in his pockets enjoys a certain amount of self-respect and independence that the boy with empty pockets can never feel.

Try to keep your boy single until he can support a wife. Convince him if you can that the theory that two can live as cheaply as one is false. Show him if possible by practical demonstration that no two animals can subsist on single rations; then why expect two people to live on single rations?

There would be more happy homes to-day and fewer divorces if young married people started married life on a firm financial basis. Buying furniture on the installment plan has wrecked many a home.

Start square: keep square, is a good motto and a safe one.

BAT THE RAT

RATS, like flies, are known to be carriers of infection. Rats and their fleas are spreaders of Bubonic plague, a most dreaded disease; flies are spreaders of typhoid, tuberculosis and other infectious diseases. Rats are with us the whole year around; flies from May to October. To good purpose you swat the fly; to equally good purpose you should bat the rat.

Bubonic plague has been more or less prevalent during the summer months at some points near the American seaboard, notably Porto Rico and Havana, Cuba. Its presence at several points in such close proximity to this country has been a matter of no little concern to the health officers of American cities and has caused the United States public health authorities to be particularly alive in applying protective measures at ports of entry.

Plague preventive measures have been urged on communities by the Public Health Service through the medium of their weekly bulletin "Public Health Reports." Among the preventive measures recommended are: (1) Extermination of rats and squirrels; (2) enactment of ordinances requiring the rat-proofing of buildings, wharves and all other structures that may harbor rats; (3) proper garbage and refuse storage and disposal; (4)

sanitary regulation of food storehouses, stables, barns, warehouses, etc.; (5) compulsory notification of suspicious illnesses or deaths and competent investigation of same; (6) laboratory examinations of rodents; (7) periodical disinfection of ships; (8) quarantine restrictions, according to the immediate needs of the situation; (9) education of the public as to the nature of the disease, how it spreads and the measures and means for combating it.

Rat extermination is a recommendation which Chicago should adopt immediately. Even though plague be not immediately threatening, the destructive habits of the rat call for its extermination now. Estimates of the damage caused by rats in this city indicate an annual loss of \$3,000,000 approximately.

To bat the rat any or all of the following methods may be employed: Poisoning, trapping, shooting, employment of natural enemies of the rat, such as cats, dogs and ferrets, eliminating their breeding places, driving them from their homes and starving them out by placing food-stuffs and food-wastes (garbage) in rat-proof containers.

Perhaps the two methods most generally employed are trapping and poisoning. There are many good traps on the market. A sim-



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Designed by Dr. C. St. Clair Drake

ple and effective way to poison rats is described in Public Health Reports, issue of August 9, 1912, the substance of which is as follows:

How to Poison Rats.

There are two chief kinds of rat poison on the market, one containing arsenic and the other phosphorus. The phosphorus paste smells like match heads. Either of these poisons is good, but in some respects phosphorus seems to be the better, as it shines at night and the rats like its odor

and taste. A small quantity will kill, and as it acts rather slowly, the rat will usually go outside the house to die.

The directions for the use of the phosphorus paste and precautions to be observed follow:

Get—(1) a loaf of stale bread, (2) a good rat poison, preferably a phosphorus paste with a glucose base, (3) a pair of rubber or leather gloves, (4) a knife, (5) a covered bucket.

Cut the loaf of stale bread into slices $\frac{3}{4}$

of an inch thick and then cut these slices into 1-inch squares.

Spread the phosphorus paste on the pieces of bread, being careful to smear all sides of each piece. (See "Precautions to be taken.") If the paste is too hard to spread easily set the container in some hot water.

As fast as the poisoned pieces are prepared place them in a covered bucket and when a sufficient quantity is ready distribution should begin.

Place the poisoned pieces of bread in the rat holes where they cannot be gotten at by human beings or domestic animals—never place the poison in the open without observing the following precautions: When impracticable to place the poison pieces in the rat hole and it becomes necessary to place them in the open secure a small box, bore a 2-inch hole in each end, put the poison pieces in a small bowl and place the bowl in the box. The rats will enter the box by way of the holes while other animals such as dogs, cats, chickens, etc., will find it impossible to reach the poison.

Precautions to be Taken.

Do not get any of the paste on your hands—it will burn the skin, and unless hands are carefully washed, the poison may be carried to mouth by fingers soiled with it. It is best to wear a pair of leather or rubber gloves when preparing the poison.

Phosphorus has the disadvantage of being liable to spontaneous combustion, especially when put in a warm place or when exposed to direct rays of the sun. It is less liable to spontaneous combustion when glucose is used as a base.

Keep track of every piece of poisonous bread put out and on expiration of sufficient time you should collect the portions remaining and destroy them.

Rats will not take poisoned food when plenty of other food is obtainable, therefore, to be most successful in rat poisoning, the premises should be thoroughly cleaned and all foodstuffs protected from rats by use of metal containers or metal screening.

Garbage should be placed only in watertight metal cans. A starved rat takes poison quite readily.—Chicago Department of Health.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Friday morning, Sävong, Denmark.
Dear Children:

Here I was interrupted and did not get back to my machine any more yesterday, and I take up the story in this broken way.

I was about to say that I was glad the elder appealed to the spiritual side, for that gave me the touch that I so much desired to give. Hearts were touched and nearly every one wept under the power of his words. He is an able man, and I think it would be wise to give him a support and let him give his time to the work.

Johanness Olson was here and we had a talk with him. He looks thin, mama thinks, and does show the sorrow that has come into his life. Last April a little boy was born to him, and a few hours after, his wife took cramps and died in less than twenty-four hours. It is an unusual case in history of such things, but it has hit Johanness hard. I do not know what he is doing, but he says he does not want to go back to America. His mother told us he seems well satisfied here.

Well, here they fed the members coffee and cake after meeting, and finally at a

late hour we all went to bed again.

Yesterday morning I wrote letters until the mail came. It was a good-sized one, when packages sent from Elgin that were to be left in Malmö, also were forwarded, and the post lady was excited about wanting my register signature for the registered packs. Also good letters from Bess, Bro. Plate, John and Sister Bates. Then we got a two-wheeled cart with two seats, one on each side, and off we started for a day of calling among the members. Before going I took a picture of the outfit which I hope is good. Sister Johansen drove, and I read letters to mama, and we were glad to get the messages from home and to know all was well there.

First we visited a sick brother, Christ Olsson. He is a brother to Johanness, a young man with seven little children. He has been sick for three weeks. We fear it is typhoid pneumonia. He is poor, save in children. Is a minister in our church. He told us that the other day all his little children came to his bedside and prayed that he might get well, and the setting surely was most pathetic. We were not



At Home of Eld. Mart. Johansen.

there but a few minutes when in came cake and preserves, and we ate a little. Had to. Not to, is an insult. Then we walked up the road to Christian Larsen's home. Sister Johansen had returned home with horse and cart. Here were cake and preserves set out to eat, though we asked her not to do this. She would, and that was all there was to it. Made a visit and then went farther up the road till to Jens Smed, the father of Christ Larsen. Here came chocolate and cake and then coffee. We sang awhile in Danske, had prayer and moved on up the road to Peter Hornstrup. This is an humble home on the poor ground they call heath here. It is stony ground where the heather grows most beautifully. Of course, like all houses, the barn was at the other end. We met the brother who was at home and he told us his wife was out in a man's harvest field, that this was her busy time. He delivers milk in the morning and grandmother takes care of the children, and the wife works all day in the harvest field.

I proposed we walk out to see the farm and that pleased the bunch. Off we went, and mama and I made for a nearby turnip patch. A big one was pulled and we began eating turnip until we had the cravings for something besides sweets and coffee satisfied. We did not know if it would make us sick. We simply ate to satisfy the craving of our systems. Back to the house, farewell, and we returned to Crist Smed, where we had arranged to eat a full meal at four. It proved to be a stewed chicken dinner and was fine and tender. We ate heartily, no coffee for once. Then we came down the road to complete the morning call at Crist Larson's and there had coffee and cake. Then we came to Antone Jensen's in Bedsted, where meeting

was to be held. Now, she insisted on giving us coffee, and we told her how often it has been served and she was weary and should rest instead. She conceded. We had a good meeting, members practically all that were present. Then came coffee and cake again. I drank two cups again and I proposed that mama and I need exercise and we would start to walk home and if they caught up with us all right. We farewelled the crowd and started. It was over two miles home and we reached the place some time before Martin Johansen and his wagon drove up.

Now, to sum up the day's proceeding from an eating standpoint, for breakfast at Johansen's I drank two chocolates and one coffee, to begin with. Before the day was over I drank ten. We sat down to eat eight times besides the mess of turnips, and positively refused two times.

At church last evening Johannes Olse had his little baby boy. Mama held him a long time. He looks anæmic. Poor little fellow. He calls forth our sympathy and both of us felt like asking to bring the little fellow to our home.

We have just had breakfast, and at the table Bro. Johansen asked what help could be secured for the young minister that is sick. He says the church here can help him six kroners per week, but that it needs twenty per week. That is \$5 to keep a family of seven little children and himself and wife. I tell you that is a picture into poverty like we do not find in America. He is a good preacher, I am told, and is liked here in the church. Our hearts are touched by his sad experience.

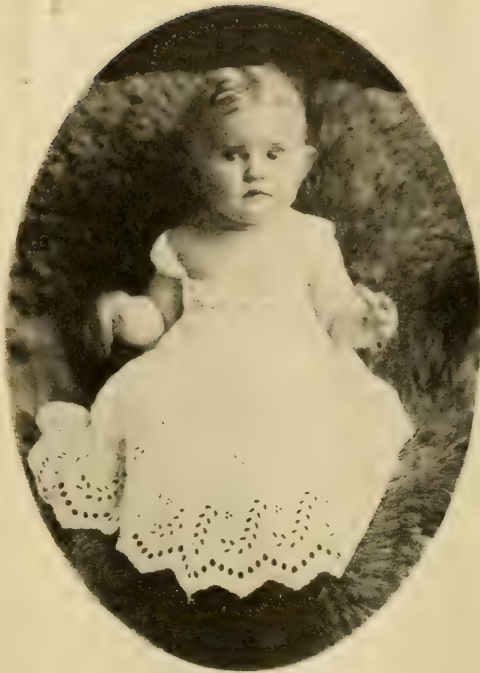
But I must close for this morning. Another day of calling is before us. I will mail this, lest you get too much at one dose in America. Mama is well, fat and going. Yesterday we were both a little homesick, but we lived through it nicely.



I'd tax every church that is not open day and night to serve the people. Your people can't go to church because it's closed six days out of seven, and they then go to the saloons. Let some of our false relations go to hell if by that we can bring the people to heaven.—Rev. M. C. Peter Baptist, New York City, N. Y.



It is sometimes good to visit other places and to mingle with other people, but it is best to be among one's own people and to enjoy their fellowship.—Rev. T. W. Dietert, Lutheran, Reading, Pa.



Mary Edna Stong.

THE HEALTHY BABY

THIS is little Mary Edna Stong, age 6 months. Weight 17 lbs. She has not eaten anything but milk from her mother's breast, and is very healthy and plump.

Springdale, Ark.



"Our educative influence is determined by what predominates in us. We communicate to children less of what we say than of what we are, and if our moral path be crooked it is useless to point out the straight and narrow way; the child holding our hand walks as we walk."



"I love these little people, and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us."—Dickens.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

"THOU ANOINTEST MY HEAD WITH OIL."

J. C. Flora.

THIS saying is borrowed from the usage of an Eastern feast in which the welcome of the host to his guest is manifest. The degree of the welcome is determined by the care of the anointing and the ointment used. If they were as little welcome as Jesus was in the home of Simon, this act of courtesy would be omitted. Love and tenderness could hardly manifest itself more tenderly than the costliness of the materials which were compounded to compose the oil that was to be poured upon the head of the beloved guest. Myrrh, aloes and cassia would scent the garments with fragrance for many days, and would be a grateful memento of happy bygone hours.

The ointment so grateful and refreshing to the scorched flesh and heated brow, seems to have been kept in cruses of alabaster, which were easily broken, so that their contents might be poured forth in lavish prodigality. True love does not count its value in money values. When the psalmist says that God himself anoints him with oil, does he not mean us to infer that life is a feast, in which we are guests? He is not niggardly, or churlish, but glad to see us glad, and to make us happy, conferring on us luxuries as well as necessities, and taking pains at great cost to himself to show us that he is well pleased to accept us and show us grace in the Beloved.

There are many proofs of this tender grace to mankind in general. There are gleams of light in most human lives—in love of tender friends, or in congenial surroundings—which speak God's welcome. To most of men entering life's pathway there is a counterpart to the welcome manifest by the Eastern oil to the guest entering the home. Our introduction to this world is usually one of welcome. We are greeted with the mother's kiss, with a keen sense of enjoyment for natural scenes, and the complete absence of foreboding care. The blessed Lord has so contrived it that there is an abundance of joy and gladness for us, save where man has by sin vitiated and marred the intentions of his Creator. "How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust

under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures."

While this is true of men generally there is an especial anointing in which they can have no part. In the Book of Exodus (30: 23-25) we have a description of a special kind of oil, "an oil of holy ointment," which was to be used to anoint the tabernacle and the ark and the holy vessels, and also to consecrate Aaron and his sons, the priests. But two provisions were made: first, that it should not be mutated; secondly, that it should not be poured "upon man's flesh." Each of these restrictions is worthy of note. That it was not to be mutated surely signifies that it had some holy significance and too when we make a further search in the Scripture we find throughout that it is a symbol of the blessed Holy Spirit.

These words with deepest significance might have been appropriated by our blessed Lord. "Unto the Son he saith, God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." And the Apostle Peter, in the house of Cornelius, distinctly asserted such an anointing to have been communicated by the Father to the Son. "God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power." And too, the Father did not give the Spirit by measure, but in unstinted abundance, the heavens were opened and it came down on them in abundance. There never was a time when Jesus was not filled. There may never be a time when our lives may not be filled and controlled by the Holy Spirit.

Our Lord was anointed as priest. Every priest must be anointed with the sacred oil (Exodus 29: 21). Our Lord was anointed with oil as our Great High Priest. Our Lord was also anointed as king. "Messiah" means anointed. In that Messianic psalm in which, amid the rage of his foes, the Almighty designates his Son to be the true King of men, it is distinctly stated, "Yet have I anointed my King upon my holy hill of Zion." The Man of Love is God's anointed Sovereign, and though we see not yet all things put under him, they shall be, and the world shall come to respect the power of God's irrevocable decrees.

We, too, are anointed priests and kings. Blood and oil were used as acts of conse-

eration. Our Lord, therefore, having purchased us and washed us in his blood, hath anointed us to be kings and priests unto God and his Father by the renewing of the Holy Ghost, "which he shed on us abundantly." Have you experienced it my reader? Or, is it one of the bitter lacks of your life? There is no partiality with God. We may all be his anointed if it be our pleasure. It is for us to seek it, appropriate it, and to allow it to be one of the blessed experiences of our life. We should never attempt to administer in heavenly things without having a fresh anointing. We may never hope to perform anything of a kingly nature without being conscious of the anointing grace of the blessed Holy Spirit.

It is our privilege to be anointed with fresh oil. There is nothing stale in God's household economy. We do not need to live on dried fruits because winter has stripped the trees. The power and enjoyment of any day of the past may be repeated. There are eternal stores, reservoirs of golden oil in God's olive trees, which shall pour out nutriment to the lamp of holy living, so it shall not flicker or grow dim but which shall make it grow even more brilliant.

These anointings will make us glad. It is "the oil of gladness." How great is his goodness, and how great is his beauty! Corn shall make the young cheerful, and new wine the maids." "Oil to make the face shine." The need of the world is shining faces, glad smiles, and hopeful words, to cheer on the toils. To be without these is to miss the seal of sonship. But if we will only acquire them as we most surely can our companions will be attracted by something in our demeanor and looks which they cannot emulate or understand. They will ask us to tell them the secret of the joy which the world cannot touch.

These anointings will teach us as no human teacher could. "Ye need not that any man teach you," wrote the beloved disciple to his little children, "but the same anointing teacheth you of all things," Fret and impatience often come from the lips of human instructors. But there is nothing like this with our God. All his children are conscious that when he teaches them their peace is great. When he undertakes to instruct us there is no item in all the sacred love of heavenly divinity which is omitted.

The effect of these anointings will be abiding. "The anointing which ye received of him abideth in you." Spiritual blessings

do not pass away but they abide with us. They are not momentary, but of long duration. We constantly need the sacred "unction" from on high. We cannot understand it but we miss it when absent. Withhold what thou wilt, O God, but give us the unction—i. e., the anointing of the Holy Ghost. "Thou anointest my head with oil." "Lord not my head only, but also my hands and my feet."



The divine reverence for the human personality is one of the great truths which it has taken the world a long time to learn.—Rev. W. Gladden, Unitarian, Columbus, Ohio.



Test the laboratory method for yourself to find out about God. The old way after all has not lost its value—the way of knowing an effect and trying to know its cause.—Rev. N. D. Waters, Congregationalist, New Haven, Conn.



Business men are too busy to concern themselves about the house of God. Even many of the people who do go to church do not go with a fixed purpose of worshipping God.—Rev. George W. J. Kerschner, German Reformed, Singing Spring, Pa.



A passionate love for good requires as a foundation an energetic repulsion of evil. The temper and temptations of the day seem to need a stirring call for the cultivation of the dynamics of the soul in this direction.—Rev. C. T. Murphy, Episcopalian, Los Angeles, Cal.



The man who kills time is a suicide, for he is shortening his own life. There are some men like the legendary ass, which was placed equally distant from two bales of hay and starved to death because it could not decide from which bale to eat.—Rev. C. E. Locke, Methodist, Los Angeles, Cal.



There are thousands who are deceiving themselves with the belief that their vices, their immoralities, their private uncleanness may in some way or other be expiated by certain acts of charity. But it is a tremendous mistake and only a man with a sadly twisted conscience can think otherwise.—Rev. R. F. Coyle, Presbyterian, Denver, Colo.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

M. Andrews.

THE best and simplest remedy for wounds, cuts, etc., is charcoal. Take a large lump from the fire, pulverize it, apply to the wound and cover the whole with a rag. The charcoal absorbs the fluid secreted by the wound and lays the foundation for a scab. It also prevents the rag from irritating the flesh and is an antiseptic.

A few things worth knowing: Ripe tomatoes will remove ink or other stains from the hands. Kerosene will soften leather hardened by water and make it as pliable as new.

To heal cut fingers quickly, bind them in a cloth saturated in alum water. They will sting sharply for a little while but the pain will soon subside. The same remedy will cure chafing but is too severe to be used on children.

To keep tinware nice and bright scour it often with finely sifted coal ashes.

Machine oil may be removed from cotton goods by dipping the fabric in cold rain water and soda.

To clean varnished woodwork, save the tea leaves for a few days, then steep them in a tin dish for half an hour, strain through a sieve and use as a wash. The tea cleanses the varnish from all impurities and leaves it looking like new. It is also excellent for cleaning oilcloth.

To make wood indestructible from rot or fire, immerse it in a saturated solution of borax, heated to the boiling point. Let the wood remain in the solution twelve hours, take out, dry, immerse again in a weaker solution three hours and dry.

If furs and wool goods are carefully wrapped in newspapers moths will not bother them, as it is said that they cannot cut through printer's ink without dying.

Always select a dull day for cleaning windows as the sun shining on them causes them to dry streaked no matter how much one rubs. Do not use linen to wipe them as the lint sticks to the glass. Tissue paper is very nice to polish them with.

To purify water. A pailful of water containing four gallons may be thoroughly purified by a single teaspoonful of alum.

A safe remedy for warts is salammoniack. Get a piece about the size of a walnut, moisten the warts and rub the salammoniack on them every night and morning until they disappear.

A cheap and wholesome vinegar may be made of water, molasses and yeast. Take twenty-five gallons of water, four of molasses and one of yeast. This when it ferments makes very good vinegar.

The worst toothache or neuralgia coming from the teeth may be speedily ended by the application of a bit of cotton saturated in a strong solution of ammonia to the defective tooth.

A good polish for enameled leather is milk and linseed oil in the proportion of two-thirds of the former to one-third of the latter.

Tinware should always be thoroughly dried before being put away or it will soon rust and become worthless.

To cure a sty on the eyelid, put a teaspoon of tea in a small bag, pour on it just enough boiling water to moisten it, then put it on the eye pretty warm. Keep it on all night, and in the morning the sty will most likely be gone, if not a second application will be sure to remove it.

A teaspoonful of pulverized alum mixed with stove polish will give the stove a fine luster which will be quite permanent.

Before paring your peaches dip them a minute or two in boiling water. This will loosen the skin so that it will slip off easily, and you will be surprised to know how much time is saved in paring, how smooth the peaches will look and how many more cans you will have from the same number of peaches than if pared in the old wasteful way. The best way to scald them is to fill your wire vegetable boiler with them and set into a kettle of water. This is also the best way to scald tomatoes for paring as it does not cook the flesh of the tomato as it does to let the boiling water stand on them. If you do not happen to have a wire vegetable boiler I advise you to get one at once and do away with draining potatoes the old way and burning the hands and nose with escaping steam.

Bread.

Breakfast Gems. Break two eggs in a pan and beat with them two teaspoons salt, two cups buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, and one cup sugar. Sift three cups flour and beat well for several minutes. Before putting into the gem pans add two teaspoonfuls lard well heated. Have the tins hot and well greased.

Graham Bread. Make one quart of wheat sponge, pour it into a deep bowl and add a teacupful of brown sugar or molasses, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water and a little salt. Then sift into it one quart of graham flour. The mixture should be very stiff. Bake in two loaves for an hour or more.

Brown Bread with Buttermilk. To one cup each of rye, graham and corn meal add a scant $\frac{3}{4}$ cup molasses, mixed with one heaping teaspoon soda, one small teaspoon salt, and two cups buttermilk. Pour into four one-pound baking powder cans and steam three hours.

Graham Muffins. Mix with thin cream to a stiff batter a pint of graham flour, two teaspoons baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teacupful of brown sugar and one egg. If cream is not obtainable use milk and a piece of butter the size of an egg.

Indian Cakes. Scald one quart of meal, one tablespoonful of molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda and a little salt. Fry in small cakes in hot fat.

Corn Dodgers. Scald one quart corn meal just enough to moisten, do not make it too wet. Beat one egg and add to it four tablespoonfuls of milk. Add it to the corn meal. This should now be a thick batter. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased pan and bake until a golden brown.

Corn Bread. Two cups meal, two cups flour, two cups sour milk or buttermilk, two teaspoons soda, half cup molasses or sugar, one egg.

Corn Meal Batter Cakes. One pint corn meal, $\frac{3}{4}$ pint sour milk, one small teaspoon soda, stirring until it foams, two eggs, salt to taste. Mix well and bake on a hot greased griddle.

Graham Bread. Three cups buttermilk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses or three tablespoonfuls sugar, two teaspoons soda dissolved in a little hot water, two teacups white flour, then all the graham flour you can stir in. Bake in two loaves.

MAKING OLD PEOPLE HAPPY.

An article in the October Woman's Home Companion on "Making Old People Happy" contains the following:

"The secret of making old people happy is primarily to disguise the fact that they are old. To pet, to indulge, to nurse, to manage, without giving the ghost of a hint of superannuation—there's a nice problem for tact! Conscientious young people, especially if they have brought up vigorous children, find it hard to relax their disciplinary zeal when dealing with the frailties of age. They seem to forget that childhood and second childhood face opposite ways; that it is not character-building they have in hand, but the sweetening of a bitter experience. They don't realize how natural, how inevitable is the recrudescence of primitive emotions, the development of a purely personal point of view. Yet no real kindness toward the aged is possible which does not recognize the hard, mysterious facts. Old age is beautiful when it is guarded, sympathized with, and understood.

"Old people often come to feel that they are not regarded as one of the family. The trouble springs naturally from purely physical causes. They demand an amount of artificial heat disconcerting to youth or middle age. Even in August a nonagenarian will hug a fire. After smothering attempts to keep the living-rooms at a temperature satisfactory to the torpid old body, the family falls into the easy solution of leaving Grandma to toast her toes before an open fire in her own bed chamber.

"Unfortunately, this is the beginning of a process of isolation from the heart of the family life. Grandma will miss many a story because she sits apart. More and more will she drop out of the interests of the clan, until some day she wakes up to feel that she is no longer consulted, no longer thought of except in the way of duty, no longer a vital part of the family.

"Better a thousand times devise means to warm the slow old blood, without depriving her of her place in the home circle."



He.—"A woman in a hobble skirt just stopped me in the street and wanted to know the quickest way she could walk to the South Station."

She—"Of course, you informed her."

He—"I did. I told her she'd walk there quicker if she put on a looser dress."—Boston Transcript.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—Can you refer me to any books on Chemistry applied to religion, or books that will give illustrations of combining different chemicals to produce effects to teach lessons to children?—E. E. E.

Answer.—So far as we have been able to find, no book has been prepared for this purpose. The best book we know of for the purpose is Cooley's *Elements of Chemistry*, published by Scribner, Armstrong & Company, New York. The book has been prepared for children in the eighth grade, and the experiments given are so simple that many of them could easily be adapted for illustrations.



Question.—Please give full instructions in the Inglenook as to how to kill Canada thistles. A sure cure is what I want.—M. O. W.

Answer.—The following specific methods of treatment have been found most successful in subduing or destroying the Canada thistle:

Mowing twice each year, just after the flowers open, usually in June and August, will keep the plants in subjection. This will prevent the production of seeds, and thus serious injury to crops may be avoided, but it will rarely cause the death of the thistle roots except in good grass land or in wet seasons, and will therefore need to be repeated each year. It is generally as effective as pulling or grubbing twice a year. This plan is recommended for roadsides and waste land, and for meadows and pastures where the methods for complete eradication seem to be too expensive for immediate application. Canada thistle plants are often killed by mowing them just as a heavy rain sets in late in June or early in July, when they are in bloom and the stalks are hollow. The rain, keeping the cut surface moist and filling up the hollow stalks, favors the growth of fungi, inducing decay, which often extends down to the root system.

A more effective method, especially in dry seasons, is to go over the ground once during every two weeks after the mowing in June and cut off every thistle about two inches below the surface with a hoe or spud. A spud made of a strong, sharp chisel on the end of a pitchfork handle will be found most convenient for this work.

The second year the spudding should begin as soon as the thistles show in the spring, and should be continued through the season, although there will be few to cut after midsummer, if the work has been well done. The land should be looked over occasionally each year afterwards to detect and destroy plants that may spring from dormant seeds.

Salting thistle plants every week or two during two successive growing seasons in pastures where sheep have access to them, usually destroys them.

Small patches of the plant have been killed by covering them with straw, tanbark, or apple pomace; but these methods can not be recommended. Canada thistle roots will live for three years or longer in porous soils under straw stacks or piles of tanbark, and they are likely to creep out and send up shoots. Apple pomace, applied thick enough to kill the thistle, ruins the land for the growth of any crop for several years; but this period may be shortened by repeated applications of air-slaked lime.

The application of chemicals or some substance that, being absorbed into the tissues of the plant, will kill the roots, is recommended as one of the best methods for destroying small patches. Trials on a small scale, proving the ease and effectiveness of this method, may encourage its extension to larger areas. The following substances given in the approximate order of their effectiveness, beginning with the poorest, have been used for this purpose: Salt, brine, quicklime, kerosene, gasoline, turpentine, lye, sodium arsenite, carbolic acid, are most effective when applied liberally to places where the thistles have been grubbed out. Brine is often applied hot with good effect. Salt and kerosene are often used together. Kerosene, gasoline, turpentine, and lye may be applied in the above manner, or they may be poured into the hollow stems when the plants are cut in flower. This process is too laborious to be recommended, except in case of small patches. Strong lye and the other substances mentioned will be found effective if applied to the tops of the plants when they are growing most rapidly during May and June. None of these substances, except salt, injure the land to any appreciable extent if applied only in sufficient quantities to kill the thistles. Salt must be applied in such large quantities that in some cases it may not be washed out of the soil for two or three years. The stronger acids and alkalis are somewhat difficult and dangerous to handle, because of their cor-

rosive properties. They have to be stored and applied in glass bottles. Crude sulphuric acid, which is much used in eastern Pennsylvania, is applied by means of a glass bottle with a glass tube or a clay pipestem running through the cork. Of these strong chemicals, a few drops applied to each plant are sufficient. Carbolic acid and the less corrosive substances may be applied by means of an ordinary machine oil can, or a watering pot with a small rose or nozzle. A teaspoonful of strong commercial carbolic acid applied to each plant is sufficient. This should be applied without dilution on the buds and tender upper leaves of the growing plant. Care should be exercised to prevent the poisoning of stock from chemicals applied to thistles in pasture fields.

Patches of Canada thistles discovered in grain fields at harvest time, as they often are, should be left standing until after the crop is removed, then mowed and burned on the spot as soon as they are dry enough. This treatment arrests the distribution of seeds and, in some cases, it has killed the plants.

In shallow, dry soils summer fallowing during a dry season will destroy thistles.

The first plowing should be done when the plants are in bloom in June or early in July. If they can not be turned under cleanly with chain or jointer, they should be mowed and burned before plowing. The land should be alternately harrowed and cross-plowed as often as any green plants appear until it is time to sow winter grain. Thorough cultivation is continued through the summer. In this case a hoe must be used to destroy thistles growing in the hills and others that escape the cultivator. In wet seasons cultivation generally fails to kill the roots. After cultivating either in barren fallow or with hoed crops, the land should be thickly seeded in August or September with crimson clover, rye, or winter oats where the winter climate will permit the growth of these crops. These may be pastured during the early spring and then plowed under. Winter wheat and other grain crops that will permit the thistle to remain undisturbed during spring and early summer should not be grown. Where the climate is too severe for winter crops, cultivation should continue late in the fall and begin early in the spring. Thistle-infested areas ought to be plowed and cultivated by themselves to avoid scattering roots to other parts of the field.

Canada thistles that persist in spite of cultivation on low lands may soon disap-

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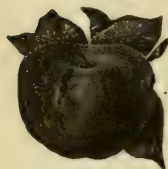
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pear when the land is seeded and made to produce two good crops of hay each year. On soils not adapted for permanent grass lands it is often possible to raise good crop of annual grasses which will choke out the thistles. Millet, fodder corn, or sorghum are good crops for this purpose, and good results have been obtained by the cultivation of rape.

Dr. T. J. Burrill, in Bulletin No. 12, Illinois Agricultural Experiment Station, recommends the following method as the "best for exterminating Canada thistle when in full possession of tillable ground"

"1. Cut the thistles when in full bloom (July) as close to the ground as possible.

"2. Plow about 3 inches deep and sow millet or Hungarian grass, seeding heavily; harrow. This may follow the preceding at once or after some two weeks' delay.

"3. In September plow under the crop or save it for hay, as desired. At a certain time, plow and seed liberally with rye.

"4. Plow under the rye in May and seed again with millet or Hungarian grass, crop and plant to some hoed crop (corn) and give the most thorough cultivation, with continual searching for and destruction of every remaining thistle.

"5. Continue the clean cultivation and sharp lookout for thistles another year."

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Distressed Mother—"John! John! Baby has swallowed my latchkey."

Absent-Minded Father—"Never mind dear—use mine!"

THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

October 15
1912

Vol. XIV
No. 42

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE :- Elgin, Illinois

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIV

October 15, 1912

No. 42

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

The High Cost of Living, in Figures.

THE report of the federal bureau of labor on the high cost of living is available and it shows facts that will quiet any doubt in the minds of those who think that the prices of food stuffs have not advanced to any great extent in the last few years. The investigation covered fifteen different articles of food and also coal—the ones which concern the laboring man and the man working on a small salary. In June, of this year, the report shows that fourteen of the fifteen articles investigated were higher than a year before. Since 1890 many of them advanced over 50 per cent. The price of bacon is the only one that does not show any great advance during the year but it may have been high enough the year before to remain firm amid the general advance of other items. The following table shows the increase in the price of food stuffs during the past year by per cent:

	Per cent
Smoked ham,	2.7
Hens,	3.8
Gran. sugar,	6.0
Potatoes,	7.6
Wheat flour,	10.7
Pork chops,	11.2
Pure lard,	11.3
Strictly fresh eggs,	11.8
Corn meal,	12.7
Creamery butter,	15.3
Sirloin steak,	17.1
Rib roast,	17.5
Round steak,	18.6

The advance during the last decade is also remarkable. Some meats have almost doubled their value and such a staple article as corn meal has advanced over 63 per cent in retail value. Potatoes have more than doubled their value. The prices given above for 1912 as compared with the

average during the last ten years show the following increases:

	Per cent
Gran. sugar,	8.5
Strictly fresh eggs,	26.1
Fresh milk,	32.9
Creamery butter,	33.3
Wheat flour,	39.3
Pure lard,	55.3
Hens,	58.1
Sirloin steak,	59.5
Smoked hams,	61.3
Corn meal,	63.7
Rib roast,	63.8
Round steak,	84.0
Pork chops,	86.0
Smoked bacon,	96.7
Irish potatoes,	111.9

The report also contains statements of representative merchants in many of the principal cities concerning the general advance in the prices of food. The statements are necessarily given without the names of the merchants.

New York—"Meats in general are so high that if prices continue much longer will be obliged to close up business. Have already lost about \$200 since advance in prices."

Baltimore—"If the present high prices prevail much longer in the wholesale market I do not know what will become of the retail dealers."

New Haven—"Beginning this week we will advance 2 cents a pound on all meats as we are paying the highest price for beef and lambs in my time. I cannot tell the reason; the jobber blames the farmer; the farmer blames the high price of corn."

Philadelphia—"On June 27 we paid 15½ cents a pound for rumps and rounds and 11½ cents a pound for chucks of beef, the highest price in the history of our business."

Salt Lake City—"Everything seems to be at the top, but nothing shows any decline."

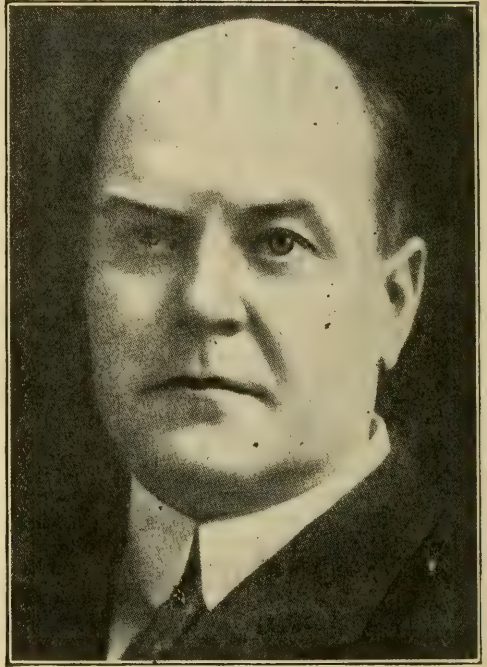
Memphis—"I have paid more for meats this year than I ever paid since I have been in business. I cannot see any change for some time to come."

With what information there is available it is impossible for any person to say just why there has been such a steady rise in food values. So far as the farmer is concerned he is in no trust or combine to control prices. The speculation is done by middlemen. Land values have gone up and farm products must do likewise. The day when young people could buy cheap land and let it grow into value for their children is about past. The living must be made by improved methods of farming instead of speculating. Higher prices necessarily result.

A Man Who Worked His Way Up.

A few men gain prominence by the greatness of their parents, some men work their way to the front by foul means, but there are also some who make forward strides by clean, honest endeavor. One of the last is Joseph E. Ralph, Chief of the Bureau of Engraving at Washington. In this department is where the paper money, stamps and notes of the U. S. Government are made. The American Magazine gives a short sketch of Mr. Ralph and his work. When a boy he was employed in the steel mills at Joliet, Ill., and by hard work and study he finally landed in the government service in Washington. For the benefit of those young men who think that they should make their mark before "settling down" we will say that Joseph Ralph married when he was only 19 and when he was yet in Joliet. His first position in Washington was postoffice clerk. While thus occupied he attended a business school which fitted him for other positions in the service. At the age of twenty-six he found employment in the department of which he is now chief, and his job was simply plate wiping. That was seventeen years ago and it is needless to say that his advance came by hard work.

Besides being a very efficient chief Mr. Ralph is known the country over as being a champion of the scientific management as introduced by Taylor. He has the sympathy of the employes and many of them do almost twice as much work under the new system as they once did. All complaints come to Mr. Ralph directly and his office is always open to the workmen. Rest and lunch rooms for the women employes are samples of what he, as chief, is doing for those who work under him.



Joseph E. Ralph.

The Moving Picture Put to a Good Use.

In October a new set of films will be put upon the market that promises to be popular as well as instructive. The Edison Company in coöperation with the Russell Sage Foundation has prepared a new film illustrating the methods of the loan shark. The film is really an illustrated drama. It illustrates the story of a clerk who is forced into patronizing the loan shark by the illness of a little child. The clerk is led into the trap by an illuring advertisement which he sees in the paper. He wishes to borrow \$25 and the loan company takes a mortgage on all his furniture and asks six bi-weekly installments of \$7.50 each, which makes a total payment of \$45 for the \$25 loan. In other words the loan shark charges \$20 interest on \$25 for three months, which would make the rate over 300 per cent a year. As the story goes the poor clerk is unable to make the payments. His employer is notified and he loses his job. After days of walking the streets he finds employment at another place, only to be visited again by the collector; but the new employer is a man who understands the situation. By his assistance the loan is paid and the loan company is forced to pay back a part of the unlawful interest.

The illustrated drama continues until a brighter day is reached. The child regains health and by hard work and thrift the parents are able to lay aside a small sum regularly against the day when they cannot work full time. In his new position the clerk was assisted by a coöperative loan association organized by his fellow employees for just such cases as his. Thus it will be seen that the film will be educational as well as entertaining, and it deals

with just such things that interest every one—humanity as it is. The same thing made Dickens famous. Life has more drama in it than most of us suppose. This is one of the ways in which the moving picture has been of assistance to the social worker. You understand, we are not mentioning the above in support of all the moving picture shows. We are simply telling of the good.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Proceedings in Congress.

August 15.—The Senate passes the measure creating a Commission on Industrial Relations.

August 16.—In the Senate, the Wool and Steel tariff-revision bills fail of passage over the President's veto; the conference report upon the Panama Canal bill is adopted.

August 17.—The House again passes the Legislative, Executive and Judicial appropriation bill, eliminating the provision which established a seven-year term of office in the civil service; the conference report on the Panama Canal bill is agreed to.

August 19.—Both branches receive a special message from the President, urging the passage of a resolution to the effect that the United States has no intention of violating the Hay-Pauncefote treaty in regulating Panama Canal tolls. . . . The Senate passes the Legislative, Executive and Judicial appropriation bill and accepts the conference report on the Naval appropriation bill, authorizing the construction of one battleship.

August 20.—The House approves the conference report upon the Naval bill, providing for one battleship.

August 21.—In the Senate, Mr. Penrose (Rep., Pa.) replies to charges recently made against him in a magazine article. . . . The House, after receiving the President's second veto of the Legislative, Executive and Judicial appropriation bill, strikes from the measure the provision which would have abolished the Commerce Court.

August 22.—The Senate for the third time passes the Legislative, Executive and Judicial appropriation bill, and agrees to conference reports upon the Indian and Sundry Civil appropriation bills.

August 23.—In the Senate, the General Deficiency appropriation bill is passed and

conference reports on the Army and Post Office appropriation bills are agreed to. . . . The House agrees to conference reports on the Army, Indian, and Sundry Civil appropriation bills.

August 24.—Both branches, after all-night sessions, are deadlocked over the General Deficiency bill, the last of the appropriation measures. . . . The Senate considers a resolution calling for a broader investigation of campaign contributions than had previously been authorized.

August 26.—The Senate adopts the resolution broadening the scope of the investigation into campaign contributions. . . . Both branches pass the General Deficiency appropriation bill. . . . The first regular session of the Sixty-second Congress comes to an end.



Politics and Government.—American.

August 15.—President Taft vetoes the Legislative, Executive and Judicial appropriation bill because of provisions abolishing the Commerce Court and establishing a seven-year tenure for clerks in the civil service.

August 16.—Colonel Roosevelt opens the Presidential campaign with an address at Providence. . . . The Government begins proceedings in the federal court at Philadelphia to dissolve the motion-picture combination.

August 17.—Several large audiences are addressed by Colonel Roosevelt in and near Boston.

August 20.—George R. Sheldon is selected as treasurer of the Republican National Committee. . . . Thomas R. Marshall is formally notified at Indianapolis of his nomination for the Vice-Presidency on the Democratic ticket. . . . Delaware Republicans nominate Charles R. Miller for Governor.

August 21.—In the Georgia Democratic primary, United States Senator Bacon is renominated and John M. Slaton is chosen as candidate for Governor. . . . United States Senator Francis E. Warren is renominated in the Wyoming Republican primary.

August 23.—John D. Archbold makes certain allegations before the Senate committee investigating campaign funds, concerning the Government's relations with the Standard Oil Company during President Roosevelt's administration.

August 26.—Governor Marshall, the Democratic nominee for Vice-President, opens the campaign in Maine with a speech at Portland on the tariff. . . . President Taft leaves Washington for his summer home at Beverly, Mass.

August 27.—Governor Blease and Senator Tillman are renominated in the South Carolina Democratic primary. . . . The Michigan primaries result in the nomination of Amos S. Musselman (Rep.) and Woodbridge N. Ferris (Dem.) for Governor; Alfred Lucking wins the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate.

August 28.—The commission form of government is overwhelmingly adopted by the voters of New Orleans.

August 29.—President Taft speaks at Columbus in connection with the Ohio-Columbus Centennial. . . . Colonel Roosevelt speaks in Vermont regarding Progressive principles.

August 31.—The Interstate Commerce Commission suspends until December 31 the proposed increases in freight rates for the transportation of commodities from Eastern points to the Pacific Coast.

September 1.—Colonel Roosevelt, in a letter to Senator Clapp, chairman of the Senate committee investigating campaign contributions, denies that he solicited or accepted Standard Oil money in the campaign of 1904.

September 2.—Woodrow Wilson, speaking at Buffalo, N. Y., criticizes the labor planks in the Progressive platform. . . . Colonel Roosevelt addresses a number of Connecticut audiences.

September 3.—In the Vermont election, no candidate receives a majority of the votes cast for Governor and the choice devolves upon the legislature, which is Republican; Allen M. Fletcher (Rep.) receives 26,260 votes and the Progressive candidate 15,800. . . . In the New Hampshire primary, Franklin Worcester (Rep.) and Samuel D. Felker (Dem.) are nominated for Governor. . . . North Carolina Pro-

gressives nominate Dr. Cyrus Thompson for Governor. . . . In the Wisconsin primary, Governor McGovern (Rep.) is renominated, and Judge John C. Karel is chosen as the Democratic nominee. . . . The California Republican primary results in sweeping victories for the Progressive candidates. . . . The voters of Ohio adopt the constitution recently framed by a special convention; eight provisions, including that for woman suffrage, are defeated.

September 4.—Iowa Progressives nominate John L. Stevens for Governor. . . . Missouri Progressives nominate Judge Albert D. Norton for Governor. . . . North Carolina Republicans nominate ex-Congressman Thomas Settle for Governor.

September 5.—Athur L. Garford is nominated for Governor of Ohio at the Progressive State Convention. . . . Colonel Roosevelt speaks in St. Paul and Minneapolis.

September 7.—North Dakota Progressives nominate Dr. C. C. Cregan, president of Fargo College, for Governor. . . . Montana Progressives nominate Frank H. Edwards for Governor.

September 9.—Governor Frederick W. Plaisted (Dem.) is defeated for reelection in Maine by William T. Haines (Rep.) . . . In the Arkansas election, Congressman Joseph T. Robinson (Dem.) is chosen Governor. . . . Colonel Roosevelt addresses two large audiences of women in Spokane.

September 10.—Robert T. Hodge is nominated for Governor of Washington at the Progressive convention; Governor Hays is renominated in the Republican primary. . . . C. C. Parks is nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor in the Colorado primary. . . . The Delaware Democratic convention nominates Thomas M. Monaghan for Governor. . . . Robert G. Valentine resigns as Commissioner of Indian affairs.

September 11.—The Southern Pacific Railway formally appeals to the United States Government to protect its employees and property in Mexico. . . . Connecticut Republicans, in convention, select Judge John P. Studley for the Governorship. . . . The Delaware Progressive convention nominates George B. Hynson for Governor.

September 12.—Governor Baldwin of Connecticut is renominated at the Democratic State convention.

September 13.—Utah Progressives nominate N. L. Morris for Governor. . . . The Secretary of the Interior orders canceled the Cunningham claims to Alaska coal lands.—Review of Reviews.

EDITORIALS

The Boy Who Did More Than He Had To.

Before 1899 a boy went to one of the largest hardware houses in the South. After two years of hard work and promotion he decided to enter college, with the idea of preparing himself for one of the professions. On leaving, the president said to him: "Let us know if you ever want to come back." He never wanted to go back, but in 1899 his brother, seventeen years old, needed employment, so he made application to the firm. "If you are half as good a boy as your brother, we'll take you," said the president. When the younger boy started to work, the older boy, who was still in college, said: "Do anything you are told to do, even to the blacking of boots." But he did more—he did what he wasn't told to do.

Two boys who had been with the firm two years laughed at him because he worked so hard, and did things he didn't "have to." Soon when he was put in the stock he did not have it to learn, but could get up orders with ease and accuracy. A few months later a new man had to be placed in charge of the warehouse, and the boy who didn't have to be told was the one to be promoted. After a while the business was sold, becoming a branch house of the largest hardware house in the world. Many changes took place in the personnel, but this young man was assured that he would be taken care of, and he was made receiving clerk.

While in that position he nearly lost his life. Fire broke out in a building only a few feet away and the immense hardware house was in great danger. This young man took the private hose and some men and went to the top of the building and kept it soaked with water while the fire ate up the building nearby. It was a bitter cold day in February and the men were relieved at short intervals—that is, all but one, who never left his post for a moment. For some reason he had crossed his arms to hold the hose and the water that wasted over his hands froze, binding them together, and finally he swooned to unconsciousness. He now gets a salary of eighteen hundred dollars a year.



The Lubricating Process.

I wanted to drive an iron bar through a piece of timber. I bored a hole of the right

size, but the bar was rusty, and the hole was rough. I made slow progress, and was beginning to split the wood. Then I thought of the oil can. I oiled the bar; I poured oil into the hole; a few blows of the hammer sent the iron into place. The oil had not diminished the size of the bar, or enlarged that of the hole. It had only relieved the friction. It had smoothed both surfaces. A few drops of oil were more effective than many blows of the hammer.

How slow some good people are to learn this simple lesson. They take hold of an important enterprise with great zeal. They are intensely earnest, and even morbidly conscientious. Everybody ought to see it just as they do, and whoever does not is hammered at without mercy. Such uncharitable zeal provokes opposition. It excites all the friction of the natural heart. Men will not appreciate the truth presented when they are repelled by the spirit in which it is presented. Let the reformer be careful to have plenty of oil. Let him speak the truth in love.—Dr. Babb.



A Better Idea.

A pathetic story is told of the great sculptor Thorwaldsen, whose statue of the Christ at Copenhagen is one of the most famous pieces of statuary extant. The hours of toil spent upon it were filled with joy, but when it was finished the worker was seized with despondency. When asked the reason, he replied: "Here is my statue of Christ. It is the first of my works with which I have ever felt satisfied. Till now my ideal has been always far beyond what I could execute, but it is no longer so. I shall never have a great idea again." Sad to relate, his premonition proved true.

History is filled with examples of growth when the snow-line of life has been crossed. See a Michaelangelo after threescore years and ten, nearly blind, groping his way into the gallery and, after reverently feeling the torso of Phidias exclaim: "Great is the marble; greater still the hand that carved it; greatest of all the God who fashioned the sculptor. I still learn; I still learn."

God gives us talents and opportunities and then commands us to work. It rests with each one whether Nautilus-like he shall leave the outgrown shell of low ideals, poor craftsmanship, and petty accomplishments to follow the star of progress that always leads to loftier ideals, better craftsmanship, and nobler accomplishments.

Suggestions for Reading.

So often has the accusation been brought against public libraries that they disseminate little among the people than the cheapest fiction, and that "The Blue Hollyhock," "Kathryn's Powder Puff" and such books are bought and loaned out by the hundreds of copies while solidier literature turns yellow on the shelves, that one New England library manager decided to see what could be done to counteract this tendency.

It is true that library patrons "read what they like," and the majority like trash, but there are hundreds whose minds are open to suggestion. The manager provided the suggestion and very simply. He advertised.

The library bought a number of the weightier books of the day—not novels—just published, discussed them in the book notes and in its bulletin, put up the publishers' advertisements on the bulletin boards and instructed the entire library staff fully, so that every assistant was able to talk about them intelligently.

"The results surpassed expectations. For months it was impossible to meet the calls for them, and reserves came in steadily; most remarkable of all, after eight years the circulation of one is eight and the other three times above the average."

So it will be seen the public will read what you tell it to, if you make a happy choice. People ask for fiction mostly because they "hear of it"; advertising would make "John Woolman's Diary" "go"; and when President Eliot praised it, it did.



Beauty and Local Pride.

Wherever you go on the face of the earth it is beautiful—that is blessing enough to keep us contented for a while. Yet beyond this visible joy comes the added satisfaction of man's peculiar makeup, that useful faculty by virtue of which we all so love and laud our own particular country. For the conventional lines of our preference in natural beauty we have but to consult literature; the varying literature of different countries and different times.

To go from State to State, from country to country, to see that in each place, high or low, wet or dry, there is a beauty all its own—this is unending pleasure. Then comes in the beneficent action of the second factor, man's local pride. Suppose you have been visiting in Michigan, and have known the majesty and loveliness of the great gray lakes, and heard men boast as

if they made them. Then you go to Rangeley, or Saranac, or Tahoe, or Peter's Pond—and the inhabitants will show you "the lake," and glory in it as happily as the dweller on the shores of Superior.

You come from the Himalayas to the Alps—the delight of the climber is the same; from the Alps to the Sierras—the Sierras to the Rockies—the Rockies to Mt. Tom—and those who love mountains stand forth and boast of their special eminence, with no gradation of enthusiasm.

Even in Louisiana—flat and low though it be—they take you out driving to see "The Ridge." You do not know when you have reached this dizzy height, but they do, and stop the horses to point out "the view." A brakeman in Kansas once showed me, as the train rolled by, a pretty bit of farming country—some trees, a dip in the ground, and the curved cheek of a baby hill. "Senator Ingalls says that's the most beautiful view in the country," said he devoutly.

How fortunate it is, how indicative of the goodness of life, that we are thus attuned to our surroundings. We love the big, round earth because it is our home, because all the blended instincts of our unconscious past, of our million-stepped ladder of life, respond to it. And we love our own immediate dwelling place with the fresher feeling of the individual experience. It is a good world, a delightful world, and our enjoyment of it is as wisely planned as the length of Lincoln's legs—just long enough to reach from his body to the ground.



The Cow's Ghost.

Mr. Latimer was laughing at the silly fear that superstitious neighbor had of ghosts, says the Youth's Companion, when his son Ralph spoke up:

"Cows are afraid of ghosts," he said.

"Nonsense, son, nonsense!"

"Well, father, you come down to the barn lot with me and I will prove it to you right now." So Mr. Latimer went, unbelieving, but curious to see what the boy was going to do.

Stationing his father round the corner of the barn, where he could see without being seen, Ralph took an ear of corn in the shuck—such an ear as a cow loves to munch—and tied a fine fish-line thirty feet long to the butt. Then getting inside the crib, he threw the ear of corn out into the barn lot, where Beauty Spot, the family cow, could see it.

She walked up eagerly, opened her mouth and thrust out her tongue for the treat; but just as she thought she had it, Ralph jerked the corn five or six feet from her.

Raising her head, Beauty Spot studied that ear of corn for a moment thoughtfully. Its action was unexpected, but reflection seemed to convince her that it might have blown or rolled away from her, and she advanced once more. This time she approached it somewhat gingerly. Again she lowered her head and reached for it, and again the ear swiftly slid five or six feet out of her reach.

"Whoof!" snorted the cow. Her eyes dilated with wonder. She held her head half lowered, and gazed wildly at that corn.

Still she held her ground. She studied the strange ear intently for a minute. The thing was certainly lying still now; surely

it was an ear of corn. She resolved not to be a coward. With wide eyes, distended nostrils, and lowered head she went forward the third time, very cautiously.

The ear lay perfectly still. Her confidence grew; her mouth opened; out went her tongue to lick in the corn, and away it jumped again.

The cow sprang high into the air with a piteous bellow, whirled and, with flying tail and swinging head, bolted for the open gate and the pasture.

Ralph came out, roaring with laughter; his father too was laughing.

"Silly beast," said Mr. Latimer.

"Oh, I don't know," said Ralph. "How would you feel if you went to shake hands with a man, and suddenly found he was ten feet away from you? I will warrant you would run before you had tried it three times."

FACTS ABOUT SMALLPOX

H. J. Harnly, Ph. D., McPherson College

SMALLPOX is one of the most contagious diseases known. It is extremely rare for anyone exposed to the disease to escape its onslaught unless previously protected by vaccination or by a former attack of the disease. One is almost absolutely safe from acquiring smallpox if recently and successfully vaccinated.

The disease is due to a specific germ, without which it is no more possible to have smallpox than it is possible to have a wheat crop without wheat seed. The tone germ of smallpox was discovered by a councilman of Boston, in 1906. It is not necessary to come in direct contact with a patient to contract the disease as the contagium may be transmitted some little distance through the air, possibly even outside of the sick room. One attack almost invariably protects against another. All ages are liable to smallpox.

A period of ten or twelve days usually elapses after exposure to smallpox before the appearance of the first symptoms of the disease. The period may vary from nine to fifteen days.

The contagium is probably derived entirely from the scales and particles of skin escaping from the patient. Any pretense that these scales are harmless is dense ignorance if not vicious, and must not for a moment be entertained. The only safety

lies in keeping from the germs, or being vaccinated. Any pretense that vaccination does more harm than good is again due to dense ignorance and is vicious. Any such pretense endangers human life.

The death rate of smallpox of those who have been previously vaccinated at a comparatively recent date, or in varioloid as it is called when thus modified by vaccination, is only 1.2 per cent. There are severe cases in persons vaccinated many years previous to the attack of smallpox. The death rate in these, however, is much lower than in those who have never been vaccinated.

Before the mild epidemic of 1894 the death rate in the vaccinated was sixteen per cent. Since 1894 it has been only seven per cent. In the unvaccinated before 1894 it was fifty-eight per cent, and since that time it has been but seventeen per cent, as reported by Welch from the statistics of 5,000 cases in the Philadelphia Municipal Hospital.

That smallpox has reached its present low mortality rate through the influence of vaccination has been proved beyond question by the history of the disease during the past 400 years. Those who would deny these statements must explain in some other way the facts of smallpox history which show so clearly that something happened coincident with the introduction of vaccination protection to reduce to its present

low mortality the disease which for hundreds of years was the most fatal of pestilential agencies. There can be no middle ground taken on the principle of vaccination protection. The vaccination has brought about this wonderful reduction of deaths from thirty-five and forty per cent to one per cent of all those attacked.

Improved sanitation will not check smallpox. Vaccination alone will. Germany with compulsory vaccination has a death rate of one and one-tenth in every million population from smallpox; Denmark has one-half; Sweden two and one-half; Norway six-tenths, while England without compulsory vaccination has twenty and two-tenths; the French States ninety, and Russia with very little vaccination has a death rate of four hundred and sixty-three; Spain five hundred and sixty-three in every million population. The actual number of smallpox deaths from 1893 to 1897 in Germany was 287; for Denmark two; Sweden forty-one; Norway five; England 3,066; Russia 275,508, and Spain 23,881. In Prussia before vaccination from 1847 to 1874 the smallpox death rate was never less than 73 per million of population and rose as high as 2,624 in 1872. In 1874 compulsory vaccination went into effect, since that time the highest death rate from smallpox has been thirty-six in 1882, and the lowest, two-tenths in 1895 and 1896. In Austria, under similar conditions but with-

out compulsory vaccination in 1882 the death rate was 900 and in 1895 and 1896 it was 40 and 36 per one million of population. The average death rate of smallpox for twenty-three of the principal cities, provinces and countries of Europe per 1,000,000 population before vaccination was 2,691, after the introduction of vaccination, 291.

Is vaccination dangerous? In a record of 500,000 vaccinations in California there are eight deaths reported as due to vaccination, and three of these were shown as not directly due to vaccination.

Since the use of glycerinated calf virus there is no possible chance of communicating disease by vaccination and proper antiseptic dressing removes the last possibility of blood poisoning.

Smallpox can no more spring up spontaneously out of a combination of weather and bodily conditions, without the specific smallpox germ than can a crop of corn arise out of a condition of weather and soil without specific corn seed. The acceptance of these facts is the only safe course.

Weather conditions may reduce bodily resistance and affect the virulency of the germ, but the specific disease cannot arise without the specific germ. The above statements are neither theory nor guess work, but are as certain as any knowledge can be made sure.

TAGUDIN TO THE DIVIDE

W. O. Beckner

THE long vacation for American teachers in the Philippines begins about April 1, and lasts ten weeks. that is until about June 10. It is a commonly accepted rule of action that every one must go somewhere. The person who stays in his station through the vacation period gets like a lamp with the oil all burned out before the end of the next year. For his own good, he cannot afford to do it.

The places where to go are numerous. Many make the trip to China or Japan, a few go the other way to Borneo and Java, but the big gathering place for all is Baguio, the summer capital of the Islands up in the hills where it is cool and invigorating. It is quite possible to spend a considerable time in Baguio and to make trips to famous places in the Islands also.

Mayon volcano in southern Luzon, Taal volcano near Manila, the "Southern Island Trip" which is an itinerary of most of the places of interest in the islands to the south of Luzon,—all these and more are common terms in the phraseology used to describe the vacation experiences of many Americans in the teaching force in the Islands.

But this story is about another trip which it was the writer's experience to make in the past vacation. There is living in Tagudin a college mate with whom I was on very familiar terms at McPherson College a few years ago. H. J. Detrick was one of the "boys" at that institution five years ago and is now exercising the duties of a very responsible man in the affairs of the government of these Islands. He is now Lieutenant Governor of a sub-province, Am-



Camp House at Nieva.

burayan, of the big mountain province which includes nearly half of the north end of the island of Luzon. In the past vacation was the first opportunity which we four, Governor Detrick and his wife and the writer and his wife, all alumni from McPherson College, who had been associated there in past years, it was the first time we had enjoyed a real visit. Mrs. Beckner and I spent a week there most pleasantly.

While there we planned and made a trip up into the heart of the high hills, to the Divide on the road to Cervantes. The four of us mounted our horses early in the morning and were off across the low rice field on the short cut to the road. We had started our carriers out the day before at noon. They carried such bedding and food as we wished to take. They put things into big baskets, flat and oblong, wrapped oil cloths around them, swung them on a pole and away they went.

Our road for a few miles until we got into the hills proper was just an ordinary cart trail. Then we came to the river and followed up that for some distance, the road becoming a shelf along the cliff that stood by the river side. We passed a company of natives at work on the road. They were building a "Galung-galung." That is a cable swung across a river with a basket or cage swung on it in which passengers are transported to the other side. The little carriage to which the cage is swung runs along on the big cable and the whole makes quite a convenient method of crossing deep gulches. The foreman in charge of this bunch of laborers was a German-American. He represents a type of men that, while suffering next to ostracism from the com-

pany of good people, yet they are contributing something in such big projects as must be undertaken by the Government which it is hard to find men to undertake. He must necessarily be out on the work and be there constantly. Sometimes the work is where he must stay out away from others of his fellows for months at a time. The longing for human companionship is such as few are able to suffer. This man took unto himself an Igorot woman for his wife, established a home and is rearing a family, with what success, only time can tell. We passed his home and saw his cattle grazing on the grassy slopes of the hills, fat and sleek. We saw his yard, neat and clean with plants growing in a well-fenced garden.

Just before noon we came to a pretty little waterfall. Down from the cliff above the water splashed and sprayed and came to rest in a little pool. We stood in the shade and admired and wondered. But that pool looked too tempting, so two of our company rode on while the other two took a plunge of refreshing sweetness.

At Kus Kus Nong we came to halt for the noon lunch. There we found nothing but the road camp house itself stuck on the side of the hill like a swallow's nest plastered on the side of a rock, but we made ourselves at home, picketed our horses on what grass we could find and made ready the repast. Our carriers were waiting for us there with our baskets.

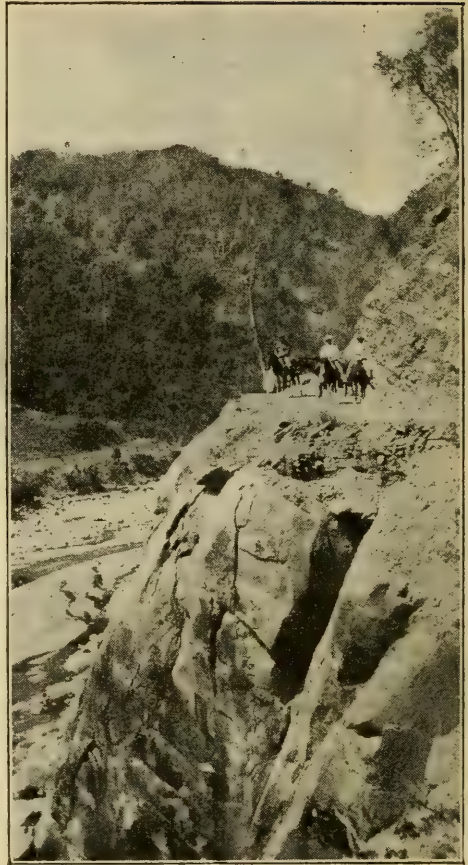
From Kus Kus Nong our road left the river and struck out boldly toward the hill tops. First over a zigzag, a feat of engineering often resorted to in making mountain trails for the purpose of making a sharp as-

cent with low grade. Then we went on winding in and out, going around a steep cliff and headed directly as it seemed into the gulch only a few rods ahead. But before we could realize it we had flanked and were coming back on the side of the opposite hill, only making one of the thousand short curves that we had to make in following that trail. And so we went onward and upward. We walked, we rested and talked, we stopped to admire a pretty mountain scene from an advantageous point, we looked into the deep gorges below us and at the tops of the high hills all around us.

Those mountains seem to have been piled up rather loosely and it is no uncommon thing for a whole hillside to slide downward, carrying trees and rocks with it. We passed several places where such slides had occurred only in the last rainy season. In such places the bare rocks were the silent witnesses of what had happened. Their upturned and scratched faces bore ample testimony to the seriousness of the rubbing which they had received. At one place such a slide had carried away a hollow place in the mountain side, taking out probably ten thousand or more cubic yards of earth and had carried it clear away. It is not just a slipping of the toe hold and then catching again, but a complete slide down into the gorge below where the fragments were washed away by the water current. Such slides are a terrible menace to the maintaining of good trails in the mountains of Luzon. Not only in the places which we saw on this short trip, but the condition is general over northern Luzon. The mountains do slide.

By the middle of the afternoon we were getting into the regions of steep cliffs. We had reached such an altitude that the gorges below us were too deep to look down into with perfect composure and to turn to look upward to the tops above us,—well, be careful not to lose your balance and fall backward down the gulch. The road is only a narrow trail for bull carts. It was built especially for that kind of traffic. The grade in places is about ten per cent, but the entire road is built on a six per cent plan. That makes quite a comfortable road to travel over. But oh the thrills! Those narrow shelves!

We reached the camp house at Nieva about sundown. There we prepared for a rest. Then man in charge of the camp made us a good supper and after the horses were all arranged and other things ready we made the bunks for the night. It was cool so blankets were quite comfortable.



Oh, the Thrills!

At three o'clock next morning we were on our feet and after a cup of coffee we started for the real top of the country, the Divide. It was about four miles yet. We reached it by the time the day came and saw from the highest point that we could attain how wonderfully Nature dresses herself for the new day. Oh, those grays and shadows in her early garb! How wonderful they are! How little we really know of the supreme beauties of the new born day!

Out there before us, but way down below, lay the big, rich valley in which Cervantes is located. We could see the streets of the town, only a few miles away in a straight line, probably three or four, but it was 2,500 feet lower than where we stood and twelve miles distant the way the road goes.

Down through that fat valley was stretched a silvery thread. It wound and curved and made graceful movements it seemed, as it found its way out toward the big sea. In the time of rains, the wet sea-

son, that same silvery thread becomes a raging torrent, charging and surging in an onward plunge. Turning around, way down by the sea we could locate Tagudin and the big river that empties into the sea near by. The mouth of that river is two or three miles wide, that is, the place which the river has marked out for its mouth in the rainy season. Between us and that mouth lay pile upon pile, huge pile upon huge pile, of earth and rock, forming mountains and hills with deep cavernous gorges between them. As the light of the sun broke upon the hill tops, their shadows fell across the big cavernous gulches and a light line of gray marked the edge of the sun-line. Away across distances too far to guess those shadows reached and the light of the upcoming sun chased them, crowded them, drove them downward into the depths below. Hill top after hill top caught up the beauty and pushed its way upward into the full light. Back down there somewhere was the road over which we had come; where was it? There, see it? Oh, yes, quite plain as the light rose higher and brighter. It looked like a flimsy spider web flung loosely on the bushes of the mountainside.

We were on the highest point which we could reach. But south of us there stood a part of the hill some distance away that was higher than we were. It reached

around in a sort of alcove shape. But that higher hill did not keep us from feeling the thrill of being on the top of the earth and glad for the privilege. One of us became rather overjoyed and knew no better way to express the inside feeling than to do just as the boy in Missouri does, just to "holler" out loud. Now the one that "hollered" on this occasion was not raised in Missouri, but he learned to call hogs out in the woods just the same and has some advantages in the way of good lung power. But the echo that followed his yell on this occasion beat anything he ever heard in his boyhood yelling. That yell went out over toward that alcove shaped hillside in waves distinctly audible. It beat against the sides of that alcove in other waves and waved back and forth around in that alcove for fifteen seconds by actual timing by the watch. Of course then each one of us had to yell our loudest.

We made the trip down to Tagudin the same day and although a little tired from the saddle we were a happy quartet, every one of us glad as can be that we are alive. Too bad about those who wish they had lived in the good old times when there were beauties and pleasures untold. We pity them. A finer trip into the great heart of the hills it has never been my privilege to make. Really, I hope to make it again some day.

A WINTER IN KANSAS

Byron Talhelm

IT was a damp, chilly day in the early autumn when the first snow fell. It was welcomed by all, as the past season had been very dry. By five o'clock in the evening Mother Earth was lying beneath a beautiful white blanket of snow. It was on the 27th day of October, 1911—a day long to be remembered by the people of Western Kansas. On account of a total failure of wheat and corn and a shortage of forage crops almost famine conditions prevailed in this section of the State during the latter half of the winter.

According to the superstitions of us natives, the first snow falling on the 27th day of the month meant that we were to have 27 snows during the winter. As signs never fail in Kansas, we got the 27 snows and one or two more thrown in for good measure. However, real winter did not set in until Dec. 19, when we got a wet snow,



falling gently, and being about a foot deep the next morning. Everybody said it was just the thing for the wheat. From that time on snow could be seen as late as the 9th of April without interruption which is a very unusual thing. The cold weather followed, reaching the maximum Jan. 12th,

when the thermometer registered 26 degrees below zero at 7 A. M. but by 8 P. M. the following day it had moderated to 34. degrees above. It was about the first of the year when the scarcity of feed began to be felt. In the more western part of the State hundreds of farmers sold or shipped their horses and cattle out to other parts for the winter. A few others left their farms, loaded their families into the wagon, bade farewell to "drouthy Kansas," and departed on a journey to their wives' folks, while many of them remained, tried to keep their stock through the winter, and braved the storms of the frontier. The weather continued ordinary with the exception of a great amount of snow, until the latter part of February. By this time it had moderated so much that people were thinking spring was about here, never dreaming that the worst was yet to come.

On Sunday morning, Feb. 25th, it began snowing and continued all day with the fierceness of an old time blizzard. The next morning dawned clear and cold with a foot of snow on the level and drifts many feet high. It was a typical western "Snow Bound." Roads, sheds, and pens were drifted full. Scooping snow was the order of the day, but it was all for naught as the next day everything was drifted full again and piled higher than ever. The country roads were impassable and the railroads blockaded. The blizzards were repeated every two or three days with increased fury until Thursday, March 14th, when the climax was reached.

The worst blizzard in many years arrived and ended this storm period. One must be in a blizzard to appreciate its severity. No time during the day was it safe to leave the house. It was during this period that much suffering existed. Many cattle and horses died from exposure and starvation. Trees were cut down for cattle to browse upon the twigs. Horses ate the bark of standing trees. Many were killed that the price of the hides might be obtained. Some were killed rather than risk starvation. Stables were torn down for fuel and shorts used for food. Fortunately only a few persons lost their lives in the storm. One sad incident happened in Ford county. A lady teacher started for her home which was only a couple miles distant from school, with horse and buggy and her own little boy with her. After driving a mile through the storm she abandoned the horse and buggy and started across the fields homeward, but in some way got lost. In the meantime her husband started out to meet



her, but they missed each other. He returned home, summoned his neighbors and with lanterns made an all night search, but in vain. Shortly after the day dawned with its morning light, the searching party found the woman—dead, and the little child shivering and almost frozen, sheltered only by his own mother's dead body.

The railroads also experienced their share of trouble. The cuts were drifted full and time after time were cleared only to be drifted shut the next day. On one occasion five engines were used to push a snow plow. This condition of the means of transportation caused a scarcity of feed, food, and fuel. Corn and hay sold at exorbitant prices and could scarcely be gotten at any price. With everything to buy and nothing to sell and living on borrowed money for many months, only those who have gone through the experience can realize what it meant.

Many a person mortgaged his farm and all at high rates of interest in order to get something to eat for his family and horses. The banks of Kansas borrowed millions of dollars of Eastern money to supply the demand of their patrons. It will require several years to fully recover from the financial losses occasioned by the drouth of 1911 and the winter following.

Yet through it all our loving Savior verified his promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." The Heavenly Father did not forget his children in this hour of need. Relief came in the way of money by mail and telegraph from friends in the east and west—God bless them. Spring opened up soon after the memorable fourteenth of March, followed by a fruitful season.



Clerk—Here are some very pretty buttoned gloves.

Customer—Thank you, but I am engaged in teaching school and prefer to lace my kids.

SLAVES TO OUR APPETITES

Dr. W. C. Frick

Part 5.

IT has been said that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. This seems to be quite true so long as he is healthy. Would you do a hungry man a real favor? See that he gets a wholesome meal. If you want to make certain that the dreadful slip between you and your intended doesn't occur, be sure that among other things you let him know (by experience) how well you can cook. Would you have married life be a continual series of pleasant evenings with your husband be sure you start right by always having a steaming, wholesome meal ready to set on the table at his return from a hard day's toil. Thus might we multiply ways by which a strong appeal is made to the hearts of most men.

But with many people the time comes altogether too soon that this avenue to the heart becomes closed because its possessor has become a dyspeptic. A dyspeptic is one who is beginning to reap the consequences of having allowed his natural appetite for food and drink to become master of himself. And let the remainder of this number be a strong plea to return to the simple life of our forefathers who took time to eat, who looked upon tea and coffee as a luxury; whose dishes were prepared in a simple manner; who consequently were blessed with sound teeth; who could find necessary relaxation and social delight outside the intoxicating cup and who used drugs only when advised by the family doctor. For, if there is one organ of the human body above all others which is constantly abused it is man's stomach. The very portal of man's health, the sustainer of his life is used like no man would think of using any valuable thing which he possesses. The stomach is expected to chew our food when we are supplied with jaws and teeth for that purpose; to handle solids when it should handle only semi-solids and fluids; to care for five to eight feedings a day when nature intended only three; to get its necessary rest and is given no time to rest; of a certain normal capacity we continually gluttonously overload it; built to care for neutral substances we gulp into it fiery liquors, spicy foods and condiments; an employer of ferments produced by the blood, defiled by them and in turn

repoisoning the blood because it must use them poisoned by tobacco and liquor; supposed to be at rest twelve to fifteen hours in every twenty-four and made to work fifteen to eighteen hours. Review this catalogue of abuses and see if you are not guilty of one or more of them.

Primarily, look out for a chronic dyspepsia sooner or later. If you are short-breathed or your heart palpitates (beats extraordinarily rapidly) after your Sunday dinner, know that you made a glutton of yourself. If you have a griping stomach ache and other disagreeable symptoms after raiding someone's orchard early in the spring, know that the fruit you ate was unripe. If you can't sleep on retiring or your sleep is disturbed by terrifying dreams be quite sure you ate too late, ate too much, or used too much tea or coffee. If, in short, you are beginning to suffer with headaches, constipation, heartburn, regurgitations, bad taste in the mouth, foul breath, bad teeth, hemorrhoids, any one or a number of these things, especially if you are anemic, eat much spicy food, drink excessively of tea and coffee, or of liquor suspect that you are beginning to reap the harvest of sinning against the natural appetite.

Eat three times daily, chew your food thoroughly. Whatever you drink, drink at the beginning or end of your meal, at least don't drink that you may be saved the effort of chewing your food. Chew as fast or slow as you like, but masticate all food well. Eat as regularly as possible. Be of a cheerful mood at mealtime. Better avoid the use of alcohol, tea and coffee altogether. And when it's all said and no, not done, most of us will go along abusing our digestive apparatus as usual.



The church must demand that men shall neither be over-employed nor unemployed, that the work of women must not be done under conditions that are physically hurtful and morally menacing.



The responsibility of parenthood needs agitation. But the simple fact is that the child does not select his own parents. He finds himself in the world with certain tendencies and circumstances around him that he did not choose.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Sävong per Bedsted, Denmark,
Saturday morning.

Dear Children:

Sävong is a large country place consisting of a farm and a large brick factory. I do not know how many workman they employ, but they run night and day and can make many thousands of brick and tile. The clay is of a fairly good quality. Lumber is scarce, so barn and house and shed are made of brick in this country. Today we are leaving the place. Our stay at Johansen's has been most pleasant, and in some ways we are loath to leave here. It is home again. On the other hand the days can not speed too rapidly for us to be back to our own dear home, and it is needless to say that we shall appreciate our good home the more since we have lived in the many we have thus far on this trip. Our home life is about at an end. We will get into some in France and then hotel life until we reach America.

But how has it been going for two days, do you ask? Well, I think the Irishman would say, "We have been going some." We left here Sunday morning not to return until last night. Sister Johansen took us in their little one-horse cart, drawn by their fine little Russian pony, up into the neighborhood of Hörðum. Hansen, mama and I and Sister Johansen sat in the cart, balanced ourselves so that we would not tip the cart up against the horse, leaning forward up hill, and backward down hill, and thus we rode for an hour. Take four chairs and set them so close together that the outside corners are thirty-six inches apart all four ways, and you have the space that we packed into facing each other in that ride.

We first called on Har. Thompson and wife and her sister. We drank chocolate here and ate cookies. Then we went across the country to old Brother and Sister Lars Olson's living in the field. Here we stopped for dinner. Here Bonsack and I had been three years before. Here Father and Mother Miller made themselves famous by sleeping in their cupboard bed.

But the old home, for these people were living in a house built over fifty years ago, was an interesting sight indeed. The floor of the vestibule was made of round stone. The parlor in which was the old work

bench belonging to the old man, was of cement floor. The dining room in which the cupboard beds were was of brick and the kitchen next was of round stone. All the floors had been sprinkled with fresh white sand in honor of the guests on hand. A hearty welcome awaited us by the old people and soon we sat down and ate fried chicken, potatoes and the like. Then we had coffee. The old brother wanted me to drink a cup with him, and I did so, and we turned over our cups and shook hands and promised to be brethren all our days. That pleased the old brother much. I hope I got two good pictures here, because I want them at home.

We moved on. Sister Johansen went back home and we walked across the field to the next place. The dear old people dropped everything and walked with us until we came to the line of their farm and there we gave them good-bye. Then we called on Sister Peter Hansen and there we ate apples. She has an humble home and is happy in it. Then we went to Jens Larson. Here is a woman that mother loved very much. She has had her trials and sorrows through sickness and death in her home, and it has sweetened her face. She told of Bro. Cobb speaking of the flowers turning their faces to the sun and so should we. We drank chocolate here and sang "Haven of Rest" until we all wept. Then we moved up the way to Sophas Johansen. Here we drank chocolate again, and took a wagon and were driven to Colby to see this man's wife's mother, a member, but whose husband is a drunkard. It was a drunkard's home, dirty, poor, oh children, what can the demon of drink not do! Here we ate apples, sang several songs and had prayer. They promised to come to our meeting in Hörðum that night and did. Then we walked three quarters of an hour to Hörðum to meeting. Meeting appointed for 7:30 and no one there. So we went and called on a family whose wife was sick, and came back again and had meeting about 8:15. How my soul did yearn to help the drunken man who came. It is all in the hands of the Lord, and there I must be content, but how I did yearn to be able to preach to these people first handed.

Johannes Olson* had asked us to stay with him all night and we had promised. Mama had developed a kind of bunion on the side of her foot and it was very sore. But nothing daunted, we started out to Johannes' home in the dark and found he lived out in the country quite a ways. On we walked through water and wet grass and mud. Mama had on her Swedish shoes and no rubbers. She fared well and says I must get her another pair to take home. Her feet did not get wet and that pleased her.

At last we came to the home in a field. He has about ten acres of ground for which he paid kroners 1,400. It has a house and barn all combined. Why it is built so low I do not know. All the houses in this country have a little transom over the front door, and I can stand on the outside and look out of the transom without trying to reach. Mama stood in the entrance of this door as a picture later will show and the top of the door came nearly to her shoulder. The ceiling was so low that I could not stand up erect. The rooms were small, the furnishings spare. Still here we saw more books than any place yet, for Johannes had brought home a number of old books he could not sell and piled them up here. Here Johannes and his bride a little over a year ago began life together. He had been sick and was in the hospital. She nursed him and loved him and married him. Last April a baby boy came to their home and the day after she passed away. He is living in his home alone and is doing the best he can; but the home needs the vanished hand and the voice that is still and it will not come back. Johannes gave us his bed and took a feather bed and made a bed for himself on the floor. The ceiling over head is covered with straw. We slept, for the heart of Johannes was so tender and gentle we could not do other than respond to his love. He had the window open. Mama did not have along her heavy nightgown, and the next morning we arose with sore throats. Mine is not bad, but mama's is. We understood that we would eat breakfast in the home of Johannes' brother. But to our surprise he made the fire, made coffee and put it on the table with some rye bread and butter. We gathered around the board. Johannes took down his Bible, read a lesson in Danish and then we bowed our heads and he prayed. Oh, children, that moment! He prayed for his needs and as we came to asking God to bless his baby (*Johannes Olson lived some months in the home of the writer while in America.—Ed.)

boy, to bless his nurse and that he might raise his boy, his voice trembled and our hearts flowed. So humble, so earnest, so heartfelt! We ate of the frugal meal because Johannes prepared it. I asked him if he thought of coming to America again. He said, "No, I must stay and raise my boy." We looked at his chickens, his place and walked over to his brother's and sat down to breakfast. Here we drank chocolate and coffee. Then we went to visit Johannes' father. A few days ago he had gone after the cows; something happened that they ran over him and broke a rib, they think. The old brother was so glad to see us. We talked together, and drank chocolate and talked again. Then we walked to town and called on Jens Olson, another brother to Johannes. He is the one that came to see Johannes in our home. He has a wife and now a baby a week old. Fine little boy. Then we came to Carl Jensen who lives in the church and is a brother-in-law to Johannes. Here we had dinner and visited a little, but it was nearly the time when the District Meeting was to convene.

Mama and I went into the meeting room at the time of the District Meeting, but no one there. Later came the Elder and a few members. The meeting at last was opened by asking me to teach them to sing "Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide." I drilled them in two songs for a while, and then they took up the business of the meeting. Now this time the District Meeting was held here so the Elder of the church himself was appointed Moderator. Bro. Hansen represented the Venssyssel church and the members present represented the Thy church. Sophas Johansson was made writing clerk. The moderator acted as reading clerk and did most of the speech making. Mama and I were referee, and I did the speaking for both of us. Fully organized, they took up the question of learning the art of war. It was a lively discussion in which I was asked some questions, some of which I answered and others I said they should ask at the Annual Meeting. The final upshot of the whole meeting was that every member except two young brethren, voted with tears in the eyes to be loyal to Christ no matter what will come. One of the young members said he was coming to America next year. Then they asked about children voting in members' meeting; had a revival of enthusiasm in doing more work for Jesus in which I told them some things about giving. The meeting was closed to drink

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John William Heiny.

A HEALTHY BABY

JOHN WILLIAM HEINY was born October 3, 1911, and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Heiny of Carleton, Nebraska.

At birth he weighed nine pounds and has gained gradually ever since. He is now eleven months old and weighs twenty-two pounds.

He has four teeth, creeps and is making some progress towards walking and talking.

The care he receives is simple yet foremost in the daily routine of work. His meals, bath and sleeping hours are regular.

He is a breast-fed baby. Since nine months old he has digressed somewhat from the natural food and is given soups, cereals and fruits, with nature's food once

between each meal. Then with plenty of fresh water his wants in the food line are supplied. J. W. is not forming the habit of piecing, therefore relishes his meal greatly.

One thing in particular that is considered very important in the health of the child is to watch carefully the condition of the bowels. If not normal a dose of tasteless castor oil is given and if necessary followed by an enema to flush out the bowels. Excellent results have been obtained from this treatment.

Much of his time is spent on a screened porch where germ-laden flies do not care to torment him. Here he takes in Nebraska's sun and wind and is growing up to be a typical Nebraskan.

AMONG THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES



Gymnasium, McPherson College.

Bridgewater College,
Bridgewater, Va.

You will be glad to know, I am sure, that our session has started with very encouraging prospects. Students are coming in right along and there is every indication for good and prosperous year.

Jno. S. Flory.

P. B. Fitzwater and W. I. T. Hoover will teach in Lordsburg College this year.

J. C. Flora is one of the instructors in Blue Ridge College for the present school year.

Bethany Bible School,
Chicago, Ill.

We do not have more but we have a better grade of students than we have ever had before.

E. B. Hoff.

Dr. Frazell, instructor in mathematics at McPherson College spent six weeks in Europe during the summer vacation.

McPherson College is putting out a quarterly bulletin, edited by Prof. E. L. Craik, which is proving of much benefit to the college.

Mount Morris College,
Mount Morris, Ill.

At the District Meeting of Northern Illinois and Wisconsin held at Naperville, Ill., Aug. 22, the District authorized the trustees of Mount Morris College to borrow \$20,000 to complete the buildings which are now under construction. The trustees were also authorized to manage and conduct Mount Morris College at the risk of the State District on and after the expira-

tion of the present lease with the college management (June 1, 1914,) if the trustees should find it necessary to do so.

At the Elders' Meeting held at the District Meeting it was found that out of 26 elders present, twenty had been students at Mount Morris College, two had been students at Bethany and one had been a student at McPherson College.



WHAT HOPE COLLEGE SENT TO HILLTOP FARM.

Henry Wolfe.

I 'VE had the time of my life. At home folks look down on farming but here everybody's keen for it," said Andrews to me after the box packing of the apples was over and he was ready to leave.

Mann and I had been to the summer school at Hope Agricultural College, and had come to Hilltop Farm boiling over with the enthusiasm there acquired. Everybody at Hope College wanted to be a farmer, professors and students alike. They all thought it the best profession in the world. We had thoroughly believed this too, and had preached that doctrine morning, noon and night since our arrival at Hilltop.

Mr. West had been a farmer for fifty years, and he was glad to have us talk so enthusiastically of his life-work. Mrs. West and the girls liked it too, for they had been brought up on the place and knew every detail of farming, from milking cows to packing apples. Our approval of the work was an approval of them. Of course

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THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE OVERFLOWING CUP.

J. C. Flora.

"My Cup Runneth Over."

GLAD and festal moments come to the saddest and most weary hearts. At the close of a prolonged strain of anxiety when we are downcast and weary, sleep casts its spell over our tired nature; angels spread the refreshing banquet; and the soul is refreshed and invigorated for new toils. We cannot always tell whence such blessings come; this is all we know; that the step is more elastic, the heart more buoyant, songs break from the lips and the whole being thrills as nature does in the spring time. "When the Lord turns again our captivity, the mouth is filled with laughter, and the tongue with singing; then we say among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." At such hours in life our hearts are aglow with joy and the sunshine of God's richest benedictions seem to rest upon us and we are made to cry, "My cup runneth over."

A similar experience is unfolded in another psalm; which like so many of its characters, touches the lowest depths and springs as well as the topmost heights of human experiences. It begins with the plaintive notes of trouble, "The sorrows of death, and the pains of hell," and with rash imputation upon all men. It tells how the psalmist in his need called upon the Lord. It recounts the glorious deliverance wrought upon his behalf. And now as he reviews his lot, it seems like a cup full of salvation. We have no time to say anything of the texture of life's cups. There are many kinds of raw material from which they may be made. But in this connection we have only to deal with the ingredients which will taste as good from the earthen mug as the golden goblet. And, after all, the great differences that come to men's lives are much more in their contents than in their outward seeming. Cease looking upon the outside of the cup and platter, and look thankfully upon the contents, which may be sweeter and richer for thee, than are the contents of other lives which thou dost envy, not knowing how bitter is the draft contained within.

It becomes us to remember that the "cup of blessing" of which we drink was once

filled with a bitter curse. We read in the Scriptures of the cup of trembling and of the cup of God's wrath. Our lot in life may have been one of restlessness and void of hope, if we had been left to drink the bitter results of our sin. If it be asked how we have escaped so bitter an experience, the answer is given in his words, who has pleaded the cause of his people: "Behold I have taken out of thine hand the cup of trembling, even of the dregs of the cup of my fury; thou shalt no more drink it again." And when he took it out of our hands, he poured its contents into the cup mixed for himself, returning it to us emptied, even to the dregs; nay, better, filled with the wine of his love and life, while he drank our portion of wrath and woe. Consider the ingredients of Christ's cup—the shame and spitting; the pain and anguish; the physical torture; and above all the bitterness of our sins, the guilt of our curse, which he voluntarily assumed; the equivalent of our punishment which was imputed to him. "The human race stood in one long line, each with a cup of hemlock in his hand, and Christ passing along took from each his cup and poured its contents into the vast beaker which he carried, so that on the cross he 'tasted death for every man.' Thus our lives brim with salvation, because his brimmed with condemnation. Our cup is one of joy because his cup was one of sorrow. Our cup is one of blessedness because his was one of God-forsakenness."

Good health is one of the chief ingredients of our life cup. A man might have everything calculated to promote human happiness, but if all were tinged with pain and constant illness, what joy could he have? Sad days in life are often due to bodily weakness. Our glad days are generally coincident with a sense of vigorous health. If your life cup seems sweet and refreshing to your taste, you may calculate pretty shrewdly that good health is a main ingredient, though we can form no estimate of its importance until it is withdrawn.

Then there are human friendships and affections, the absence of which makes the greatest prosperity a dreary desert. There are also the comforts of the home life, to say nothing of the necessities. What a variety of these most of us enjoy: soft pil-

lows, carpeted floors, warm, weather-tight rooms; likewise furniture rich and plentiful; variety of food, rich and costly garments. The stoic may discipline himself to do without these things but nevertheless it is undeniable that much of the enjoyment of our lives arises from the presence of these things to which we have become habituated by long custom and use.

There are also the joys of the mind. Each one of us can call up the treasured experiences of our past in which lie the learning of the ancient world. Each can collect the thoughts of poets and philosophers, and each can search out and drink in the wonders and beauties of nature from the wild flowers of the forest glade. Occasionally some special, unlooked for benediction, sent apparently for no other object than to satisfy God's passion for giving. Many sweet experiences come into our lives that we did not expect. Pencil cannot describe all that God pours into the lot of our life. Our Father carefully studies our condition and then suits his many blessings to our needs.

But whatever blessing is in our cup it is sure to run over. With him the calf is always the fatted calf, the robe always the best robe, the joy unspeakable, the peace surpasseth understanding, the grace abounds in every good work. He does not measure out his goodness as the apothecary counts his drops and measures his drams slowly and exactly, drop by drop. God's way is always characterized by multitudinous and overflowing bounty. He is going to supply us to the overflowing of our cups. Let us see to it that we hold our cups so that this overflowing may not run to waste, but may drop into the cups of others that are not blessed as many of us are. He gives to all liberally and does not upbraid.

But it is especially in connection with spiritual blessings that the cup most often seems to overflow. This has been the experience of many eminent saints. In one of his seasons of rapt communion, John Welch of Scotland, cried: "O Lord, hold thy hand; it is enough. Thy servant is a clay vessel and cannot hold any more." That day to him surely was a heavenly day, one that gave him a deeper insight into heaven than all the books he had ever read or all the sermons he had ever heard about. He not only came to give us life, but life more abundantly. He meant that our hearts should delight themselves with fatness, and to be satisfied with the favor of the Lord. Let us not hoard what we have.

Freely receive, freely give. May we not be miserly, but rather let us be prodigal and spendthrift of our wealth; for we know it is inexhaustible, being supplied from our Father's hand.

Let us be sure to take the cup of salvation. There can be no greater slight to a giver, than to give his gift to some one who will not accept it, or who neglects it. How often does God set before us many cups which we refuse to taste. Some act as though they thought that God did not really mean that they should be happy. Some only drink half, as though they did not have the greatest confidence in him. Sometimes we have not because we are too blind to see. God has given everything for our enjoyment. As we drink we shall call upon the name of the Lord. If we will do this many times, the cup that may seem bitter and frightens us may soon be changed into the very wine of life. May we always drink of the cup as though it were in remembrance of Jesus.



WHAT HOPE COLLEGE SENT TO HILLTOP FARM.

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they liked it, and of course we got extra mince pies and could call on them for help in the packing-house when we needed it. Mann and I stirred up everyone on the place to better work, to more of it and to a belief in its future. The boys that were helping to pick the apples then and there applied for jobs for next year. They wanted to be with a crowd that worked for the love of the thing, that laughed at the daily worries. When the cow kicked over the pail of milk that careful Will had just persuaded her to give, Mann instantly volunteered to tackle the job next time. What Mann knew about milking wasn't enough to speak of, but it was the spirit of that farm to try anything, and to keep things going ahead.

Mann was young and enthusiastic. He would have been the life of a crowd anywhere, but there was something deeper and stronger than mere enthusiasm that he brought to that Hilltop. And that something he had found at Hope College.

Everyone has heard that the man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is doing the real work of the world. And this belief was the cornerstone of Hope College. Everyone talked it, everyone believed it, and everyone determined to accomplish it on his own little

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HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

For Men's Clothing.

When trousers are "kneaded," or "bag," dampen the bulge with a wet sponge, or lay a damp cloth over the place and iron with a pressing motion until the bulge is taken up. The dampening and pressing may have to be repeated.

Hang the coat on a coat form, instead of by the loop at the back of the neck. Coat forms can be had two for a nickel, or a better quality, five to ten cents each. The forms will last as long as you take care of them, and the coat will keep in shape.

In hanging up trousers, do not button the waistband together and hang them up by this, or by the suspenders; get a hanger of the tailor, or ten cent store, two for a nickel, and the tailor will show you how to use them. If the trousers are folded properly and hung right, they will keep their appearance better.

To "crease" the leg of the trousers, fold with the seams on each side of the leg together, then lay a damp cloth on the fold and press well with a moderately hot flat iron. The cloth should not be too wet, and a towel is as good as anything.



Removing Stains.

For removing peach stain, this is recommended: Put a teaspoonful of sulphur on a plate, add a few drops of pure alcohol and ignite. Over this place a tin funnel; wet the stain and hold it over the small opening in the funnel; allow the fumes to come in contact with every particle of the stain. The action is a quick chemical bleaching which is effective for any stain on white goods. Be sure to rinse the material immediately and thoroughly with equal parts of ammonia and water, then launder as usual.



Gleanings.

Domestic science authorities tell us that there is no sure process for fixing color in linens. Linen merchants refuse to guarantee the color of their goods. Linen takes color readily, but the nature of the fibre is such that it is more than apt to lose some of its color through being exposed to sunshine or moisture, or in the laundry, and it takes a mordant so strong to fix the color that sometimes the fibre is rotted

and weakened thereby. High-colored linens are always a risky investment, as they are almost sure to fade and lose color; they are bound to fade in time, no matter what care is given them, although if carefully laundered and guarded from strong light, they are often fairly satisfactory.

Exceeding whiteness is one of the charms of linen, but the final bleaching of the finished product of the loom is tedious; the olden-time housewife often soaked her homespun in buttermilk as many as fifteen to twenty times, every time spreading its wet, heavy lengths on the grass in the sunshine. Grass-bleached linen is conceded, even by our best manufacturers, to be the best and whitest.

There are linen and cotton mixtures to deceive even the fairly wise housewife, and some of them are fairly serviceable, but one should not pay pure-linen prices for these imitations. Distrust so-called linen which is very highly dressed, or sized, for good linen requires no such aids. Linen is naturally high-glossed, and the dressing or sizing is generally used to disguise inferiority and mixtures. The attractive silkiness of mercerized cottons is often sufficient to deceive the housewife of small experience, but the cotton soon grows dull with washing and wear, while the pure linen grows glossier as it wears smooth. Do not select fringed table or toilet linen; the fringe soon wears off and gives a ragged appearance to the end. A good hem is much better in every way.



"Built-in" Furniture.

A writer in a recent magazine mentions the fact that it is getting to cost a small fortune for the moving of a family from one dwelling to another from the fact that we "literally smother our houses with furniture" because of the lack of closets and conveniences that might just as well, and better, be part of the house itself, and thus enable us to do with less of the movable. There are too many barren wall spaces, ordinary, and in most cases, unnecessary doors and windows, and about all the rooms represent are square, boxlike compartments that literally demand covering up and crowding with articles of furniture, draperies, and the like. If those expecting to build will only demand of the architect that

every foot of space shall be utilized for either beauty or convenience, so that each room is practically ready for occupancy without additional furnishing, our houses will be more like real homes, and instead of investing in single articles of furnishing that must be carted about from one habitation to another, paying prohibitive charges for the cartage, we should be willing to pay a better price for the building in which we can live with the real home feeling of stability. Book-cases, clothes closets, various cabinets, wall cupboards for purposes to suit the uses intended, should occupy the spaces that lend themselves to such conveniences. If one could do away with the movable kitchen "safes," tables, wash stands, cupboards, shelves, etc., and other heavy, unwieldy pieces, how much less the terrors of moving day! Presses, well cushioned seats, settles, and receptacles for the thousand articles one must have about the house, need none of them be very expensive. It is impossible to do more than suggest the possibilities of built-in furniture, as each house will have its own limitations and requirements, but if the one intending to build will find out exactly what will most add to comfort and convenience, and then call upon the architect to help them in their plans, half the horrors of moving day will be abated. Try the built-in furniture, wherever space will suggest the convenience.



Suggestions.

Do not begin to make any dish until you are thoroughly familiar with the recipe, and have all the ingredients and vessels at hand. In order to succeed in making any kind of delicate dishes, one must give her whole attention to the details.

If whites of eggs are not perfectly cold, or if they are too fresh, they will not beat very stiff. Cream will not whip well unless at least thirty-six hours old, and very cold.

Cakes split in the center and burst open if the heat on the top is too hot, baking them too quickly.



WHAT HOPE COLLEGE SENT TO HILLTOP FARM.

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farm, in his own way some day. Can you imagine anything that would so certainly make for success?

But the faculty did not stop with the belief. They taught us how this wonderful work could be done. They told us in sim-

ple, every-day language how we must set about these tasks.

You have heard of the boys' corn club and of the wonderful crop that one of the boys, Jerry Moore, raised on a single acre of land. Perhaps this didn't interest you because it was so far beyond any yield of which you had ever heard. Quite possibly it was ten times that which you were getting from your own field, and you didn't half believe it.

Did you ever take the trouble to figure out with pencil and paper just what a corn crop should be?

If the hills are three and a half feet apart, there would be (in round numbers) 3,500 of them. Each hill should have three stalks, and each stalk three ears. Again in round numbers, this would give 30,000 ears to each acre of land. Now, a moderate ear of dent corn weighs ten ounces. Thus we have 300,000 ounces, or 18,750 pounds of corn. It takes about seventy pounds of dried corn on the cob to make a bushel. The yield, therefore, should be 270 bushels of corn per acre.

What does this make you think of your yield of twenty-seven bushels per acre? How do you like to think that you raise only one kernel where you should have ten? Doesn't this little problem in arithmetic make you sit up and think? Do you want to believe that fifteen-year-old Jerry Moore can do what you can't? I don't. And as soon as I heard that story told by the professor of field crops at Hope College I determined to take a try at that record myself, some day. Why, Jerry Moore fell more than fifty bushels below a perfect stand of corn! Are you willing to let that stand for a record of this country?

I am not going to try to tell you what we were taught about methods. You can find that out in books and bulletins. The best thing about the college was that it made us sure that farming is the best work in the world.

If you want to keep your boy on the old farm, send him where he will be in touch with men who love farming with all their hearts, men who have given clever brains to solve problems of dairy, field and orchard. They will make these problems so alive with interest for the boy and the promise of success so sure that no lure of the city can charm him away. Send him to an agricultural college for the full course if you can. If that costs too much, send him to the summer school or the winter short course, if you have to sell your best cow to do it.—Farm and Fireside.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—Are the teacher's agencies which offer to help one secure a position reliable?—H. A. B.

Answer.—Some of them are. It is always well to make a careful investigation before taking up the propositions made or at least before accepting any position offered by them.



Question.—What is a good breakfast drink that is free from the injurious effects produced by coffee?—Mrs. G. L. E.

Answer.—Cocoa, postum cereal, roasted barley, hot water or milk. It is good to change breakfast drinks occasionally as one is likely to tire of any one drink when it is used too long.



Question.—What is the best method of blanching and storing celery?—Mrs. G. L. A.

Answer.—For many years, earth has been used most extensively for blanching. When blanched with soil the stalks possess a sweet, nutty flavor that cannot be obtained by any other method. Earth must not be used in warm weather because it causes rust, hence banking does not begin until fall when the weather is cool. When the crop is to be stored in temperatures high enough to encourage some growth, the crop will blanch in storage and will keep better if not blanched at all in the field.

Ridging may begin with the cooler fall weather. Formerly all late celery was first "handled" before the ground was plowed up to the rows. Many growers continue the practice, while others do all of the ridging with special celery hillers. By "handling" is meant the pressing by hand of loose, moist soil about the base of each plant to make the stalks stand erect.

The early crop is nearly always blanched by means of boards. It pays to secure sound lumber for this purpose. Hemlock is in common use. "Pecky" cypress is popular for blanching in the Florida fields. The boards should be 12 inches wide, 1 inch thick and 12, 14 or 16 feet long. Ten-inch boards are preferable early in the season before the plants have attained their full size. Half-inch strips nailed across the ends and the middles of the boards will help to prevent warping and splitting.

Paper may also be used in blanching. A machine has been devised which first places a strip of paper against the row and then throws soil against the paper. The individual plants may also be wrapped by hand with brown paper, although this is a tedious operation.

For the successful storage of celery the air should be kept cool and fairly moist. This crop should be stored before hard freezing weather and the tops should be dry when the plants are stored. Ventilation is generally necessary on warm days.

Home gardeners often protect the crop in the winter where it was grown by ridging the soil until the tops are nearly covered. Corn stalks or other coarse litter is then placed over the row and held in place with boards or earth. As the weather gets colder, coarse manure is added to the depth of 4 or 5 inches, covering the entire ridge. By this method the celery is kept fresh and crisp, but taking it out during the winter is rather inconvenient.

Other home gardeners store in cellars. The plan is successful in the absence of furnaces and heating pipes, for the room must be kept cool and moist. The plants are simply set close together with some soil about the roots and watered if necessary. Boards may be set up along the sides of the bedded plants to hold them in place and to protect them from light. Under favorable conditions there will be some growth and the plants will continue to blanch.



Self-Denial.

Self-denial may be cheap and easy; may be little else than a phase of selfishness. It frequently is such when self-denial is understood to self. The difference between denying self and denying things to self is infinite; the contrast is as wide as it can be.



Life.

When chances meet in a baby's life, give me the chance for high thinking, noble living and fewer years rather than cripple me with perverted moral tendencies tending to bring disgrace upon my home and State, though I live the allotted three score and ten years.



One Life.

Under the law of the one life each and everything has its equal right to a full and free expression without interference from any source. This applies not only to animals, but to insects and even to vegetables.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Howell—"Why don't you run for office?"
Powell—"If I did I would have to walk back."—Washington Times.



"I see society people at Newport had a baby show."

"Where did they get the babies?"

"It was a loan exhibition, I believe."—Washington Herald.



Filkins—"Thought you intended to sell our suburban home?"

Wilkins—"I did, until I read the alluring story my advertising man wrote; then I decided to keep it myself."—Judge.



Restaurant Patron (caustically)—"I am glad to see your baby has shut up, madam."

Mother—"Yes, sir. You are the only thing that's pleased him since he saw the animals eat at the Zoo."—Puck.



"What caused the coolness between you and that young doctor? I thought you were engaged."

"His writing is rather illegible. He sent me a note calling for 10,000 kisses."

"Well?"

"I thought it was a prescription, and took it to the druggist to be filled."—Washington Herald.



"What was the worst money panic you ever saw?" asked one financier of another.

"The worst money panic I ever saw," was the reply, "was when a nickel rolled under the seat of a trolley-car and seven different women claimed it!"



Spurgeon was once asked if the man who earned to play a cornet on Sunday would go to heaven.

The great preacher's reply was characteristic. Said he: "I don't see why he should not, but"—after a pause—"I doubt whether the man next door will."—Tit-Bits.



She—"Pardon me, sir, for walking on your feet."

He—"Oh, don't mention it. I walk on them myself, you know."—Boston Transcript.

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**BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE**

Elgin, Illinois

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME.

(Continued from Page 1163.)

coffee, for the women had made it and they must stop and drink it.

Then we gathered for a love feast. Thirty-five communed, fifteen brethren and twenty sisters. The service was as usual, excepting the sisters rose to their feet when receiving the bread and wine from my hand.

It was our intention to take the train to Bedsted and see the sick minister and give him communion, but Hansen and I missed the train through giving good-bye, so we returned and I sang with them a while, and gave them good-bye again and started to walk home with three young sisters and a brother who had to walk over six miles that night before they would reach home from the meeting. My, what a chase those girls did give me! I thought I was a good walker, but they went ahead of me, and I was glad for the wagon after about a two-mile walk. We reached home at Martin Johansen's and in our own bed. It felt good.

This morning mama has a bad cold and mine is no worse. We leave today for Copenhagen and hope to reach Malmö tomorrow evening. This morning mama and I photographed Martin Johansen and myself beside a pile of brick. I hope we got a good one, for the setting was fine.

How is it with you at home this morning? is the question that presses upon us. Have Bess and Clyde gone to Mount Morris and our home shut up? How we wish we could peep in and see! But we will know in a few days when we get back to Malmö. We will ride third class all night because mama and I gave the difference to a poor minister here who is sick. Mama said she could easily do that and it will be help to him.

Poverty here is a relative term just like in America. Some people get good wages but save none and have none. Others save and go ahead. In so many things the people might do better if they simply would. It is not a question of cost, but of doing differently. It may be they worship the customs of the past, for indeed, there are few changes here in all these years. But their hearts are warm and there is a stubbornness in them that appeals to us. Their language is rather harsh on my ears, but their hearts are tender. Today we shall say good-bye to this land and these dear people. God bless every one of them.



The true test of prayer is the way nourished the noblest lives.

THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY

PROGRESS

ECONOMY

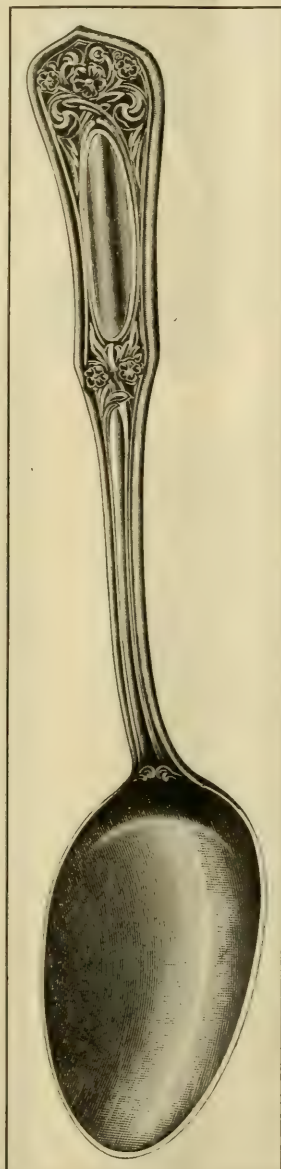


BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

October 22
1912

Vol. XIV
No. 43

A VALUABLE PREMIUM



We have been very fortunate in securing a premium which we feel confident will appeal to Inglenook readers. There are a large number of premiums on the market, but we have endeavored only to select the ones that possess merit and will be of use to the recipient.

You have been receiving the Inglenook for some time, and it is needless for us to go into detail concerning its contents. We will endeavor to keep it up to its present high standard, and hope in some ways we may be able to improve it. We are continually looking for the best that can be gotten for our readers.

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIV

October 22, 1912

No. 43

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Cremation.

THE increasing charges of undertakers and the rapidly filling cemeteries have much to do with the growing popularity of cremating the dead. We have never seen a report of any careful investigation into the theory that disease may be transmitted to the living from the dead in a graveyard but it is highly probable that some underground streams may be polluted by the crowded cemeteries which surround many cities. It frequently happens that a cemetery is located on a hill, usually the highest one, just outside a town and naturally all the wells will receive water from the underground streams coming from "cemetery hill." Where such conditions exist there is every reason to believe that the drinking water is polluted to some extent. We may know more about this some day when cemeteries and graveyards become filled and the country more thickly populated.

The question of expense is also another thing which may hasten a more general practice of cremation. It is said that the cost of cremation is less than the funeral charges which it replaces but just how much less the caring for the ashes will be than the usual method of burying no one can say until regular arrangements are made for cremation.

The religious and other prejudices against cremation will prevent its general use for many years. Mr. Hardy in the Forum speaks of these objections. He says: "Because earth burial has been in practice by Christian nations for so many centuries, custom has made it right, while cremation, being an innovation, is wrong; that the rapid destruction of the human body, by incineration—the desecration of God's holy temple, instead of the slow process of inhumation, is idolatrous because it was practiced by idolatrous nations; that it destroys

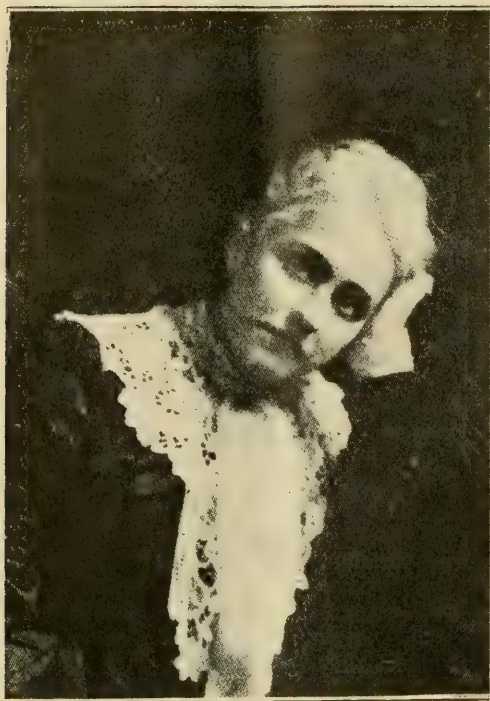
all evidence of crime in cases where murder by poison has been committed; that in some mysterious way which the objectors themselves cannot explain when the body is consumed by heat, not flame—that never comes in contact with the body during incineration—the soul is at the same time destroyed."

The cremation movement is over one hundred years old and there are several crematories in the United States which are doing work regularly. They are arranged in such a way that the body can be consumed by heat and all the ashes saved. Without a doubt the practice is sanitary and it may be a solution to the problem that confronts cities whose cemeteries are becoming rapidly filled. However it is difficult to change funeral customs—and it may be well that such is the case.

Sophie Wright.

In our reviews of the magazines we have never mentioned the Pictorial Review, although we look over its pages regularly. In the October number is an appreciative account of a most illustrious character of the South—Sophie Wright, the benefactor of New Orleans. The author, Mrs. Bennett, tells of her visit at the home of the woman whom all the city honors and of her life work which is now ended.

Sophie was a cripple, having received an injury when only three years of age that remained with her all her life. Because of the injury she was ten before she began to walk and later she was sent to a public school. "The way was long, and the limbs were very feeble. Often she begged to stay at home; but her mother insisted, and day after day she dragged her tired body the long way to the schoolhouse. And the mother-love which prompted even suffering for the sake of joys to come was ere long justified. Miss Sophie learned quickly. In



Sophie Wright.

four years she had mastered all that the school could give, and her active mind ached for something more to do." Her longing to be of service at once asserted itself. At the age of sixteen she opened her first girls' school. With some borrowed furniture she conducted a "Day School for Girls" in the front room of her mother's cottage, and it was with some difficulty that she persuaded the mothers of her first pupils that she was qualified to teach. The tuition charges were fifty cents a month. That was the beginning. With experience and further preparation in a normal school of the city Miss Wright's school increased in size and popularity. She rented a larger building at one hundred dollars a month and had to borrow the money to pay the first month's rent, but by hard work she managed to pay off her debt. Her life story is not one of financial success although she possessed remarkable business ability. Young men also wanted to attend her school and she opened a night school free of charge to the boys who worked in the shops and factories of New Orleans. They came by the dozen, by the hundred, until the attendance reached twelve hundred. The day school was conducted simply to pay the expenses of the more important part of her

work, the free night school for boys and men. The city of New Orleans finally awakened and the Board of Education established free night schools for the boys who had to work all day for a living. Knowing that her work was accomplished Sophie Wright told her pupils that she would close the night school since they could receive instruction in the city schools. It should be said also that Miss Wright's day school teachers stimulated by her example gave their time during the evening free of charge.

However the city schools could not replace the original school entirely. "Often a boy came to her and asked, 'Miss Sophie, can't you open your school again?' And some months ago an Italian, who had once been in her classes, determinedly rang her door bell. 'I come to your school,' he announced. 'But I haven't any school for men now,' she said gently. 'You know the city has many schools which take the place of mine.' 'Yes,' he assented, 'I know. I been there. But oh, Miss Sophie, they no care for ma heart like you do!'"

Her activities were not confined entirely to the day and night schools. Space does not permit us to mention all the things which she did for the boys and girls, men and women of New Orleans as told by Mrs. Bennett; and she did everything in spite of the fact that she was a cripple and suffered physically all her life.

Feeble-mindedness and Marriage.

An investigation into the family history of the 400 defective children in the Vineland (N. J.) Training School has brought to the surface some startling facts. A little seven-year-old girl entered the institution about fifteen years ago. She was an illegitimate child, her mother being feeble-minded. The grandfather was also defective mentally and a hard drinker. The grandmother came from a good family but hard work and sorrow were the indirect causes of her death. You now have the beginning of what proved to be a most pitiful family history. The little girl was safely sheltered in the training school but the mother never received institutional care other than that of a poor house. After the birth of the first child she married a worthless degraded fellow in the community where she worked and soon she gave birth to other children equally defective in mind. These children and others resulting from a later marriage are at large and social workers dread to think of the possible consequences. Of the seven children in all, two were illegitimate and all showed signs of feeble-mindedness. And what is still more piti-

ful, that mother has brothers and sisters who are also raising families that are defective and feeble-minded. Now you see the results of an unwise union between a girl of a good family and a worthless defective drunkard who should not have been at large but who should have been cared for in some institution where he could at least have earned a living. Both he and his family have been a constant burden to society. So long as irresponsible creatures are at liberty girls and young men will be deceived and children will be born into a world of dependency. Another side of the above story we have not mentioned. Well meaning people of the community encouraged the mother of the little girl in the Vineland institution to marry the half-witted fellow thinking that they would "set-

tle down," but had the girl's mother been living and could she have been consulted she would have told a different story about this "settling down." Remember, we are talking about defectives now. Marriage laws are a help but they do not strike at the root of the evil. No young man or woman or adult, defective in mind should be at large. They are irresponsible and need institutional care. The blindness of a law that requires the marriage of a young couple who have sinned, without considering their fitness for the rearing of children is horrible. Marriage is no cure for feeble-mindedness or physical impurity. How soon will our law makers pay more attention to these things? Just as soon as the legislatures are filled with intelligent Christian men and women.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Christian Leden, Norwegian explorer, is planning an expedition through the Northwest Passage between Victoria Island and King William Land, next May.

The J. Pierpont Morgan collection of early Flemish tapestries, acquired from Knoll Castle, Kent, England, for the most part, and of priceless value, are being displayed in Paris prior to being brought to America.

The sterilization of drinking water by the use of ozone is being put into practice in several cities in Germany, France, Italy, and Russia, as a preventive of typhoid, cholera and dysentery. Results so far have been highly satisfactory.

An expedition comprising Paul Rainey, an American, Herbert Harriman, the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, P. H. Percival and others, will start out on an East African trip later in the month for big game hunting and to make moving picture films.

In order to advance the missionary work among the Bohemians, Poles and Ruthenians in the United States, two American missionaries have arrived in Austria to study the conditions of these people in their home country and to become acquainted with the language.

The final auditing of the accounts of the Olympic games show a loss of \$243,000.

The Swedish government, which is far from disheartened about the financial failure which was not unexpected, will place funds at the disposal of the committees to liquidate their debts.

India's new capital, Delhi, has been formally declared with W. Hailey, a member of the civil service at the head of a small chief commissionship, as representative of the government of India. Lord Hardinge will take possession of his military quarters in December with much formal inauguration ceremony.

Probably the best paid piece of labor the world has ever known was that performed by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell when he twisted a screw one-fourth of a revolution and thereby invented the telephone and made a hundred million dollars. It is likewise interesting to know that the invention was made by accident, and that Dr. Bell did not realize that it was of any commercial value for months afterward.

The report of the British Trade Commissioner states that the American invasion of the Australian automobile market presents a situation necessitating serious consideration on the part of British manufacturers. The American-made product has the advantages that the cars are less expensive, they are lighter, have a greater clearance from the ground and are capable of over-

coming the difficulties of long-distance trips, so necessary in a country of such vast areas.

The entire estate of Wilbur Wright, the noted aviator, left to his father, brothers and sister, has been accounted at \$279,258, the accumulation of 12 years.

Miss Eleanor Wilson, the third daughter of Gov. Woodrow Wilson, is one of the students of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston has opened its new year with an enrollment of 1,460 students which includes a number of travelers from far countries.

The new hotel to be built on the site of the Stratford, on Michigan avenue and Jackson boulevard, Chicago, will be one of the finest in the United States and will cost \$8,000,000.

The Indiana apple show will be opened at Tomlinson hall, Indianapolis, Nov. 13, and will continue until the 19th. Exhibitors are warned against sending in over-sized apples as only typical fruit will be placed.

According to statistics given in the Iron Age, the total production of steel rails in the United States up to January, 1912, equalled 65,700,000 gross tons and the balance now in practical use aggregated 63,000,000 tons at the beginning of the year.

A series of new moving pictures has been produced by the Thomas A. Edison company in coöperation with the Russell Sage Foundation depicting very graphically the evils of the loan shark. One of the loan shark stories so presented bears the title "The Usurer's Grip."

The well-known firm of Gimbel Brothers, of Milwaukee, Philadelphia and New York City, also of international fame, this week celebrated their 70th anniversary. Adam Gimbel, a Bavarian, founder of the house, when quite young opened a trading post at Vincennes, Indiana, which formed the nucleus of the present establishments.

The oldest vessel of American registry now afloat with only one exception is the Hiram, 100 years old, which is intending to make a voyage around Cape Horn to San Francisco for the Panama-Pacific ex-

position in 1915. The Hiram was built in Biddeford, Maine, in 1819, and has been in active service ever since she was launched.

It has been found advisable to raise the height of the dikes at Gamboa from 73 feet, as originally planned, to 78 feet 2 inches, in order to protect the Culebra Cut of the Panama Canal against inundation by the Chagres river, in consequence of the rise of the waters in Gatun Lake. The dike across the channel also is to be widened to 40 feet.

As the nucleus for a loan fund for students, Congressman McKinley, Republican, has donated \$13,000 to the University of Illinois. The reason for the gift is the result of 15 years' experience of the honesty of the students of that university who received loans from Mr. McKinley without security and who have all repaid their indebtedness during that time.

Federal control over all wireless stations and 400 wireless-equipped vessels throughout the United States is likely to be established by the enforcement of the radio communication act, beginning Dec. 13, having been brought about through the regulations passed by the department of Commerce and Labor.

Among the bequests of the late Franklin Lawrence Lee, of New York City, who left an estate appraised at \$90,319 to his brother and sister, were two historic swords, the one being the court sword worn by Rufus King, minister of the Court of St. James in the administrations of Washington, Jefferson and Adams; the other was carried by Major Rufus King in the Revolutionary war during the campaign in Rhode Island.

Mrs. Russell Sage has purchased Marsh Island, Louisiana, for a bird refuge at a cost of \$150,000. The island is off the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, southwest of New Orleans.

China's new administration is taking steps to promote without delay the development of education in the country by sending students to the various American universities.

A great amount of interest has been manifested in the conventions of the American Electric Railway Association held at Chicago, the attendance being unusually large. It has been decided to hold the next convention at San Francisco, 1915.—New Era.

EDITORIALS

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP AND MANAGEMENT.

Of the Inglenook, published weekly at Elgin, Ill., required by the act of August 24, 1912. Editor, S. Christian Miller, Elgin, Ill.; managing editor, S. Christian Miller, Elgin, Ill.; business manager, R. E. Arnold, Elgin, Ill.; publishers, Brethren Publishing House; owner, Church of the Brethren.

R. E. ARNOLD,
Business Manager.

Affirmed to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1912.

M. C. JOCELYN,
Notary Public.

My commission expires March, 1916.

Keep the Children Moving.

Self-improvement societies that have tried to find the best way to live have never discovered anything more valuable than play.

A man may shake up a continent by his energy, or build kingdoms by his brains, but so far as his personal life is concerned, he has been a failure if he has not learned to play. Play, of course, is not confined to games. It may be a walk in the woods, a row on the river, a sail on the lake; to some, tending their garden; to others, chopping wood. To play is to follow the irrepressible inclination which gives the most pleasure with the least mental strain and bodily wear.

Ideal play is a brief period of care-free living snatched from the regular routine. It is enjoying the pleasure of being alive; it is absorbing from the earth and air and sun without conscious effort. More and more we are trying to teach the children how to play but we do not know ourselves. We send out children to the public playground, and go on ourselves getting heavy and gloomy and nervous. We shall be happier if we alter this.



Queer People in Sumatra.

A people without any form of religion, without superstition, devoid of any thought of the future state, has been found in the interior forests of Sumatra, according to Dr. Wilhelm Volz, the geologist of the University of Breslau, who made extensive journeys through the island. There he found the Kubus, as he named them, who are scarcely to be distinguished from the small manlike ape of the Ondo-Malayan countries. They are wanderers through the

forest seeking food. They have no property. They are not hunters, but simply collectors. They seek merely sufficient nuts, fruits and other edible growths to keep them alive. The Kubus wage very little warfare upon the small amount of animal life in their silent and sombre land. The only notion he could get from them of a difference between a live and a dead person was that the dead do not breathe. He infers that they are immeasurably inferior to the paleolithic man of Europe, who fashioned tools and hunted big game with his flint-tipped arrow and knife. Intellectual atrophy is the result of the Kubus' environment. The words they know are almost as few as the ideas they are to express.



British Museum Owns Most Ancient Bible.

In the early part of last year there were discovered in Upper Egypt a number of Coptic manuscripts of very early date. The British Museum secured a portion of these, the others going to Paris or into the libraries of millionaire Americans. The museum secured a papyrus codex containing a reduction of books. The Books of Deuteronomy and the Prophet Jonah and a very valuable version of the Acts of the Apostles. They also obtained another fine manuscript written on paper of the Coptic translation of the "Book of the Revelation of St. John the Divine," a most important acquisition.

It was due to the monks and anchorites of the Nile Valley that these early versions of the Holy Scriptures are preserved to us. The monks, the greater part of whom were native workmen unacquainted with Greek, being, as we know from Coptic accounts of monastic life, compelled by Palladius in 338 A. D., under the title of "The Paradise of the Fathers" who worked at their trades, and during their labors they recited the Psalms and portions of other books of the Old and New Testaments which they had committed to memory.

Many must have known the book of Psalms by heart, as according to the rule of Pachomius, a great monastic leader, the whole of the book had to be recited by each monk in the twenty-four hours. One monk is credited with knowing the whole of the Old and New Testaments by heart. Attached to each community was at least one scribe who prepared copies of the holy books, wrote the service books and kept the abbot's accounts and wrote his correspondence. These scribes probably had a knowledge of Greek. The copies that the museum has secured are such as were made

by these scribes. The papyrus codex is certainly not a service book copy as it is too small, but was probably a selection, a selection made for or by a pious Coptic Christian for his own use. It was found in the original leather binding, and the wearing away of the corners seems to indicate that it had been extensively used and when not in use either wrapped in a cloth or carried in a leather wallet.

The text of this book is nearly complete, but several verses have been omitted in places, in some cases accidentally, in others apparently for moral reasons. When compared with the later versions of the seventh and eleventh centuries and the Greek codices the differences are so slight as to show that the text of Deuteronomy was clearly established when this translation was made.

There are a few curious examples of paraphrasing rather than direct translation, but one feature is interesting. In many passages—when the translator deemed the expressions coarse or contrary to good morals they are omitted or softened down. The copy of Jonah is by the same hand, and is complete, but the style is bald and abrupt, and all tendency to poetry, suppressed by writing continuously as prose.

The text is incomplete and the manuscript much worm-eaten. The writing is in the same hand as the Old Testament book and there are numerous blunders, due, no doubt, to the faulty nature of the archetype from which the scribe was copying, not to the scribe himself for in the Old Testament copies he has been most careful and accurate.

A careful examination of the text of these important works seems to show clearly that we have here, not the original manuscript of the writer who translated directly from the Greek, but rather the copy of a manuscript which may be nearer the original Coptic translation from the Greek.



"Moonlight Schools."

The word "moonshine" has come to be associated in our language with the efforts of southern mountaineers to dodge the law for the illicit manufacture of whisky in the depths of the mountains. But at the suggestion of the Educational Association of Kentucky day school teachers have this summer opened "moonlight schools," where adults may learn to read and write on the nights that are fair and balmy enough to induce them to leave their cabins and tramp over hill and dale to the open schoolhouse.

The success of the experiment has been

surprising. There have been crowds of applicants. In one class there are twenty-five persons learning to read of whom not one is younger than 75. The eldest is 86. The hunger to learn on the part of those who might be deemed too old is pathetic. Newspaper information alternates with the formal instruction. The result is that the thirst for information about "goings on" in the great round world is satisfied; the social instinct has a chance to expand and develop, and in rural neighborhoods the feeling that the inhabitants are "members one of another" has increased to an astonishing extent.

As an example of overcoming evil with good of putting into vacant lives a fermenting intellectual interest and enkindling new and eager emotions and sentiments that enrich human existence this movement in behalf of men and women of the mountain regions in Kentucky is highly significant.



Country Schools for City Boys.

About a dozen years ago a Baltimore woman wanted a country day-school for her son without separating him from the influences of home, so she worked out the idea of an all-day country school for city boys which would furnish the routine of an entire day in the country, with study and sports under the direction of teachers. This was the beginning of the significant movement which has grown steadily and in a degree changed the attitude of the old boarding-schools situated near the cities, impressing their faculties and influencing them to welcome day pupils from near-by cities. They are finding the old fear that boarding and day pupils will not get along well together is groundless. The large boarding-school offers great educational advantages, but it has one serious drawback for parents: it cuts off the boy from home—and all that this word means—when twelve or fifteen years old, the very age of all others when he needs the influences which center around family life, and which are of greater importance than any other in the upbringing of a normal, healthy child. The influence of a teacher is tremendous, but at best it can only supplement that of a conscientious father and loving mother.

The great problem still remaining before the country day-school is the contrivance of means whereby these same advantages of education, country life, and home environment may be extended to the enormous mass of city school-children whose parents are not of the most prosperous classes.

HOW THOMAS TYNAN TREATS HIS CONVICTS

S. Z. Sharp

COLORADO has had the reputation of being one of the worst governed States in the Union and the city of Denver as being in the grasp of bosses and trusts, yet this State and city have also some of the noblest men and women to be found anywhere. Among the noble are Judge Ben Lindsey who enjoys a national reputation for having solved the problem of dealing with incorrigible boys and girls and obtained the first prize at a World's Fair for the best juvenile court in the world.* Thomas Tynan has obtained the reputation of discovering how to treat convicts successfully and has also gained a national reputation.

We mentioned that the State of Colorado and the city of Denver had been among the greatest victims of trusts and political bosses. About eighteen months ago the good people of all political parties united and elected their own men to the city offices and hurled the bosses from their enclenchments. Then a grand jury was empaneled which not only indicted various trusts and organizations, but also brought charges against the officers of the former city government including the mayor, who must answer for their misdeeds to the District court. The progressives of both political parties are trying to wrest the power from the machine politicians and we expect to have a sane and honest government in Colorado.

But we were going to tell about Thomas Tynan. Well, Mr. Tynan is the superintendent of the State penitentiary at Canon City. Like Judge Lindsey he studied the case of criminals from a psychological standpoint and instead of treating them with such cruelty as is practiced in some States, he takes the opposite method and rebukes them with kindness. He receives each newcomer with cordiality as if he were a gentleman and actually succeeds in making them think and act like gentlemen. He tries to find out what is good in each one for there is always some good left in everyone) and then he tries to develop that good until it absorbs the evil in the man. He puts every one upon his honor and trusts him, giving him more and more liberty

until he can turn him loose out of doors and send him anywhere on an errand without fear of his trying to run away.

Some time ago he took the contract to build an automobile road from Canon City to the top of the mountain and its grand scenery above the Royal Gorge, where, three thousand feet below, the Arkansas river comes rushing, roaring, tumbling through a canon so narrow as to leave no room for the Rio Grande Railroad except to suspend it above the river on bridgework braced on either side against the almost perpendicular granite walls which rise to a height of three thousand feet. To the top of this canon with wonderful scenery around it, ten miles from Canon City, Mr. Tynan built a good road with convict labor. When the day was set for inspecting the road, about ninety automobiles crowded with prominent ladies and gentlemen from Denver came to view the road and the grand scenery to which it leads. Mr. Tynan was prepared for them. He had dressed his convicts in citizens' clothes and stationed a number along the road to give courteous explanations while others were placed on top as guards at dangerous places to prevent accidents. Still another group, which had been trained as a brass band to dis-course music inside the sombre walls, were now placed on a wagon to lead the long train of autos and regale the visitors with sweet music as they ascended the mountain.

None of the visitors suspected that their guides and escorts were convicts. Some one asked whether they were the merchants from Canon City and were surprised when Mr. Tynan told them they were his boarders and that he would trust them more than he would the merchants.

Nearly two hundred are out over the State, building roads. We had forty in our Valley building a road for which they are experts. These forty were in charge of two officers without fear of any one getting away though several were said to be under life sentence. Mr. Tynan has become popular and some want him to become governor of the State, claiming that a man who can govern convicts with such skill can govern a State.

*See Inglenook for Oct. 1, page 1095.

SLAVES TO OUR APPETITES

Dr. W. C. Frick

Part Six.

IF, through his stomach is the way to a man's heart, the next likely question is, what's the way to a woman's heart?

In other words, what does a woman idolize? What we idolize we implicitly obey, virtually become slaves to. Fashion is the great slave-master of women in general. The master of most women is their insatiable appetite for clothes. To the Goddess of Fashion they sacrifice everything—money, food, recreation and rest, intellectual development, health, home and even their virtue.

No ordinary business has so powerful a monopoly on the people as the ladies' clothing business. Styles are not set for comfort, health or common decency. They are set for business. If, now and then, they conform to these conditions it is a mere coincidence. By a careful study of the situation the style-setters know just what will take best at a certain season and that is put forth as the style. "Might as well be a Robinson Crusoe as to be out of fashion" is the rule most women dress to, and the style setters realize this only too well. These ever-changing fashions make a constant drain on the world's treasury probably not exceeded by the cost of the world's food. Scarcely soiled clothing is laid away to be moth-eaten or to mold, merely because the styles have changed. Nor is this fact at all peculiar to the well-to-do. It is common to all classes, from the richest to the poorest. An increase in income is invariably followed by the purchase of more clothes of a more costly nature, while in most instances a decrease in income does not act in inverse manner. Sacrifice in money, indeed.

We have known people (you all have known such people) who persisted in dressing in the height of fashion when they had scarcely enough to eat to sustain them. It often works like this—the older boys and girls (especially the girls) of a family being permitted to spend money for needless clothing which should have been spent to feed the hungry mouths and stomachs of their younger brothers and sisters. A sacrifice with a sin added to it.

But it is when health and virtue are sacrificed to fashion that women become slaves indeed, beaten about and made to

suffer for deeds and results beyond remedying.

Women in general suffer in health because of the manner in which they dress. It is nature's plan that all clothing of a heavy nature should be supported by the shoulders. Yet women use laces and make hourglasses of themselves and then hang their skirts from the narrowest point to pull and tug at the most vital organs of the body. And they expect to be healthy. From girlhood they develop the hourglass shape and crowd vital organs into unnatural locations, hindering their actions and in turn seriously affecting the entire body system. And they wonder why they are not healthy. Because they have deformed themselves, they bring forth children ill-developed, and all too often give them the heritage of an unwelcome admittance to the world. And they marvel because of the child's disposition and infirmities. They wear low-necked dresses when furs are needed and wear furs when they should be lightly clad, and dreaded pneumonia lurks beside them every day. They bind themselves up in hobble skirts and pity their Chinese sisters because they bind their feet. They come to maturity with natural feet and then proceed to go through a torture in foot binding a hundred times worse than their Chinese sisters. And the foot-doctor reaps a large corn harvest, and when it rains, oh, how the corn grows!

Their large hats and long hat pins are a threatening torture to the male population and it has become necessary to limit their destructiveness through process of law.

If every virtuous woman could realize the danger to her virtue that lurks in the removal of three-quarters of her sleeve, the neckband of her waist, in the substitution of lace for nontransparent cloth, in the wearing of close-fitting outer garments, she would never take the first step in aping the fashions. Because more men and women have lost their virtue because women wear abbreviated clothing than any woman, regardless of her virtue, would be willing to admit. Leaving religious papers out of the question, read the dailies and note the sentiment of noted men along this latter line.

Slaves indeed, when by your very dress you lead men and women into wrong, and be assured that if you are guilty of any of the aforementioned you are a slave to fashion

AN AGE OF PAPER MAKING

Mrs. T. D. Foster

THIS is the age of paper. There is scarcely a condition in civilized life which is not now affected in some way by the use of paper. We wear paper clothes, eat and drink from paper utensils and perhaps in the not far distant future, will travel in vehicles made almost entirely of paper, since it has already been demonstrated that paper can be made strong enough for car wheels and it is now being used for the inside paneling of cars and other vehicles. While paper making is not a new art and paper is produced in many countries, there are few, if any, places in which it is put to so many and such varied uses as in the United States, where its manufacture has assumed such tremendous proportions that it now represents annually \$200,000,000 in value, with a rate of increase equaled by few other industries.

The art of paper making in Europe dates back to the twelfth century. It traveled to Italy, Germany and France a little later, and was made in England in the fifteenth century.

The first paper mill in this country was established near Philadelphia in 1690 and within the next century there were over forty paper mills in Pennsylvania and Delaware and several in New England. American paper always has had good standing for its quality as well as the number of its varieties. Many processes in paper manufacture which originated in America have been adopted in Europe.

The three principal materials used in paper manufacture are rags, straw and wood. The earlier paper of Europe was made of rags, although rice straw was used in China and Japan. Rags are still in demand for the best quality of writing paper but the increase in the paper demand years ago far exceeded the supply of rags so some other material had to be substituted. The idea of using wood pulp came first to Italian paper makers, but their method was not practical. It was improved upon by manufacturers in Germany and England, but wood pulp paper did not become a commercial possibility until after the sulphite process was discovered in 1867 by a Philadelphia chemist named Tilgman.

Not all classes of wood are suitable under the present process. The cone bearing trees, such as fir, pine and spruce produce the best results. Experiments now are be-

ing made by the Forestry Commission of the production of good paper from such products as cornstalks, broom corn and cotton hull waste. The increasing uses to which paper is being put call for the utilization of every possible waste product in its manufacture.

The use of paper blankets and bed quilts sounds incredible to those who have not actually tested their value, but they are growing in demand. A mother who had been in the habit of taking two children to a mountain resort in the summer always had complained of the cool nights and the insufficiency of bedding which is frequent in such places. This summer she put a pair of paper blankets in her trunk and she will never go away again without them.

The use of paper in the manufacture of clothing is far more general than most people realize. Nearly twenty years ago there was a paper material known as fiber cham-ois. It was used to stiffen the bottom of the skirt at a time when Dame Fashion prohibited it clinging around the feet as is now the style. The durability of this fabric impressed every one who used it and improved forms of it have been used to some extent by tailors and clothing manufacturers ever since.

Paper undervests are now supplied for use when extra warmth is required. These garments are light in weight, easily discarded and cheap.

Paper slippers are manufactured for indoor wear. Many hotels supply their guests with paper slippers to wear in their rooms.

Paper towels are used in the public wash-rooms of hotels as well as in hospitals, office buildings and in thousands of private homes. For travelers they are invaluable. Packages are put up containing an assortment of paper towels and wash cloths and also an antiseptic comb of stiff paper which may be thrown away after being used. Many dainty women prefer one of these compact traveling packages, to being troubled by carrying their own toilet supplies in their bags. Their sanitary value is unquestioned.

So far as is known no paper sheets and pillow cases are yet upon the market. There is some talk of having these articles provided for use in sleeping cars as it is believed that they would possess sanitary ad-

vantages even over the freshly laundered linen.

Paper table cloths and napkins are well known and have been in common use for years. They come in the daintiest designs imaginable as well as in numerous grades and qualities.

Many housekeepers are turning towards the use of paper dishes to a great extent. A well known Washington woman has for a number of years utilized many paper articles in her home. She has a cottage in the country to which she takes her family for the warmest weather. This summer she did not include any linen in the furnishings she took with her, depending entirely upon paper towels, napkins and tablecloths.

OUR SWAMP LANDS TO BLAME

A GENUINELY civilized country—economically speaking, at least—is one whose land is divided into small holdings, each of which supports its own family. This is the land's final, stationary stage, so to speak—the sort of thing one sees, for instance, in the smiling, truly prosperous provinces of France. The French lend money to all the world. They are perhaps the most prosperous of peoples. A country divided into such small self-sufficient holdings is defended in the strongest way against financial explosions and shipwrecks. Whatever may be the zest of cow-punching or the charm of the old-fashioned plantation life, no state can be said to have reached social maturity when it is composed of large holdings and its inhabitants are dependent on the financial ups and downs of the few.

The swamp lands of the United States are particularly good examples of this sort of backwardness. They are useful for nothing but timber, and oftentimes not for that.

It is possible to secure paper plates in a number of sizes as well as oval dishes for serving vegetables, while there is a seemingly endless variety in paper cups. A meal served upon paper dishes requires little work afterwards. The dishes and scraps are all gathered up in the table cloth and thrust into the fire so dish washing is absolutely avoided.

Perhaps the newest development of paper utility in the home is the paper bag cookery. Practically every article of food can be prepared in paper bags made for that purpose and the natural flavors and juices are so well preserved that experts praise this method as the best cooking process.

Anything more unsocial or desolate than a southern cypress swamp it would be difficult to imagine. Yet those who are interested in the tremendously important question of swamp drainage often meet with a curious local opposition, in addition to the obvious mechanical difficulties and the tangle of state lines. Owners do not want to break up their large holdings, even though the value of the land will be vastly improved. They have been big land holders for generations, and big land holders they wish to remain, even though much of their land be worthless. It is a tradition or prejudice to which the tendency of the age is opposed.

However far or near Socialism may be, there is no doubt that—in a broad sense of the word—we are becoming every day more social. This may now be a matter of taste. It will presently be a matter of necessity. People will have to touch one another whether they like it or not. For there is less and less elbow room.

A DAUGHTER'S TRAINING FOR A HOME

Lula Dowler Harris

MARRIAGE is the most important business in the world. It should be studied as a science instead of being treated as an episode. A girl's training for a home of her own should begin not later in life than when:

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet."

The essential qualities upon which a happy home life is founded are: respect, sympathy and perfect confidence. In the scale

of happiness in the family circle nothing weighs more than the small courtesies of life. If girls were brought up from childhood to demand and receive proper respect in the home, and to honor womanhood in themselves and as an ideal of nobility they would not cheapen themselves as they sometimes do by low and unequal marriages.

Fairness of face is a potent charm but a lovely disposition outweighs it. Beauty fades when the heart is bitter. Train your daughter to live up to the laws of right. The all important duty she owes herself is that of being true to herself.

A girl's influence in the home and the social circle is almost unlimited. Some philosopher once said, "The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest call to duty." Teach your girls then, the responsibilities that are theirs. Teach them that every thought or deed sends back an echo like itself.

Every man expects every woman to exert an influence for good. It matters not whether she be sweetheart, wife, or sister. One man writer says, "I sometimes feel that girls do not make full use of their power to influence young men for good. A pure girl consciously using this gift will do more, I think, to keep a young man in the straight and narrow path than anything else I know."

Character reflects. The influence of a young woman will radiate to the farthest circles of the social life; and will some time, somewhere bring back a reward for her efforts.

Girls seldom wed their "dream men." But sometimes an ordinary man can be made over in the mind of the girl who loves him so that he seems to be her dream man.

Tell your daughters that outward appearance is not all that counts in choosing a husband. Stylish clothes always have and I presume always will appeal to the girlish fancy. And when these same clothes are worn by a fine looking, well-mannered youth her ideal seems to have become real. These qualities are commendable but something more is necessary to make him a good husband. Perhaps his tailor bills are unpaid and his gentlemanly manners may be assumed only for the occasion. Teach your daughters to look beneath the surface.

Perhaps there is a young man whom she may have known from childhood but who is a "diamond in the rough" that will make her a far better husband than the fashion plate she so much admires.

Train your daughters in the art of home-

making. Do not expect your girl to be a grand piano in her father's home and a cook stove in her husband's home. Let her have a grand piano and learn to play it if you can afford it, but teach her to cook as well. Teach her how to be mistress of her own home—should she have one—to deal with every problem from cellar to attic. To perform the duties of the kitchen with as much grace as she displays when she presides over some social function in her drawing-room. Such a woman is never at a disadvantage, her resources are unlimited. Compare such a woman with one who has had no domestic training. The untrained woman is at the mercy of her servants while the former is equal to any occasion, servants or no servants.

Housework can be an ever varying pleasure to a woman or an endless chain of wearying duties. It depends upon how much of herself she puts into her work.

One woman of my acquaintance is certainly giving her three daughters practical training for their future homes. She says they are taking turns at managing the home. The weekly allowance is turned over to the one who is to be the housekeeper for the week—for they take a week at a time as their turn comes. They are not to skimp the table but all they can save over and above the expenses is theirs to spend as they like. The mother says they each have been able to save more than she did. She said she went into the kitchen one morning when the youngest girl was preparing egg-plant for breakfast. She said she had always used two eggs in preparing the dish but found her daughter using one egg and a little milk. The results were about the same. When eggs are forty cents a dozen one egg now and then is quite a saving. Upon another occasion she watched one of the girls making pumpkin pies. Instead of using one egg to a pie as she had been taught she used one tablespoonful of cornstarch and one-half egg to a pie. And her mother added, "Mary's pies are delicious." The girls do their own marketing. They carry everything home in a basket. They insist upon quality and quantity when buying. We all know how much better such a plan would be than the one most of us use namely: telephone our orders and keep what we get, good, bad or indifferent.

There is no doubt but that these girls will be qualified to take charge of any man's house be he rich or poor.

Teach your daughters the art of true hospitality. In these days of "pink teas" and "yellow luncheons" hospitality seems a lost

art. Honestly now, how much do you enjoy one of these affairs? For myself I wouldn't give one old-fashioned country dinner for a hundred pink teas. Would you?

Is hospitality on the wane? If so, why? Many of us look back regretfully to the days a score or more of years ago when in our parents' home company often "dropped in," and always received a cordial invitation "to stay to dinner."

In those days we felt our friends came to see us, not to see how handsomely we entertained.

Train your daughter to be natural. If her home should be humble and her means limited she can tell her friends frankly that she will be pleased to see them in her little

home. She can have a big heart even if her house is small. After all it is the spirit of hospitality that counts. Tell your daughter to always be her own sweet self and not wear her nerves to the edge "tryin'" as Mark Twain says "to be what she ain't." Teach her to dress neatly. Next to cleanliness a man likes to see a neatly dressed girl. He would rather see her in a clean, neat calico dress than in a soiled silk one.

Dress to suit the occasion and you are becomingly attired.

In conclusion mothers, train your daughters to be useful women, real women, and their future husbands as well as humanity at large will be your debtors.

HAYMAKING AND HARVESTING IN SWEDEN

J. F. Graybill

BECAUSE of the late and cold spring, the haymaking and harvest seasons are considerably later than in our home State, Pennsylvania, and the method very much different. The farmers here began haymaking the middle of July, some only began the first of August. It takes time to make hay in Sweden. The soil is very fertile and grass grows rank, therefore requires much sun and wind to cure it. The sun is not hot enough to cure grass in a few days. Hay-tedders are as common as in Lebanon County, but the farmers have their way of getting the hay in proper condition for the shed or stack as the case may be. After the grass is cut with the scythe, or mower, it remains on the ground three or four days. Then it is hung up to dry. This is the curious part of haymaking in this country. Wire fences are scarce, but if a fence is at hand it is sure to be used as a rack to hang grass on. The lower wire is loaded first, then the second, etc., until the entire fence is loaded with grass. Some is placed on racks made by putting stakes in the ground and fastening light poles, or wires to them. When the grass is hung on these racks, they form little stacks about 20 ft. long, 6 ft. high and 2 ft. across. They are as wide at the top as at the bottom. Where hay is made on a large scale and they do not have sufficient racks, it is forked on piles as high as a man can reach.

To cure hay in Sweden requires time and work. One who has not seen farmers make hay in this way can not imagine how curious the fields look as one passes through the country on the train. It even requires a week or ten days to cure it in this way. When dry it is hauled, not with large ladder wagons bearing two or three tons, drawn by four horses, but with wagons drawn by two horses, or oxen, or with a hand cart drawn by a man and a woman. The last named is making hay on a small scale, which is very much done in some parts of Sweden. On large farms the hay is gathered on large stacks for sale during the winter, or into large sheds where they drive in at one end and out at the other end, with hayloft to the right and left. In a field of twenty-five or thirty acres one might see five or six two-horse teams and twenty-five people, many of whom are women. The women do as much, or more of the farm work in Sweden than the men. The hay crop was very good and the weather favorable. We had no rain worth mentioning in July and the first part of August.

Rye and barley ripened the middle of August. Wheat will not be cut before the last of August. Some farmers have self-binders. I have seen Wood, Champion, Deering and McCormick binders in this country, but much of the grain is cut with a machine and tied by hand. Some is cut with the scythe. They don't seem to have

grain cradles in Sweden. The binding is mostly done by women. As I saw those women faithfully following the reaper, or the men cutting the grain with the scythe, and tying the golden grain into sheaves, I was made to think of the beautiful Bible narrative of Boaz and Ruth. They appeared to be so cheerful and happy in their work.

Harvest is a bounteous crop in Sweden this year. He who sends the early and later rains and gives fruitful seasons, has not withheld his blessings from this country. Generally speaking, all the crops are good. The weather has not at all been favorable for harvesting. We have rain most every day. Some grain is cut two weeks and standing in the field. It does not have suffi-

cient time to dry between showers. It is growing on the sheaves. This is unfortunate, and if the weather will not soon be more favorable, will mean a great loss to the farmer.

Oats are cut while green, cured like hay, and fed in the same manner. Oats are very hard to cure in this way. The Swedish manner of haymaking and harvesting seems very peculiar to a Pennsylvanian, but were a Swede to see how others go about it, he possibly would consider their way just as peculiar. It is only when we get away from home, and see the peculiarities of others that we learn that other people have other ways of doing the same things and that our way is not the only way.

SEED CORN SHOULD BE GATHERED EARLY

Charles H. Keltner

THE quantity of corn which the farmers of the United States will gather next year depends quite largely upon the kind of seed that they select this fall and the kind of treatment that they give it. There are rare seasons when the weather is so favorable in the fall that it is not necessary to give seed corn any special attention. Nearly all the corn that went into the cribs of the corn belt two years ago was in such condition that it could dry sufficiently there to withstand the effect of colder days later. Many a man who tested seed which was taken from the crib the following spring found that it had a high per cent of germination. In fact, I know of one man who held 1,200 bushels of that season's corn in his crib, expecting a rise in the market price, and then disposed of the entire amount last spring to farmers who found that their own seed would not germinate.

But such instances as the above are not common. Generally seed corn must be gathered early and dried well before cold weather sets in. An early frost not only kills the stalk on which the ear has grown but it also destroys the vitality of the kernels.

Throughout the Middle West there was a heavy rainfall last year at the time that corn should have been curing and, in spite of the fact that farmers were warned through the agricultural press, many of them failed to give their seed corn the care that it should

have received. The result was much poor seed.

Farmers who wish to be sure of their seed for next spring should gather it early this fall. It is not wise to risk leaving this work until husking time, when good looking ears may be selected from the load as it is being thrown into the crib. The last two weeks of September is none too early for the latitude of Northern Illinois and Iowa.

The selection of the seed ears at this time gives the farmer an opportunity of seeing the conditions under which each one has grown. The character of the stalk on which the ear was produced, as well as the proximity to barren stalks, can be noticed. An easy way to carry the seed which is being gathered is in a sack which has been tied about the shoulders in about the same manner in which it is often worn by apple pickers.

The care which the seed receives immediately after it has been gathered is of great importance. It should be placed where the air has free access to it. An attic having gable windows at each end provides warmth as well as sufficient circulation of air.

When corn is piled in heaps or laid in ranks it is too close together to allow the air to come in contact with the damp ears. So, some method of storing which will allow each ear to be stored separately must be used. Many tie the ears together with twine and hang the strings of them to the

rafters of the attic. Others drive finishing nails into the rafters and secure the ears by forcing the exposed portion of the nail into the soft pith of the butt end of the cob. Cheap and satisfactory devices of various designs may be purchased. The essential thing is that the corn be so exposed to a change of moderately warm atmosphere that it may dry rapidly enough to prevent deterioration.

A warm, well-ventilated attic is one of the best of store rooms for seed corn. This place is far superior to most places about barns where moisture is liable to condense rather than escape. It is scarcely necessary to state that a spring house is not a suitable place but I recall having a student in one of my classes who said that his father always stored the seed corn there.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Temperance Hotel, Malmö, Sweden.

Dear Children:

We left Eld. Martin Johänsen's at 2:30 and called on Crist Olsson, the sick minister, and gave him and his wife the "bread and the cup." They do not do that in this country, and so the service was unusually impressive to them. He is weak and I fear will be slow of recovery. At the station I bought a money order on England for a book I wanted for Bro. Hansen and such a time as the fellow had to find out what 3-3 English money would cost in Danish money. Here at the station a drunkard, so full he was unsteady, tried to sing and do all sorts of things. We have seen a good many drunkards and also no one to run them in. Drunkenness is no more pronounced in Europe than in America as far as I have observed. The train came, we said good-bye to Martin Johänsen, and mama and I were ready to go. But the drunkard wanted the train, too, and did not know enough to know where to get on. So they held the train some minutes until they found an apartment where they could put him in.

Now, we bought third-class tickets through to Copenhagen. We knew we would be up and down a good deal, and it was of little use to get better accommodations. Then, too, the difference we gave to the sick minister, for he was in want. Well, the train was crowded and some imprudent Danes undertook to smoke in our apartment which was marked "icke rockare" (no smoking). Twice I called them for it and then they left us disgusted with our prudishness, I suppose. Mama suffered much from her cold, which was taking a grip form, and she was in much pain. I was sorry I did not have second-class, for that was not so much crowded. Bro. Hansen was going with us, for he wanted to see his son in Copenhagen. We changed

trains at Struer, oh yes, but before we got to Struer we changed from train to boat and then back to train again, and then came to Struer where we changed trains. Then we changed at eleven at night from train to boat and soon back again. Then at Fredericia we changed again to boat and had an hour and a half ride to Nyborg. Then we made another change and came on to Copenhagen. It is a great ride, having no monotony in it at all and keeps your hands warm carrying baggage.

We reached Copenhagen at 7:50 and were met by Emanuel Hansen, who years ago spent his first night in America in our home. He insisted on us eating breakfast with him and we at last consented. It was a half hour ride through the rain out to this place. This did not help mama's cold one bit. They received us warmly and we had a very nice visit with them. Emanuel is getting up in art and showed us some very nice work he has done. It is along the lines that Bess has studied.

Then we went down town, Emanuel with us, and we visited the Thorwaldsen Museum. He was a great sculptor, a Dane who lived a long time in Italy and made his work famous. The government built a splendid building for his works of art and they are all stored here. It will take too long to tell you of what we saw here but it is fine, just as fine as we shall see further south. His group of marble, in which John the Baptist is the central figure, was the most impressive thing I ever saw.

Then we visited the National Art Museum and that was fine. We spent all the time we dared here and simply viewed the place. Here were some of the finest art pictures, paintings from those who knew how to work out even the minutest detail of a picture, the best of art. We bought a few cards of the best.

Then we ate supper together at the Rosenberger Restaurant where we had fried fish and other good things and came to our boat for Malmö. It was raining, mama was not feeling a bit well when we came to the Temperance Hotel. Here we gave her a warm bath, some medicine and put her to bed. My, how good it was to get into a warm, dry bed long enough for me to stretch out in. That I did not find in Denmark save at the hotel in Sindal.

I went out to Limhamn to get some things and tell our friends why we had not come to their home. I came back and had supper. Mrs. Eckberg, our interpreter, called on mama in the evening. We were very glad to see her again. I had called on her during the day and I must record something I learned through her.

She knew our hotel landlord, a very fine Christian gentleman, a man whose parlor is open to all his guests and servants to join him in morning prayers each day. When we arrived here first he feared we were Mormons. He was puzzled. He has no use for Mormons. He did not know what to do. It seems in his puzzled condition he came to our room while we were gone and examined my Bible that was lying on the table and concluded we were not. But just then we moved to Limhamn, and I did not get to see him until the other evening. He had seen Mrs. Eckberg after she was north with us, and she told of our good meetings. Now, you ought to see that man give us attention. It is because we are not Mormons, and we are as glad we are not as he is. But I must close and go for the mail.

THE MOTORCYCLE

T. Matsen

THE bicycle is rapidly giving way to one of the greatest inventions of the 20th century, namely, the motorcycle. What the automobile is gradually doing to the horse, the motorcycle is gradually doing to the bicycle. Many of the messenger companies are either installing motorcycles for use in their business, or requiring their messengers to furnish such machines. The quick service which is made possible by this machine is rapidly placing the bicycle in the background. A message can be delivered three to four times as fast on a motorcycle, and with practically no exertion on the part of the messenger. The motorcycle is divided into three classes, the single cylinder, the twin cylinder, and the four cylinder. The single cylinder, which is the least powerful of the three, attains a speed of from three to thirty miles per hour, and is the most popular in the messenger service. The twin and the four cylinder machines attain a speed of from four to forty miles per hour, and are used by the police to run down automobile speeders, and are also very popular to the motorcycle tourist. The motorcycle is rapidly being recognized as one of the greatest needs, and as a machine of general usefulness. Doctors, collectors, policemen, and persons whose duty carries them from place to place, have found the motorcycle one of their greatest benefactors. The motorcycle is rapidly being brought into

use by the man who has a few miles to his work, this mode of transportation being far more agreeable than riding in a congested street-car. The motorcycle did not appeal to the public during the first few years after its appearance on the market. The public did not have much confidence in the machine then as it was still in a crude form. But years of improvement have changed the machine to one of popularity, until now the factories, turning out thousands of machines every year, find that their greatest worry is to be able to fill orders. The motorcycle has made good.



"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said the conjurer, pointing to his magic cabinet, "I beg to call your attention to the great illusion of the evening. I will ask any lady in the audience to enter the cabinet. I will then close the door; when I open it again the lady will have disappeared, leaving no trace."

In the second row of the audience a puny, undersized man, with a haunted, harassed expression, turned, with a strange gleam of hope in his dull, mild eyes, to an enormous female, who sat next to him. She had a strong, stern face, with black beetling brows, and a chin like the ram of a first-class battleship. "Maria, dear," he said eagerly, "won't you oblige the gentleman?"



Leon Ellis Kensinger.

A HEALTHY BABY

THIS is a picture of Leon Ellis Kensinger of Martinsburg, Pa., taken when five months old.

Baby Leon has been fed on na-

ture's own food, given a daily bath and plenty of fresh air.

He is a very happy baby and makes friends with everybody.

▶ AMONG THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES ◀

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your valued favor of September 26th asking two questions, the first of which is:

"Why did you attend a denominational college?"

Replying to this question, I must say that my choice was due to chance and environment. I took preparatory work at the Botetourt Normal College, at Daleville, Virginia, which is a Brethren school, solely because it was at that time the only preparatory institution in easy range of my home and had there been a State institution or public preparatory school in the community, in all probability I would have attended the public school.

My college work was taken at Roanoke College at Salem, Virginia, which is a Lutheran school. Here also environment figured. I had an uncle living at Salem who insisted on my boarding at his place and as the college was near home and I had had a number of friends and relatives to graduate there, I decided to attend Roanoke College partly on account of the knowledge I had of the institution by reputation and partly because I could go there cheaper than to almost any other school of the college class.

In answer to your second question:

"If you were making a choice again would you select a denominational college or a State institution? Why?"

I beg to say to you that I would select a denominational college in preference to State institution because at this period in life I recognize the fact that the average State institution has no religious life or sentiment and as a rule totally neglects what I have now come to regard as the most vital side of any man's development, namely, the moral and religious side. If I were selecting a school to attend myself, I would select a school where religious training and religious work are emphasized the strongest.

In selecting a school for my own children, I shall endeavor to select a school of some Christian denomination, that stands for the strictest moral code and highest religious tone. I shall endeavor to find a school that teaches and urges the simpler life—the home life, and that emphasizes the idea of service.

The trend of modern education is en-

tirely too strong toward the commercial. Knowledge is not sought so much for the love of it as formerly, neither do people prepare themselves now so much with a view to becoming useful as with a view to making money. The constantly growing tendency to get all you can and keep all you can regardless of home life and religious life and regardless of service to the public and to one's fellow-man is one of the most serious menaces to our religion and our country. We need schools that prepare for real life, schools that raise home makers rather than club men and women and "society" people. We need schools that will educate our young women for mothers rather than public lecturers.

I wish you success in your campaign for true education.

Yours sincerely,

James Frantz.

Roanoke, Va.

Dear Sir:

Replying to your favor of the 26th will say in answer to your first question that I attended a denominational college through the instructions of my father and at the present time have no occasion to regret it. After twenty years spent in active business life, I am yet undecided whether a denominational college is better to fit one for the affairs with which we have to contend than a state institution. I can see but little difference.

Regarding the third question will say that had I to do it over again I would not have quit my education course until I had taken a post-graduate course at either Yale or Harvard. My education has been one of the excuses of my competitors for my succeeding where they failed. Every young person should get all the education they can while they are at the proper age as it is a wonderful help in after years in all walks of life.

Yours truly,

E. M. Eby.

Wellington, Kans.

The Bible demonstrates its character as the supreme and infallible word of God.

Humanity makes the city, not buildings. We must study the lives and conditions of men.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE CELESTIAL ESCORT.

J. C. Flora.

"Surely Goodness and Mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

ALL the days." Spring days, when all the world shall be full of young, glad life, frolicking in the fields; caroling in the skies; bursting into flower and leaf at our feet. Summer days, when the year shall have reached its prime, with golden light and its long drawnout evenings and balmy nights. Autumn days when the fields shall be filled with sheaves of corn; while busy hands shall pluck the blushing fruits from the orchards and vineyards. Winter days, in which the foot shall tread down the crackling leaves that carpet the forest glade; days of mist and rain and somber light, when we gather close around the sparkling fire and shelter ourselves from the cold and angry winds. We may sometimes stand on the brow of an overhanging hill and ask ourselves what kind of days are we experiencing in the mist beneath us? What lies in the course of years? Will the days be golden? Will they be red-letter days, not only in the usual sense of the word, but because stained with the blood of suffering and sacrifice? Will they be drab, attired in somber tints, dark and sad? Birthdays, fast days, feast days, saints' days, because we have been associated with some whom we have known and loved as the very select of God. Days come and go as a tale that is told. They fly past as if they were but a moment, and yet in the space we call a day may be crowded many bitter memories or eager forebodings.

But there will never come a day in all our experience in which we shall not have the two guardian angels, Goodness and Mercy, who have been told of, and commissioned to attend, the believer during all the days of his earthly pilgrimage. When we are benumbed and weary, what a relief it brings to our sad heart to know that there is a shepherd close beside us or to discover two servants from the distant paternal home, sent out by our loving Heavenly Father to find us and bring us into the shelter and the warmth! There is nothing so consoling and uplifting as the Goodness and Mercy of God.

Goodness and Mercy! Not Goodness alone, for we are sinners needing forgive-

ness. Not Mercy alone, for we need many things besides forgiveness. But each with the other linked; David often links these two together as, when he says, "The Lord is good; his Mercy is everlasting." God has Goodness laid up in large reservoirs, holding in store for the poor and hungry. "O taste and see that the Lord is good." "How great is his goodness, and how great is his beauty!" "He is rich in Mercy."

And they shall follow. In the East the shepherd always goes in front, and our Good Shepherd never puts us forth to the work or warfare of any day without going before us. But his shepherd dogs bring up the rear. We have rear guard against the attack of our treacherous foes. In that word "follow," it is possible that there is a suggestion that we are going away from God and that he sends his goodness and mercy after us to call us back? It may be so. If a prodigal leaves a widowed mother for the sea, she never forgets him; her prayers and tears and loving thoughts follow him. Even so with God and his own. They may wander from him, but he follows them. He sets Goodness and Mercy on their trail. Sometimes it may seem that disaster after disaster, stroke after stroke comes, but it is not really so. Things are not always as they seem. He will not break off his kindness nor suffer his faithfulness to fail, nor forsake the work of his hands, for "His Mercy endureth forever." You have only to turn round or look backward, and you will find yourself caught in the arms of goodness and mercy, which are following you. You may not realize that they are near, yet they are close by. God's goodness and mercy will not fail. They will spread you a table in the desert as they did for Elijah or they will stand fast by and bid you not fear, as they did Paul.

In such hope there need be no element of doubt. "Surely," says the Psalmist. Why so sure? Because God is God, unchangeable and everlasting. If we believe not he is faithless; he cannot deny himself. The giver of every good and perfect gift is also the Father of light with whom can be no variation, neither shadow cast by turning. When he once begins to follow us in goodness and mercy he will not forsake us, although we may spurn him. "Surely" because God has never failed in the past. "Surely" because it would not become him

to take in hand and not complete. "Surely," because he has pledged himself by expending great and precious promises. "Surely," because the united testimony of all his saints attests that he will never fail us. "Surely," because if he has set his love upon us in Eternity, he is not likely to forget us in time. So surely shall never a day come in our earthly pilgrimage in which God shall not be at our side in Goodness and Mercy.

Fearful and fainting hearts, dreading the dark way alone take heart, gird yourselves with new courage; life up the hands which hang down and confirm the feeble knees, God knows how many days of life remain; he knows their needs, their temptations, and their sorrows; and he pledges himself that as the day so shall be the strength; that the day shall never come which shall be unblest with his goodness and mercy; and that he himself, in the person of the blessed Lord will be with us all the days "even unto the end of the age."



We can seek the goodness of life by the simple joy of doing right.

The Bible—the word of God—is the essence of Eternal Son.

The greater part of the work of today is done by the youths of the country.

Hell is seven times hotter than ever pictured if we are seven times removed from God.

No man who has not experimented in religion has a right to an opinion on religion.

It is a nobler thing to put a little self-reliant manhood into the shiftless and ignorant one than to give him dollars.

Revelation means unveiling, and is applicable to any writing that unveils or makes clear spiritual truth to human minds.

The ancient church teaches reverence and only by reverence to the altar, the clergy and the Book can we fulfill our duty in this respect.

God has many kinds of work to be done in the world—the promulgation of certain essential truths through the church and the press.

Round about us everywhere is wrought the great tragedy of life, but we save our life and our souls are empty—this larger life is lost.

The day of risk, of venture, of daring is very largely over with; and this is doubly true when the risk refers to realms beyond.

It is not the concern of the church to dabble in the physical realm of marriage, but to act with authority as regards the spiritual and moral conduct of the affair.

I condemn Socialism because it takes for granted what is not true, that all the social and industrial evils of our day are wrongs inherent in the system of private capital.

Lack of true humility in men's relations with God prevents them from ascertaining the truth and closes their minds against the knowledge which the Creator intended for his children.

No intelligent person standing in the light of the last four centuries and beholding the great religious movements of this age can doubt that Christianity is advancing.

No more for kings and empires are men fighting, but for fullest justice and emancipation for all life. The contest no more surges for party, sect and creed, but for brotherhood and good will, for the law of the kingdom of God, which is love.

We must organize; we must advertise. Our workers should have their particular tasks assigned as methodically as the employees in our big modern department stores or other establishment.—Rev. O. A. Luce, Methodist, St. Paul, Minn.

Religion and business differ from each other in every way. Religion teaches the worship of God; business inclines to worship Mammon. Religion stands for idealism; business for materialism.—Dr. Isadore Myers, Hebrew, Los Angeles, Cal.

The element of chance, the fascination created by the chance of winning a prize at the club or the home arouses the gambling spirit that draws men and boys into the gambling world.—Rev. John J. Parsons, Baptist, Patchogue, N. Y.

In such a land as ours each man sustains a vital relation to the political organization. Each citizen can express his will by his vote and then every individual exerts a personal and direct influence upon society.—Rev. A. W. Porter, Episcopalian, Los Angeles, Cal.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

RECIPES.

Miss M. Andrews.

Scalloped Potatoes: Peel, steam and slice, same as for frying. Butter an earthen dish; put in a layer of potatoes and season with salt, pepper, butter and a bit of onion chopped fine; sprinkle with a little flour. Continue in this way until the dish is filled. Let stand for half an hour and then pour over a cup of milk. Bake thirty minutes.

Another way: Prepare a cream sauce by using one cupful of sweet cream thickened with one large tablespoonful of flour rolled in one tablespoonful of butter; season with salt and chopped parsley; lay potatoes in a dish same as above and pour the sauce over each layer. Cover close, bake thirty minutes, garnish with parsley and serve hot.

Succotash: Cook lima beans until tender; then add twice the quantity of corn scraped from the cob. Cook both together until soft; add salt, a spoonful of butter and a cup of cream.

Baked Tomatoes: Take a deep pudding dish, butter the inside of it well; first put in a layer of bread-crumbs, then a layer of peeled sliced tomatoes, then a small onion cut very thin; sprinkle with flour, pepper and salt; continue in this way until the dish is full; the top must be bread crumbs with salt and pepper and a few small bits of butter over it. Put this in the oven and keep it covered with a tin plate for an hour, then remove the plate and let brown.

Tomato Soup: One teaspoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of flour, one pint of beef stock, one quarter of a small onion. Put butter into frying pan, cut onion in small pieces and brown; add one can of tomatoes and cook one hour; pass through a sieve and return to the fire; add the stock and flour. Season with salt and pepper and serve hot.

Corn Omelet: Take half a cup of corn, add the yolk of one egg well beaten, pepper and salt to taste, two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream. Beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth and stir it in just before cooking; have the spider or griddle very hot and well buttered; pour the mixture on and when nicely brown turn one-half over the other, same as any other omelet.

Corn Oysters: Grate young sweet corn and to a pint add one egg well beaten, a

teacup of flour, half gill ($\frac{1}{8}$ pint) of cream or milk and a teaspoon of salt. Mix well together and drop into the fat by spoonfuls about the size of an oyster.

Corn Pudding: A delicious corn pudding may be made from a dozen ears of corn scraped from the cob. Break four eggs and beat the whites until stiff and dry. Mix the yolks with the corn; add about half a cupful of milk, salt well and add one tablespoonful of butter; then beat all together. Lastly fold in the whites and bake in a buttered pudding dish half an hour in a hot oven.

Glazed Sweet Potatoes: Peel cold boiled sweet potatoes and cut them lengthwise, dusting with pepper and salt. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of sugar together; dip the potato slices in this; arrange them in a baking pan and bake a rich brown or brown in a spider.

Potato Cakes: To one cupful of well mashed potatoes, add one cupful of flour, two level teaspoons of baking powder, a pinch of salt and enough milk to make a dough to roll out; roll half an inch thick, cut in squares or oblong pieces, lay in a buttered pan and bake twenty minutes. Remove from the oven, split and butter.

Canned Salmon Pudding: Make a pint of milk gravy and put a good sized piece of butter in it. Take a can of salmon and place in a basin a layer of salmon, then a layer of cracker crumbs, then a little of the gravy and so on until the dish is filled, having the bread crumbs on top. Do not use too much gravy or it will be soggy.

Peas Patties: Soak dried peas over night and boil until tender, press through a colander to remove skin. To one cup of this pulp add two tablespoons bread crumbs, one tablespoon of cream, salt to taste. Mix and form into patties one inch thick and bake until brown. Serve with a brown sauce made with one-half cup of cream thickened with brown flour.

A delicious way of serving beets: Boil beets until tender, remove skin, slice on a platter, sprinkle with sugar, salt and pepper, cover with bits of butter and set in the oven a few minutes.

Two ways of cooking potatoes: Boil small potatoes until tender, drain, and then

cover with a pint of milk thickened with a tablespoonful of flour; season with salt and pepper and a lump of butter.

Put a large lump of butter in the spider, let it brown, then stir in it a tablespoonful of flour; turn in a pint of milk, more or less according to the amount of potatoes you have; put in your sliced potatoes, season and let boil a few minutes.

Surprise Balls: From cold mashed potatoes make balls and with a teaspoon press a hollow in the top. Chop fine some cold lean meat; season with pepper and salt and moisten with a little gravy; then put a teaspoonful of the meat into the hollow of the potato ball with a little butter on top. Brown in the oven.

Tomato Toast: Mince an ounce of cold ham and put in a dish with a little minced onion. Peel two or three tomatoes, cut them in pieces, season them with pepper and salt and add to the meat. Put half an ounce of butter in a sauce pan and when melted add the other ingredients and stir over the fire until hot; then add a well beaten egg and stir again until it thickens. Spread on small squares of hot buttered toast, sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve at once.



Cleaning Windows.

Get a bottle of glycerine and some soft rags and a bundle of old, soft newspapers and begin your cleaning. You will probably want a step-ladder, also, for a chair is not always a safe thing to stand on. Soak a small rag with glycerine and carefully go over every portion of the glass in one window, rubbing it well into the stubborn spots. Then go to another sash, and go over it in the same way; now come back to the first sash and wipe all the glycerine off the glass with another soft rag, and the dirt will come off with it; then crumple a newspaper, rubbing it soft between the hands, and polish the glass. Do this with the other windows, always letting one sash stand with the glycerine on while you do another. Wipe off the wood work and putty with another clean rag. Windows cleaned in this way in the winter do not "frost up" as those cleaned with the water will do. Try this and tell us how you like it.

Another way is to use one of the scouring powders instead of soap; rub the cake of scouring stuff with a wet rag, dab it all over the glass, and let dry; then go over it with a soft cloth or crumpled newspaper, and polish well with newspaper. It will shine beautifully.

Do not try to clean with soap suds, or with coal oil, when you can get either the scouring stuff or the glycerine. Soap suds will leave the glass streaked and smeary.

Preserving Eggs.

Silicate of soda may be had of the druggist either in dry, powder form, or in solution. The method of preserving eggs by the use of water glass (silicate of soda) is as follows: Add ten parts of boiled and cooled water to one part of liquid water-glass, and pour into a stone jar; as the eggs are gathered, each day, see that they are perfectly fresh, drop them into the solution until the jar is sufficiently full; the eggs must be covered by the solution all the time. A light weight may be put over the top, but the fresh eggs will not float; it is only necessary to add more of solution as it evaporates. The eggs must be kept under the solution. Eggs preserved by this method will keep from six to ten months. Although the eggs may not be as well-flavored as the perfectly fresh ones, they may be used for every purpose in cookery. Keep in a cool cellar.

The Wild Garden.

The best time to transplant the wildlings that you have staked or otherwise marked for transplanting during the blooming period, is October or November; or, if neglected at that time, in February or March. The autumn months are best, however, as one has more time for the work, and the roots are dormant at that time. Our native wild flowers are many of them most beautiful, and as they are rapidly becoming scarce, it is well to give a little space to them. In some lawns the various plants are arranged as nearly like they grow in their native places as possible, and where the arrangements of the grounds can be made, these "wild spots" are more lovely than the prim, artificial plantings of the best landscape gardeners can ever be. To many of us who were accustomed to gather these "children of the prairies, meadows and forests," in their native abundance, the sight of the dear, lost flowers brings memories and tears.

Cleaning Steel Knives.

For cleaning rusty steel knives dip a flannel cloth in paraffin, rub the knife blade clean, then push up and down in the garden mold until the rust is removed. Clean silver or plated ware by rubbing with paraffin only, as the earth will remove the coating of silver. To remove stains from silver, try olive oil.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—How many parties are in the field today and what does each one stand for?—A. L. H.

Answer.—There are five political parties in the field and after having read the platform of each we give here ten reasons offered by each party why the voters should support that party.

The Progressive Party.

Here are ten reasons advanced by the friends of Roosevelt why the people should elect him president:

1. Because he has been tried in the balance and found loyal to the interests of the people.

2. His championship of right principles has won for him the bitter enmity of all the powers that prey. Their opposition should win for him the support of all victims of social, industrial and political injustice.

3. The masses should stand by Roosevelt because he denies the right of trusts and monopolies to devour the substance of the poor.

4. The wealthy, who have gained a competence by honest means, should vote for Roosevelt because he denies the right of socialism to confiscate the property of the rich.

5. The people who are opposed to monopoly control and boss rule in politics should support Roosevelt because his party has declared for the direct primary, the initiative, referendum and recall, instruments which place all power of government in the hands of the people.

6. The rank and file have nothing to hope for from the two old parties, under whose joint control of the nation, all of the evils of which they complain, were born, fostered and fattened. If they could not prevent their birth, or destroy them in infancy, how can they expect to abolish these evils now that they have grown to the stature of giants?

7. All fair-minded citizens should join the Progressive party because no old party has ever been able to abolish evils arising from its own mistakes, cowardice or compromise with wrong.

8. Roosevelt should be elected because he is not afraid to trust the people with absolute control of their government, and advocates a square deal for every man, woman and child in the land.

9. The Progressive party should be supported because both old parties have become the private property of one set of boss owners, just as the two old parties sixty years ago were owned by the men who owned the slaves.

10. Roosevelt should win because he is running on a platform which is a combination of the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation.

The Democratic Party.

Main reasons why Democrats ask the people to support Woodrow Wilson for president:

1. Because he is a scholar and a Democrat.

2. Because he is pledged to destroy all trusts.

3. Because, if elected, he will defy the bosses of his own party.

4. Because he believes in tariff for revenue only.

5. Because the Democratic party is the champion of state rights.

6. Because Wilson—to use his own language—is a “conservative with a move-on.”

7. Because he is pledged to a system of elastic currency.

8. Because high protection robs the many for the benefit of the few.

9. Because the Democratic party is pledged to destroy private monopoly and restore competition.

10. Because the Republican party has failed to keep its promises to the people.

The Republican Party.

Champions of President Taft offer the following reasons why he should be given another term:

1. It has always been customary to endorse the administration by giving the President a second term.

2. Because he stands for the protective tariff system.

3. Because the party is pledged to destroy private monopoly and restore competition.

4. Because President Taft has gone on record as favoring the Aldrich currency plan.

5. Because the Republican party is opposed to the initiative, referendum and recall.

6. Because the administration has brought 22 civil suits and forced 40 criminal indictments against trusts for violating the Sherman law.

7. Because the President forced the dissolution of the Standard Oil and Tobacco trusts.

8. Because Taft believes in preserving the Constitutional Government of the United States and is opposed to the general policy of the Progressives.

9. Because he believes in the absolute independence of the courts, as opposed to the recall, either of officials or decisions.

10. Because under the Republican party the country has reached its highest development and greatest prosperity.

The Socialist Party.

Socialists offer many reasons for the support of Debs, but we have room only for the most important:

1. All wage earners should vote the Socialist ticket because it is the only working class ticket in the field.

2. Debs should be elected because he is pledged to destroy capitalism and establish the Co-operative Commonwealth.

3. Because both old parties are owned body and soul by the capitalist class, while the Progressive party represents the middle class.

4. The working class should support the Socialist party because none of the other parties favor the abolition of the capitalist system.

5. Because the worker is entitled to the entire product of his labor.

6. Because the men who do the world's work should control the world's governments.

7. Because the Socialist party is pledged to abolish wage slavery, through the collective ownership of the tools of production and distribution.

8. Because the Socialist party is responsible for the present day revolution which marks the transition from economic individualism to collective ownership of all industry.

9. Debs should be elected because he is the only candidate before the people who understands their needs and offers a real remedy for their ills.

10. The working class should vote as a unit for Debs, because under the administration of any other candidate the people would continue to be exploited by the capitalist class, which dominates the Democratic, Republican, Progressive and Prohibition parties.

The Prohibition Party.

The Prohibition party has been in the field forty years, but has never made much headway. Its platform contains a number

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of planks on important questions, but the party is built upon a single idea. Here are some of the reasons its advocates advance for supporting Mr. Chafin, their nominee for President:

1. Because the prohibition of the manufacture, sale and importation of intoxicating liquor, for use as a beverage, is the most vital issue before the people.
2. Before prohibition can be a success, in township, county or state, there must be a dominant party behind it.
3. Chafin should be supported because he believes the liquor traffic to be a crime and the principal source of crime.
4. Because the triumph of the Prohibition party would abolish 80 per cent of poverty.
5. The Prohibition party should be preferred by Christian men because none of the other parties have the courage to attack the liquor evil.
6. Chafin should be elected because he represents the only party in the nation opposed to the license system.
7. The Prohibition party deserves success because it is pledged to destroy the liquor business root and branch.
8. A vote for Chafin is a vote to dethrone the brewery combine and whisky trust.
9. Because a vote for Chafin is a vote for God and home and native land.
10. Because until the Prohibition party is dominant in state and nation, all efforts to destroy the liquor traffic will prove futile.

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"What is it?"

"A lock and key."—Washington Star.

"After another season," said Farmer Cornlossel, "I guess we'll have a chef."

"What's a chef?" asked his wife.

"A chef is a man with a big enough vocabulary to give the soup a different name every day."—Washington Star.

THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY

PROGRESS

ECONOMY

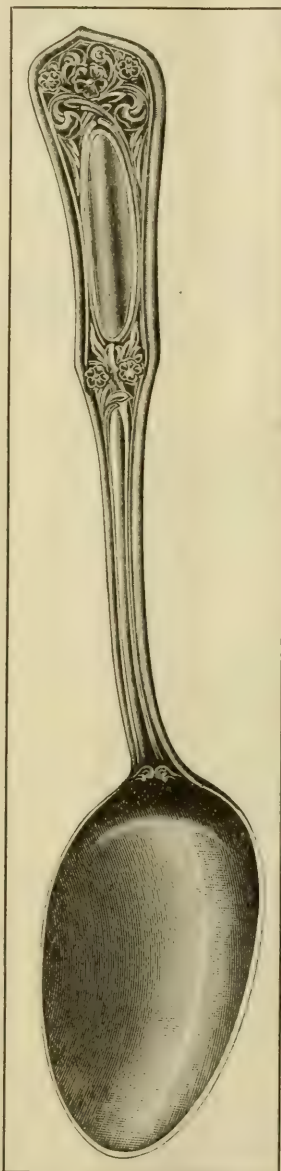


BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

October 29
1912

Vol. XIV
No. 44

A VALUABLE PREMIUM



We have been very fortunate in securing a premium which we feel confident will appeal to Inglenook readers. There are a large number of premiums on the market, but we have endeavored only to select the ones that possess merit and will be of use to the recipient.

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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during ten years in building canals and altering watercourses to provide irrigation for 2,330,500 acres of land under 46 Carey Act segregations and 2 Government reclamation projects. The result—*homes for thousands of settlers*, in a section rich in soil, rich in water, and immeasurably rich in the agricultural production resulting from the combination of the two.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIV

October 29, 1912

No. 44

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

President Vincent's Educational Circus."

PRESIDENT VINCENT of the University of Minnesota is a man who is alive to the problems of his State, and is willing to step out of the classroom and serve the people—something which other educators could do very profitably. The press has been telling about President Vincent's Circus but it is no circus at all. There are no side shows, no towns, nor fancy riders.

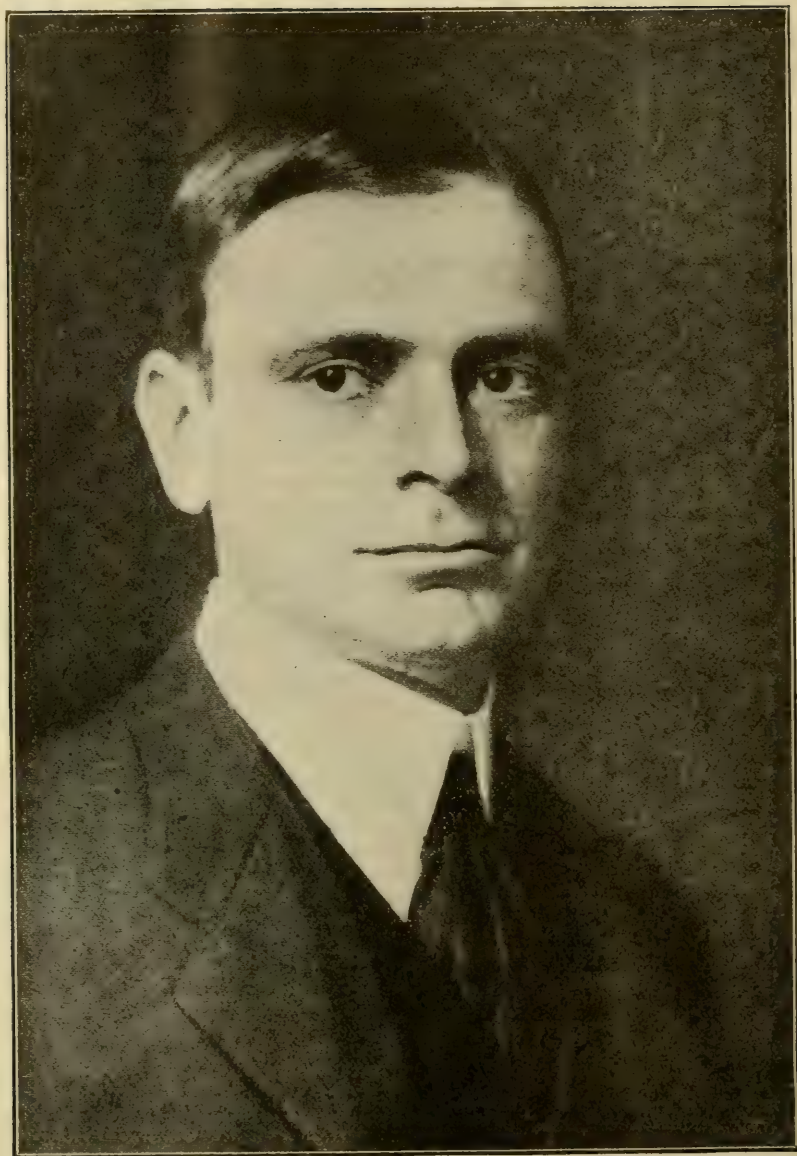
The president of the University of Minnesota has successfully tried out a plan of ringing the benefits of the school a little closer to the public. During the past summer eighteen or more towns have enjoyed a week of lectures and instruction in agriculture and civic problems that interest not only the farmer but also the city man. The plan of President Vincent was this: He divided the States into three districts or circuits and each circuit included six towns. Six groups of men and women were sent out as instructors making a town each day during the week. In that way each town in a circuit received a different set of instructors each day of the "University week," and a great diversity of subjects was discussed. Each day had some special theme. For instance there was a Farmers' Day, a Business Men's Day, a Town and Country Day, a Home Welfare Day, a Public Health Day, and an Art and Literature Day. Thus it will be seen that even though each day had some special interest it was not so specialized that it would not appeal to all classes. Both the city man and the country man found something that appealed to him no matter on what day he attended. On the various days such subjects as School House Construction, Forest Trees, Potato Growing, Corn Growing, Transportation, Lectures, Nursing, were discussed by the instructors.

Some person has been asking, "Who paid for all this?" The people who received the direct benefit of the week paid the greater share of the expenses. Each town or community had to guarantee the payment of three hundred dollars before it would be listed in the circuit. All incidental expenses above this were paid out of the University Extension Fund which is appropriated by the State Legislature. Most of the towns made up their three hundred dollars by selling tickets to the evening entertainments given by the day lecturers. The work of the day, of course, was free to all. We have not space to tell all about these lectures. Special programs were given the boys in such things as stock judging, seed selection, etc. The undertaking of President Vincent was well received and we hear that the University of Wisconsin will try it next year also. No critic can say that these schools are above the heads of the people. They are public servants of the highest type.

A Picture of a Country Village.

Warren H. Wilson of the Department of Church and Country of the Presbyterian Church gives a very vivid picture of a Missouri village in the Rural Manhood for October. The Rural Manhood for October is full of good things but the above short article is one of the best.

The village of which Dr. Wilson writes is one of about 500 inhabitants surrounded by a rural community but whose ways are the ways of a large city. He says: "Few families leave the community to settle anywhere else except in the village. This ought to mean that the village is the heart of the country, but the trouble with most villages is they think they are cities. I have in mind a little place in Missouri with 500 people, where churches and schools are exponents of city ways of thought and city ideals of



George Edgar Vincent.

life. Nobody lives there except farmers. The hands that put the money in the plate on Sundays are still callous with farm labor. The money itself smells of fertilizer. Yet these people would be offended if they were called country people. The women dress as women do in St. Louis and Kansas City, only more so. The young men wear a citified air. A certain number of women succeed in going abroad. The social life of the place, which is under the

control of the ideals of the people, expresses city notions. There is no love for the country and no agitation for its beauties. Women born in such a village do not know what corn or hogs or clover means. Botany is studied in the High School as a science of Latin derivatives, alphabetically arranged in a glossary. It would shock the lady teacher if she were reminded that corn is a flower and it would offend her cultivated soul if she were told that her young



Shelby M. Harrison.

men and women ought to study clover, cow peas and alfalfa. It never has occurred to her that the professional botanist is the farmer."

A Clearing House for Social Surveys.

When the survey of the industrial and social conditions of Pittsburgh was made the whole country was startled by the facts brought to light. Then other cities concluded that it might be a good thing if they would make a self examination also, but the greatness of the undertaking and the difficulty of securing trained workers prevented social surveys from being made in many cities where there has been sentiment in its favor. The Syracuse survey is another example of what can be done in a city. There is no better way of creating public opinion than by having the people see what kind of a sewer system they have, or how the school buildings encourage tuberculosis or eye diseases, or how the poor are being exploited by careless tenant owners. Photographs and facts put in paper tell the people what is all about them and what they had never noticed before.

The Russell Sage Foundation has just established a new department. It will be a national clearing house for information and assistance on conducting a successful social survey of any town. Pamphlets and other helps will be collected and held at

the disposal of those wishing such things. The department will be in charge of Shelby M. Harrison, who has had much experience in that kind of work, having been interested in the surveys of Pittsburgh, Syracuse and Birmingham. The headquarters will be at 31 Union Square, New York.

Higher Wages for Ministers.

At a convention of the Laymen's Association of the Rock River (Ill.) conference of the Methodist Church a movement was started to increase the salaries of all the ministers in the State. Some time ago the same association increased the salaries of the Methodists in the United States \$1,750,000. Now the laymen of northern Illinois think that the time has come when another raise is needed. The convention appointed a committee to look into the matter and advise a means of procedure.

Dr. Charles M. Stuart, president of the Garrett Biblical Institute, proposed the plan that when churches recommend a young man for the ministry they set aside every year \$100 towards his school expenses until he has completed his course of study. Dr. Stuart then expressed his ideas on the selection of a minister. He said: "Don't select a young man to study for the ministry just because he can say a few sentences consecutively in prayer, but see that he has all the necessary qualifications. Here is where laymen are responsible in the matter of the quality of the ministry, because they have the authority of selecting men at the beginning of their careers." The increased cost of living touches the ministers as well as anyone else but like school teachers, they are the least thought of, frequently, when it comes to raising wages. A laborer is worthy of his wages you know, that is, if he is a good worker.

At the same conference Bishop McDowell spoke of the right kind of a layman and community worker. He used a horse as an illustration. "A man once described his horse as one who would work singly or double, on the nigh side or on the off side, would pull equally well to the plow or the buggy. A layman ought to have the same characteristic. Some men will work alone, but they will not work with others. Some men will work if you put them on the nigh side, but not if you put them on the off side. A layman to be useful in the church ought to take a comprehensive view of church life and be able to work in more than one line of activity and under more than one set of conditions."

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Eugene Chafin Hits the Metropolis.

Eugene Chafin's first round in New York City drew a column and a half in some of the metropolitan journals, considerably more than has been accorded some of the most prominent representatives of other parties. The Prohibition candidate was there for three days, ending with nine street meetings and a great address in Cooper Union.

"The Prohibition candidate made it plain," says the New York Sun, "that he is considerably encouraged over the outlook. He had both kind words and digs for all of his opponents but devoted the most of his attention to Col. Roosevelt. 'I want it understodd by all,' he declared, 'that I am glad Mr. Roosevelt got into this race. He has requiring only ninety days to wreck the old whiskey Republican Party and that is what we have been striving unsuccessfully to do for forty years.'"

On the fifteenth, Chafin entered New Jersey, speaking at Newark, New Brunswick, Trenton, Bordentown and Camden. The next four days were occupied by meetings in Maryland, where State Chairman Charles R. Woods and National Committeeman George R. Gorsuch had planned meetings at Belair, Hagerstown, Mount Airy, Frederick, Westminster, Baltimore and other points, the concluding meeting planned being a big rally for Lehmann Hall, Baltimore. Mr. Gorsuch is authority for the statement that the Maryland State Committee has been swamped with requests for speeches in the various counties and that the prospect is splendid.



Preparations for War.

The Austrian and Russian envoys delivered, at 11 o'clock in the morning of October 8, a joint note to the Balkan states informing them that the great Powers were prepared to undertake the realization of reforms in the administration of European Turkey and warning them that if war broke out between the Balkan states and the Ottoman Empire no modification of the territorial status quo would be permitted. But Montenegro forestalled this action by a declaration of war two hours and a half earlier. The Ottoman representative at Cetinge was handed his passports and the Montenegrin Chargé d'Affaires at Constan-

tinople asked for his. The declaration of war was issued on the seventy-first birthday of King Nicholas, who, after a public farewell to Queen Milena and his unmarried daughter, amid the ringing of church bells and firing of salutes, rode forth to join his sons at the front. In his proclamation to his people he says:

"Montenegro had hoped to obtain the liberation of the Serbs in Turkey without the shedding of blood, but peaceful endeavors proved unavailing, and no other recourse was left but to take up the sword on their behalf.

"We are assured, in this holy undertaking, of the sympathy of the whole civilized world, and we will have the loyal assistance of the Kings of Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece and their peoples, who in this affair have ranged themselves with the Montenegrins like brothers.

"Montenegro is attacking Turkey not from motives of arrogance, but inspired by a noble resolve to prevent the final extermination of her brethren."

Part of the Serbian troops has been assembled at Nish, and from that point are being dispatched to the Turkish frontier. Another division is to be concentrated on the Bulgarian frontier to cooperate with the Bulgarian forces, and a third is preparing to invade the Sanjak of Novibazar. The total number is estimated at 220,000. The Greek army, amounting to 125,000 men, is mobilized and concentrated in Thessaly, on the frontier, under the command of the Crown Prince. The Turkish Government has seized all the Greek shipping in Turkish ports, stopped the ammunition in transit to Servia, and held the Bulgarian railroad cars, although these states have not yet formally declared war. The Greeks who are returning home are being forced to pay taxes for the year before they are allowed to leave. The Turkish army, which has been concentrated at Adrianople to meet the main attack of the Bulgarians, now numbers 450,000 men. A mob of several thousand students armed with revolvers marched to the War Department and the Grand Vizierate demanding war. The Grand Vizier came out and assured them that he would never grant autonomy to Macedonia, but when he reminded them that the longer war was put off the better for Turkey, they hissed him and smashed the windows.

EDITORIALS

Using the Public School Buildings.

One of the most recent propagandas has for its object the larger use of school buildings at non-school hours. It is a good movement and is bound to bring about good results. However, the use made of the school house referred to in the following quotation from a letter from a former teacher, now a banker, will hardly be approved by the leaders in this new crusade:

"Some years ago, when I first had ambitions to teach, I rode over to a neighboring district to 'apply.' In going from one director to another I must pass the school and being anxious to see the place where I hoped to lay the foundation of my future greatness, I tied my horse to the remains of a fence and went to the door. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that others were before me and that the place I hoped to hold sway over was already taken by a sow and a litter of pigs. Somehow my enthusiasm to teach in that particular district melted away, for I also discovered that this was no clandestine meeting place unknown to the owner, for they had been fed there. I thought that pigs should not occupy so conspicuous a place in the hearts of the people as children."

Mexico's Iron Mountain.

Just beyond the limits of Durango City, Mexico, is the Cerro Mercado, or famous Iron Mountain, which Baron Humboldt on his visit in the early part of the nineteenth century described as the eighth wonder of the world. The mountain, which rises about 400 feet abruptly from the plain, is one and a half miles long, one-third to one-half a mile wide, and is practically a solid mass of iron ore of 60 to 75 per cent pure iron. It has been estimated by mining experts that there are fully 500,000,000 tons of iron ore above the surface of the surrounding plain; no estimate has ever been made of the vast deposits which lie underneath, but from certain surface indications it is believed that these deposits extend well under the City of Durango.

This mountain was originally discovered by a band of Spanish "Conquistadores" under command of Vazquez del Mercado, from whom the mountain takes its name. For more than three centuries after its discovery no attempt was made to exploit the wonderfully rich deposits of ore therein contained. Beginning with 1834, many

spasmodic efforts have been made to work these deposits, but all attempts so far have met with failure. The new Durango-Llano Grande Railroad, nearing completion, will, it is believed, solve the problem of fuel and transportation, which has proved the stumbling block of mining companies hitherto.

Cheap Burial for Paupers.

Through some queer complications of business rivalry, not explained in the press dispatches, a Santa Rosa firm of undertakers offered to bury the dead of Sonoma County's poor farm and hospital for 1 cent each. It put in a bid for a contract at that figure and a thrifty board of supervisors promptly closed the deal.

Possibly there are residents of Sonoma County who regard the acceptance of that absurd offer as good business. If so they have a long way to go to catch up with the spirit of modern progress. There is neither business nor decency in such a contract. At existing prices the man who agreed to bury cats and dogs for a cent apiece would lose money. Human bodies must be inclosed in a box that costs at least several times 1 cent. And the cost isn't all. The very fact that a county pays 1 cent a body for the burial of its paupers tends to give the average citizen a poor opinion of the value of human life. The pauper may have done his best and failed. He may at one time have been a power in his little circle of friends, but succumbed to some strong temptation and was swept along the downward path. Lack of money may have been his only offense against his community. Yet because he was unfortunate enough to die poor the country would pay a cent for the hiding of his remains and consider itself well rid of its obligation.

Caged Girls of England.

Professor Leonard Hill, of the London Hospital, discussed the "caged daughters of the well-to-do" in his address to the Psychological section of the British Association at Dundee.

"Many of the educated daughters of the well-to-do are no less confined at home; they are the flotsam and jetsam cast up from the tide in which all others struggle for existence—their lives are no less monotonous than the sweated sempstress or clerk. They become filled with 'vapours' and some seek excitement not at the cannon's mouth, but in breaking windows, playing with fire, and hunger strikes. The

dull monotony of idle social functions, shopping and amusement no less than that of sedentary work and an asexual life, impels to a simulated struggle—a theatrical performance, the parts of which are studied from the historical romances of revolution.

"It seems to me as if the world is conducted as if ten men were on an island—a microcosm—and five sought for the necessities of life, hunted for food, built shelters and fires, made clothes of skins, while the other five strung necklaces of shells, made loin-cloths of butterfly wings, gambled with knuckle bones, drew comic pictures in the sand, or carved out of clay frightening demons, and so beguiled from the first five the larger share of their wealth.

"In this land of factories, while the many are confined to mean streets and wretched houses, possessing no sufficiency of baths and clean clothing, and are ill-fed, they work all day long, not to fashion for themselves better houses and clothing, but to make those unnecessaries such as the 'fluff' of women's apparel, and a thousand trifles which relieve the monotony of the idle and bemuse their own minds."

Use Care About Oysters.

The pure food board last year held that "floated" oysters, whether or not this bleaching and fattening process was carried on in polluted water, must be classed as adulterated under the food and drugs act. For whatever danger he incurs in consuming his oysters the customer himself is responsible. Nine Americans out of ten demand large, fat, flabby, overdeveloped oysters. They don't grow that way. The fat, pale, overdeveloped oyster acquires his pallor and his rotundity in a forcing process. He takes the water cure—a fresh water cure—by compulsion. After being dragged from his happy deep-sea home he is penned in fresh water and compelled to "bleach" or "float" by absorbing that fresh water and whatever it carries, much as the goose destined to contribute a *pate de foie gras* is compelled to gorge food.

Conditions in each case are unnatural. If the water in which the oyster is fattened happens to be pure, the ultimate consumer runs no risk save that of having to eat a flabby and flavorless morsel which he helps along with a mess termed "cocktail" sauce. If the water is polluted with refuse, carrying typhoid or other germs, the consumer assuredly is endangered. And it is such polluted water which produces the

most bloated—and so most attractive-looking—oysters in the shortest time. What is needed in this situation is not so much law or regulations as it is a campaign of education to teach the ultimate consumer that by pleasing his eye he is cheating his stomach.



Three Classes of Travelers.

There are three classes of people who want to get along the road to success.

The first are those who have to be pushed. They may be good and intelligent and really anxious to arrive at something worth while, but they stand around helplessly, wondering and wishing until somebody comes up and tells them what to do and how to do it, and pushes them along. And even then, if the friend lets go, they are likely to stop in their tracks like a mechanical toy and wait to be wound up.

The second class are those who are good workers and have considerable ability. Not only can they do work well, but they stick to the task industriously. All they need is an opportunity. Find them a job, give them a chance, and they will go forward to success. But they seem to lack initiative in finding unexpected opportunities for themselves. They will go the rounds, applying for the usual positions and will look about for the usual business opportunities. If nothing is available, they stop there, and in discouragement wonder why they haven't the opportunities to show what they can do.

The third class does not have to have anybody to push them. They do not wait for a well-wishing relative or friend to come, take them by the hand, and lead them out into a berry-field, where the picking is good. They do not even demand that somebody give them a chance. If there is a chance in sight, they take it; if there isn't, they make one.

A person of this kind may look the field over for the usual line of employment. If none of the usual opportunities is open, he proceeds at once to make up an opportunity that no one has thought of. And directly everybody is astonished how a fellow without a chance at all could have made ten thousand dollars or been elected to Congress or founded a school or a machine-shop.

It is this ability to initiate that makes the difference between fifty-dollar men and five-thousand-dollar men. It is this ability to make one's own opportunities that renders a man or woman resourceful, un-

daunted and unconquerable. He may fail a half-dozen times, and each time he will create a new opportunity and go ahead.

And it is largely on one's own attitude whether or not he is to belong to the first, second, or third of these classes. Any fel-

low with ordinary intelligence can train himself to be resourceful, to learn to look out for the unexpected chances, and to create new opportunities. And the ability to do that is worth more than capital and the backing of friends to start with.

WHAT IS SANITATION?

M. Elizabeth Binns

IN many places and among many people a great deal is heard and said about sanitation.

Our food must be sanitary first and always. Our clothing, our homes, our money, our churches, our schools, every place we go, everything we handle, or with which we in any way come in contact must be sanitary.

We are more than willing, yes we are quite anxious that it shall be so, and eagerly purchase the articles offered us if they are only marked sanitary. We willingly pay ten cents a loaf for bread from a baker that is advertised as being particularly sanitary, until some day we see something about the baker or his belongings that makes us realize that we have been paying double price for our bread because we did not take the trouble to find out that the Sanitary bakery was not a whit cleaner than the one around the corner whose owner was just a clean-hearted, honest baker, who was willing to give us a square deal but not to take advantage of our weakness. There are some of that kind left yet. Our preventive in that case would have been to inspect the bakery.

A city dairy advertised as "so-and-so Sanitary Dairy" and we bought the milk upon their statement, until someone who lived along the route from the depot to the dairy mentioned the dirty cans and wagons (the wagons that delivered the milk in bottles to the houses were painted white and were clean), when, lo, a little investigation revealed the fact that the cans, wagons, and rooms were repulsively dirty.

During this last summer warnings against typhoid have been sent out in scores of places. They were quite necessary if we were to guard against typhoid. The warnings said, "Boil all drinking water," or "Use distilled water, and you'll be safe." Yes, but go and see where the distilled water is made and insist upon its being cleanly handled. One company sends out several drivers so odoriferous that it is neces-

sary to open doors and windows wide as soon as they leave the house, but a good price is paid for the water in the belief that it is sanitary and we are safe. If it isn't we shall surely die and that right speedily, so they tell us.

Everything we buy to eat must come to us wrapped dust proof. Our butter must be wrapped in two papers inside a cardboard case held together by a third layer of paper, and sold by net weight at anywhere from thirty to sixty cents per pound. The grocer or commission man or both would go to the poorhouse if the paper were not sold at the same price as the butter, and wouldn't it be just as sanitary with one paper as with three layers, besides the cardboard? The eggs must come to the door packed in a patent case, if not, the delivery boy smashes them. Go and carry them carefully ourselves! Gracious! Not these days! We just order them over the telephone and save ourselves trouble, except when they don't come as quickly as we think they should we call up the grocer again to demand to know whether or not they are coming this year.

Poor grandmother! She lived in a day when she had to "fetch" everything from the store. If the butter was not produced on the home place she went to the store and had as many pounds as she needed cut from a firkin or selected a roll that was wrapped in a bit of "butter cloth," and lo, she lived to be seventy-five, eighty or ninety, as the case might be. You say it wasn't sanitary. No, I guess not, according to present standards. You see our grandmother's neighbors, who made the butter did not have any patent germicide in which to scrub the bowl and table upon which the butter was made, or put into the scalding water with which they cleaned the churn. Oh, no, they just scrubbed with soap, sand and hot water till things were as clean as they could well get them, and were satisfied. Soap and sand were cheap so they did not need to raise the price of

butter forty per cent on that account.

They did plenty of things those days that we dare not do nowadays, we simply daren't, we'd die the worst kind of germ-icidal deaths tomorrow if we did.

One poor woman the other day was in a most dreadful dilemma. She said the dishes were not as good as they used to be.

"Why, every time I boil them, I break some."

"Boil the dishes!" said a friend.

"Oh, yes, I boil them after every meal. They are not sanitary unless I do, and I wouldn't dare eat from unsanitary dishes."

Poor woman! You should have seen her kitchen table, pantry and bathroom. She was so busy boiling the dishes and replacing the broken ones that she had no time to keep other things reasonably clean, and was worrying her life out besides for fear of contagion.

How many are like her? Do we carry sanitation to extremes in some directions when in others we are not even reasonably careful? Do we make it a bugbear in some ways, and ignore it entirely in others?

A mother made particular inquiry before sending her children to a little private school. Might they be allowed to sit alone, and always on the same chair, and was there plenty of fresh air in the room? All quite right and needful you say. Yes, surely, but that woman's kitchen apron was a sight to behold. A self-respecting char-

woman would have scorned to be seen in it at the end of a hard day's work. Even lye could scarcely have cleaned it and then talk of being particular. In some things, yes, to extremes, but why not be reasonably so in all?

Sanitation is a good thing, a very good thing. It has done much during these last few years to lessen the general discomfort by lessening the frequency of epidemics and very materially lowered the death rate in some localities. We must by all means hold to it, that is very sure, but should we not be careful in all things to the same degree? Is it necessary to go to such extremes in some things, and neglect others? While we are willing to pay a really necessary increased price for some sanitation, need we allow some merchants to make a greatly increased percentage on account of our faddiness?

We should like to get rid of the unsightly and dangerous flies, unnecessary exposure of such eatables as we use uncooked, contamination of milk, infection of water, unnecessary accumulation of dirt upon the streets, filth in the alleys, trash piles and other dangerous sources of disease and death, but can we not all go at the task by doing our own part in a reasonable, sensible way by keeping as clean as we can without going to freakish extremes, and at the same time resting easy in a clear conscience, feeling that we have done our best and may trust in God for the outcome.

PREPARING THE CHILDREN FOR SCHOOL

Lula Dowler Harris

THE bells of September summon the teachers from their vacations and the children from green fields and shady parks.

All over our land the busy housewife and mother is not only keeping her preserving kettle and jelly-pot boiling but is preparing the children for school. In the first place see that your children are physically fit for the schoolroom. This is necessary not only for your child's sake but for the sake of those with whom he must mingle from day to day.

If your child is not healthy the schoolroom is no place for him. For with the best ventilation and the most careful san-

itary conditions possible most schoolroom swarm with dangerous germs. These germs fasten themselves more readily upon the diseased body than upon the healthy body.

By all means see that your child's eyesight is normal. Many a child is punished at home and at school for poorly prepared lessons when his eyes should receive attention instead. Children do not always know when their eyesight is deficient.

I have in mind a little girl who was in n grade for several terms. Her brother and sister passed the grades much faster than she was doing. She was studious and attentive but usually came to class poorly prepared. The child seemed bright and

could not understand why she progressed so slowly. I took the matter up with her parents. We questioned the child about her sight. She often had headaches. I said, "Do your eyes pain you? Do you see well?" "They never hurt me and I see very well," she replied.

The parents consulted an oculist thinking there might be something wrong with her eyes since her head ached so often. The oculist discovered that one of the child's eyes was nearsighted, the other far-sighted.

When she came to school with eyeglasses properly adjusted she said, "Oh! I see things I never saw before. I can see the trees across the river. I never knew they were there before."

That was the end of poor lessons and splitting headaches for that child.

Since the new school law has gone into effect in Pennsylvania we have medical inspectors in our schools. Each child is examined. An account of his physical condition is sent to the head of the department at Harrisburg; from there word is sent to the parents if the child needs medical attention.

I have in mind a boy of twelve years whose parents received a notice from Harrisburg telling them that their son had adenoids. They advised the parents to see about having them removed during vacation. He was taken to the hospital for the operation and it was found his tonsils were badly diseased. The child had never complained and the parents did not know that there was anything wrong with the boy. The adenoids and tonsils were both removed and he is back in school. So much for medical inspection in the schools.

If a pupil has tubercular trouble he is not permitted to attend the public schools. Teachers, too, must pass the physical test. All of this will have a tendency to make us a nation of stronger people.

Children should be comfortably and suitably clad for school. The summer clothing may be worn during September in our Eastern States. Warmer clothing should be in readiness for the chilly October mornings. Do not permit your child to wear low, thin-soled shoes when the ground is frosty. The high shoes, rubbers and warm hose should be purchased early. This precaution may not only save a doctor's bill but may save your child's life. The shoes worn by most school children are not as heavy as they should be. The soles are too thin. If rubbers are worn the soles need

not be as heavy as they should be when worn without.

I once heard of a young lady who died of what was commonly called consumption. When her physician read the account of her death in the paper he said, "That should read thin-soled shoes instead of consumption."

Most school-children, especially in our cities, are not suitably dressed. A lady remarked to me the other day as we watched the school children pass, "Those children are dressed far better than we were at their age when we went to church." It was true. Girls passed us wearing white shoes, velvet pumps, silk hose, dainty lawns, silk and embroidery dresses.

This is all wrong. Such clothing is not a help but a hindrance to a child's best mental efforts. Who is to blame for this extravagance? One mother said to me not long ago, "I know I should not spend so much money on the children's school clothes, but I want them to look as well as other children."

If a few sensible mothers would adopt a suitable, comfortable and inexpensive dress for their children others would only be too glad to follow their example. If we keep on at the present rate where are we going to end?

I think there is nothing nicer nor more comfortable for little girls than the one-piece dresses. These should be made plain but of good material. Also the overblouse dresses make admirable school frocks, for with a change of guimpes they can be made to do longer service without looking soiled and unfit for wear.

The boy's clothing is not much of a problem when he is old enough to enter school. His garments can be bought ready made cheaper than they can be made at home.

Every child, boy or girl, should have a good warm coat for winter. For school and general wear the coat that buttons closely at the neck is by far the most desirable. All outside coats should be long enough to cover the knees. Some say a sweater and a rain coat give better service than a heavy cloth coat. I do not know whether or not this is true but as for me I would rather have a warm cloth coat.

In children's outing wraps for winter sweaters and caps are special items of little cost and great comfort. These garments can be made at home by any one of even slight experience in either knitting or crocheting. But if one does not wish to make them they are, for sale in all dry goods stores. The material for making them

comes in all shades and one can select the color best suited to the wearer if they are made at home.

Working directions can be obtained from the Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pa. The directions for making a cap is ten cents. Directions for making a sweater fifteen cents. Directions for making gloves ten cents.

If lunch must be carried to school it should be made as appetizing as possible. Happily there are any number of dainty sandwiches to be made from leftovers. Dried chipped beef, boiled ham, canned salmon, sardines and tongue all make appetizing and good fillings. Nut meats, cheese

and hard-boiled eggs are all better if chopped or grated and they spread better. A lunch is not complete without fruit which should be ripe and sound.

No article of food tastes so well if it becomes permeated with the flavor of another, hence a supply of paraffine paper, which costs about five cents a dozen sheets, is necessary if the lunch box is to be nicely packed. All lunch boxes should be carefully aired when not in use or fresh food will taste musty after being packed in it a few hours.

In conclusion, see that your child is physically fit, suitably clad and properly fed if you would have him put forth his best mental efforts.

ECONOMY

Thomas Carroll

PERSONS who have little or no regard for the cent, are bound to go bad financially if they do not check themselves in time. Many lose fortunes—one penny at a time. The spend-thrift has some appreciation for money in the bulk, yet he fails to understand why he is always short of money, when the simple explanation is, that his unceasing expenditure of pennies, nickels, and dimes, is altogether too constant. Every cent or dollar is worth its respective value. Take care of the cents and the dollars will take care of themselves.

A good idea would be to keep an account of every outgoing cent. One who does not, can have no conception of the leaks, which in time are large enough to flood him with disaster. Do not all large accumulations of money begin with small savings?

First, consider the soda-water fad. Young men or women average fifteen to twenty cents a day, for soft drinks during the summer. An astonishing fact is that the people who daily patronize these soft-drink bars, are generally those persons who can scarcely afford it. The well-to-do class are not patrons of these bars. If you doubt this statement, stand in front of one of these stands, and carefully observe the drinkers. Clerks, laborers, and shop-girls are what you will see, and others to whom a nickel is quite a sum. This does not necessarily say we are strictly to abstain. Very few of us are soft-drink abstainers, but we are not all soft-drink drunkards.

Did you ever observe as you have your

shoes shined, the appearance of the patrons of the bootblack stand. Most of them are shabbily dressed and wearing shoes that are scarcely worth a shine. You can purchase a box of the best shoe polish—fifty shines in a box—for a dime. For those fifty shines it costs you a dime. Fifty shines by a professional bootblack would cost you \$2.50. The average professional bootblack occupies at least fifteen minutes in polishing your shoes, while, when you polish them yourself the time consumed is not more than five minutes. Therefore by shining your own shoes, you also save time, and time is, or should be, money.

If you have an ordinary amount of will power, it is not hard for you to succeed in saving your money. Spend just what is necessary, and don't go looking for places and pastimes where your money will be wasted. Don't try to be a "good fellow." They are never liked nor admired, just made popular as long as their money lasts. Even their closest friend who knows they cannot afford to be so extravagant, will call them a fool, simply because they are a fool.

A young man with an income of eight or ten dollars, can save, and to good advantage too. One dollar put away every week, or if you cannot afford that much, fifty cents, even, in time, will accumulate to a considerable total. And who would miss that small amount, from their pay envelope? Our greatest men were most careful in regard to details. Try to conquer the smallest faults, the bigger ones then, are very easy.

HALLOWE'EN

Mrs. Ida M. Kier

WHEN is Hallowe'en, mama, and what is it for?"

"Hallowe'en? Dear me, child, it is either the thirtieth or the thirty-first of October, I never can remember which. And it's for—oh, well, it's the time when witches, and goblins, and evil spirits leave their hiding places, and come out to harm people."

The wide-eyed surprise of a child upon hearing such a statement can be imagined. Yet the answer is just as hundreds of parents give their children when thus questioned. Many, if asked directly, could not answer—What is Hallowe'en for? Why? Perhaps it is because Hallowe'en is so lightly regarded. Of all days, it is the one wholly dedicated to pranks and fun. Boys and girls early know it is the day (or night, rather) to organize a crowd and go fun-hunting, committing all kinds of harmless annoyances on their neighbors.

From the manner in which it is observed today, one would judge that Hallowe'en has sadly degenerated from the time when the ancient Druids celebrated it as the last one of their three great religious festivals.

October thirty-first is the day, and it was celebrated in honor of the harvest season. The two festivals preceding it were observed on May first, the time of sowing, and on June twenty-first, the season of the ripening crops.

The Druids were sun worshipers. One of their religious rites was to keep fires burning on stone altars throughout the year. This was in honor of their Sun-God. Then on October thirty-first the Druid priests and all their followers gathered at the altars. The priests were attired in snow-white robes, and in the most profound silence they extinguished the old fires, and immediately built new ones. As the flames

leaped heavenward, a loud shout went up from the people. Then each one took live embers from the altars and hastened home, extinguished the fires on their hearths, and built new ones with the sacred embers of the priests. So long as this fire burned, their families and households were considered free from harm. Should they be allowed to go out, the wrath of their Sun-God was incurred, and calamity overtook them. Thus it may be imagined with what care and vigil they tended these fires.

Perhaps this firm though simple belief of the Druids, is why a certain amount of superstition still attaches to Hallowe'en. Any superstition is about all that remains unchanged; all religious significance has vanished.

For many years, it has been an event looked forward to as a night of frolic and amusement, when spirits, fairies, witches, goblins and all inhabitants of the mysterious unknown hold their revelries. When spinsters tell fortunes and make forecasts for lovelorn maidens who try divers ways of prying into the future, always with a glimpse or promise of a future husband in view.

For the children it leaves a memory of games and fun, and best of all, Jack o' lanterns, symbol of Hallowe'en. And then with minds full of the goblin stories they timidly enter their darkened bedrooms, and quickly act out the following:

"The witches walk the earth tonight,"

You'd better hie to bed;

And pull the cover up full tight,

Else off may go your head!"

Yes, Hallowe'en is indeed a time for merriment, and innocent fun and no other event of the year is more greatly enjoyed by the young people.

ONLY A GAME OF CARDS

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

IT'S too late to play another game. I've got to be at my desk at eight o'clock," expostulated Jim.

"What of that? We can't stop here! I've got to win back some before we quit tonight." The nervous energy

with which Mike Kratz spoke and the determined light in his gray eyes effectually silenced further opposition to another game.

Roy shuffled the cards and all were soon entirely absorbed in the cards. This time

Mike won. All were intensely interested. There was no past, no future, only the cards and the little pile of winnings beside Mike. At two in the morning, Jim arose from the table. "May I be able to find the darkest places and so reach my room without being found out," he said fervently.

"If I was as scared as you I'd stay away," remarked Harry contemptuously. "To hear you carrying on every night, one would think old Freeland and Myers the only firm in the world where you can get a job!"

"Well, I have no hankering after a search in the advertisement columns of our newspapers for a new place. And if Myers even so much as dreamed that I might know how to play a game, he'd fire me quicker than you could set off a fourth of July rocket. I've got reason to be apprehensive, gentlemen, and now I bid you all good morning," and with a grandiloquent wave of the hand he was gone.

"Scared of his shadow!" muttered Mike scornfully as he struggled into his overcoat. "What's the difference? You can't be a church member and have your fun too! Jim always reminds me of them chaps who want to eat their cake and keep it too. Most of them do keep it until their cake is moldy and unfit to eat. Then they growl about being cheated!"

"I like to see a fellow let himself go," remarked Harry disgustedly. Then they dispersed and went to their several boarding-places in the city. Of them all, Jim was the only one who held a position of any importance. This fact sometimes grated upon him. He realized that there was danger of his being detected by some one, he was not even sure that the men in their recklessness might not sometime give him away and then it meant loss of position and his prospects had been fine.

As Jim went to his lodgings that night, he asked himself once again whether the game was worth the candle? Was it worth while to risk the loss of his position for the excitement of the gaming table? He wished that he had never learned to play. Somehow—he knew it was wrong and that he was on the way to ruin—yet night after night found him in the small cheerless room where these boys played. How well he remembered his first game! It was Clara Guyer who insisted on teaching him. He had supposed Clara to be a good girl, and was not prepared to say "no" to temptation. Ah, if girls only realized what harm they do thoughtlessly!

When after a few instructions, Jim won every game, she laughingly accused him of knowing how all along. But to Jim it seemed as if he never had done anything he liked so well. Any game of chance had an unconquerable fascination for him. Now he wondered sometimes how it all would end, he feared the future.

The next day Jim did his best. He tried to appear as if business alone engrossed his attention, but his haggard appearance attracted the attention of Myers, the senior partner of the large dry-goods establishment which employed Jim as a bookkeeper.

"You are not looking well, this morning!" was Myers' first remark as he gave Jim some directions for his day's work. "Make out Mrs. Seaton's bill and send it to her."

"Very well, sir." And Jim went to his desk to make out the bill. It consisted of a great many items. It was unaccountably hard work; after wrestling with the figures for a long time, Jim concluded it must be right although it was difficult to understand some of the transactions. He mailed the bill to Mrs. Seaton, hoping that in some way he had managed to itemize it correctly.

The following morning, Jim was summoned to Myers' office. He braced himself for a shock when he confronted Mrs. Seaton there. She was a large woman whose methodical habits were the sole end and aim of her existence. "I've come to say that I am ready to settle the bill and then I shall withdraw my trade as I do not consider it safe to deal at a store where such gross errors are permitted." She laid the bill on the desk as she spoke.

"But what is the matter with this?" asked Mr. Myers.

"You have charged me with over fifty dollars' worth of goods which I never bought." She answered calmly but it was the calmness born of an exasperation too deep for words.

Without another word, Mr. Myers handed the bill to Jim. As Jim looked at it, the consciousness of not having been able to do good work when he was at work on this bill made him blush and stammer as he haltingly explained. "The items were mixed and I—I thought of course it was correct!" The woman stood there as if petrified, the stony look in her eyes was sufficient to show Jim that he had said the worst thing possible under the circumstances.

Slowly and majestically she moved to—

wards the door; there she paused and said, "I shall pay the bill when you send it to me. I mean of course, a bill made out correctly." This last was spoken with all the fervor and indignation of an outraged business woman whose most cherished code or system had been ruthlessly set aside.

She moved ponderously down the hall, Myers starting after her as if fascinated. Then he turned to Jim with, "What in the world is she talking about? You surely did not send her a wrong account? That would be as unpardonable in her eyes as making mistakes in her items. You have been warned about being extra careful about these bills. What have you to say?"

"I am sorry." It was all Jim could say.

Mr. Myers took but little notice of the apology. "Go to work on it again and when you are through give it to the head bookkeeper to look over before it is sent to her."

The head bookkeeper on looking over Mrs. Seaton's bill said that Jim's error was due to inefficiency. Jim resented this keenly and chafed under the injustice of it, for well he knew that he was in danger of dismissal, not to speak of having lost his chance for promotion. He worried over it but that did not keep him from meeting with the boys as often as he dared, which was often enough to keep him nervous and tired much of the time.

When he was given the blue envelope, and the realization came to him that he had lost his job, he felt that he had known all along that it was coming to this. He wondered dully whether he could win enough at cards to support himself. A moment's consideration of his finances brought home the fact that he was in debt for almost a hundred dollars at that very time. "A debt of honor too," he groaned.

It was several years later that an old friend of Jim's found him going down the grade as fast as a young man could go. He was a good Christian man and he said to Jim, "There is something queer about you. I cannot find what the trouble is. Why don't you let an old friend come to the rescue? That's what old friends are for." And he threw his arm around Jim's shoulder as he went along.

"I may as well tell you, for you'll soon find it out anyhow," answered Jim recklessly. "It's gambling! It's brought me almost to the gutter, ever since I've learned to play cards, I've lived only for the game in some form or other. I am down and

out, your interest cannot help me, when a man's beaten into the dust there is no use to struggle any longer."

His friend Robert's eyes flashed, too well he knew what Jim was contending against, he had always maintained that the very powers of darkness held possession of a pack of cards. "Jim, I know what you have struggled against. But if you are tired of it and willing to fight against this fiend you can be freed."

"Of course you mean that God can help me, but Rob, that is an old tale. It is long since I have been in church or paid any attention to those things."

"All the more reason," said Robert "that you should now go to him in your trouble and cast all your care on him, for he careth for you. His strength is sufficient to conquer this evil habit."

"I know it," and Jim's face lit up with the first gleam of hope. "They always said that Christ could save to the uttermost. But I tell you I have had the feeling for years that Christians were sure the ninety and nine who safely lay in the shelter of the fold. They are so safe they hardly care to bother with a sinner like me."

"Stop right there," put in Robert. "We do care and I am going to prove to you how much we care by helping you in every way I can from now on to lead a better life."

Jim stood silent for a moment, all the miserable failure of the years passed before him, the fierce fight for liberty, a fight in which he had been beaten. Oh, if he could only find pleasure in something else beside the gaming table, the awful tyranny of this thing brought terror to his soul. "Robert, I believe it's harder to overcome than the whisky habit, but if you'll stand by me I'll try again."

And Jim did try. But of that struggle he does not speak to any man even today. The habit was stronger than his strength, and he went to Robert with beads of perspiration standing on his brow for the help that a true friend can give in a crisis. Together they fought the tempter, not forgetting to trust in the divine Helper. And after many days, Jim was able to work with some degree of assurance that he was safe.

And there are many who speak of games of chance as harmless! There are broken hearts, and homes today because of this evil. What can we do to rid our homes of this pastime?



Mrs. Royer Asleep on Steamer Across from Sweden to Germany.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

On S. S. Prussen Between Trelleborg and Sassnitz.

Dear Children:

THIS will tell you that we are on the go again. I have had no time to write you since the 8th, but how fast indeed does time fly for one when he is busy.

Mama was laid up with cold, la grippe and other complications from rainy weather, that she did not leave the hotel until on Saturday. I stayed by her and wrote and wrote, closing up our work in Sweden.

Thursday afternoon I went out to Limhamn for the members had appointed a prayer meeting as the occasion of celebrating my birthday. It was very well attended, and we had a good meeting too. I returned at eleven and found mama sleeping peacefully. All day Friday I worked on some necessary mail and wrote a short treatise on church organization and government for the use of the elders in Sweden. It was a job, too, for it was written in Swedish. I wrote letters Friday night late and arose early the next morning, Saturday, to write our letter of review of the work in Sweden

and what we wished to say to the churches. This again was a Swedish job. Mama and I signed it and gave it to them yesterday.

We mailed all our Swedish texts home, for we have now all that we can carry as it is. Then we went out to Limhamn and ate supper with Herr Hydehn where we had lived for a month. Here I made a present of a good Bible which I bought in Stockholm, to Bro. Anderson and he was overcome with joy. Called at Anderson's for a half hour and mama was very glad indeed, to get home and rest. She was very weak.

Sunday was our last day and one long to be remembered. Mrs. Eckberg, my interpreter, came and breakfasted with us at the hotel. We went to meeting together. Members came in from Vanneberga, Småland, Terrelborg, Simrisham, and other places. The house was full at ten and I preached for an hour and a quarter on "The Abiding Life in Christ." All stayed for dinner. At two I talked with the elders, read our message of suggestions and told them other things. We wept together, for we assured them that their problems were

ours, their crosses ours, their victories gave us joy. It was a season that we shall long remember together.

Then at three we had another preaching service. I talked an hour, then mama talked about ten minutes; then two other brethren talked and all seemed to enjoy it. The people respond to the preaching of the Word in a way that surprises even the members.

We had intermission, for a love feast was appointed for the evening. I agreed to officiate and did so. I asked Bro. Peter Jensen to talk to the members on self-examination. I then conducted the service without an interpreter. I was full of gratefulness that I could thus speak to the people and lead them. The service was deeply impressive, to say the least. There were about ten more than could seat at the table and rather than have them miss I had them sit on a bench and take from the table their supper and thus the service was made complete.

Farewell greetings were said and by half past ten we were back in our room at the hotel. I think mama and I wept as much at leaving the members here as we did to leave home. We have lost no love for you, children. Oh no, and we long to get back to you, but the need, the need of us staying or some one coming here is so great that it was so hard to pull away. How they have appreciated our efforts. Both mama and I have thrown our whole selves unreservedly into their problems, their trials, their needs, and to every effort on our part they responded most fully. Do you wonder then that we should feel the way we do? At home we have 2,000 preachers and many strong churches. Here we have three weak churches and a few preachers. At home we have strong preachers, and we are not needed there as we are here. It is the need that made us weep and wish that we might stay instead of going.

This morning when we came to the train, fourteen of the members had gathered there to see us off. This is customary in Sweden, and yet we know that down deep in their hearts they wanted us to stay and help them. And their mute cry for help has touched both our hearts greatly. Indeed we both said this morning if we could just spend all our time here and not go south until we would be ready to go home, how much better that would suit us than what we must do.

But where are we now? Well, some place on the Oust Sea between Trelleborg and Sassnitz. We left Trelleborg an hour

ago. Our boat is a large ferry boat which carries cars and all, that is of the through passengers from Stockholm to Berlin. We have three hours yet before we land. Mama sits near me in a chair asleep and I have been writing. Others sleep. The sea is now too easy to be interesting. No motion of the boat worth mentioning. In the distance we see the smoke of other boats, but before us lies a smooth sea. I said to mama a few moments ago that I wished that she could exchange places with you children for the next three hours. You would stand on the edge of the boat and watch the water and drink in the beauty of a smooth sea. We sit here and sleep and work, and the outside has little to interest us. It is a beautiful day. The sky is just cloudy enough so that it is not unpleasant to sit on the sunny side of the boat. The wind is just a little annoying, and yet I am getting along very well at writing.

We will reach Berlin about seven this evening and there we will get our mail from home again. We are anxious to know about two things: Kathren going to California, and Bess and Clyde's plans. Bess did not mean to miss the point, but she failed to tell us what they have decided upon. As for Kathren, she made herself clear. We are disposed to let her try the trip, but have not cabled yet because we wanted to read the mail from Berlin first. Her letter does not say if the lady wishes her to go along. If we find that the lady will accept her if she will go, then I will wire. If not necessary to cable we will save our "marks." Yes, "marks," for now it will be German money for a few days. In Sweden we had kroners 73 39 for \$20. Now we will be getting marks 83 30 for \$20. When we reach Switzerland, which will be Friday, then we will get francs 102 50 for \$20. To buy in this interesting country one must reckon where he is and what kind of money he is spending.

I sent several photos which I know will interest you. You have read about the cart. The other by the sea mama wanted and it is a fairly good one.

Say, I just took a picture of your mother resting, and I think it is a good one. I wanted the load out of the camera and had only one exposure. It is on the Oust Sea at a quarter after ten on Sept. 12.

We have not been taking so many pictures and yet a plenty too when it comes to sum up the whole lot. Mama thinks much of them, and they will be good reminders of our trip.



Samuel Buffenmyer.

A HEALTHY BABY

SAMUEL BUFFENMYER is a healthy child. At the age of 3 months he weighed 16 lbs. while now he weighs 28 lbs. He used nature's food and the first additional food given him was prepared flour and cow's milk. The flour was prepared by putting a bulk in a cloth and then boiling nine hours. Boiling water was frequently added to keep the flour covered. After it was removed from the water and thoroughly cooled, the cloth and

the outer soft part were removed. The remaining was grated for use, being boiled with milk and seasoned slightly with salt and sugar. His nourishment was always given at regular periods. He enjoys his tub baths which are given frequently in warm weather.

He spends most of his time in play out doors. He goes to bed early and rises early. He sleeps several hours in the afternoon.

◀ AMONG THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES ▶

Editor of the Inglenook.

Elgin, Ill.

My dear Sir:—In reply to your letter of some date back I submit the following:

Why did you attend a denominational school?

To answer intelligently, I must prefix this bit of personal history. I started to Maryland Collegiate Institute when I was fifteen with my father as head financier and adviser, hence I did not have the choice of this school. Yet I know that my father sent me there out of pure devotion to the Church of the Brethren and a desire to have me educated under Brethren influence. When I entered Bridgewater College, however, I did it from my own choice and with much persuasion. To be frank, I selected this school because I felt that my father would consent to let me go there sooner than to a State institution.

If you were making a choice again would you select a denominational school or a State school? Why?

I would most undoubtedly select a State school. They have more money, hence better equipment, better teachers, better buildings, and better facilities for student life and they are not so biased in their aspect of intercollegiate relations as to wet-blanket that healthy rivalry which makes for the best in youthful activity. I don't believe they turn out a sturdier type of man, but their graduates have the advantage of complete recognition in every field of endeavor without examination. Any one who has been out and "up against" life like I have will readily assent that this is a decided advantage. Don't understand me to say that the denominational school has no virtues, for I not only believe but know it has. It aims at a truly moral product which the State school sometimes misses. Yet the latter makes the bread and butter proposition less problematic and I verily believe with old General Booth that "a man can't be good on an empty stomach."

Would you spend as much time and money in College as you did, or do you consider the time and money spent there has proven a handicap to you later in life?

Since leaving College I have been employed as machinist, newspaper reporter and principal of a High School and as I have stepped from one position to another

I have never yet had occasion to regret a single hour or dollar I spent. On the other hand I have constantly been led to look to my father with a heart full of thankfulness for having literally "sent me off" to school in the morning hours of life when I underestimated the value of an education. I consider it an excellent investment. My schooling for six years cost me something like \$1,800. Before I went to school I could earn by hard labor from \$1.00 to \$1.25 per day. Now I earn \$5.00 and don't have to scratch half so hard. Any one with the simplest intellect can see that \$3.75 per day is good interest on \$1,800. And this is but a degraded monetary valuation. I have said nothing of the heritage of literature, art, culture, society, good fellowship, etc., that it has put me in possession of. The very fact that I am planning a course in Columbia or Harvard next session is proof enough that I consider myself amply repaid.

Yours truly,

Ira S. W. Anthony,
Prin. Strasburg High School.



Cambridge, Mass.

October 6, 1912.

Mr. S. Christian Miller,
Elgin, Illinois.

My dear Sir:—Your favor of September 25 was delayed somewhat in reaching me, hence the tardiness in replying.

You ask why I attended a denominational college. I did so because by personal acquaintance I knew that the character represented there in student and teacher was such as in my opinion college men and women should possess. I felt that other institutions could in certain particular respects give me better academic training but the denominational college seemed most successful in providing an all around development.

If I were choosing again and expected to do post-graduate work I should do exactly as I did for the reasons already given. If I did not expect to do post-graduate work I should probably attend during the last one or two college years either a State institution or an institution like Yale or Harvard in order to sit under the instruction of the great teachers there and to associate

(Continued on Page 1230.)

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

"THE HOUSE OF THE LORD FOREVER."

J. C. Flora.

THE passing of the years awakens in our hearts the cry for permanence. Our nature is keyed, not to the temporal but to the eternal.

In all of our varied experiences in life there arises within us a passionate desire for a home which death cannot impair. "This permanence for which we wait seems promised in the words with which the shepherd minstrel closes the psalm, which are as simple as the words 'home' and 'mother,' and quite as full of meaning. The course of the psalm is as full of change as life itself. Every sentence is a word picture, painting in strong and vivid outlines some new scene in our earthly pilgrimage. But here the troubled stream, broken over many a stone, driven to and from many a sinuous bend, seems to fall into the great deep of the ocean, eternity, the music of whose waves, as they break upon the shores of Time, is always in the same sweet monotone, 'Forever.'" Life is the time to prepare for eternity. Earth is the training-house for the real life. All that is and has been, and shall be, is just completing our character and adding finishing touches to our symmetry. But better than the thought of permanency, is the thought that heaven is a home—it is "The house of the Lord." "In my Father's house are many mansions."

What a magic power there is in that word "Home"! It would draw the wanderers from the ends of the earth. It will bring a film of tears over the eyes of the man of the world. It is not the locality, the brick and mortar, the gardens, or the furniture. Our home is where father, mother, brothers and sisters are. Now let us turn our thoughts to that heaven of which we know so little, except that our Good Shepherd is gone thither; and see what light is thrown upon it, by the comparison instituted here between it and home. It is surely home in the sense of its happy social life. We shall be as free in the presence of God as children are in the presence of their parents. We shall know each other as well and converse with each other as freely as we do with the best of our friends. Think of the large family of noble children of all ages, all gathered to spend a time

together in the ancestral hall, standing amid its far reaching grounds; and you will have some faint conception of what the home going will be. When amid the welcoming shouts and songs of angel harps, the last child reaches the Father's house, and the whole family of heaven and earth is gathered into the Father's house forever and forever! Never again to part! Never again to break up the long, happy and glorious home festival! Let us not think of separation, but reunion. Blessed are the home-sick for they shall reach home.

There is a great certainty in these words. The psalmist has no doubt but that he will be there. He had been a wandering sheep, his record was by no means stainless, his temper was rather that of war than peace and love, yet he doubtless felt that the Good Shepherd could not be there and allow the sheep, bleating piteously, to remain without. "Where I am there ye shall be also." We have the assurance, because we have trusted in Christ, because we have received into our hearts the germ of eternal life, because we have the testimony of the Holy Ghost; for all these things and others, the humblest and weakest believer that reads these lines may dare affirm "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

There seems to have been a sense in which David enjoyed heaven before he got there. To him the Lord's house was not simply a thing of the future, but a possibility for the present. In another place he speaks of dwelling in the secret place of the Most High; and again he says "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple." Do we doubt but that his prayer was answered? Whether at home or away roaming through the forest or traversing the plain, we may be dwelling in the house of the Lord.

Why should we not always begin to live in the house of God, in this hallowing sense? Our heaven may thus date not from the moment in which we first enter the gates of the city, but from the time we wash our robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb. Always and everywhere we may dwell in the house of the Lord. May the Holy Spirit make real to us the possibility of living in the house of

the Lord hourly and daily, where all tears are wiped away as soon as shed, whither cares cannot invade, and where the Good Shepherd leads his flock ever into green pastures, so that they cannot hunger, and beside still waters, so that they cannot thirst.

Let us see to it that we live on this heavenly level. There are many possible levels upon which we may decide to live. We may be content to live on the same mediocrity that our neighbors and friends live. We may live on the level that we select for ourselves or we live on the level upon which God means us to live. If we do not live upon this level it is no wonder that we are disappointed, for we put the bitter for the sweet, the temporal for the eternal and the fluctuating and transient for the unmovable and changeless. What is the level of my life? Is it my own, my neighbor's or God's? Am I living as a risen and ascended one? Alas! so many of us are living on the level of our own appreciation. Faith, when properly exercised will do two things for us. First, it will lift us above our own feelings and give us confidence in the promises of God. Second, it lays hold of the power of God to make that position a reality in daily and hourly experience. Simple faith in God will lift us above our feelings. It is very essential for us to continually implore the aid of the Holy Spirit to maintain us in every attitude of surrender and faith. If we will be guided by God and his Spirit, life will pass on happily and useful. "Its story will shape itself into a psalm, like that which David, the shepherd and king, sang centuries ago. It may begin with the shepherd's care for a lost and truant sheep. But it will not stay ever on the level. It will mount and soar and sing near heaven's gate; it will spend its days on the level of those shining tablelands where God himself is Sun; and it will pass into that holy and glorious home circle, each inhabitant of which may affirm, without the least shadow of presumption, or of fear, "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."



To doubt his Word is to doubt him.

The coming man must do his duty at the polls.

Strive for things worth while; use the things you do get effectively.

The only way to make impressions real is to make them by expression.

Ours is a universe where precious things are bought at great price.

There are too many churches that fail to adapt themselves to new conditions.

America must go forward and not backward—on and on to larger forms of liberty, democracy and life.

From out of the soul of our church come the voice and the prayer that war shall cease.

If there be any sincerity in our hearts, there is also the spirit of power and of good there, too.

This is the day of youth. Young people have an important place in the development of the kingdom.

The church is not perfect today, I admit, but it is better than it ever was, and it is the best institution in the world.

It is becoming difficult to maintain a definite position on any moral question, and our young people are being confused by the failure to condemn the open viciousness of sin.

The curse of the country is isolation. There is more insanity among farmers than among any other class of people.

The demon without is baffled so long as no demon is harbored within. In your heart and conscience love's supreme society and holy intercourse can shut out and keep out the sinister suggestions of lust and avarice and pride which clamor for admission.

The courts stand in such vital relation to our national welfare that the least deviation from a just and righteous course affects the very peace and contentment of society. Justice, honestly administered, secures national prosperity.

Measure the coming shock, the yellow harvests and the breadth of the world. If the grain of wheat is a sixth of an inch long, stop there, close your eyes and bow your head in reverence! Where the seed ends, God begins. In four months after the sowing, lo, the harvest song, and the millions fed.

Read the history of sin's victories in the daily paper and realize the fight you are in. Many a successful baseball pitcher is knocked out of the box in life's contest for moral supremacy. Many a football player is thrown at the posts and the ball taken from his hands. Alexander, dying, said his crown would go to the strongest.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

MEAT SUBSTITUTES.

On account of the excess of nitrogenous elements in their composition, the ripened seeds of the legumes are among the best substitutes for animal foods, and for use with foods in which starch or other non-nitrogenous elements predominate. Legumes are particularly valuable as strength-producers, and are deserving of a more general use than is given them. When using dried peas, beans, or lentils, soak over night in cold water, then, in the morning pour off the water and cover again with hot water—as a general rule, two quarts of soft water is sufficient for one pint of the seeds. They should be kept boiling moderately all the time, as such things should not simmer until nearly done. Salt should not be added until the contents of the kettle are nearly done. If the food is liked very dry, it can be cooked down, but care must be taken not to scorch. As the seeds become soft, the boiling should be diminished. Do not stir at any time. If the kettle is perfectly clean and smooth—as it should be—let cook from the beginning without putting a spoon in it. It will not burn; but if stirred, the contents will scorch.

For baked beans, the seeds should be cooked until tender, but not mushy; then, having been allowed to boil nearly dry, they should be lifted into a baking pan, with enough of the boil water to cool them done; strips of nice salt fat pork should be pushed down among the beans in half a dozen places, then the pan put into the oven, and left to cook moderately until well done and well seasoned by the pork strips. This is one of the most commonly liked dishes we know of, and for a cold day dinner, nothing is more liked than a panful of hot, well cooked and well seasoned beans. They are just as good cold. As the cool weather approaches, necessitating a fire for some hours morning and evening, the fire should be taken advantage of and such dishes prepared for the meals when the day is warmed up.



If meats are boiled rapidly, the fibre is apt to be tough and stringy, and the flavor poor. Meats should be cooked by simmering slowly in not too much water.

Mayonnaise dressing will separate when too much salt has been added to the egg

yolks, or when the oil has been dropped too fast, or if the ingredients are not thoroughly chilled when used.

If compressed yeast is used in bread making, it should be sponged in the morning, as if allowed to stand over night, the yeast outgrows itself and dies. If dried yeast is used, it must be sponged at night, then given a thorough kneading in the morning, let rise, then molded and put into pans.

The center of the cake is the last part baked, and if not sufficiently cooked, will be soggy. Only by experience and a thorough knowledge of the stove can one bake cake satisfactorily.

For the Cook Lady.

Milk should not be allowed to boil, as the boiling temperature slightly hardens the casein and renders the fat difficult of digestion. When milk is needed hot, it should be heated over boiling water, as in a double boiler, and it is then called scalded milk.

For family use, cereals should be bought in small quantities and put into glass jars and sealed air-tight to keep them from spoiling or being attacked by insects. Put in boiling water and salt—one teaspoonful of salt to each cupful of cereals—and boil to soften cellulose and swell starch grains, the salt giving flavor.

Vegetables that are not strictly fresh should be put into cold water an hour before cooking, and the water should be slightly salted to free them from any lurking insects; wash them clean, and drop into boiling water; very few vegetables should be put over the fire in cold water.

A useful and harmless flavoring is the common syringa leaves; the taste imparted to anything used or cooked with these is very much like cucumbers; the young leaves of the cucumber vine have a flavor like the cucumber fruit. Carrot tops, celery tops, leaves of gooseberries, peach leaves, flowering currants, orange, citron, or lemon leaves may all be used for flavoring; the leaves should be used the same as bay leaves.

Peach leaves and those of the laurel contain the virtue of bitter almonds, which is itself a deadly poison, when concentrated; but harmless in small quantities as may be used in foods.

A flannel bag, three cornered and strong,

is the best for straining jellies. Juices intended for jelly should not be put into a metal vessel unless the vessel is enameled or silvered. Juices should be boiled without covering, and very gently.



REUNITED LIVES.

Ada Van Sickle Baker.

MISS LOTTIE ALLEN sank into the depths of her big porch rocker and let her gaze wander wistfully over the fields, towards the bank of crimson and gold clouds in the west. Such a wonderful sunset always recalled to memory visions of other days—glad days and sad days. There had been just such glorious sunsets in the days long gone by, when she, arrayed in her one best gown, a dainty white one made by her own careful fingers, had wandered arm in arm with her girlhood sweetheart, James Clifford; and together they had made roseate plans for the future.

But that future had never been realized. Her true heart had known its first pang, with the realization that James had suddenly transferred his attentions to Hattie Wyndham, the village belle. How it had happened, remained a puzzle to this day. To be sure Hattie eclipsed every girl in the town, as far as looks went; but when the girl's true disposition was analyzed, she was very inferior, as far as real worth was concerned. James Clifford did not seem the man to be attracted by a merely pretty face, and for awhile, Lottie had felt very confident that Hattie could never win his affections away from her. But to her amazement, James had suddenly seemed to lose all interest in her, and in a few months the announcement of his and Hattie's marriage came to her ears. Although her heart was wrung with anguish, from all outward appearances, Miss Lottie was the same sweet, gentle girl she had always proven herself to be. With the following years came many suitors; but one and all were dismissed with the same gentle word of refusal, and the sweet face grew sweeter still, though it showed lines of suffering, and in the dark hair gleamed threads of silver. There was also a look in her great, dark eyes, which even her most intimate friends could scarcely fathom—a look of patient resignation and bravery.

But the unthinking world was content to have Miss Lottie remain as she was, for a better neighbor never lived, and though her schoolmates had all married and moved away long ago, she still remained in the

little vine-covered cottage on the top of the hill, where her gladsome girlhood years had been spent.

To the younger generation she was "Aunt Lottie." To her pleasant rooms came many girls, separately and collectively. Into her willing ears were poured girlish joys and disappointments. She rejoiced with them in their days of prosperity, and sympathized and comforted when adversities set in.

One summer, a new friend, who was visiting in the neighborhood for a few weeks, was added to her already large list—a sweet girl of sixteen, who soon claimed a large share of Lottie Allen's heart. Perhaps the name—Nellie Clifford—caused Miss Allen to feel an unusual interest in the girl.

One day toward the close of the happy summer time, Miss Lottie, reclining in her porch rocker, which had been carried to the still velvety, green lawn, and with Nellie Clifford at her feet, with her bright golden head pillowed in her friend's lap, while the girl was listening to a rather intimate account of the other's life, and in turn told of her own past life.

She told how her father had married a beauty, not because he had loved her, but for the reason that he had been inveigled into the match, and here the girl's lips quivered, as she related how her mother, having been a spoiled beauty, soon grew discontented with her married life, and with the man she had deliberately taken from another who loved him, and who, in return was loved by him. "I dislike to tell you, my dear friend, of my own mother's duplicity," said the gentle girl, "but my heart has ached for my dear patient father, and now that mother is gone, it will relieve my mind to tell you. She told me in her last sickness that she had won father's love unfairly. Long years ago, she told him that the girl he loved had asked her to inform him that she was engaged to another and by careful planning she succeeded in bringing him into a union with herself, but when in all the long years of their wedded life, she saw the sorrow that was stamped on his face, and knew that his life was a mere mockery, she bitterly repented her act. She told me there was only one happiness came to her; and that was when I, her only child, came into the world.

"Oh, Miss Allen, my heart ached for my poor mother, for she repented, and suffered in spirit. Though father was always kind to her, one could not be mistaken in the fact that he never gave her his heart's best love."

"And your father's name was Clifford, of course. What was his first name, Nellie?" "William," responded the girl.

Miss Lottie's face showed her disappointment. She had vaguely hoped that it might have been James. For a moment, a question trembled on her lips—if the girl's father had ever lived in her neighborhood. But surely the girl would have spoken of it, if such had been the case. So the question was unasked; and for a few weeks no further mention was made of the girl's father.

One morning, as Miss Lottie was carefully extracting great loaves of golden brown bread from the oven, Nellie came running into the neat, shining kitchen, nearly upsetting the woman in her haste.

"Oh," she cried, and her eyes were dancing with excitement. "How wonderful! Here is a letter from father, and he will be here this morning. He is coming especially to see you."

Miss Lottie looked sorely perplexed.

"Oh, don't you understand? Can't you see? My father was your girlhood sweetheart."

The face of Miss Lottie turned white. "But you said his name was William, and—his name was James," breathed the woman.

"You dear! You asked me what his first name was, so I told you William. His name is William James Clifford."

Miss Lottie covered her face with her hands, but between her white fingers there glowed the returning pink of her cheeks, for a firm, well-remembered tread sounded on the front veranda; and a moment later the sharp peal of the door bell, reawakened the oldtime thrill in her heart.

But it was Nellie that flung wide the door, and seizing her father's hands drew him into the parlor.

"Father, dear, let me introduce you to my best friend, and future mother," she said archly, but the tears and laughter struggled together for supremacy, for a brief moment; but the former were soon dispersed, and the three happy faces shone like a storm-washed world that suddenly has all clouds swept away, leaving only the cloudless blue sky and golden sunlight to reveal the brightness of all nature.



We need more and more to teach the rising generation these truths—that education does not unfit men for the humbler duties of life; that whatever is necessary or useful, or beautiful is worthy of being undertaken by an educated man; that char-

acter and not clothes is what makes gentlemen, and that an honest man is the noblest work of God, whether he be a plowman or a high ruler in civic life.

We weigh an argument by the judgment, an act of conscience.—Rev. H. D. Hills, Congregationalist, Baltimore, Md.

Men will tolerate many abuses, but never the abuses of justice.—Rev. J. M. Cromer, Lutheran, Kansas City, Mo.

In these days we are witnessing an alarming phenomenon, a disintegration of the family and the home.—Rev. F. W. Crowder, Episcopalian, Providence, R. I.

God strengthens men's wills, helps them overcome their faults, is a companion in loneliness and a consoler in sorrow.—Rev. H. Purinton, Presbyterian, Denver, Colo.

The church has no army of soldiers, no fleet of well-equipped war vessels; yet it has enemies, and still it grows.—Rev. T. F. Herman, Reformed, Lancaster, Pa.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—If we say that we have fellowship with him and walk in darkness we lie and do not the truth: But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin. What parts of speech are the words "but" and "if"?—J. L. S.

Answer.—"But" and "if" are taken together and are called correlative conjunctions.



Question.—Is there any labor saving device for hulling walnuts?—L. W.

Answer.—Yes, run them through the corn sheller.



Question.—Can you refer me to anything that will entirely remove walnut stain from the hands?—B. L. E.

Answer.—Rhubarb juice is good for that purpose. If you do not have the rhubarb, get a nickel's worth of oxalic acid, dissolve it in water and put it on the stains.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

You can lead a woman to the mirror, but you can't make her see herself as others see her.—Smart Set.



"How would you classify a telephone girl?" asked the old fogey. "Is hers a business or a profession?"

"Neither," replied the boob. "It is a calling."—Washington Herald.



"What is your favorite flower, Duke?" asked the heiress. "But I ought to know that without asking."

"Well, what should it be?"

"The marigold."—Kansas City Journal.



"No use locking the stable door after the horse is stolen."

"I should say that was the very time to lock it. They might come back after the automobile."—Washington Herald.



Mistress—"Really, cook, what have you been doing? Seven o'clock—and the rabbit not put on yet!"

Cook—"Can't 'elp it ma'am; I never knew anything take so long to pluck in my life."—Sketch.



"Is Miss Browne in?"

Maid—"No, Professor."

"But I just saw her at the window."

"Yes, and she saw you."—Fliegende Blaetter.



"There's one thing I want to see while I am in Europe."

"And that is?"

"The Hungarian goulash in session."—Washington Herald.



Beggar—"Can you help a pore gent, mister?"

Passer-by—"Hum! What sort of a gent do you call yourself?"

Beggar—"A indigent, sir."—Boston Transcript.



Railroad Attorney—"You are sure it was our Flier that killed your mule? What makes you so positive?"

"KNOW THYSELF"

The neglect of obedience to the command couched in these two words is often followed by dire results. It is many times discovered, when it is too late, that "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." The books comprising what is called the Self and Sex Series have proved a safeguard to thousands against the evils resulting from a lack of knowledge concerning the human organism.

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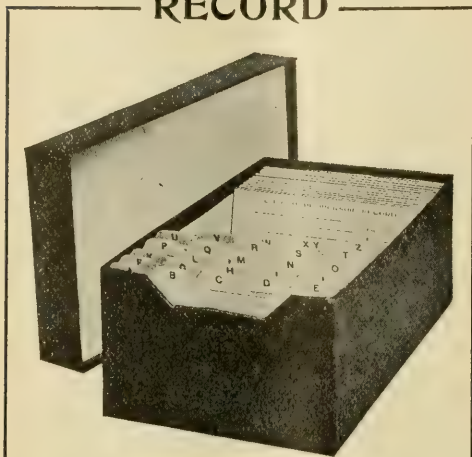
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Rastus—"He dun licked ebry other train on de road."—Puck.



"Bang!" went the rifles at maneuvers. "OO-oo," screamed the pretty girl—a nice, decorous, surprised little scream. She stepped backward into the surprised arms of a young man.

"Oh," said she, blushing. "I was frightened by the rifles. I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," said the young man. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."—Cincinnati Times-Star.



Soon after the instalment of the telegraph in Fredericksburg, Virginia, a little ducky, the son of my father's mammy, saw a piece of newspaper that had blown up on one of the telegraph wires and caught there. Running to my grandmother in a state of excitement, he cried, "Miss Liza, come quick! Dem wires done buss and done let all the news out!"—Sue M. M. Halsey.



While a travelling man was waiting for an opportunity to show his samples to a merchant in a little backwoods town in Missouri, a customer came in and bought a couple of nightshirts. Afterwards a long, lank lumberman, with his trousers stuffed in his boots, said to the merchant:

"What was them 'ere that feller bot?"

"Nightshirts. Can I sell you one or two?"

"Naup, I reckon not," said the Missourian. "I don't set around much o'nights."



AMONG THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

(Continued from Page 1223.)

with students of widely varying experiences, and outlooks.

I consider the time and money spent in securing a broader training as a first class investment looking to future returns of the broadest sort. Just as the investor may feel temporary inconvenience by virtue of his investment so the well prepared battler in the contest of life may at first stand behind a less thoroughly equipped competitor. But I venture the opinion that such advantage due to early start and smaller expenses is only temporary, and one which the broadly trained contestant will not begrudge its possessor.

Most sincerely yours,
Edmund Lashley.

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November 5
1912

Vol. XIV
No. 45

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIV

November 5, 1912

No. 45

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



For Horses Only.

Public Drinking Cups for Horses.

THE dangers of the public drinking cup for human beings have been advertised so much that a large share of the public and especially school children carry private drinking cups with them, usually the collapsible kind. Now, the horse owners and all lovers of the dumb brutes are becoming interested in another side of the problem. A writer in the Survey quotes from Dr. S. K. Johnson of the New York Veterinary Hospital, who says: "I regard the public horse trough as one of the most pernicious sources of disease among horses." It is said that seventy-five per cent of the horses of New York City suffer from glanders and that this disease is commonly transmitted by the old styled public horse trough. Horse owners are interested in the problem from a financial point of view and many of them refuse to have their animals drink from a carelessly kept fountain.

Not so long ago the Horse Aid Society of New York City refused an offer of five expensive watering fountains for horses, each to cost \$350, on the ground that the fountains would be agencies for the spread

of horse diseases as well as a blessing to thirsty animals. They would be "blessings" in disguise. A most pernicious form of drinking trough is the one illustrated, placed low on the pavement so that dogs can bathe in them and the dust from the street can be blown in. There is no flushing device for cleansing. Several individuals of New York City interested in horses are maintaining horse relief stations at their own expense. The best equipped one is maintained by a proprietor of a moving picture theater. He hires a man whose only duty is to look after his horse customers who come for drink. He waters the horses from pails which are carefully cleaned after each animal has taken a drink, and a shower bath "for horses only" is found at the station also.

Horse fountains have something to do with intemperance among human beings also. It is said that one-half of the watering troughs in New York City are placed in front of saloons and the owners of these saloons claim that they owe forty per cent of their business to the troughs. Drivers come there to water their horses and naturally they want a drink also. No other



"A pernicious source of disease."

place is within reach except the saloon. Did you ever stop to think of the situation in which a man is placed who is short of money and thirsty, and who finds no public drinking place in sight? When lemonade is ten cents and beer five, do you blame him for buying the latter? There are few who like to "bum" their drinks from a store or other public place and restaurants are not on every corner. There are men buying drinks in saloons every day who would rather have good cool water if it would be within easy reach.

In the Interest of the Home.

A few magazines are using some space in the interests of the homes, believing that many of the social evils arise from neglected homes. When father, brother, sister and sometimes mother must work in the factory ten hours of the day pleasures of the home must suffer. The struggle for existence makes boarding houses out of our homes. No one person is to blame. All of us are at fault unless we take an interest in these things and try to do something. Many organizations and hundreds of individuals are trying to do something. Hannah K. Schoff, president of the National Congress of Mothers, says: "No scheme for social betterment that ignores the home as the natural center of attraction, can be of permanent value. Parents need to realize that part of their duty as home makers is to make the home attractive to the children not only in childhood but as they grow into manhood and womanhood. Immersed in business, and often laden with many cares, fathers and mothers fail in this important part of their duty. However small the home may be, this is possible, but in many cases the parents must be shown how to interest their children and imbue them with a love of home." A good home covers a multitude of sins. We do not mean that one can work out his salvation by having a good home only. We mean that where there is a good home, love between husband and wife, and where the children are taught to love their parents and do kind deeds for the neighbors, and where both parents delight in making the home beautiful, there will not be time for gossip, nor will the husband and children like to spend their evenings elsewhere. Is that theory or common sense? You may answer it for yourselves.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of the Chicago schools, writes of the home in a recent number of Mothers' Magazine.

In her article she tells of a most remarkable home, but a home whose standard is not above the reach of most of us. This is what she says: "In an Ohio village a man, his wife and one child came to live. The man was a mechanic with ambitions. The lot he bought for his home was unkempt. The cottage was squalid. All through the small community he saw the handwriting of carelessness and neglect, the don't care spirit. He and his wife might have surrendered to that, themselves, drawn their income and when their work was ended, passed on. But the man came home from his work evenings, grimy, mussed, and when the evening meal was ended, he and his wife worked in the garden and on the dwarf lawn. They had ideas about grass, flowers and gardens. . . . Neighbors came and lingered over their front fence to see what they were doing. They asked, 'What's the use? Aren't you wasting time?' But the reply was: 'Wherever we have lived we've tried to be clean. We feel more ready for work if we are.'

"Next were the impertinent questions: 'Why do you take a bath every night when you get home from work? Ain't you tired? I noticed you changed your clothes when you're done work. Your wife spruces up every evening 'fore you get home—think she'd be too tired for such nonsense.'"

The remainder of the story follows naturally. The love and unselfishness of the home could not remain there. Like the heaven of the New Testament it had to grow. Husband and wife soon took an interest in public affairs. Together they attended the meetings of the village trustees and asked for better school buildings. The trustees scorned them at first, but their home life made friends among the neighbors and soon the whole community insisted that the schools should be more sanitary. The trustees had to wake up.

Do you think the above story too good to be true? There are similar instances all over the country. If you take a hasty survey of your community you will find that those persons who live only for themselves and who spend little time in trying to make things look beautiful about the home are the ones least interested in public enterprises. They have no public spirit. They do nothing unless there is a dollar in it for them. An interesting part of the above story is that the wife and husband worked together in the home and for good things outside of the home. She voiced her desire for better schools publicly as well as

privately. She was a companion and so was he.

Woman's Suffrage.

Had the mechanic's wife been allowed to vote there would have been one more vote in that village in favor of pure politics. She had as much interest in her child as her husband had. These pages are not 'open for political discussion or for defending the policies of any one party but we wish to tell of the views of thousands of good men and women all over the world concerning woman's suffrage and of how it works out. We would be doing an injustice not to mention the problem.

Dr. George A. Dorsey, special writer of the Chicago Tribune, reports very favorably on woman's suffrage in Australia. "Australasians believes every decent man welcomes the woman's vote, which as a rule is cast for temperance, for social and moral reform, and the protection of the home and family," says Dr. Dorsey. Mr. McGowen, premier of New South Wales, believes in women voting. He says: "We may always expect to find the liquor interests, the racetrack interests, in short all in-

terests which feel that their well-being would be endangered by so-called home influences, standing out firmly against woman's suffrage. If the question of woman's suffrage were left to the liquor and gambling interests of Australia women would be disfranchised."

There are two sides to the question. The other side claims that voting causes women to neglect their homes and tends to destroy their womanhood. Perhaps it does and perhaps it does not. The one thing important is to have good homes where intelligence, love and Christian character predominate and then have an honest and intelligent administration of public affairs. We cannot do our whole duty by remaining at home. We must get out and work for others, for the schools, for the government and everything that will make the world better. Why cannot the husband and wife be united in their ambitions? This does not mean that the wife neglect her home duties any more than that it means the husband neglect his. Such is the sentiment that is a part of the social progress of the world.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Editor of the Inglenook,
Elgin, Ill.

My dear Brother:

I do not know who is responsible for the answers in the Question and Answer Department of the Inglenook, but will write you.

I am not pleased with the manner in which the claims of the Prohibition party are set forth in that department.

If, as stated, "the party is built upon a single idea," it certainly is not now making its plea on so narrow, yet broad basis. I am sure the author of that answer must be familiar with the fact that the party is today grappling with practically all the vital questions before the American people and has taken the initiative in some of them. And these questions are dealt with not only by individuals, but as "planks in the platform" of the party.

The first section alone deals with the liquor question. The remaining fifteen sections deal with other vital questions, all of which are vital to the interests and welfare of the people. Sections 3, 4, 5 and 11 are especially vital and worthy of realiza-

tion. I consider the platform of the Prohibition party the widest in scope and if carried out by an administration back of it, will meet the needs of our people more fully than that for which all other parties are committed.

For example, take section 77 of the Prohibition platform, and compare it with the habit of threshing out, every campaign year, the tariff question, a great basis of contest and variance between the old parties. Such a provision would forever eliminate such contesting. But excuse me. I did not want to enter into a discussion of politics. But I do feel that representing the party as acting on the basis of the liquor question alone, as implied in the ten reasons given as to why Mr. Chafin should be supported, is not doing justice to the party, nor to Inglenook readers who are not familiar with the principles of the party.

This is not for criticism, but in the interest of a good cause.

Sincerely,

A. D. Sollenberger.
Beatrice, Nebr.

P. S.—I want to say again, as I did a few weeks ago, I appreciate the Inglenook.

It covers a broad field of thought and action and keeps one in touch with many of the vital questions of the day. May you be blessed to much good.—A. D. S.

Editor:—Below we give the platform of the Prohibition Party:

The Prohibition Party in National Convention at Atlantic City, N. J., July 10, 11 and 12, 1912, recognizing God as the source of all governmental authority, makes the following declarations of principles and policies:

1. The alcoholic drink traffic is wrong; is the most serious drain on the wealth and resources of the nation; is detrimental to the general welfare and destructive of the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. All laws taxing or licensing a traffic which produces crime, poverty and political corruption, and spreads disease and death, should be repealed. To destroy such a traffic there must be elected to power a political party which will administer the government from the standpoint that the alcoholic drink traffic is a crime and not a business, and we pledge that the manufacture, importation, exportation and sale of alcoholic beverages shall be prohibited.

We favor:

2. Suffrage for women on the same terms as for men.

3. A uniform marriage and divorce law. The extermination of polygamy. And the complete suppression of the traffic in girls.

4. Absolute protection of the rights of labor, without impairment of the rights of capital.

5. The settlement of all international disputes by arbitration.

6. The abolition of child labor in mines, workshops and factories, with the rigid enforcement of the laws now flagrantly violated.

7. The election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people.

8. A Presidential term of six years, and one term only.

9. Court review of Post Office and other departmental decisions and orders; the extension of the Postal Savings Bank system, and of Rural Delivery, and the establishment of an efficient parcels post.

10. The initiative, referendum and recall.

11. As the tariff is a commercial question it should be fixed on the scientific basis of accurate knowledge, secured by means of a permanent, omni-partisan tariff commission, with ample powers.

12. Equitable graduated income and inheritance taxes.

13. Conservation of our forest and mineral reserves, and the reclamation of waste lands. All mineral and timber lands, and water powers, now owned by the government, should be held perpetually, and leased for revenue purposes.

14. Clearly defined laws for the regulation and control of corporations transacting an inter-State business.

15. Efficiency and economy in governmental administration.

16. The protection of one day in seven as a day of rest.

To these fundamental principles, the National Prohibition Party renews its long allegiance, and on these issues, invites the coöperation of all good citizens, to the end that the true object of government may be attained, namely, equal and exact justice for all.



The Elective Franchise.

What is it?

I have long been convinced that a great many men that exercise it don't know how.

You continually hear of men "voting for good men," "splitting their ticket," "dividing their votes," "bolting their party," "voting for the best men," etc.

I have read long screeds in the newspapers advising men to "drop politics and vote for the best men."

I would like very much to be told how anyone can drop politics while in the act of casting his vote. Voting is purely a political matter—nothing else. A man may be a fine man, a good neighbor, a good business man, and all that, but when he is nominated by any party as a candidate for any office in that party he is no longer Billy Smith, the business man, or Billy Smith, the good neighbor, or Billy Smith, the leader of society at home, but he becomes Billy Smith, the politician; he is Billy Smith, the chosen representative of the principles of the political party that has chosen him.

It is now impossible for you to vote for him as a neighbor or good man. You may think you are doing so, but you are not—you cannot.

If you vote for him you must vote for the principles he is chosen to represent. If these principles are rotten and pernicious they get your endorsement when you vote for him. He must now be regarded politically because he is a political representative; and can a man be a good man politically and be the representative of pernicious principles? It is impossible. So we are brought face to face with this proposition.

(Continued on Page 1258.)

EDITORIALS

Great Crops.

Secretary Wilson, after making an extended trip through the West, said:

"The crops of this year are the finest I have seen for many years. They are particularly good in Iowa where farmers have learned how to manage the soil. They are not so good in States lying further west, but they are very fine in the valleys of the Black Hills.

"The crop that is now harvested, being harvested, and is yet to be harvested, would undoubtedly bring about cheaper meat if stock cattle for feeding purposes could be found.

"Last year the range country happened to have unusually dry conditions, and as the breeders had not very extensively prepared fall and winter pastures by sowing the tame grasses they found themselves scarce of feed and shipped everything to market. What was fit to kill went to the abattoirs, and now the country around the upper Mississippi Valley lacks stock steers.

"The remedy for this particular deficiency in farm economy can only be found in breeding. Our people must stop killing calves, but it will take several years to build up the herds of the West along these lines. It is difficult to see why mutton is so much neglected. People who find it impossible to buy beef could get excellent meat from the sheep.

"There is an impression abroad that western farmers cannot afford to breed cattle on high-priced land. If care is taken in preparing pastures and first-class animals are used, and the fertilizers from the barnyards are always turned to the land, it will be found quite profitable to breed high-grade cattle on the best western prairies."

Forethought, Key to Success.

Dr. Charles Bayard Mitchell in a sermon on the Golden Goal, said:

"It is a badge of superiority to take the long look into the future. Forethought marks the difference between the man and the child. The child thinks only of the present. It cares more for a stick of candy than for an estate. The man looks into the future and regulates his conduct by remote considerations. He foregoes a present inconvenience for a future worth.

"Forethought also marks the difference between the savage and the civilized man. The savage practically lives without a fu-

ture. The civilized man is always making sacrifices for the future. It is this fore-looking which distinguishes between the successful and unsuccessful.

"A wise youth gains an education or learns a trade. He is willing to make slow but sure preparation for the productive period in life. The highest type of man is he who fixes his eye on the golden goal—the ultimate and highest end of life. Such a man has a program for his life.

"The artist sees his picture before he puts brush to canvas. Unless he does, he will never be an artist at all. So we must see, in our mind's eye, our life finished, as we begin it, or we shall never be successful in the art of living.

"What is life's highest ideal—the golden goal? Look about and see what men are striving for. Some are living only for animal indulgence, some for social pleasure, some find their joy in just 'seeing the pile grow,' some for the gratification of ambition, some for intellectual excellency. We ought to have a better ideal than that.

"There is only the goal high enough to satisfy the ambition of a noble soul, that is to become like Jesus Christ. In him we see the finished picture. His was a life consecrated to God. It was a life of holiness. It was a life of service. Living for others is the outstanding mark of the Christlike life. Here is the noblest end of life; not character, but service; character in order to be effective in service."

Children Held in Slavery.

Did you know that the selling of children into actual slavery still exists as a recognized institution in a civilized community? The slavery referred to is a practice at Friedrichshafen on the Lake of Constance, where there is an annual market for children. They are sold outright by their parents to peasant farmers from Württemberg. Baden and Bavaria for a season's work on the farms. Here are seen boys and girls from 11 years of age to 16—children, for the most part, of Tyrolese woodsmen who are driven by sheer destitution to send their offspring to work for farmers and receive the money for them.

The children are gathered together under the care of a priest and taken to the market, where they are put up at auction and inspected by prospective purchasers like so many cattle. This year 125 boys and twenty girls were sold. Owing to the demand the market was strong; a sturdy lad of 16, able to swing the scythe all day,

brought as high as £15. Some of the older girls netted their parents £12, while some of the tinier went for £3.

The sale is tragedy with a high flavor of the dramatic, for it is well known by the parents that many of the children will not come back in the winter, when they are supposed to return home. They will have succumbed to overwork and underfeeding and abusive treatment and homesickness. Every year many die off. The priests try to control the danger by a blacklist against farmers in whose hands slaves have died, but each year more die. The practice is the survival of an ancient custom.



Greatness.

"To be great is to be misunderstood," says Emerson. That is doubtless true, yet it is equally true that to be truly great means to be understood by all sorts and conditions of men, by each according to his needs. The truly great man is so many sided that each may find something in his character to appeal to him.

It is related of the twelve apostles that after the descent of the Holy Ghost upon them, each listener heard them speak in his own tongue. The same is true of Jesus. Every man who will read his words will find in them that which he can understand, and no matter to what class of society he belongs, no matter what his individual problems may be, each finds that which he needs, if he will but look for it. His life has been written from diametrically opposite standpoints, and yet each presentation contains a portion of the truth.



Commercial Value of Humans.

We owe to a German professor the momentous discovery that the ordinary human being has a commercial value. It has been supposed that if there is anything on earth entirely valueless it is the ordinary human being, but popular belief is once more shown to be wrong. The professor says that the average man contains fat worth \$2.50, enough iron to make a nail, phosphorus enough for the heads of 2,200 matches (the wood could be cut from his head), enough magnesium for some respectable fireworks, albumen equal to a hundred eggs, a teaspoonful of sugar, and a pinch of salt. Altogether the average man or woman is worth about \$7.50 at current prices, and with advancing rates there is no knowing what he might not go to. Obviously this undeveloped wealth should

attract the investor and the speculator, and some way should be found to make available for public use all this phosphorus, fat, magnesium, eggs, sugar, and salt. It has been too long true that "the good is oft interred with our bones."



Rev. George Stuart's Prayer.

At an annual meeting of railroad men some time ago, Rev. George Stuart, a favorite preacher among the boys of the South, was asked to open the meeting with prayer. We give below the prayer in full just as it fell from his lips:

"O Lord, we meet as a body of railroad men, with our wives and daughters, to consult for our interest. We are reminded that life itself is a train and the road to heaven a railroad; God's truth the trains; God's love the fire, and his promise the signal light. O Lord, we recognize thee as the General Manager of our road, the Superintendent of our train, and our Chief Dispatcher. Thou didst survey the right-of-way and thy Son purchased it with his blood. Thou didst lay the track and ballast the road; thou hast furnished the rolling-stock, and art the Owner and Controller of it all. We look to thee for all our orders and thou must sign the checks for our daily bread. Be merciful in handling our human mistakes and blunders, and do not discharge thy unworthy servants.

"We are grateful for the Bible, thy book of rules and instructions; be merciful in our examination, and look with charity upon our failures. Thy promises and warnings are our headlights and hand-lanterns; help us to so use them as to save our train from wreck. Deliver us from broken rails, blind switches, false signals, and mistaken orders. Be with us on every high bridge of responsibility, on every sharp curve of emergency, and every weak trestle of danger. In every dark tunnel of trouble let the light of thy promises shine bright. Grant us passes for our wives and children and let them go with us. When the storms of temptation and trial come, save us from the fatal slide and washout that have wrecked so many trains on the road of life. Let our way—kept secure by thy guardian care—always show the steel rail and rock ballast and be solid and firm and free from obstruction. Deliver us from the snares of our enemy. May the headlight of thy truth shine bright on a thrown switch, false signal, or fatal obstruction placed for the wreckage of our train. May our emergency-brake, our strong will, save us.

"As we make our last run, headed homeward, if it be thy will, order our train on time. Let every semaphore block along the line show the white signal. Let the light of thy promises burn bright through the last dark tunnel of death; and as we run through it into the grand Central Sta-

tion of the skies, may we have the approving smile of the General Manager and Superintendent; sign with joy the pay-roll, receive our wages, and have an eternal layoff with God and the angels and our loved ones at home, and we will praise thee forever. Amen."

AMONG THE OLD BOOKS

John H. Nowlan

I HAVE always been somewhat of an antiquarian, especially interested in old books and the like. Recently I have been looking over the books of William Neathery, one of the pioneer school teachers of Southern Illinois. He was born in North Carolina, went to Kentucky where he reared his family, then came to Bond County, Illinois, where he died August 31, 1831.

Among them are two manuscript arithmetics. Each book contains about sixty pages (8 by 12 inches) of hand-made paper, sewed to canvas, which is in turn glued to a leather cover.

The letters were formed with a quill pen and the color of the ink used is remarkably well preserved when we consider the date, 1792, all being legible and the greater portion being as black as if written recently.

The writing is in two hands and from what is written we gain the idea that John Wallace was teacher and William Neathery pupil. On the flyleaf is written in bold letters "John Wallace, his hand and pen." Following this in the same hand is the name "William Neathery," written with capitals about four inches high and shades almost $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick.

It is of interest to compare the problems in them with those given to children of the same age today. (He was then about 14 years old.) The first thing is a "Numeration Table" with numbers from 1 to those of 18 figures. This is followed by "Addition of Whole Numbers." This is followed by Addition of Money, and Weights. In "Avoirdupoise" there are several measures given that are now obsolete; for instance:

A bbl. of Candles is	120 lbs.
A bbl. of Soap is	256 "
A bbl. of Butter is	224 "
A Faggot of Steel is	120 "
A Stone (most articles)	14 "
A Stone of Butter	16 "

Butter and Cheese.

A Clove is	8 lbs.
A Wey in Suffolk is 32 cloves.	
A Wey in Essex is 42 cloves.	
A Tod of Wool is	28 "
A Wey is 6 Tod and 1 Stone	182 "
A Sack is 2 Weys	364 "
A Last is 12 Sacks	4,368 "

The tables of Long and Cloth Measures call to mind the school books of our early days. In the former we learn that 3 Barley corns equal one inch, four nails are one-quarter of a yard, three quarters are one Ell Flemish, five, one Ell English and six, one Ell French.

Wine or Liquid Measure.

2 quarts are	1 Pottle
10 gallons are	1 Anchor
18 gallons are	1 Rundlet
42 gallons are	1 Tierce
84 gallons are	1 Puncheon

Dry Measure.

A Chaldron of Corn is 32 bushels.
A Chaldron of Coals is 36 bushels.

Time.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November.
And all the rest have 30 & 1.
Save February alone,
And it has 8 and a score;
But every leap year we give it one more.
Somewhat like what you learned "In School days," is it not?

The work in Money deals chiefly with borrowing and lending pounds, shillings and pence; and the sums are magnificent—running up into nine figures in the pounds column.

In multiplication and division the numbers used are large. In the former the first multiplier is 2 and the multiplicand contains nine places, but they soon go to 18 places for the first and 20 for the last. Those used in division are equally large.

Addition, subtraction and multiplication

were proven by "casting out the nines" while division was also proven by adding the partial divisors. On reading the prices at which articles are listed we are led to wonder if they were current then. Note some.

Linnen @ 2 Pounds, 10 shillings per yard.

Sugar @ 1 shilling, 2 pence per pound.

Tobacco @ $10\frac{1}{4}$ d. per pound.

Beef @ $3\frac{3}{4}$ d. per pound.

Lawn @ 16 s. $9\frac{1}{2}$ d. per yard.

Whiskey was cheaper than Rum by half; the former selling at 5 s. $3\frac{3}{4}$ d., while the latter cost 11 s. 2 d. per gallon. Feathers were selling at 3 s. 6 d.

Reduction, Ascending and Descending are well defined and exemplified. Dollars are here mentioned for the first time. Some of the values given are as follows:

A Dollar is equal to 8 shillings.

A Groat is equal to 4 d.

A Johanna is equal to 6£ 8 d.

Perhaps you have heard this problem in some of its forms:

"Suppose a pole to be 49 feet high and a cat undertakes to climb to the top of the pole, going up 10 feet every day and returning 7 feet at night, how many days will she be getting to the top of the pole?"

Near the back of the first book we come to

Reduction.

"Reduction teacheth to bring all Great Names into small ones by Multiplication and therefore is called Reduction Descending. It also brings all small names into great ones by division and therefore it is called Reduction Ascending."

This is followed by an illustration, using pounds, shillings, pence and farthings.

Next we pass twenty-five pages in which we find a, to us, almost hopeless jumble of Crowns, Groats, problems demanding the number of square feet in a stock of a given number of planks, several divisions of prize treasures by officers among the men, nails and Ells till we come to

Time.

"William Neathery born February the 6th Yr. 1779. I demand how many Years, Months, Weeks, Days, Hours, Minutes, & seconds he is old: this 13th of April Yr. 1792."

Rather large? Then how is this?

"Suppose a wagon was to go from Burk Town in Morgan District to Charleston which is 300 miles. How many times will the Little Wheels turn round more than the Great ones when the Circumference of the Lesser is 12 feet but of the Greater 15 feet."

If this is not enough for a thirteen year old boy try the next.

"I Demand how many Silver Dollars each being an Inch & one-half in Breadth being Laid flat on the Ground Edge to Edge will reach round the whole Globe of the Earth and Seas. Note that the Earth or Globe is counted 360 degrees."

A subsequent page is occupied by a quaint Bond, with all of its legal verbosity, in which Wm. Neathery pledges the payment of the sum of twenty dollars. Book number two has for a frontispiece a drawing consisting of a circle and many arcs so combined as to make a 12 pointed star. The first work is

"The Golden Rule of Three."

Fourteen pages of problems in this rule are followed by five pages in the

"Single Rule of Three, Inverse."

Two more bonds are given—one for sixty pounds and one for seven, both payable in good and lawful money of North Carolina.

After a few pages of the "Double Rule of Three" we are introduced to

"Practice Tables."

What did you call them? We called them "Aliquot Parts."

There are ten Cases. Case 7 is dated June 26th, 1792. "Case the 10—that's all" has a footnote below the problems, saying:

"June 29th Yr. 1792

I finished Practice

Per me Wm. Neathery."

"Fellowship" and "Compound Fellowship" are known now as partnership. In two problems men hired pastures. In the others merchants traded. When the line of venture is stated it is freighting vessels for ocean trade.

"Interest Simple" had seven cases, the sixth one bearing the notation "July 31th, 1792" which indicates that the school must have been a truly summer school.

Under the above head was placed "Factors, Allowances, commonly called Commission or Allowances" and "Brokage." The commission is from one to three per cent while the rate of interest to me seemed surprisingly low—5 or 6%.

The last page deals with "Equation of Payments."

A perusal of the pages shows that human nature has not changed much. The books seem to have served the purpose of memorandum book, family record, and general scribbling place. On the last page is the inscription,

"John Wallace his hand and pen, April 27th, 1792," the small letters being about two inches high and the ink as black as if not a year old.

"Moses Thompson his hand and pen," is written on a corner of the first page, to which a poet (?) has added, "he will be good but God knows when."

From another page we glean the following:

"April 1st Hugh Fox 6 weeks in school."

Rhymers lived then and on the blanks they wrote accounts of the fall of man, Solomon's temple, etc.

Taken altogether the books are interesting and instructive.

THE VALUE OF SLEEP AND DEEP BREATHING

M. Elizabeth Binns

OH, it hurts me, right here."
"My dear, that's the very reason you should try to do it."
"Oh, but I can't, it hurts me right in here," again said the child laying a wide open hand upon her little chest.

The teacher was trying to impress upon her pupils their need of deep breathing. They surely did need it. There were before her hollow chests, stooped shoulders, and pinched faces with dark circles under heavy eyes. There was scarcely a healthy, rosy cheeked child among them, as if rosy cheeks might have gone out of fashion. They were not poor children, either, that their appearance should have a financial cause.

Inquiry brought out the fact that only a rare one went to bed much before nine o'clock, while most of them stayed up till nine thirty at least, if not ten, a few confessed to ten thirty and eleven, while three had been up until twelve the previous night, and one until two o'clock.

What was she to do? Something must be done. Whose fault was it? Certainly not altogether the children's, for many of them were only twelve or thirteen years old and most of them came from homes in which were both mother and father, only one, whose parents were dead, living with his grandparents. He was one of those who went early to bed. Since they were only eleven, twelve, and thirteen years old, she felt that they should have more sleep, but how was she to manage it without criticising the parents? One of the biggest boys had that afternoon laid his head down on his desk and gone to sleep. She must do something for they were making wretched showing in their lessons, and she felt that the lessons were not harder than should be given to children of that age, yet that very morning one had misspelled six words

out of ten, while several had missed three, four, or five, and less than half the class had perfect marks.

The work consisted of ten words, mostly two syllables each, but a few with three; from three to seven problems in arithmetic according to their length or difficulty but never beyond three figures in multiplication, and two in long division; ten questions covering half a page in a primary geography; five sentences, half a page of a letter or composition, or occasionally from two to five definitions made up varied language lessons that must never have more in them than could be written in twenty minutes or half an hour, drawing once a week with fifteen minutes given to physiology twice a week.

With reading lessons and a song or two, this did not seem too much to occupy five hours each day nor did it seem more than children of twelve should do, yet here were twenty children unable to do it, twenty who did it but indifferently, and nine fairly well. The children when compelled to do the work could get it apparently with but little trouble, but unless compelled to by fear of punishment would not do it. They had no pride, and had constantly to be compelled to work. They lounged and slouched instead of sitting and standing as if they could control themselves, and the teacher felt that the trouble was both mental and physical. They were mentally, morally and physically either tired or lazy.

She felt she must set her wits to work for she wanted to awaken those children, and through them their parents to the gravity of the situation for they were wasting precious days and getting but a fraction of what those days held in store for them.

It was September so every window was

up from the bottom and down from the top making no lack of fresh air but those children were not using a full share of the life-giving oxygen, consequently were dull.

Suddenly she spoke in a quick tone:

"Children, lay down your books. Stand."

Surprised, expectant looks swept every face.

"Now stretch all you want to. Stretch out to the ends of your fingers," and she, suiting the action to the words, showed them how to do it.

"Now way out to the ends of your toes. Yawn if you want to," for several were trying to suppress yawns that would come in spite of their efforts not to let them.

A few wanted to laugh but were soon sobered. After two minutes or so of stretching the teacher raised her hands to her hips telling the children to do the same.

"Now inhale, that means breathe in, while I count five, then exhale just as slowly, making your breath go way down."

Then, from a pale faced little girl, came the remarks at the beginning of this article.

"Don't let's do it too often this time. I think three times will do. We'll do it four times tomorrow," said the teacher. "You may sit down." They sat down smiling and interested. She explained nothing so they thought it was mere play.

When they were going home that afternoon, she said, "Children, just for fun, let's see who can be in bed the earliest this evening. I'm going by eight o'clock for I was almost as sleepy as Fred at recess," naming the boy who had fallen asleep. The children laughed and agreed. She had no intention of retiring at eight o'clock every night but thought to entice the children to do so for once, for she knew by experience that she had to have plenty of sleep if she would do good work and was determined to get better work from those children and at the same time improve their general health, if possible. Plenty of sleep and simple exercises to increase lung capacity and improve circulation ought to help matters materially.

The first question the next morning, "How many went to bed by eight o'clock?"

brought up one-fourth of the hands in the room.

"How many by nine?" brought many more, and "By ten?" brought all but three.

"We were at a party and didn't get home till after eleven o'clock," was the excuse given by those three.

"Children, you must not go to parties during the week if you can help it. Why not have them on Friday evenings so you can sleep the next morning? That's what I have to do or I feel so tired I can't teach well the next day. You see we must all have plenty of rest or the little builders cannot keep our bodies in repair."

Each morning and afternoon session was broken by a five or six minute interval for breathing, stretching, and simple physical culture movements. The breathing exercises were especially emphasized, and the children told to repeat them every time they thought about them, particularly when getting up in the morning.

Constant encouragement for a number of weeks, little rivalries started as to who would be most faithful about going to bed at a certain time, and keeping up the exercises, led to much better work. A lot of the regular lessons papers were kept and hung about the room. Parents were invited to a Friday afternoon "reception." All the pupils had some part, to attend the door, to usher the visitors to their seats, sing songs or recite model lessons and speeches. Every one went through the exercises beautifully, much to the delight of the visitors.

Special emphasis was laid on the improvement in the work during the "early to bed" campaign. It was shown that the pupils could get their tasks with so much less struggle if they were well rested and ready for each day's work.

At the end of the term out of a class of forty-nine only three failed to be promoted, and those three have made much progress through the year but had been out on account of sickness, the rest were a rosy cheeked, healthy, happy, and not by any means overworked, lot of youngsters.

BEING PERSONAL

Leora Tibbals

IT is both foolish and impertinent to ask personal questions, even of your nearest friend; for even your nearest

friend may have good reasons for not telling you his personal affairs, and therefore, good reasons for not giving you direct

answers to such questions as, "What are you doing?" "Where are you staying?" and "How are you?"

If one cares to talk about his personal affairs he will do so without being asked. It is refreshing to meet a friend who plunges at once into a pleasant chat with you. The habit of asking personal questions has become so general that the impertinence of such questions is lost sight of by many who ask them, so that personal questions now come under the head of "polite inquiry."

It may be that the habit of asking "polite" personal questions has led some into the habit of prying into the personal affairs of another, with apparently no thought of this being any more impertinent than it is to ask "polite" personal questions.

There is another way to be impertinent, and that is to think personal questions when meeting people on the street. We have no more right to wonder about the personal affairs of another than we have to audibly ask about them or to pry into them; for our thoughts are things and others are more or less affected by them. One often is aware without being told, that certain people wonder about their personal affairs as they meet on the street.

An excellent way to break away from the habit of asking personal questions is as follows: When a stranger is met on the

street he should be passed by without a thought. If a mere acquaintance is met, he should be given a pleasant recognition and passed by without another thought. If a friend, he should be given a cheery greeting, and after a pleasant little chat, passed by and forgotten as far as his personal affairs are concerned,—“but foolish and unlearned questions avoid.”

"Would you like to know the secrets
Of your neighbor's house and life?

How he lives, or how he doesn't,
And just how he treats his wife?

How he spends his time of leisure,
Whether sorrowful or gay,

And where he goes for pleasure,
To the concert, or the play?

If you wish it, I will tell you,—
Let me whisper to you sly,—

If your neighbor is but civil,
It is not your business why.

"In short, instead of prying
Into other folks' affairs,

If you do your own but justice
You will have no time for theirs,

Be attentive to such matters
As concern yourself alone,

And whatever fortune flatters,
Let your business be your own

One word by way of finis,—

Let me whisper to you sly,—
If you wish to be respected,

You must cease to be a Pry."

TAFT AND THE GARB-MUDDLE

C. Bradley

PRESIDENT TAFT has just made public his ruling on the "Garb Question," a matter which has been seriously agitating religious and other circles for the past nine months. The subject has gained wide publicity, and, naturally, his decision has been anticipated with much interest by all concerned.

The question was thrust upon the President by former Commissioner Valentine ordering that the teachers in the Indian Government schools should not wear a distinctive religious garb while engaged in lay duties as Government employees. Taft's present ruling, which is said to be the "final step" in the controversy, is to the effect that it is proper for the nuns to continue in service as teachers in the Indian Government schools while wearing their religious garbs, but that no more teachers wearing

such garbs are hereafter to be admitted to the Government service.

It was to be expected that the President would decide in favor of the nuns, since it appears to have been the policy throughout his administration to favor the Roman Catholic Hierarchy and all connected with it whenever possible. The ruling undoubtedly is a decisive victory for the Catholic church. It may aid considerably Mr. Taft in his fight for reelection.

Stated simply the issue is this:

Indian Commissioner Valentine said it is fundamentally wrong for any teacher, present or future, to wear a religious garb while teaching in the Government schools.

Taft says it is not wrong as far as the present teacher-nuns are concerned, but it would be wrong for any future teacher to wear a distinctive garb. In other words,

the wearing of a religious garb is proper at one time and improper at another time—improper after the present teacher-nuns are dead and gone.

It is needless to say that the people generally will agree with Mr. Valentine in believing that what will be wrong in the future must be wrong in the present, conditions remaining the same.

The President urges (a) "the wearing of a distinctive religious garb is not a violation of any constitutional limitation with respect to religion; (b) that it does not violate the freedom of religion; (c) that it does not constitute an established religion; and (d) it does not prevent or impair the separation of Church and State." Now if the wearing of a religious garb by a teacher of a Government school is not, or does not do, the thing or things mentioned by the President, it is incumbent upon him to explain what makes the wearing of a religious garb improper and prohibitory some time in the future—after the last of the fifty-one teacher-nuns die. If no one of the four factors above mentioned operates as a valid reason for prohibiting the wearing of the garb, there must be some other reason, for the President admits as much by prohibiting any new teacher from wearing the garb. Can the President come out frankly and state the reason without conceding one that would be valid against the present teachers?

Taft's sole excuse for ruling in a manner to retain the nuns and to incidentally make a sorry spectacle of himself, is the avoidance of hardship to the nuns in question, which would result, if the Valentine order were revoked. The President's statement says, "It appears that out of 2,000 teachers in the Indian schools, there are 51 who wear the religious garb," and "to direct them to give up their religious garb would necessarily cause their leaving the service because of the vows under which they have assumed the garb."

To save a handful of Government employes, he is willing to perpetuate a wrong and to follow a policy which he acknowledges is contrary to the intent of Congress. In arriving at what he calls a "solution," he admits that "it is evident from acts of Congress that it was and is the settled intention of Congress that the general education of the Indians should be secular and non-sectarian." He also admits that the method of transferring the sectarian schools to the Government whereby the teachers wearing a distinctive garb were admitted to the Government service was "a mistaken

one," and yet he rules that these teachers wearing a religious garb should be permitted to remain in the Government service, evidently to avoid doing hardship to them.

Of course Commissioner Valentine's order, if sustained, would have compelled the dropping of these fifty-one teachers, but it is by no means novel for departments of the Federal Government to issue orders whereby scores and, in some cases, hundreds of Government employes are decapitated in one fell sweep. Nobody knows this better than Mr. Taft. He has seen in other administrations and in his own, orders issued that have thrown hosts of employes out of the Government service. Just why the President is so supersensitive, tender-hearted and solicitous about those 51 nuns, in view of the history of dismissals in Departmental Washington, is the question passing through many minds. His ruling, favorable to the Roman Catholics, has unquestionably a political significance, or the President is woefully ill-advised, or is sadly lacking in those judicial qualities of mind which Roosevelt once so highly lauded and admired.

In deciding the question, Taft might also have gathered precedents from France and Portugal. Mere hardship to the Roman Catholic church, its priests, nuns and various religious orders did not stand in the way of the evolutionary process from Vatican slavery to religious liberty. These hardships were incidental to the new order of things.

Taft, by his ruling, is perpetuating a wrong—a wrong which he admits to exist but which he cannot avoid without sacrificing too much for his future. In various Departments of the Government, it is the usual practice to correct wrongs or errors when they are discovered, rather than to perpetuate them simply because hardship will result in particular instances. Taft is therefore not following in this special case precedents of which he is fully aware.

The outcome of his un-American, servile ruling will be that the Pope will re-bless Taft and his family; Cardinal Gibbons will reiterate more warmly his opinion that Taft "has shown himself efficient in all his efforts," and that he "should be given a second term;" Cardinal O'Connell will repeat, with greater enthusiasm that Taft is a "big-hearted and cool-headed statesman;" and Father Vaughan will again declare fervently the President is "a man, every inch of him." Finally, Taft may have increased his hold on the priest-controlled portion of the Catholic vote.—The Jeffersonian.

BIBLE KNOWLEDGE

THE court decisions that have been rendered in some states debarring from the public schools the use of the Bible for religious or devotional exercises, or in any sectarian way do not and cannot eliminate the Bible from the schools as a part of English literature. And without a fair degree of familiarity with Bible references and allusions anyone who tries to read English literature will often find himself groping in the dark.

The following are a few simple tests which any high school student, as far along as the third year of the course, ought to be able easily to stand. The student who cannot make a good grade on this test is not prepared to do acceptable work in literature, for he has no suitable foundation. Try the test on your third and fourth year high school pupils and report results. Try it also on yourself:

I. What idea is suggested to your mind by each of the following names?

(1) Babel, (2) Esther, (3) Ishmaelites, (4) Sinai, (5) Herod, (6) Tubal Cain, (7) Daniel, (8) Jehu, (9) David, (10) Pharaoh?

II. Who was (1) "the beloved disci-

ple", (2) "the apostle to the Gentiles", (3) "the strongest man", (4) "the first murderer"?

III. Briefly explain the allusion in each of the following passages:

1. "When Lazarus left his charnel cave."—Tennyson.

2. "A hungry impostor practicing for a mess of pottage."—Carlyle.

3. "He changes the self-satisfied Pharisee into the broken-hearted, self-abased Publican."—Newman.

4. "The man of Uz."—Browning.

5. "You stand stiff as Lot's wife."—Tennyson.

6. "Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,

Or memorize another Golgotha."—Shakespeare.

7. "The conscious water saw its Lord and blushed."—Richard Crashaw.

8. "As if a hand had appeared and written upon them Upharsin."—Longfellow.

9. "New England was not so much the colony of a mother country as a Hagar thrust forth into the wilderness."—Lowell.
—American Journal of Education.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES"

Gertrude Hewes

THERE was so much to be done, and so few to do it. Was it really worth while to try, alone, to do a work that never ended? Alone! Ah! if Mary had lived it would have been so different. John Garman sighed. He was still young, a little over thirty, but his face just now looked careworn and almost old; and his mouth had those lines of resignation that only come through unavoidable sorrow, perhaps a constant longing that is never realized. He was a minister working in one of those poor country towns, where there is so much to be done; and it seemed so hard to do even the smallest part of it and yet live on the meagre salary they paid him.

He had become engaged to a beautiful cultured girl of the village. He had loved her soon after his coming to the village. Really, she was the only person whose ready sympathy, active intellect and sweet simplicity, in any way corresponded with his own. He had gone to her with that con-

quering egotism of youth, and told her that he loved her, that he wanted her for his wife.

"You will be happy," he added.

And Mary had looked at the firm mouth, the commanding eyes, and smiled. "I have often wondered what you would be like," she said. "You might possibly have been queerer."

Here she flashed him a mischievous glance. "You might possibly have been a little tenderer."

Then she turned toward him, her face beaming, her hands outstretched. "But you couldn't possibly have been dearer," she said.

So within a year they were married. And the work was not so hard when shared by Mary. They were bringing into the Light, those who had almost habitually been in darkness. They eased many sorrows by taking part of the burden on their strong, young shoulders. They shared their money, their very selves with the people of the

village, until it seemed to John that he saw his people glorified. He saw the boys and girls grow into a nobler, broader manhood and womanhood than their parents could realize.

He saw victory. It seemed that now, by working together they could conquer all. Perhaps he was too sure of his success and his ability. Perhaps he sometimes forgot that he was but an instrument doing as the Master directed.

There came a day when he realized, as never before, how trivial after all, were his triumphs, his sorrows, his plans for the future. Death passed through the village and the gentle Mary left him and followed Death.

"But remember, I am with you just the same, John, although you will not see me. And I shall still love you, you know that, dear. Ah, John, I wonder if you and I have thought too much of what we might do, and too little of what God is doing. I'm sorry I must leave you, but you will work for us both."

And then it was that he was left alone, for so it seemed to him.

Did he deserve this? He had worked according to his Light. Could anyone do more? If God had meant that he and Mary were to do this work, would he have taken Mary? Would he have left him alone to do the work that two could merely attempt? Was it really worth while to try to save the souls of the people? What was the use? How did he know but that death is the end of it all?

For there had come to him that time when the spiritual life is not sufficient. His heart was starving for the living Mary. What if she were with him, as she said she would be, he could not see her. He could not see the sunshine that used to hide in her hair. He could not see the tenderness in her eyes. He could not hear the laugh that rippled from her lips, nor the soft music of her voice. He could not feel her little hand, guiding, yet clinging. He wanted her soft, tender form in his arms and he wanted her lips. Would God have given so much for so short a time? If there really is a greater, higher Power, why was Mary taken away when he needed her so much? The days, the weeks, the months went by, and John was still seeking the truth.

At last it was spring again—the renewing of life. John went for his daily walk. He took, this morning, the path that led to the woods. His head was bowed as usual

in deep thought. He had changed in the last year. He was thinner, and sorrow had whitened his hair. All winter long he had worked; just as hard, just as ceaselessly as before, but there was such a difference. Before it had been pure joy, it was the work of the Father, he was glad and more than ready to do it. But now, it was a duty, he could see that, but why, he could not see. So he worked mechanically, and he knew that he was not successful. His people had grown estranged. They did not tell him their little sorrows and joys and anticipations as they had done before. A year ago, if he walked down any of the village paths, a little child would come and slip a hand in his; sometimes they would talk of the flowers, the trees and the birds, but oftener they walked in mutual silence. Now he walked alone.

The last time he had been in these woods, it was spring, one year ago, and Mary had been with him. The hour he had chosen was early morning. The sun threw long slanting rays through the trees. Some green leaves were growing at his feet; he stooped and separating them, found a violet, Mary's favorite flower, hidden between, and its bright little face was lifted toward the sky. Tender green things were coming through the moist soil, and they were all growing upward, straight upward. He looked at the massive strength of the oaks towering far above him; at the silvery beech, spreading forth its branches with their pale green leaves, making shade for some weary traveler on a hot summer's day. Some little yellow butterflies fluttered merrily around, just content to be happy. And the birds seemed almost bursting with joy. And why should they all look upward and be so joyous, John thought. Could they see a reward? What did they know of the hereafter? Did the oak know its leaves would grow again, when they were permitted to fall? Did the stupid, creeping worm know that it would become a golden butterfly? Did the beech tree know that some weary wanderer would come to rest in her shade? Did the violet know that her sweet face would speak to departed Mary? Did the birds know why they were so happy?

And then as John stood meditating, a great Light seemed to fill his very soul. Perhaps after all, it is not necessary to know why, to see the future. Perhaps it is sufficient to do just what we see that minute, just a step ahead. Perhaps these forest children merely felt that it was right

(Continued on Page 1258.)

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Hospiz St. Michaels, Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin.

Dear Children:

IT is ten o'clock and I suppose that I ought to be in bed, but I am not, and as tomorrow will be a heavy day I shall work a little later tonight. Just now I hear them singing and that brings to my mind the kind of hotel we are stopping at. At 9:30 in the evening and at 8:30 in the morning they have public worship in a chapel provided for all guests and employees of the hotel. I was down and the service was simple but impressive. It was all in German, but they sang "Hallelujah, Thine the Glory," and I thought of Poll and home and such things. Mama was asleep.

Yes, Monday we came right through to Berlin. As we approached Sassnitz we saw high bluffs whose front looked like chalk, beautifully crested with green woodland. Mama declares that German landscapes look more like home than what she has been seeing for some time. We had every needful comfort for traveling and on time at 6:30 we rushed into Berlin. A porter took our baggage, a "droschke" dragged us to our hotel. We had written ahead and so had a good quiet room engaged. It has two beds, fine upholstered furniture and everything needful for 4 marks per night for both. Here we found our mail, for I had asked the postmaster to send it to our hotel and when we arrived in the evening it was the first thing given us.

But everything is German. Oh, Bess, come quick and help us! We repaired to the dining room at once, for we had had no dinner and but a coffee breakfast. Beefsteak and other good things warmed us up, and while it was being prepared we read two letters from Father Miller and one from Bro. Trout. Everything reported good and we went to sleep happy. A card from Kathren saying she was not going to California.

Tuesday morning we started out to do Berlin. We went headlong, for the famous "Unter den Linden" and strutted down the south side. Mama ducked into every show window and we killed time. At last we stood in front of the Emperor's Palace. In we went, waited a while, and soon with about fifty we started to do the palace. Now the Emperor insisted on our wearing

his slippers. They are all the same size, meant to fit the largest Dutchman in the realm and the rest are expected to stay in them. Mama nearly lost hers a couple of times. With those slippers the King gets his floors polished without cost.

Mama was glad she visited this palace. It is much finer than Stockholm, greater wealth. She had no idea of some of the grandeur, and yet the Emperor only let us see some fifty apartments of the 700 that he has. Guess the others were not in shape to receive company. As we left the band played so it would appear that he was so glad or more so that we left than when we came.

Berlin is no longer severe about the camera. So with the palace as a background mama and I took two pictures. Then we hunted up the bank and got some "necessary," for we were down to less than a dollar. We took dinner in a restaurant "Unter den Linden" because it was English service. We paid two prices for the service, had a little something to eat and were growled at because the tip was too small. Then we went to the National Art Gallery and spent the afternoon looking at fine paintings. They were fine, too, and we wish that some of you could have seen them also. We came home in the evening very weary, took supper out of a paper sack to get even with the dinner expense, and did it nicely too. I wrote letters and mama went to bed.

During the day we saw many interesting things. There was the team of dogs pulling a big load; there were the man and dog hitched together; and as in the twilight we were walking home, behold! we saw a woman and a dog pulling side by side in the street. It is a pitiful sight, to say the least. But the lowly and poor have it to do in this land burdened with taxes to build more war ships and keep up a standing army that makes you tired.

Berlin is great for highly-colored officials, plumed and fixed and fussed until you can hardly tell if they be man or not. The highest ideal of this country is to make yourself famous, please the emperor and have your head chiseled in marble.

This morning we started out first for Charlottenburg to see the Mausoleum so world famous. The other time I paid good

(Continued on Page 1255.)



Francis Zerrah Teeter.

THE HEALTHY BABY

I AM Francis Zerrah Teeter, born on St. Patrick's day, 1911, near Scottville, Mich.

This picture was taken when I was 14 months old. I am now past 18 months old. I'm not very large but I'm a healthy baby. My first 18 months I was fed mainly the natural way with ripe fruits and well-cooked victuals sparingly. But the last few weeks they have been shaming me out of the best part of my living. But I don't care. "The boy that's worth while is the boy that can smile, when everything goes dead wrong." I get bathed quite often but not as often as necessary, therefore I try

to help mama out in this by taking a bath every chance I get.

Sometimes I climb into the sink and turn the faucet onto myself, or if the tank is full at the barn I can reach in to my elbows—that's fun—but the best place of all is in the swillpail. I tell you, baby friends, if you want to be healthy try my plan, take plenty of fresh air and exercise. Don't be so careful about your clothes or hands and face. Don't be a house plant or tied to mama's apron strings. Plenty of fresh air and exercise regardless of dirt. Try it. Oh it just fills one so full of life one just can't sit still in church, hem, hem!

AMONG THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Dear Editor:

I ENTERED a denominational school for the same reason, perhaps, that a plant grows upward. All of the forces of nature and environment tended that way, and it would have been surprising to have done otherwise. The environments of a Christian home would have made it hard to have done differently. Should I choose again I should select a denominational school because it is cheaper, and its moral, religious and educational life is guarded by Christian men and women, and the most healthful environments and associations usually exist there.

The time and money spent there were the most profitable I ever spent, and could I slip back to college days again I should, by all means, stay in school longer, for instead of its proving a handicap now the ideals, inspiration and education received by it is the ladder whereby I expect to attain success in life.

D. P. Hylton,
Troutville, Va.



THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

D. C. Reber,
President of Elizabethtown College.

NEW ENGLAND has had much to do with making our nation what it is by her contribution of poets, statesmen, theologians, inventors, and educators. Nevertheless, as elsewhere hundreds of lives worthy of note, who were reared there, "are born to blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air."

I know of no greater example of what may be done by improving the spare moments of our life than Elihu Burritt; and his life is here presented that it may be an inspiration to hundreds of young men in humble circumstances who little realize the possibilities that are within them and within their reach.

Elihu Burritt was of a family of Connecticut farmers, mechanics, and thinkers such as have given New England its peculiar character. The town that has the honor of being his birthplace is New Britain. Born in 1811 in the home of a man who made shoes in winter and planted and plowed in summer, his name is found in all encyclopedias and his fame, though not of his intention, at the age of thirty, was

rapidly added throughout the nation and beyond the seas.

He was educated in the common schools of his native village when the free public school of today was not yet in existence. His elder brother, Elijah, worked his way through Williams College which was then less than thirty years old, and became an astronomer of prominence, the author of a popular work, "Geography of the Heavens." At the age of 16, Elihu became an apprentice to a blacksmith in his native town and studied mathematics and languages while working at the forge. As he afterwards said, he suddenly conceived the idea of studying Latin, and with the help from his brother Elijah, then a college student, he studied Virgil in his winter evenings. Then he took up Cicero and some other Latin authors. He early conceived the project of reading the Scriptures in their original languages and this led him to take up Greek at intervals of labor. "At this time," he says, "it was necessary that I should devote every hour of daylight and a part of the evening to the duties of my apprenticeship. Still I carried my Greek Grammar in my hat and often found a moment when I was heating some large iron when I could place my book before me against the chimney of my forge and go through with tupto, tupteis, tuptei, unperceived by my fellow apprentices, and to my confusion of my face, sometimes with a detrimental effect to the charge in my fire. At evening I sat down, unassisted and alone, to the Iliad of Homer, twenty books of which measure my progress in that language the evenings of another winter."

His extraordinary aptitude for languages led him in this way all by himself to the study of modern European languages. He next took up the study of Hebrew, allotting to himself as a task "two chapters in the Hebrew Bible before breakfast each morning; this and an hour at noon being all the time" that he could have to himself "during the day." By his persevering diligence and marvelously rapid mastery of languages, he could say, before he was thirty years old, that he was able to read upwards of fifty ancient and modern and Oriental languages with more or less facility, thus gaining for himself the title "The Learned Blacksmith."

(Continued on Page 1255.)

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE PREPARED LIFE.

Richard Braunstein.

"And they that were ready went in." Matt. 25: 10.

IN this story found in Matthew's Gospel, we learn of ten persons who have been bidden to a wedding. According to the eastern custom, they brought their lamps with them. The bridegroom tarried; there was a delay of several hours, and they all, weary with waiting, fell asleep. Suddenly at midnight, the cry rang out: "Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." Immediately they set about trimming their lamps. And lo, five of them discovered that they had failed to bring a supply of oil. Their oil gone, their lamps had gone out. They sought to borrow from their neighbors, but they had none to spare. Then they hastened back to the city to buy oil, but alas, while they were gone, the bridegroom came "and they that were ready went in."

This simple parable contains, in brief, the story of many a life. These virgins were alike in outward appearance. They were not divided into separate classes of wise and foolish, such that every one knew that they were wise and foolish. They were all present; it was not that five accepted the invitation, and five rejected the invitation. They were alike in their actions; it was not that five were awake and five slept, but they all slept. They all seemed alike, and yet they were as far apart as the East is from the West, in their relation to the circumstances and event in which they found themselves. Five had attended to things necessary and five had not. Five were ready and five were not. Five were wise and five were foolish; and the consequences for the former were "and they that were ready went in," and for the latter "and the door was shut." The details of this parable are only the framework. Its meaning lies not in them. Its essential truth is the attitude of man toward life, Ready! Its message is summed in the memorable words of its climax, "and they that were ready went in and the door was shut."

This beautiful and familiar parable suggests several important observations. The distinctions which set one man over against another are not of things which may be outwardly discerned. The vital thing in life is neither situation nor circumstances,

nor appearances, but the relation which we sustain to things, the attitude in which we stand toward life and its call. These were all invited and accepted, but there was a line of cleavage running through that little company as deep as the canyons of the Colorado. They were divided by a secret line into two classes, one of which shall enter, and the other shall be shut out. Separated not by any social barrier, or advantage and privilege of one class as over against the other, but simply by the way in which each in themselves were related to the event. Five of them took no oil; they were unprepared as regards the event. Five took oil in vessels with their lamps, and they were prepared against a time of need. We hear a great deal of talk about luck, fate. There is a kind of fortune which attends some people, hard to explain, but it is none the less certain that law is true. The great principle illustrated here is as absolute as gravitation and as sure, viz., "they that are ready go in." Readiness, preparedness, fitness, is everywhere the right of entry. Such go in. There are the exceptions, but they only arise where man's influence breaks in and thwarts the law. Ready! that's the great word, the talismanic word, the pass word to larger kingdoms and larger and wider fields. Many a man sits complaining of the fate which has lifted his fellow and left him, regardless of the fact that the hour of the higher summons found his fellow ready while he was not. You see two men, one is chosen, one is left, barring the interference of preferment, you will find that there was something in the man who arrived that there wasn't in the man who was left. That is the law of progress, the principle of development, the pathway to power, Ready!

History tells us how the prepared man is God's man, is nature's man. The young are eager for results and rewards. But the door only opens to men ready to meet the call and they enter in. To all else it is closed. These words contain the philosophy of life; they are as true as the law that governs the spheres. "And they that were ready went in." Aye, the wise virgins entered in by the operation of that law which guards every threshold of nature and of grace. The ready man is not merely a crisis man. We have made too much of that kind of a man. It is our well-mean-

ing blunder to expatiate upon the greatness which meets the call of critical moments, missing the truth that he who meets the crisis, meets it because he is the ready man, "oil in the vessel." The lighting of the lamp is but a thing of the moment; the occasion will do that, but nothing can compensate for the empty vessel.

Readiness is not thing of the moment, spasmodic and impulsive, but it involves equipment and preparation. The man who is ready is the man who has done the things which make him ready when the call comes. There is abroad today, all too commonly, the idea that the moment fits the man. It is true that the summons to great tasks brings its own inspiration, but it is just as true that the strength and furnishing is not of the moment. Daniel Webster, when congratulated upon his famous address in the United States Senate, in reply to Hayne, for which he had seemingly only a few words to prepare, replied: "I was forty years preparing for this occasion."

The real test comes to a man when his opportunity tarries. The bridegroom tarried,—he always tarries, he tarries to test! It is the test which the kingdom ever makes of those who would enter. It is life's searching test. One does not know life who doesn't know this: how strangely, persistently things delay. Patience, loyalty, trust, oh! it's a long night, but joy cometh in the morning, if so be they fail not. It is here that the weak man falls away and the strong man enters in. There is a waiting time to every opportunity. There is an outer court to every throne room. Life is made up not only of achieving and attaining, but we must learn to labor and to wait. He who doesn't know this, doesn't know life. The strong man is he who has known many tarryings. Lincoln's strength was never so clearly revealed as in the weary waiting days. What a lesson Jesus taught! "He that endureth to the end shall receive the crown." Of how many is it true if their opportunity come quick they will pass along in the company of efficient men, undistinguished, but the inevitable test of life will show of what sort they are. The foolish virgins moved for a time in the company of their wise sisters. But when their opportunity tarried, and the bridegroom delayed, they were unable for it, and they that were ready went in.

The question which every man must face is this: Am I a prepared man? Am I ready? In other words, what is my attitude toward life? I do not mean by that, what are your feelings about things? But I do mean

how do you stand toward life in your equipment? Ready! Things do not pan out as we plan. Our hopes, ambitions delay, our opportunity tarries, our circumstances abound in contradictions and vicissitudes.

Are you a man of impulse or purpose? Attitude, how it reveals! Why, you can read a man's character by the way in which he stands. A man's pose is often as revealing as his phrase.

How do you stand toward life? The wise virgins were ready. They stood in an attitude toward the event different from that of the foolish virgins. The full and empty lamps in the hour of the bridegroom's coming answer to the two different attitudes of the virgins themselves.

Oh, my friends, what a lesson is brought to us here! They had all received the invitation and accepted it, but the foolish had neglected an important provision. They were not ready. That's my charge against our large cities, and small hamlets, neglect. I make it in all kindness and love, but also in sincerity and deep candor. Neglect, the crime of things unattended to, that is what weakened the foolish virgins. Not any dreadful thing, outbreking, vicious act. Not a refusal, rejection of the call, but they neglected to make the necessary preparations; they left undone the things which they ought to have done. And it is in just this attitude that most people stand in relation to the good and the best things of life. The good books, the best music and pictures, the things that make for soul culture and enlargement, and the building of strong character, manliness, sweet womanhood, with charm and grace, the higher standards, they are neglected. It is in this attitude of neglect that most people stand toward Christ and the church, toward the higher call and supreme duties of life.

The tragedy ends, "and the door was shut." The door of heaven will be found shut by many who outwardly accept the church's invitation, while many less favored shall find its portals stand wide. Shut out, not because they are infidel; not because they reject Christ. There is not one in a multitude that ever deliberately does that. Oh no, rather that they have neglected duty, like the foolish virgins who took no oil. "And the door was shut," that is man's neglect and folly. Christ says: "I have set before thee an open door, which no man can shut." That is his invitation, his welcome. No man can shut it against us, only our own neglect. "Be ye also ready, for in an hour when ye think not the Son of man cometh."

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Getting Ready for Winter.

It is not the housewife alone, or those blest with the housekeeping outfit, including a family, who must begin to get ready for winter. Many women and girls, as well as many men, long inexpressibly for a room where they can set up their household goods, no matter how few, or plain, and feel that exclusive sense of proprietorship which no "paying guest" of any boarding house can ever know. For most of these, the "light-housekeeping" room furnishes as near a substitute for the real home, as can be had; but if they are still more ambitious for individuality, the "partly furnished," or vacant room, where heat, lighting, water, bath, and fuel are part of the perquisites, offers advantages. Or the furnished room with "kitchen and laundry privileges" is not so bad, and may be still cheaper. In these days of alcohol stoves, much can be done, and if one can afford to have the laundry "rough-dried," and can have the electric, or gasoline, gas, or alcohol iron, they may have comfort and cleanliness at a minimum cost, and snap their fingers at the disobliging laundress. The light housekeeping plan offers many advantages over the boarding house, but even at its best, it is far from being at all equal to the home atmosphere. One great trouble is that, having no one to cater to except self, many of us forget that self is a most important factor in our lives, and worth taking pains for; we neglect often to provide suitable foods, especially if we are "dead tired" when the day's work is done; or we are too tired to prepare the food, or too tired to partake of it when prepared. Then, too, the "light-housekeeping" feature is regarded as but temporary, and we put up with so many make-shifts, instead of furnishing a few of the really necessary devices for better preparation of our foods. Just a few really good cooking utensils should be had, and when we change our "room," we can take them with us. A really good double boiler, a coffee percolator, an alcohol stove, a chafing dish, will always "come handy."



The Last Garden Things.

Already frosty weather, and even snow, is reported from various localities, and the woods and fields warn us that the year is

rounding to a close. But in the garden there are still fragments that may be gathered and put away in appetizing form. A combination of such vegetables as are suitable should be mixed and canned for soups, while others, combined, make excellent relishes or pickles. String beans, cut into short lengths, green tomatoes and cucumbers chopped, onions thinly sliced, the few late nubbins of green corn cut from the cob, with chopped cabbage, or cauliflower, a few green peppers, and black and white beans already showing a degree of hardness. The beans that are nearly ripe should be cooked until tender by themselves, then the rest of the vegetables mixed and cooked altogether in spiced vinegar, to which the beans may be added. The vinegar should be seasoned to taste, with sugar, or spices, as much or as little as wanted. A little mustard may be stirred in, and a very little grated horseradish used. For soups, the mixed vegetables should be cooked and canned, just as other vegetables, cooking with as little water as will keep them from scorching, packing them in the jars while boiling hot and sealing.



Some Good Recipes.

Wherever there are school children, there, too, should be gingercake or bread. A good ginger bread made without eggs is as follows: Put half a cup of butter, a cup of sugar, a cup of good molasses, a cup of water and a pinch of salt in a saucepan to heat; add two teaspoonfuls of ginger, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a full teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little water (boiling), and mix all into five cups of sifted flour. This may be baked in one large loaf, or in several loaves, using shallow pans. If a large loaf, bake in a moderate oven for an hour. Lard may take the place of butter entirely, or the lard and butter may be equal parts.

Good Cookies.—Cream half a cup of butter and a cupful of sugar until smooth; add two eggs, half a cup of milk, a tablespoonful of vanilla extract, or the strained juice of a lemon; add enough flour to make a soft dough; it is this that makes cookies either good or indifferent; if too much flour is used, they will be too stiff; there should be just enough to be able to roll the dough;

dust the board with as little flour as will keep the dough from sticking, cut off a small piece of the dough, roll and cut it out, repeating until you have a small pan full, using up the scraps of dough each time. Or, the scraps of dough may be laid aside each time until the dough is all used, then work the scraps together and roll and cut out until all are in the pans. Have a hot oven for cookies; have the dough rolled quite thin, lift with a knife, or pancake turner and lay in the pan. Put into a crock or tin box with cover, to keep from getting either too soft, or too hard. Nut cookies are made by adding the shelled nut kernels, mashed to the dough while mixing. Raisins may be stirred in.



LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME.

(Continued from Page 1249.)

marks for the trip. This time we took a tram, rode over a half hour at a cost of 2½ cents and saw it without a guide. Much more satisfactory too. We walked through the park, stood by the side of Germany's greatest dead, looked at the carving which is the finest in the world, and came back into the Tiergarten to Sieges Allee along which are the great rulers of Germany dating back nearly 1,000 years, carved in fine marble and set on rich pedestals. We took some photos here also. I stood beside the statue of Charles IV., who died in 1378; then by Hector (1535-71) with a Martin Luther medallion. Mama stood beside Emperor William I. (1861-88) with Moltke and Bismarck. We looked at the shaft of victory and other interesting things.

We concluded to take a car and go to the zoölogical garden, and did so about one. We stopped and ate "wienies and rye bread" and toured that wonderful park. It is a wonder too. We have never seen anything like it anywhere. Lincoln Park in Chicago is slow compared to this. Its buildings are fine, well planned and artistic. No money has been spared to make the place ideal. Here they have about 1,300 different kinds of birds and animals, and it is a sight to see them from almost every place. The giraffe, the animals from Australia, South America and everywhere were to be seen here. The finest collection of zebras. Splendid elephants and everything. Oh, there is no use trying to tell you. If only every head of you could have been with us and seen for yourselves! Well, think of a swan four feet high, prettiest light-pink you ever laid eyes on. At a

distance we thought he had lost his feathers, but no, they were pink with a rich touch of gold in them. We saw the prettiest blue-bird you ever dreamed of. Its head a light, rich blue, its body a darker blue, and then again its tail another shade. I never saw such blue. Parrots? Well, yes, galore. There were Poll's brother and all his cousins and other relatives so distant that they were a rich pink with undertouch of gold and about twice Poll's size. He sided up to mama, and she scratched his head a long time. He certainly was a beauty. Then birds, beautiful and ugly, birds big and little. Animals big and little. We looked till we were all tired out. About half past four a band began to play and the people gathered around the park tables to rest. Two of Berlin's finest bands furnished wonderful music for an hour. During the time the beer flowed freely and nearly everybody drank. I bought some post cards and wrote to friends.

At last we thought to go. Mama said: "Let us walk a while," and we walked clear through the Tiergarten. This is a large tract of park, now in the center of the city, but one time enclosed and the hunting grounds for the king who then lived in Charlottenburg. Now it is a dreamland of a park. Shady walks, horseback drives, automobile drives, play grounds, rose gardens, statuary and every surprise imaginable. Mama will never forget that park.

We reached "Unter den Linden" so weary that I called a cab and soon we were at home. A good German supper and mama went direct to bed, while I went to the depot to see about our departure tomorrow. Then I have spent the evening in writing and this closes the day. A letter from Josephine and Henry written Aug. 3 reached us this evening and made us glad. It is now 11:10 P. M., and I go to bed.



THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

(Continued from Page 1251.)

While studying languages, Mr. Burritt left for a time the blacksmith's forge to conduct a grocery and provision store. In this way he hoped to find more time for study than at the anvil, and yet at the same time earn a livelihood. However the panic of 1837 just as to thousands of others brought to him complete financial failure and he was obliged to begin his life's struggle anew. But this breakdown proved a blessing in disguise and marks the beginning of his true success and upbuilding. For

had he been successful as a grocer, he might have missed his great future. Failing in the grocery business, he became the friend and co-worker of statesmen and scholars in Europe and America. He gained a world prominence for his goodness and learning.

Setting out on foot and penniless in his new search of employment and opportunities of study, he walked from New Britain to Boston, a distance of 100 miles, and then back to Worcester, Mass., where he found work as a blacksmith and studied as he worked. Here he took advantage of the library of the Antiquarian Society and while still plying his trade he extended his acquaintance with the principal ancient and modern languages. Here in 1838 Burritt wrote briefly the story of his struggles and studies to a friend who had shown a warm interest in him asking if he knew where he could obtain employment as a translator from the German. His friend William Lincoln sent this letter to the Hon. Edward Everett who without any knowledge either on the part of the sender or the writer read it soon after at a Teachers' Institute. Mr. Everett's speech with Mr. Burritt's story was reported in full in the Boston papers and the interest of the public was at once fastened on the "Learned Blacksmith" of Worcester.

At first Mr. Burritt was mortified at the publicity unexpectedly given to his narrative but he soon found that the interest of the public was not mere curiosity but a hearty admiration and sympathy. He was sought out for acquaintance and consultation. People naturally wanted to see and hear him. Mr. Burritt was persuaded to prepare a lecture on "Application and Genius" which he delivered more than sixty times in the winter of 1841 in the north and south returning the next spring to his anvil at Worcester.

In this first lecture, Mr. Burritt tried to show that the differences in men's ability and efficiency are a result of their surroundings and training rather than of their native or inherent qualities. His motto was "Fit, non nascitur" (made, not born). In showing how many and varied are the influences and agencies which combine to make different the training of two children even in the same family and how early is their beginning, Mr. Burritt said that some things depend on the added impetus given to the outstretched hands of the nurse who first takes the new-born babe in charge, thinking that it weighs eight pounds when it actually weighs but six and so upon everything that has to do with the child or with

those who are about it from that time forward; whether its swaddling clothes are loose or tight, of coarse material or fine, fastened by pins or strings; whether its earliest playmates are boys or girls, of gentle nature or rough; whether the one who leads it to school is tall or short, walks with a firm step or with a halting one, wears mittens or gloves or is barehanded. Thus he showed how many are the possible shapers and training influences of a child's life until the dullest hearer plainly saw that the little child's teachers are far more numerous and its lessons far more continuous and potent than are commonly imagined.

With graphic power Mr. Burritt used a striking illustration of the Virginia boys who climbed the face of the rocks at the Natural Bridge. One of these was George Washington who distanced all the others by putting his name high above the others. He so traced the influence of that struggle in the after life of Washington as to almost make it appear that the success of the Father of his Country had its origin in that boyish contest.

This lecture was heard in a New England church by Henry Clay Trumbull, the founder and editor of the Sunday School Times, when a boy of 11 years of age and abiding and profound impressions were made which greatly influenced for good his lines of thinking and living. Mr. Trumbull in 1858 met Mr. Burritt in his New Britain home and from that time on maintained a pleasant intimacy with him by correspondence until the close of his honored life in 1879. The personal memories of Mr. Trumbull published in the Sunday School Times years ago made a deep impression upon the author of this sketch who is now prompted to present Mr. Burritt's life achievements to the young men of this and future generations and to recount some lessons which his life teaches.

In 1846 Mr. Burritt went to England where he formed the "League of Universal Brotherhood" whose object was "to employ all legitimate means for the abolition of war throughout the world." This was the first international congress of the Friends of Peace and convened in Brussels in September, 1848. In 1849, a second "Peace Congress" was held at Paris presided over by Victor Hugo. During his visit abroad in 1846-47, he was greatly touched by the sufferings of the Irish peasantry in the awful famine of that year. His diary of a tour through Ireland at this time for the purpose of relieving the desti-

tution and misery is one of the most graphic and touching descriptions of human sufferings ever published.

He was now constantly engaged in writing, and lectured throughout the U. S. He returned to Europe and took a prominent part in the peace congresses held at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1850, London in 1851, Manchester in 1852 and Edinburgh in 1853. He was consular agent at Birmingham, Eng., from 1865-68. His conception of the universal brotherhood of man and international arbitration received a rude shock upon the outbreak of the Crimean (1853) and Civil Wars (1861). And his efforts in behalf of universal peace are claimed to have led to such results as the Geneva Tribunal, the Washington Treaty, the Paris Behring Sea Tribunal and the representations of the U. S. and other powers to Turkey regarding the troubles in Armenia.

The promotion of temperance, ocean penny postage, international arbitration, universal peace, universal brotherhood, abolition of American slavery and various other reforms were leading objects of his continued exertions. As an advocate of these reforms he deserves to be called a philanthropist and reformer exerting a wide influence in America and Europe.

In his private life in Connecticut he was active in Christian work, and as zealous and faithful in Sunday-school, teaching week by week as he had been in the peace congresses in Europe. While of a modest, retiring nature, shrinking from publicity except at the call of duty, he was ever ready to help others by any means in his power. He introduced into New Britain the English idea of the quiet "Tea Meeting" as a substitute for the Charity Fair as a means of interesting the community in mission school enterprises and Y. M. C. A. work. In the later years of Mr. Burritt's life he visited the churches of his county in attendance at undenominational fellowship meetings to talk and pray over the interests of Christ's cause and the welfare of Christ's people. In those gatherings his spirit and conversation seemed to say: "Though I speak with tongues more than ye all, yet in the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding than by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." And that was the best lesson of all to gain from the life of the "Learned Blacksmith."

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BRAIN LUBRICATORS

"What is the matter, dearest?" asked the mother of a small girl who had been discovered crying in the hall.

"Somefing awful's happened, Mother."

"Well, what is it, sweetheart?"

"My d'doll-baby got away from me and broked a plate in the pantry."—M. Ostrander.



THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.

(Continued from Page 1238.)

sition; that the better man he may be as a business man or neighbor or church member, the more dangerous man he becomes when he permits himself to be used as a political tool in a party of rotten principles. He must for this reason be all the more promptly repudiated at the ballot box.

I have long ago quit voting for men. I used to think I could do so, but now know that it is impossible. If your political eye is single you may vote intelligently. In order to do so your single aim must be at the principles that you want to see prevail. Vote principles and only vote for men as the representatives of those principles, and then you will never lose your vote.

J. L. Switzer.



"CONSIDER THE LILIES."

(Continued from Page 1248.)

to look upward, consequently to grow upward. Perhaps the butterflies were merely glad to be glad, forgetting their duller existence. They did not try to see why, there was an instinct within each one that told them what to do and they obeyed. They helped each other, but one did not try to do the work of all. The trees gave shelter to the birds. The birds brought seeds and dropped them in the woods, giving new flowers and new plants to the woods. The flower gave honey to the butterflies, and the butterflies gave color and motion to the scene.

John left his burden, his despairing whys in the heart of the woods. And as he walked home the fields were studded with dandelions, lifting their faces toward the sky. John's face was lifted also, and the sunshine was shining down into his soul as it shone on the upturned faces of the dandelions.

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By JACOB FUNK

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THE INGLENOOK

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INDUSTRY

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

November 12
1912

Vol. XIV
No. 46

THE GREAT COMMISSION

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tomb with the stone rolled away. At the top of the picture is represented a beautiful golden crown. The six-in-one picture is an interesting study. It portrays, graphically, the fulfillment of all righteousness in Christ's own baptism, the door by which man may enter the church, the way of the cross, and the crown as an emblem of the reward of the righteous. The picture is printed in colors, on heavy paper, and, if framed, will make an appropriate ornament for any Christian home. It will be a constant reminder of the Great Leader, of the sacrifice he made for our redemption, and a stimulus to right living.

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIV

November 12, 1912

No. 46

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Nature Study Clubs.

OF late years many answers have been suggested to the problem of keeping the boy busy at something that will make him a better boy and finally a better man. Many of the solutions take the boy out of his natural world of living and seek to graft in a sort of half way savagery. Personally we never had very much sympathy with the theory that children should be encouraged to pass through the various steps in the progress of the human race from the barbarous to the highly civilized. We boast no authority as a scientist but it looks like doing the evolutionary theory an injustice. Why cannot the boys and girls be encouraged to take up nature study in one or more of its many phases? Bird study, insect study, or a study of the plants of the neighborhood ought to satisfy their desire to get out in the fields with playmates, and—what is more—these things will encourage a manly and unselfish spirit. Largely through the efforts of the National Association of Audubon Societies hundreds of school teachers are encouraging their pupils to form nature study clubs and wherever the proper inspiration was back of them they have been a success. Bird and insect study does not interfere with the regular school studies nor does it interfere with the duties of the boy or girl at home. It is a shame indeed that so many of us grow up in the country where birds are singing all about us, building their nests, rearing their young, killing millions of insects which would destroy our crops, and we never know their names or learn their habits. Shall we permit the next generation to be so blind?

In a leaflet published by the Audubon Society Mr. B. S. Bowdish describes a live nature study club which he found in a New Jersey school. The membership of the club

was composed entirely of school boys although they worked under the direction of their teacher. Once a year the usual officers were elected and each meeting is conducted according to parliamentary rules, thus giving the boys a training that will be of benefit to them when they are grown and are asked to preside at larger gatherings. "Occasionally a member gives a stereopticon talk or some other special program, but the usual order is to pass briefly through the routine business, roll-call, reading minutes of last meeting, election of members, unfinished business, new business. Then comes 'items of interest,' under which head the president calls on each member in turn for any matter of interest he may have to relate, and general discussion of such items takes place. . . . Following the items of interest, all of the members exhibit specimens, rare or common, many being of the simplest form, yet all are of interest to those present." The ages of the boys of this club range from twelve to sixteen. No special study text is used but a sufficient number of the educational leaflets of the National Association of Audubon Societies are supplied the boys so that each has a copy to study and report on at the meeting. Expenses are met by an annual fee of one dollar. Original work is encouraged as much as possible and the regular program includes short essays which the boys have prepared from observation and reading. No specimens of birds or eggs are ever collected, however those who have cameras take photographs, being careful not to disturb the mother and her family. Nests are collected and studied only after the birds have left them.

The birds are some of the farmers' best friends and every farmer boy ought to become acquainted with them. Leaflets and printed matter on every phase of bird study, including the making of bird houses are

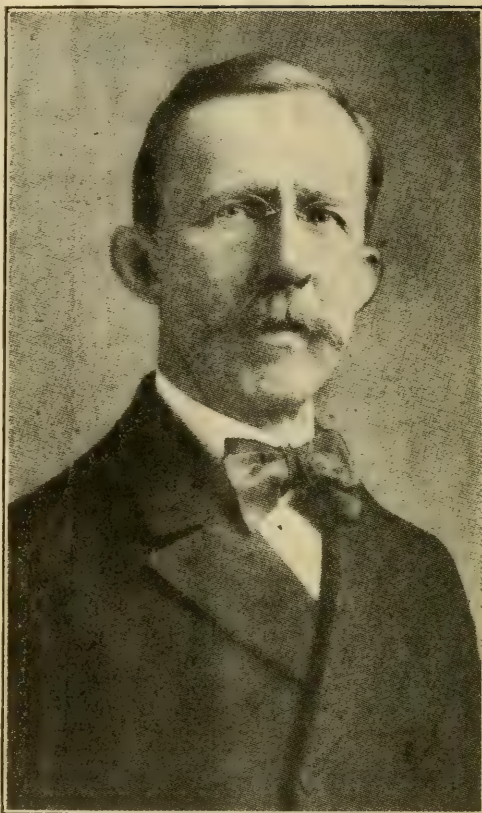
accessible to those who wish them. The Audubon Society is willing to give its assistance anywhere.

A New Department.

The publishers of the Survey have established a new department under the caption "Church and Community." It will be in charge of Prof. Graham Taylor of the Chicago Commons and a member of the faculty of the Chicago Theological Seminary. Prof. Taylor needs no words of introduction to those who are interested in social progress. For many years he has been not only an authoritative writer but a faithful worker for the benefit of his neighbors in Chicago. Formerly he was a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago. A paragraph from Prof. Taylor's introduction in this new department in which he gives what we would call a working platform is sufficient to give the readers of the Inglenook an idea of what they may find in those pages. "It is being demonstrated to the church and community alike that while it is good to reform it is better to form; while it is good to dispossess wrongs it is better to preoccupy and prepossess with the right. While sometimes it is necessary to be negative it is stronger to be positive and affirmative; while it is good to know and teach and legislate what not to do and what not to be, it is better to preach and practice what it is best to do and be; while destructive aims and methods are demanded, yet both church and community far more need constructive ideals and executive ability to realize them."

Death in the Alley Homes of Washington.

Unfortunately our national capital is suffering from one great blight which few visitors see as they view the wonders of the great city. The city is full of alley homes where those live who cannot pay the high rents that are asked for homes on the streets. In the White House and northwest section where many of the ambassadors live and in which many of the finest dwellings are, it is said that there are no less than 161 blocks containing 1,194 dwelling on the alleys. Many of these alleys are noted for their nightly brawls and fights. In many of them policemen go only in pairs after dark. The fact that these dwellings are located on the alleys is not the only thing which makes them undesirable. They are unsanitary and Jacob Riis at one time said that they were worse than the tenements of New York City. According to the report of the health officer of Washington for 1910 the death



Graham Taylor.

rate in the alley homes was much higher than in the street homes. The following table gives the death rate per 1,000 inhabitants:

Age	Alleys	Streets
All ages,	30.09	17.56
Under 1 year,	373.49	158.66
1 to 4 years,	30.82	16.75
5 to 20 years,	7.84	5.25
Over 20 years,	27.05	18.08

It will be seen that the infantile death rate in the alleys is two or three times as high as it is on the streets. One baby out of every three that are born in the alley homes dies. For every three infantile deaths on the streets there are seven in the alleys. For all ages you will notice that there are thirty deaths per thousand in the alley homes while there are only seventeen in the street homes. The causes of these deaths make another interesting study.

Cause of Death	White		Colored	
	Alleys	Streets	Alleys	Streets
Pneumonia,	310.9	117.9	432.8	188.1
Tuberculosis,	186.5	121.2	621.3	433.7
Whooping Cough,	62.2	5.3	21.9	15.6
Diarrhoea, under				
2 years,	62.2	36.8	321.6	137.8

Tuberculosis and pneumonia, the two diseases which can be caused very easily by unsanitary and poorly built dwellings are found to be more common in the alley homes. It is said that the colored people are very susceptible to tuberculosis and this report confirms that theory. You notice that it leads in the causes of death among the colored population as reported above.

Washington has been trying to overcome the alley evil for many years. The first law dealing with the construction of houses in the alleys was passed in 1892. For forty years the citizens have been wrestling with the problem.

Federal Aid for the Farmers.

According to a law passed during the last session of Congress expert farm advisers are to be sent into every county at

some time in the future for the purpose of increasing the yield of farm products per acre. There are three thousand agricultural counties in the United States and each of these counties will be given the benefit of expert advice if they so wish it and are willing to pay a part of the necessary expenses. The work is under the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C. The problem that confronts the nation now is to increase the supply of foodstuffs. Our yield per acre is less than it should be. Denmark was in the same position a generation ago but by government aid along scientific and business lines the little nation has risen to a stage of prosperity never before enjoyed. In that country the farmers raise on the average 40 bushels of wheat to the acre while our average yield in the United States is less than 15 bushels to the acre.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Our Next President.

Woodrow Wilson has been elected President of the United States. For the first time in twenty years the Democratic national ticket triumphed. The election was a sane expression by the people as to their presidential preference. Great interests were at stake but the public made no demonstration of wild enthusiasm before the election. Men and women weighed the issues and deliberately made up their minds in casting their ballots.

Twenty years of defeat and adversity has given the Democratic party an opportunity to eliminate many weaknesses and to crystallize a strength equal to this opportune moment.



Prospects of Tariff Revision Fail to Alarm Business.

Prospects of Democratic tariff revision have not caused the slightest apprehension on the part of Chicago business men that the general prosperity being enjoyed by the country will be imperiled.

Merchants, bankers and professional men who last night discussed the possible effects of the election of Woodrow Wilson announced a firm belief that good times were too well established to be impaired by the success of any party.

Moreover, the probability that Congress

will not take action on the tariff question until its session a year from December has had its effect in quieting the fears of the timid. During this period it is believed that the new administration, under the guiding hand of a man of Mr. Wilson's type, will have had an opportunity to investigate conditions and carry out the proposed programme of revision without interfering with business.

Good crop conditions, too, are looked upon as a means of preventing possible business depression. Should crops be as good next year as this year it is expected that even the prospects of radical tariff legislation on the part of Congress at its next session could not have a serious effect upon business generally.

Butler Has Faith in Wilson.

Edward B. Butler, president of Butler Brothers, said the personality of Governor Wilson would play an important part in maintaining confidence during the early part of the new administration.

"Everybody concedes that Mr. Wilson is an able and honest man," said Mr. Butler. "It is my opinion that the present good times are too well established to be materially impaired by the success of any party.

"The one possibility of injury to business through Democratic success, of course, lies in the promise of radical tariff reform. But

with Mr. Wilson in the presidential chair I do not believe that that danger—which is at least a year away—need be feared.”

John G. Shedd, president of Marshall Field & Co., believes that a continuation of present prosperity depends not exclusively upon tariff legislation but careful banking legislation as well.

“Of course, I am sorry that President Taft was not re-elected,” said he. “Outside of that I am well satisfied with the result. If the Democrats are wise enough, and I believe they will be, to pass a well-considered elastic currency and banking act and are conservative in handling any new tariff legislation leading to the protective side rather than for revenue only, we will have a continuation of the good times which have prevailed during the last part of the present administration.”

Patten Fears No Damage.

James A. Patten of Evanston expressed the opinion that the change of administration would have no immediate effect upon business.

“Prosperity, of course, now depends to a great extent upon what Congress does on tariff legislation,” said Mr. Patten. “But it must be remembered that there is to be no immediate and radical change in conditions, and I believe that by the time any change is made it will have been so considered both by the officials and by business men that no serious damage will be done.”

Another business man who is firm in the belief that present conditions will not be interfered with is Albert A. Sprague, president of Sprague, Warner & Co.

“Prosperity will continue at least during the coming year without any change in business conditions,” said he. “I am not at all apprehensive about the future because of this change of administration. However, it depends largely upon the President and I believe that he will act wisely with the power that has been placed in his hands and his party.”

Simpson Voices Confidence.

James Simpson, vice president of Marshall Field & Co., said: “The fundamental conditions that are responsible for the present prosperity are so well established that no action by the present administration is likely to interfere with it. There is no doubt in my mind but that we will enjoy the present prosperous business conditions for the next year at least.

“The prospects of tariff revision, of

course, will cause some uncertainty, but I do not believe that this will be a particularly disturbing factor.”

George M. Reynolds, president of the Continental and Commercial National Bank, said that since Governor Wilson's election was not a surprise to anybody who had been watching political conditions, the result had been anticipated and discounted.

“The best information at hand is that Mr. Wilson will not call a special session of Congress to consider the tariff question,” said Mr. Reynolds. “That means that no legislation will be passed by Congress, in all probability, until a year from next December. If in the meantime crop conditions are equal to this year's, business conditions will be such that the prosperity being enjoyed today will continue for at least a year and a half.

To Consider Tariff Sanely.

“The new administration could not do anything if it desired to do so—which I feel certain it does not—that would impair business conditions during this period. The proposed tariff legislation, consequently, will be the result of long thought and considered in moderation rather than in the heat of political strife. Such being the case it seems probable that the new tariff legislation will be acceptable to everybody concerned.”

A. C. Bartlett, president of Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., said: “I do not believe that the change of administration will have the slightest effect upon business conditions. The people are prosperous and there is no reason why the possibility of tariff revision should change conditions, at least in the near future.”



The Victory for Wilson and the Democracy.

Wilson will assume the cares and responsibilities of his great office not only with the best wishes of his countrymen but with the encouragement that must come from the general disposition to believe that he will face forward and use wisely the power that is conferred upon him. Whether he can meet expectations depends in some measure on chance developments but in greater degree upon his own will, tact, intelligence and resourcefulness. As a preparation for his arduous task he might make a comparative study of Taft and Roosevelt.—Record-Herald.

EDITORIALS

More Farm Experts.

Before long the Department of Agriculture intends to have in every county in the United States where agriculture is of any importance as an industry an expert on farm management.

This expert, paid partly by the counties themselves and partly by the general government, will busy himself in giving the farmers instruction on the right way to run their farms. He will tell them how to make two bushels of corn grow where one grew before, how to raise more wheat, whether a farmer is keeping too much live stock for the land he has and so on. Men will go from one end of the county to the other helping each farmer work out such special problems as he may have.

Secretary Wilson is earnest and enthusiastic on the subject of teaching the farmers of the county how to manage their farms to the best advantage.

Congress' last session made small beginning in the business of federal aid to the farm management. It gave an appropriation of \$300,000 for the purpose. Not all of this, in fact, was really available for the direct purpose of instruction in farm management.

The Department of Agriculture has the farm management work under the appropriation of last session organized in every State in the North. It has been impossible to get it started in every county, owing to the limited appropriation. But in three or four counties of every northern State the work has been organized and is getting under way.

At the coming session Secretary Wilson will ask for \$1,000,000 or more for the purpose and if he gets it the work will be rapidly extended to other counties.

College-Bred Farmers.

The following statement from the Farm Journal is of considerable importance:

When, occasionally, a farm manager holding a degree from a reputable college makes a mess of things, and is relegated to the background, the fact of his failure is heralded all over the country as though it were another triumph for ignorance, while nothing is said in commendation of the ninety and nine who are making good. The colleges and universities are annually turning out in every department hopeful young men who straightway endeavor to find

themselves somewhere in the busy world. Sometimes we hear of an M. D. who eventually adds to his title that of N. G.; of an occasional lawyer who finds that he has mistaken his calling; and of a preacher who would have done better to qualify for an auctioneer;—but in the long run success is for the man who has made due preparation, and at no time in any department of life is there a premium put upon ignorance.

Urge More Dairy Production.

Appealing to the farmers of this country for coöperation in fighting the spectre of high living cost William A. Heath, newly elected president of the Illinois Bankers' Association, yesterday declared that the scarcity of live stock and dairy products was becoming one of the most serious problems of the nation.

Mr. Heath said it was the intention of the bankers of the State to start a campaign among the farmers for the raising of more dairy cows. Unless a decisive step is taken by the farmers themselves, Mr. Heath says, it is particularly certain that the price of butter and milk will be doubled within the next two or three years.

"The bankers of this country are going to coöperate with the dairy interests along every line with the object of obtaining greater production," said Mr. Heath. "With the dairy show, which opens at the stockyards Thursday, and the live stock exposition, which takes place next month, every effort will be made to educate the farmer and the dairyman to a new standard of production."

Heed Best Visions.

"Be obedient to the best visions which come to you," said Rev. Charles Bayard Mitchell, D. D., in a sermon on "The Visions of Youth."

Young men and maidens have ideals. They live in the realm of the ideal. They plan their futures. And the ideals of both are generally noble. Youths are hero-worshippers. They respond to nobility. Hence youth is purer than in later life.

The ideals of life are what lifts us up or casts us down. Ideals are responsible for all material progress.

There can be no noble and worthy life where there are low ideals. If we think uncleanness we will be impure. If he thinks drink he will be a drunkard. If he thinks dishonesty he will be a thief. As a man thinketh in his heart so is he. Hence,

too much emphasis can not be placed upon the importance of having right vision. We must not be deceived by appearances. We must look beneath the surface.

If you are satisfied with the common-place you will never rise above it. If you long for the best you may attain it. Be obedient to the best visions which come to you.



The Tongue.

Sacred interpreter of human thought;
How few respect or use thee as they ought!
—Cowper.

Many authors tell us, in some way or other, that the tongue and heart are directly associated one with the other. One says that the tongue is the ambassador of the heart, while another writer calls it the heart's attorney, and Washington Irving said that the tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use.

The physical properties of the tongue are indeed remarkable. It varies in length in reptiles, birds, and mammals according to the peculiar use that each has for it. A giraffe's tongue has the functions of a finger and is remarkable for its strength in breaking off small branches; the tongue of the ant-eater is long, round, and as pliable as a whip, and the mechanism by which it is protruded into ant-hills is very, very wonderful in its complication; the simple lapping of water by a dog shows a very ingenious use for a tongue, but the human tongue is the most wonderful of all—if we use it as it should be used.

There is another kind of food; the food for thought, or the mental. This tongue of ours is a very independent member of our physical "family"; it can bend all ways and can meddle with everything. It can do exactly the same with our mental forces if we are not careful, but that is not what we wish it to do. We can make the tongue just as wonderful as that of the giraffe if we use the strength in the right way, and we can use it just as ingeniously if that ingenuity is toward making somebody happy—lightening their burdens by kindly words tactfully used. But on the other hand, we can tear things to pieces just as the ant-eater does with its tongue; but, why not tear to pieces only such walls as are keeping out the sunshine and good in life? Thus we can show a direct association of the true heart and the keen tongue, making it, as Irving has said, more keen with constant use—keen for the right kind of cutting, not wounding with it, but using it as the surgeon does to remove disaffec-

tion and strengthen the affected part. For it is as Mahabharata is quoted: "A wound made by an arrow will cicatrize and heal; a forest felled by an axe will spring up again in new growth; but a wound made by the tongue will never heal."



\$50,000 to Charities.

Seven Chicago charities will receive \$50,000 by the terms of the will of Miss May Buckingham, daughter of the late Frank W. Buckingham and niece of the late Jerome Beecher.

Bequests were made to local charities by Miss Buckingham as follows:

The Old People's Home of Chicago, ...\$	5,000
Presbyterian Hospital,	5,000
Chicago Orphan Asylum,	5,000
Visiting Nurse Association,	5,000
Chicago Home for Incurables,	10,000
Home for Destitute Crippled Children, ..	10,000
Legal Aid Society of Chicago,	10,000

Besides the Chicago charities, \$2,000 was bequeathed to the First Unitarian Church of Trenton, N. J.

Relatives and friends of the deceased woman are also remembered in the will. Miss Nettie A. Peniston, a friend and companion of Miss Buckingham, receives \$50,000, the largest amount bequeathed to any person or institution. The trustees receive \$25,000 to be used in behalf of the decedent's aunt, Miss Lucy A. Buckingham of Clinton, Mass., and \$25,000 for her uncle, Frederick A. Buckingham of Rockford, Ill. These two beneficiaries will receive one-half of the \$50,000 during their lifetime, the remainder to constitute part of their estates.

The remainder of the estate, which is valued at several hundred thousand dollars, is divided among relatives pro rata. George H. Holt, a cousin, and Cordova L. Peniston are appointed executors of the will, which was filed by Attorneys Holt, Wheeler & Sidney.



There is tremendous power in the realization of relationship. When Portia alluded to the fact that she was the daughter of Cato, and the wife of Brutus, she said, with just pride: "Think you I am no stronger than my sex, being so fathered and so husbanded."



The most noted widow in the world today is also a woman with a widow's mite, but in this case the word is spelled "might." She is Mrs. Russell Sage.—Rev. William Caldwell, Presbyterian, Fort Worth, Texas.

THE LITTLE LAND MOVEMENT

Forbes Lindsay

THE statement is frequently made nowadays that the American nation is entering upon an acute stage of evolution. Sharp changes in our social economy seem to indicate radical reformations in the national life. One of the most remarkable of these changes is the tendency among our city workers to revert to the soil. It is a turning of the tide that for years has set from the country toward the towns. This backward movement has been prompted and stimulated by the high cost of living and the killing competition in the cities; the tyranny of trade-unionism; the overcrowding of the professions; the improved prospects and conditions of rural life.

The glamour of "the great white way" is pitifully evanescent. The lure of the pavement leads to sore feet and heavy hearts. It is no new thing, the desire of the disillusioned countryman to return to the field, and the yearning of the wage slave for the free life in the open.

During these fifty years past, the cry, "Back to the soil!" has been incessantly raised by public educators and echoed by public reformers. Tens of thousands would have given willing response to it, but only within late years has the way been made practical to them.

The principal factors in creating avenues for the return to the land have been the work of the Federal and State reclamation services, in making available to settlers rich lands at low prices, and the introduction of intensive agriculture, with its revolutionary effects upon settlement.

Irrigation has not only made productive extensive areas of former waste, but it has taught the lessons of scientific horticulture and economy of occupation. Our ideas as to the methods and means of farming have undergone complete reformation in the course of a generation. The government unit of land "under a ditch" is seldom more than forty acres, and this, in most instances, is a superabundance.

The knowledge that, if intelligently handled, five acres in almost any part of the United States will support a family in comfort, is one of the most valuable discoveries of the age. It makes proprietary farming possible to the man of small means, and under well-nigh ideal conditions. He oc-

cupies an essentially higher plane of independence than the farmer of many acres. He owns his land outright, or has an assured prospect of doing so in short order. He is not subject to a capricious labor supply, nor to the fluctuations of a manipulated market. He operates his holding without help and produces from it such stuff as is in constant demand in the nearest centre of population. Furthermore, the net profits from a five-acre tract are frequently greater than those from a farm of twenty times the extent.

But a latter-day theory of farming extends beyond the consideration of a living from the soil. It contemplates the enjoyment by the farmer of social advantages, the lack of which has been the chief influence in driving our country youths to the cities. This is now considered an essential feature of every plan of agricultural settlement. It is secured in a variety of ways. Where every five or ten acres is occupied by a family, close neighbors are on every hand, and village organization is a natural consequence. It is possible for the small farmer to locate upon high-priced land adjacent to a city, and this gives him the additional advantage of securing distribution of his product direct to the consumer.

The "rural settlement" plan, as exemplified by the town-sites that are invariable features of the Reclamation Service projects, is extending over the United States in every direction. It is applicable to a district in which the farm units are of ordinary size. The essential element is a residential centre, from which good roads radiate to the outlying farms, making it possible for the farmer to enjoy town life and go out daily to his work, as the suburbanite goes in to his office. The arrangement entails many benefits that are usually beyond the reach of farmers and their families.

Already the basic idea of "a little land and a living" has borne fruit in the bill before Congress to establish the United States Homestead Service. The promoters of the measure contemplate a national agency to encourage and help the poor man to become owner and tiller of a piece of land. They would have the Government open recruiting stations for farmers, as it does for soldiers and sailors, offering to

each worthy applicant a few acres and the means of working them, with the prospect of absolute title as a reward for improvement.

All occupations of the cities are encumbered by a superfluity of workers, who necessarily represent an economic waste. In a large proportion of cases it is not fitness for factory, nor inclination for city life, that holds them, but simply inability to transport themselves to more congenial and suitable environment. The professions are glutted with incompetents depressed by the pitiable poverty that shrinks behind a fictitious appearance of prosperity. Among these victims of misdirected ambition are

many who, given the opportunity, would gladly exchange their precarious positions for the care-free life of the proprietor farmer.

The advocates of the measure will find their strongest argument in the fact that the results from the operation of the service must justify its maintenance purely as a business proposition. Every man who may be taken out of a situation in which he is more or less of an incubus on the social body, and converted into a self-supporting citizen and contributor to the general health, must be reckoned a material addition to the national assets.—Lippincott's.

THE RELIGION OF OUR DAY

By the Editor

HAVE the past forty years of American prosperity and high finance brought on a decay of religion, and a lack of interest in soul growth? is a question which has seriously disturbed many sober-minded people. Is this an age of religious indifference, when men seek to satisfy their physical demands only, and when those who have any religious interests choose the easiest forms of service that they may quiet their superstitious fears rather than to satisfy the longings of a soul? Has our age turned away from something better and entered the field of husks left by the swine, becoming content with the bitterness of the superficial?

To one whose field of vision is confined to a small horizon, the answers to these questions will likely be in the affirmative. Such a one will no doubt lament the course of our present day tendencies, seeing in them nothing but desolation and ruin.

We are willing to admit that the world today has an abundance of sin—sufficient, indeed to cause an untold amount of sorrow and suffering—but not more sin than other generations have had in their time. When Jesus was here the world groaned with its load of sins, of vices, of fanaticisms, of monarchial imperialism and of religious bigotry. Every word that came from his mouth was jealously scrutinized and every deed performed by him was closely measured by the Jewish hierarchy, that they might entrap him and end his teachings. They were guilty of gross sin, in that they labored to retain the kingdom of darkness and to destroy the kingdom of light.

Following the establishment of the Kingdom by Jesus came the long bitter struggle of the early Christians who valiantly held the torch of light during the dark night. They were scoffed, scorned, imprisoned, persecuted and martyred, but the light which they held shone on as an inspiration to the coming generations. Just as their faithful service was about to be crowned with success and Rome was becoming fairly Christianized, there came the great hordes of Teutons from the North and mingled anew the three elements, paganism, barbarianism and Christianity. Then came the many centuries of darkness until Christianity again crystallized and rose with a vigor that would have been impossible had there been no mingling.

Immediately there came another long struggle of denominationalism, of bitter antagonism through which we have just passed. Each of these periods has been blackened with the sins peculiar to its own generation, but each one has been brightened by the ever growing star of light planted by Jesus.

But what have we today? I repeat, we have an abundance of sin, of error and of darkness, but to counteract these imps and forces of evil, we have a whole army of Sunday-school children who at the age of twelve know more about the Bible than a few generations ago, men knew at the age of seventy. We have organized Bible classes where millions of men and women of sound judgment meet every Sunday for the study of God's Word. We are adding to these classes millions more who have

an honest concern to know the truth. We have organized charities in every city of any size to reach out a brother's hand to those in need. We have men of sober judgment working for social progress, bringing many needed reforms. We are having religion carried from a theoretical to a practical basis, where it will be less the stock of the theologian and more an

acquisition of the "man by the side of the road."

If the world in general is going wrong for you, just hitch up with one of the many activities for good and become an active factor in the advancement of some worthy enterprise and it will be surprising how wonderfully exhilarating the atmosphere will become for you, and the larger realm of light will open on every hand.

THE SCENT OF THE LILAC

Lula Dowler Harris

THERE'S a little old house where my own folks live,
And I want to go home! I want to go home!
There's a quaint elm before it, with great arms reaching o'er it,
I am longing for the love, that I know they long to give,
And I want to go home to my mother.
There's a little low kitchen where the firelight glows—
I want to go home! I want to go home!
And my mother's sitting there in her old red rocking-chair,
It's little of my homesickness and longing that she knows—
But I want to go home to my mother,
For the longing is upon me—oh! and hard it presses on me.
For my old home and mother, she is sitting there alone,
And I want to go home to my mother."

"This way, please," said the nurse. Tenderly they bore the unconscious form of a young girl down the aisle; between rows of little white cots filled with pale-faced patients, to a bed near the window.

The nurse turned back the clean sheets and the girl was placed gently upon the bed.

The nurse made her patient comfortable, then turning to the two men who had brought her in, said: "Tell me all you know about this case please."

"We know very little," said one. "We heard a policeman call for aid. We were in a store nearby and hurried to the scene. A young woman was lying on the pavement unconscious. The policeman said she was walking along and he noticed her stagger from side to side and then fall. When the ambulance came we offered to come with the patient this far for it is on our way home. That is all we know."

"Thank you," said the nurse and turned again to the bed.

The form that lay there was that of a child. The face, the face of a woman. The cheeks were flushed, the lips pale and parched, the long brown hair lay in a tangled mass on the pillow. "Looks like fe-

ver to me" said the nurse as she gently bathed the face and hands of the still unconscious girl. As the cool cloth touched her face, the eye-lids quivered, then slowly opened. Gazing about in a frightened, mystified manner, she said:

"I want to go home, Oh! I want to go home."

"Where is your home dear?" asked the nurse.

The girl opened her parched lips again and while her chin trembled like an infant's about to cry, she said:

"I want to go home to my mother."

Realizing that she could not get an intelligent answer from her patient the nurse began changing the girl's dusty street garments for a cool white gown. As she placed the garments away she noticed they were cheap and badly worn. She noticed too, that they were clean (but for the dust) and neatly mended.

It was one of those nice warm days in early May. The doors and windows of the hospital were all thrown open to let a little of God's fresh air and sunshine in.

The sufferers turned their pale faces towards the windows so that they might get the benefit of each passing breeze. Some closed their eyes and no doubt wandered—in fancy—by green fields and babbling brooks.

The patient on the cot at the window stared blankly at the ceiling.

It was "Children's Flower Day" at the hospital. Down the aisles came the little white-robed figures each bearing a basket of flowers fresh from field and garden. Pausing beside each cot they placed a flower in a wasted feverish hand.

When the first child reached the little cot by the window on which lay the new patient she took from her basket a large spray of lilac. The wildly staring eyes

did not see the flower as the child held it toward her.

The nurse took it from the child's hand and placed it on the pillow beside the burning cheek of the patient.

"There dear, she may notice it after while. She is very sick now."

By the time all of the children had passed through the ward the cots were almost covered with flowers.

The new patient closed her eyes, a smile hovered around her mouth. Feebly the words fell from her parched lips:

"I want to go home to my mother."

The nurse bathed the flushed face, put some cracked ice between the parched lips and waited for the doctor.

He came, looked at the girl, placed his cool hand upon the fevered brow and said, "Another case of mal-nutrition. Some poor girl starving in the midst of plenty. Looks like fever, but I can tell more about the case by evening. Keep up the treatment to lower the temperature. I shall look in early."

The new patient opened her eyes again and fixing them as if upon some distant scene, said:

"Yes that is mother sitting on the porch sewing. Helen and Willie are playing in the yard under the lilac bush. I knew the lilac was in bloom. Oh! I can smell the sweet scent of the blossoms. Dear, dear home. How I thank God for his great goodness to me. How I have longed to be at home with the dear ones. I could not find work in the great noisy city. No one seemed to need a girl like me. I was ashamed to come home. I thought father and mother would think I did not try to get employment. I thought I must succeed for father and mother were praying for me. But I guess God didn't want me to stay in that big city for I spent all of my money and had no way of earning more. I have been hungry for three days. I could not sleep at night. But I can sleep now. I am in my own little bed by the south window. I can smell the sweet scent of the lilacs. Yes there is father walking towards the churchdoor with his Bible in his hand. It must be prayer-meeting night or maybe father is going there alone to pray. I have known him to go often lately. Dear, dear father how frail he looks, his shoulders are stooped. Can it be father is failing? Oh, I must try to do something to help lift the burden from his shoulders."

The nurse turned the night lamps low and seeing her charges were made comfort-

able gave her place to the night nurse who now came on duty.

As she left the ward a servant handed her a card.

"Oh," she said, "It is Brother Tom."

As she entered the reception hall a tall manly fellow advanced to meet her. Greeting her affectionately he said:

"You are very tired, little sister."

"Yes, Tom, tired and worried. There was a young girl brought into the ward today unconscious. She is delirious now and it would almost melt a heart of stone to hear her plead to be taken home. Some poor little country girl who no doubt thought she could find employment here. She has evidently been disappointed. I believe she is almost starved and I know she is dreadfully homesick. I think she is some poor minister's daughter."

"Sister, you remember May Foster don't you? It cannot be that it is she? I heard some time ago that Rev. Foster had consented to his daughter's going to the city, but I never thought of it again until now. Rev. Foster has been in ill health for nearly a year. His meager salary has scarcely been sufficient for his needs. He received word last Monday that his eldest brother who owned a large cattle ranch in Montana had passed away. It seems he left all he owned to Rev. Foster providing he would live upon the ranch. I understand that he means to comply with the requirements of the will and is even now preparing for his departure."

"Tom," said the nurse, "come see if my new patient is May Foster. I have not seen her since she was quite small."

The doctor was making his evening calls as the day nurse and her brother entered the ward. He held the small wrist of the new patient between his thumb and finger, smiled and said:

"Quite a change for the better here; what caused it, I wonder?"

Pointing to the spray of lilac on the pillow the night nurse whispered:

"The fragrance of the lilac, doctor."

The visitor came nearer the cot, stooped down and placing his fingers on his lips, said:

"Yes sister, it is she."

Passing quickly out of the ward the man went at once to the telephone booth. Calling long distance he was soon in communication with Rev. Foster. He told him his daughter was ill in the hospital. The reverend gentleman was much affected and said he would come at once.

He said they feared something was wrong

with May for they had not heard from her for three days. He said he was about to come to the city to bring her home.

A clergyman was admitted to the hospital early the next morning. He was directed to the cot by the window. As he leaned

close to the little face on the pillow a tear fell upon the pale cheek. The girl's eyes slowly opened. They were beaming with intelligence now. Reaching up both hands to her father she said:

"Oh I want to go home to my mother!"

THE PROBLEM OF CATHOLICISM

Frederick D. Kershner

Much has been written quite recently regarding the so-called Catholic peril, the subject being deemed of such significance as to justify the founding of a new order, "The Guardians of Liberty," the establishment of a special journal, the *Menace*, claiming a circulation of three hundred thousand and the appearance of numerous articles in the secular magazines. A few facts dealing with the situation, presented as charitably and impartially as possible, are given below:

Increase in American Catholics.

The "Official Catholic Directory," just published by J. P. Kennedy & Sone, gives the Roman Catholic membership in the United States as 15,015,569. These figures show a gain of 396,808 in one year, and of 4,038,812 in ten years. The statement is made on good authority that during the last twenty years the number of Roman Catholics in this country has doubled. New England, once the cradle of Puritanism, is now the Catholic stronghold of America. In almost all of our largest cities Catholics outnumber Protestants, it is reported, in the ratio of two or three to one. The men who dominate the political situation and control the municipal finances of the largest city on the American continent are Catholics. Of course the Catholic strength is largely due to immigration; but, whatever be the cause, the fact itself remains.

Catholicism and American Institutions.

It is the very genius of the Christian religion that it should be both tolerant and free. Any opposition to another religious body, which carries with it the idea of bias or prejudice or persecution, is utterly foreign to the spirit of Christ. The institutions of our native land, however, concededly embody certain principles which every religious body must respect, if it is to receive consideration and regard. The following quotation is certainly far from the spirit of Washington, Jefferson or Madison:

It must be borne in mind that, even though Cardinals Farley, O'Connell and Gibbons are at heart patriotic Americans and members of an American hierarchy, yet they are as Cardinals foreign princes of the blood to whom the United States, as one of the great Powers of the world, is under an obligation to concede the same honors that they receive abroad; . . . and at any official entertainments at Washington, the Cardinal will outrank not merely every Cabinet officer, the Speaker of the House and the Vice-President, but also the foreign ambassadors, coming immediately next to the Chief Magistrate himself."

This statement is made over the signature of the Marquise de Fontenoy in the columns of the *New York Tribune*. The same article has also appeared, evidently with approval, in the *Pilot*, the official organ of Cardinal O'Connell. We are to understand, therefore, that a Roman Catholic cardinal claims official precedence over the Vice-President of the United States, the Speaker of the House, and every other Government official, excepting only the President himself. Just why any exception was made, we are at a loss to see; but perhaps Cardinal O'Connell thought it well not to claim too much at once. Later he may decide to put himself above the President. In the meantime, he has placed himself above the Governor of his own commonwealth, the sovereign State of Massachusetts. At a meeting of the Irish Charitable Society of Boston a few months ago, the first toast was to the United States, and a letter from the President was read. It had been contemplated by some more liberal Catholics to give the second toast to the commonwealth, and to have the Governor present to respond. Cardinal O'Connell, however, as a "Prince of the Church," demanded precedence over the Governor, which fact being brought to the latter's attention, he refused to be present. When the Boston cardinal visited Lowell, his native city, a short while since, his official organ

devoted two full pages to the incident, and referred to the new "Prince of the Church" as the "first citizen of Lowell." In the same issue the cardinal printed a notice "to the Reverend Clergy," telling them that "no official business must be directed to him, but to his chancellor or secretary," and that "no lay person will be heard in any chancery business." He adds also that he is so busy that he can not receive any personal calls, and that only very rarely should any one try to see him, even on business.

All this sort of thing reads like a chapter out of the Middle Ages. We are too accustomed to some of our own representatives making a mess of things to charge all of Cardinal O'Connell's doings up to the great church to which he belongs. None the less, he is the highest official representative of his church in America, and some responsibility for his actions must attach to the organization which he represents. When one reflects that a Roman Catholic cardinal, by every principle of the American Constitution and law, is entitled to no more precedence anywhere; so far as the State is concerned, than a Methodist bishop or a Congregational minister, the absurd arrogance of the Boston cardinal is readily seen. Such arrogance is amusing and ridiculous, of course, in itself; but when it enters into our national administration and policy, it passes a jest. Somebody ought to inform Cardinal O'Connell, as a bit of news, that he is living in the twentieth century and not in the twelfth.

Rome and Education.

Much dissatisfaction and regret have been expressed at different times, in many quarters, because of the disappearance of the Bible from our public schools. It is not so generally known that the principal agent in eliminating the Bible from the American public-school system was Archbishop Hughes, of the Roman Catholic Church. Bishop Hughes complained that the Protestant version was uniformly used, and that the results of such use were prejudicial and unfair to his own communion. The courts and legal procedure in the separate States have pretty uniformly sustained this contention. It comes now, however, with rather bad grace from the Roman Catholic organs that our public schools are "godless." In a recent issue of a Catholic journal, this term is applied again and again to the American public-school system. Explanations, incorrect by the way,

are also given of how "public schools were made godless."

The lack of religious and moral influence in our schools is a matter of deep concern to all educators at the present time. Before the days when the Bible was driven from the opening exercises, there was much less criticism. Why any one should object to the simple reading of the Scripture text, without comment, seems hard to see. And yet if objection, on religious grounds, is made, one readily understands how such objection must be sustained by our courts. Absolute religious freedom is one of the cornerstones of our national prosperity. There must, therefore, be no discrimination in favor of any religion in the school system of the nation.

It is a strange commentary upon the above, however, that the Catholic Bureau at Washington should demand of the President of the United States, and receive at his hands, only a short time ago the revocation of Indian Commissioner Valentine's order forbidding the use of special religious garb and insignia in the Government schools. To compel Protestant children to go to school taught by teachers wearing Catholic robes and insignia, and inculcating a specific religion through the mediums of both eye and ear, did not seem unfair to the leaders of the Catholic Church; but to read a few passages from the Bible in the presence of Catholic children was to them a decided violation of Constitutional freedom of conscience. Consistency is evidently not among the jewels worn by the "princes of the church."—The Christian Standard.



"Here's a nickel," said a thrifty housewife to a tramp at the door. "Now, what are you going to do with it?"

"Well, mum," replied the hungry man, "if I buy a touring car, I shan't have enough left to pay my chauffeur; if I purchase a steam yacht, there won't be enough left to defray the cost of manning her; so I guess, mum, I'll get a schooner and handle her myself."



"I'm very fond of watermelon," remarked Mr. Gummey, "but it always gives me cramps."

"Just wait till my idea is perfected," replied Mr. Glanders, "and then you can eat watermelon with impunity."

"What is your idea, may I ask?"

"To graft the watermelon to the Jamaica ginger plant."—Horace Zimmerman.

POISON IVY FACTS

T. Matsen

PEOPLE who, during the latter part of summer and early fall, like to explore the green country, very seldom are thoughtful enough to keep from getting in contact with poison ivy, or as it is sometimes referred to as poison oak. Although these two plants vary somewhat in appearance their poisonous propensities are the same. Poison ivy is a short plant confining itself to the ground, spreading out considerably, while poison oak is in the form of a vine. The leaves of the poison ivy are divided into three and sometimes five parts, pointed, and notched along the edge. The poisonous ingredients of this plant are in the form of an oil, which after having come in contact with the skin causes an irritating itch. It is not necessary for a person to come in actual contact with this plant to become infected. Instances have been shown where persons who have been in the immediate vicinity of the plant have become infected, the dust settling on the leaves, and later transferred to the person's skin, thus producing practically the same result as if it had come in actual contact with the plant. The results of having come in contact with this plant do not always show up at once. Three to four hours,

and sometimes but very rarely, one or two days elapse before the actual eruption of the skin takes place. Persons having come in contact with the poison ivy, should exercise the utmost care to prevent any part of body affected, from coming in contact with any other part not affected, as the poison is easily spread. Do not rub the eyes if hands are affected. The treatments for this infection are many and numerous. A person finding himself out in the woods and away from any immediate reach of medicines, will find great relief in applying plain clay or black earth to the affected parts. Though this may seem absurd to some people, it has nevertheless been proven a certified fact. This application cools the affected parts and draws out the heat. As soon as practicable the affected parts should then be bathed with an alkaline solution, followed by an application of a weak solution of carbolic acid. The itching and burning sensations as well as the outward appearance of the inflamed skin, will gradually disappear, when in the course of from seven to twelve days all traces of having come in contact with the poison ivy will be gone.

PAPER MONEY

Mrs. T. D. Foster

IT is not generally known that the United States prints and engraves money for other nations. A few weeks ago China sent out a hurry call for paper money and the order was sent to the American Bank Note Company, which makes most of the paper money in the world, and is now at work doing its utmost to fill the order on time. China's new bank notes are particularly interesting for a variety of reasons.

At present, the republic is using the bank notes of the issue of 1908, which bore the head of Li Hung Chang, and the new money will closely follow the old in design, but there will be one important change. Li Hung Chang will be done away with; the republic does not want him. The head they substitute is not one of the leaders of

the revolution, but of a philosopher named Menences, who lived centuries ago and was the first man to agitate for democracy in China.

Another point of interest about the new money is, that it marks the millennium of paper money in China. For 1,000 years the country has used paper as currency, centuries before the Western world began to dream of the possibility of any such thing.



The promised land is ever before the children of men in the course of their pilgrimage. Each generation journeys toward it, approaches it, beholds afar its fair hills and plains which a succeeding generation shall possess.—Rev. E. P. Parker, Congregationalist, Hartford, Conn.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

On the train from Basel through Switzerland, Friday morning, 9:30.

Dear Children:

It is time to write you again, for incidents are crowding themselves into our lives these days, and to have you enjoy them in part I must keep up the writing. I am hoping that you have arranged so the letters will get around to each one of you and thus all enjoy them. You have said nothing, and so we have been sending them to the Dovecot and there they can begin to be read.

The other day in Berlin mama said I gave her no idea of what she was seeing and that is really true. It is simply impossible to tell of the beauty and grandeur of these scenes that pass before us, and mother enters into them with such whole-souled enjoyment that she is about out of business as a sight-seer. Night before last she could not sleep but lay with eyes shut and the zoo and the statuary kept coming up before her all night. She was not fit to go out yesterday morning, and I left her at the hotel while I went out and parted with some "marks" in buying a few things from Berlin for the dear ones at home. I bought blankets in the largest store in Germany, and mama says they are all right, too. It took me till nearly noon to do the buying, and as we were leaving at 3:20 we had no time to see more. I am disappointed, too, for I had intended to see Ravenne's art gallery and had to give it up.

A good "veal roast" dinner at the hotel, paying of bills and skirmishing to the train found us at last nicely located in a second-class car ready for our long journey to Switzerland. The country south of Berlin is fairly nice, growing more beautiful all the way. The train ran steady and rapid for two hours without stopping, and then we came to Halle. Here Father and Mother Miller had their home for a part of a year some years ago. South of Halle we saw the women do the work. They were hauling out manure. The women pitched it on the wagon, then the men drove the load to the field and pulled it off into piles, and the women spread it. I tell you the women do the work in Germany, and I have been trying to have mama learn the lesson, but it is working the other way on her.

Before night we passed through Weimar,

the home of Goethe, and rode down through the valley of the Saale, a most beautiful country skirted on either side by high bluffs and here and there a tower from 500 to 800 years old. Darkness came and we prepared for the night by stretching out our seats. At midnight a new conductor came in and tried to tell us something and I could not understand him. So he motioned us to lie down and we obeyed. He turned out the lights, shut the door and we heard no more of him till six this morning. We were then packing up to leave the train at Basel.

We slept fairly well, but mama says her back aches. The seat was not so wonderfully comfortable, and yet it beat sitting up all night. Mama was very tired and I was going to take a sleeper until I learned they wanted 24 marks, or \$6, and all of a sudden I lost interest in sleeping in a "Dutch sleep wagon," as they call them.

Basel is the same place it was three years since. We lunched from our hand bag, walked around a bit and by 7:30 were ready and started on our train south to Lusaunne where Bro. Pellet will meet us. The ride all morning has been through the pretty Swiss mountains, oh, so beautiful! There is but one Switzerland, and my second coming here simply emphasizes the statement. Mama is resting. She must and she lies in front of me, I think asleep. Poor woman! She got too many Dutch scenes in a chunk in Berlin and it is hard on her. She will have to be a little more moderate in her looking from now on. But she is doing splendidly and is getting all out of the trip possible.

Today four weeks we sail from Naples for New York. Since Bess and Clyde are at Mount Morris, if all are well when we arrive in New York, we will stop in the East a few days and reach Elgin seven weeks from tomorrow, Saturday, Nov. 5, on a B. & O. train coming to Chicago in the morning. This will bring us home in a nice part of the day. If this plan is not satisfactory in any way you will let us know when you write to us at our New York address. Think of it! unless you answer at once, we can get no reply from this letter in Europe any more. We will soon be home sure.

Upon our arrival in New York we will

either telegraph Elgin and they can phone Mount Morris, or vice versa. I will talk to mama when she awakes and see which she would prefer, but I think it will be the best to send word to Williams at Elgin and let him look after it for all of you, and let each one know at once.

We are well, save very tired, and have many things to be thankful for. God bless you at home and keep you ever. We send love to you from this far away land. God be with you.

Mama just sits up and says we will wire Elgin and Williams will report to you at the Mount by phone. We are in the fine Swiss vineyards now, and mama looks out and says: "Here is where they grow beans." But she knows better now. We are beside a beautiful lake, as we ride along. But I close.



A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE WITH A "VERY BRAVE" DRUNKARD.

In the October American Magazine appears an article "Fighting the Deadly Habits," by Samuel Merwin, in which is told the story of Charles B. Towns, a great expert in the treatment of alcohol and drug fiends. The following is one of the stories told:

"Not long ago, as I happen to know, a rather bad case of alcoholism was brought to him by friends of the doubly unfortunate man. This person was a young and exceedingly powerful man physically. He was a bully of a rather terrifying sort. He was accustomed to boast that he could 'lick anybody.' Towns was warned to be careful with him; but replied by merely ordering a room prepared—an ordinary bedroom, of course, for Towns has no other sort. He makes no special preparations for rough characters. So far as I can see, after five years of observing his work, no one could possibly be rough in Towns' hospital. It simply wouldn't work.

"It didn't work in this case.

"Towns received the blustering giant with his usual utter self-command. He personally escorted him to the assigned room, asked the others to leave, and quietly closed the door.

"Now," he said, "they tell me that where you've been you could lick everybody. Is that so?"

"The blusterer grunted, in some surprise.

"Well, let me tell you that you can't lick anybody here. Not a soul. Not a hall-boy or a nurse. If you've got any idea

that you can in that head of yours, you can begin right here and now—with me."

"It is quite impossible to convey, on the mere printed page, any adequate idea of what such a speech could mean coming from Towns. The candid and dominant eye, the astonishing physical vitality (for a man of fifty or of any other age), the utter sense of mastery, the admonishing finger waved before a retreating nose. No, you couldn't defeat Towns. You could kill him, perhaps, but you couldn't defeat him. This braggart didn't. He became very meek and did exactly as he was told, quite as you or I would have done in his place. And the quiet men and women who were occupying other rooms at that moment never knew that such a little flurry had taken place."



The work of the home is the greatest work in the world for the woman and the girl ought to be and can be trained to regard housework as a joy and a happiness.—Rev. Elder Bennison, Mormon, Salt Lake City, Utah.



"Look-a-here, Malvina!" cried the old man, shaking a horny finger at the bills the rural free delivery carrier had left, "mustard plasters from Josyin's, fifty cents; six teeth pulled at Dr. Pollard's, three dollars! There's three dollars and a half in one week spent for your own private pleasure. Do you think, woman, I'm made of money?"



GOVERNMENT INSURANCE IN URUGUAY.

Olive A. Smith.

NEW insurance laws for Uruguay are reported by American Minister Grevsted of Montevideo. Insurance covering risks of life and accidents of work or fire is to be a State monopoly. The State is also authorized to engage in other lines of insurance as may be determined later. Private companies now operating in the republic may continue to transact business of a "provisional character," but when the State has once decided to issue an executive decree establishing its insurance in any certain field of risks, private insurance in this field will be prohibited. All new contracts will be null and void, while old contracts will remain binding upon the companies. Violations of this law are punishable by fine and imprisonment.



Frances J. Miller.

A HEALTHY BABY

FRANCES J. MILLER was born Nov. 28, 1911, and is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard W. Miller of Broadway, Va.

This photo was taken when nine months old. She is now ten months old. Her nourishment until she was five months old consisted of that which nature provides and since then plain cow's milk.

She has never been sick to amount to anything. The only medicine she has ever taken is castor oil and castoria.

She has two teeth, crawls everywhere and can walk in her baby-walker.

She goes to bed early in the evening,

sleeps good all night with plenty of fresh air winter and summer.

She has her daily bath, loves to splash and play in the water often cries when she is taken out. She still sleeps two good naps during the day.

She has always been a good baby only gets the attention all babies need.

We do not rock her to sleep, just lay her in her little bed in a dark room and she is all right and soon fast asleep. We try to give her plenty of fresh water to drink.

She is a country baby, has dark hair and very dark eyes. Always has a smile for everybody. Weighs 24 pounds.

AMONG THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

At the late District Meeting of Southwest Kansas and Colorado steps were taken toward placing McPherson College into the hands of the church districts interested in the school. A committee of five was appointed to coöperate with the fifteen trustees in making definite plans. A meeting is called for Jan. 20 and 21 when the matter will be acted upon.

McPherson College was represented by the following speakers at the recent District Meeting of Southwestern Kansas and Colorado: Dr. J. A. Clement, Dr. H. J. Harnly, Prof. J. J. Yoder, and Prof. E. M. Studebaker. At the educational meeting of Northeastern Kansas Trustees Kinzie and Sawyer were present, while Missionary E. H. Eby spoke as an alumnus and Prof. E. L. Craik as a member of the faculty. The spirit of both of these meetings was enthusiastic. Sentiment for the college is growing.

There are sixteen ministers enrolled in McPherson College at the present time, and the most of them are young men.

COLLEGE HONORS AND LATER SUCCESS.

The following statements from the Chicago Record-Herald are quite significant for the college student.

There is a general feeling, not confined to the sporting undergraduate, that the college "grind" is not the man who makes his mark in the outside world. Even literary persons have been guilty of heretical views. Stevenson pointed to Macaulay as one of the few who escaped with college honors and still had a shot left in their lockers. And there is a saying, as old as human indolence, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Very well, but there is something to be said on the other side, and Paul van Dyke in the current Scribner's makes out a good case for the hard-working student. Of course the hard-working student is not necessarily a "grind," but, since the confusion exists in the undergraduate mind, the distinction need not be made here.

Mr. van Dyke examined the careers of a number of classes of high-honor men at

Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Amherst and Brown—twenty classes in the case of Yale and Princeton. There were 348 living high-honor men of eighty-four classes of these five colleges in 1911, and of this number 131 had contrived to get their names printed in "Who's Who." The investigation was extended to the second rank of honor men for thirteen Harvard classes and twenty classes each of Yale and Princeton. Of the 287 such men alive in 1911 sixty-nine had their names written in our book of celebrities of varying luster. In the three colleges last named 502 honor men of the first and second rank, of whom 129 had not reached the average age of persons in "Who's Who," furnished 156 names in that volume.

Of course, having one's name in "Who's Who" is not an infallible index of success, but some sort of rough standard must be adopted in making such tests as Mr. van Dyke's. It cannot be denied that the high-honor men have come off with flying colors.

The most humble home may have in it a soul destined to become a shining light in the world.

Historically, Christianity sprang out of Judaism, but it was the Judaism not of the law, but of the prophets.

Many good men have been carried to a premature grave because of attacks made upon them by malicious persons.

The will is the great dynamo that keeps at work all the moral machinery within us. Let the will stop and everything stops.

In accordance with Christ's voice we shall learn that mercy is greater than sacrifice, that truth is more wonderful than fiction.

History is strewn with the wrecks of civilization. They perished not because they were aged, but because they were corrupt.

One of the most amazing things to see and one of the hardest things to bear is the behavior of some young people who have come to that stage of their growth when they take themselves too seriously.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE ARISTOCRACY OF SERVICE.

Richard Braunstein.

THIS is Christ's order of Aristocracy: "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister." According to this theory, the great man is he who serves. This message of the Great Teacher was delivered in an age which believed that idleness is a sign of greatness and service a badge of servitude. In that age the superior man was the man who could command and control the services of others and we have not yet fully ridden ourselves of this notion. Why do we educate our children today? Most often there is a tacit understanding somewhere that the object of education is to secure for the young people a life of ease and leisure afterwards. We give them an education in order that they may command clean collar jobs. We may laugh at the crude conception of the Chinese, when we read about a delegation of their mandarins on a visit to this country, expressing surprise that the sons of the rich would play baseball and football for their own amusement instead of hiring others to play for them. There is still everywhere a silent admission that to be waited upon is a mark of distinction. It matters not whether a man sweats on the outside or on the inside of his brow, but the real man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

It is generally recognized that the German system of education emphasizes scholarship as its end and the English system culture. What should the American system be? This is a big question to answer outright, but it is a simple one if we deal with fundamentals and answer it from an unprofessional standpoint. The true education must combine culture and scholarship, as secondary means toward an ultimate end for its goal, and that end should be efficiency in service, power for usefulness. An educational institution in a democracy is not supposed to be an experiment station where, under most approved methods, we procure a rare specimen of cultured scholar. It should be a training school for the preparation of future generations for lives of usefulness and service.

Jesus did not only preach about the royalty of service. He practiced it in his life, which was a life of continued sacrifice. No purple robe was ever more becoming on a

prince than was the apron and towel on him who washed his disciples' feet. His sceptre of royalty was a carpenter's tool and his throne the cross. Royal blood ran through his veins and he could trace his lineage back to the house of David. But no claim of royalty is ever made on the basis of descent, by either himself or his disciples. As a boy he confounded the wisdom of the wisest of his time, but he did not found a new school of thought or originate a new system of philosophy. He cherished no ambitions of authorship and the only time he wrote was when he stooped down on the ground. He was rich but for our sakes he became poor. He carried no purse and if he did it was empty. Once he had to resort to a miracle to pay his taxes. "The foxes had holes and the birds had nests, but the Son of Man had nowhere to lay his head." He steadfastly refused to build his kingdom on these shaky foundations. The keynote of his life was service and service was the theme of his message.

Coming down to the level of men we will mention two preëminent characters of our national history, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Washington was a born aristocrat, a man of culture and a man of wealth as culture and wealth were rated at this time. But he is remembered today not because of these advantages he enjoyed, but his name is held in honor because he served his country. Lincoln had no such advantages. Born in obscurity and reared in most straitened circumstances, of the formal and conventional sort of education, with only ten months' schooling, with no power of prestige or wealth in back of him, yet he rose to the highest pinnacle of fame and honor in America because he served his country and his fellowmen.

The theme of the pulpit today is Service. "I serve" is the motto of the proudest prince in Europe.

We talk about kings and presidents and leaders in every realm of life, yet we do not feel that we are under special obligations to become one of them. True loyalty is within the reach of every one. The world's standard of measurement is always growing taller. Greatness is a relative term. Newton was the greatest astronomer of his day, but an average college graduate knows more astronomy today than Newton

knew two hundred years ago. Hence he is also great who ministers—it may be only in the giving of a cup of cold water.

Emerson has said: "Hitch your wagon to a star." That is to say, in life, aim high. This can be done in two ways. First, by lifting the wagon up to the star. This is a very hard task. Sometimes it is physically impossible. Second, by bringing the star within measurable distance. I will recommend the latter course. One thing is necessary—do not lower your ideal. In closing, allow me to say that I am thinking of that witty confession of Shakespeare's, "It is easier to tell twenty people what were right to do, than to be one of the twenty to do my own bidding." Nothing is easier than to give advice. This is no new thought to you. You may have heard it a hundred times. Let this be the hundred and first time. Better yet forget what I have written save this saying of him who is greater than all: "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister."



WHO IS IN FAULT?

(Continued from Page 1284.)

36. Which is the shortest chapter in the Bible?
37. Which is the shortest verse in the Bible?
38. Quote the shortest verse in the Bible.
39. Quote Ecclesiastes 11: 13, 14.
40. What is the name of the last book in the Old Testament?
41. Who was the oldest man mentioned in the Bible?
42. Who was the beloved disciple?
43. Who wrote the books of the Bible?
- Ans. 2 Peter 1: 21.
44. What is pure religion? Ans. James 1: 27.
45. Where is the Sermon on the Mount recorded?
46. What two men mentioned in the Bible were translated and did not see death?
47. Who came first to the sepulchre and learned that Christ had risen?
48. Quote John 3: 16.
49. What king was driven from men and ate grass like oxen? Dan. 4: 33.
50. Spell the name of the first book in the Bible.
51. What does Genesis mean?
52. What does Exodus mean?
53. Who was Abraham's father and of whom was Abraham a firm friend?
54. Whose son was Isaac?
55. Whose son was Jacob?

56. Whose son was Joseph?
57. Where did Joseph's family live?
58. Did Joseph grow to manhood at home?
59. How and why did Joseph leave his home and where did he go?
60. Did Joseph want to leave home?
61. Did Joseph ever go back to his father after being hid in the pit?
62. What sort of a boy was Joseph?
63. What kind of a man did Joseph become?
64. How did Joseph treat people generally?
65. Who really ruled Joseph's life?



WHY FRET?

In the November American Magazine appears the following:

"Are the trains too slow for you? Cæsar, with all of his court, never 'exceeded' the speed limit.

"Are your wages too small? In Europe people are content with making a living.

"Are the lights too dim? David wrote his psalms by the light of a smoky torch.

"Are you ugly? Cleopatra, though homely, bewitched two emperors.

"Are you cold? The soldiers of Valley Forge walked barefoot on the ice and snow.

"Are you hungry? The children of India are starving for want of a crust of bread.

"Are you tired? Why fret about it? Jacob was tired when he dreamed of the angels of heaven.

"Are you sick? Suppose you had lived two thousand years ago when sickness was fatal.

"Are you poor? The Savior of Men was not wealthy.

"Cheer up! Praise God that you live in the midst of his blessings!

"WHY FRET?"



The characteristic of our time is lawlessness.

Death is a transition from the material to the spiritual.

Efficiency is the keynote of the modern business world.

A woman does not cease to be a woman because she is trampled in the mire of life.

There are too many churches that are willing to sit still till they rot from inaction.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Miss M. Andrews.

IF you are going away from home for a few days, try this method of watering your house plants: Place a pail of water among the plants, but at a higher elevation. Have a strip of muslin long enough to reach from the bottom of the pail to each plant. Tie one end of each strip to a weight and sink in water. Arrange the other end among the plants, giving those requiring most water a wider strip. The water will pass through the muslin as oil does through a wick, and will keep the plants fresh as long as the water lasts.

Those who have no fireless cookers would do well to try this method: The article to be cooked is started on the cook stove, then placed in a large butter bowl and covered with another. Then the whole is securely wrapped in newspapers. You will find this does the cooking nicely, and is most useful when you wish to go out for the afternoon.

This is one of the best known methods of cleaning black silk: Brush the silk thoroughly and wipe with a cloth, then lay on a board, or table and sponge with hot coffee that has been strained. After the silk is partly dry, iron on the wrong side. The coffee removes the grease and restores the brilliancy without making it shiny or stiff.

To clean windows in winter, when water would freeze on them, first wipe off the dust with a dry cloth, then with a cloth saturated with kerosene. Polish with a dry cloth.

To keep the spool of thread from falling to the floor when crocheting, pin a small pocket to the apron, with an eyelet hole for the thread to run through. It may be removed from the apron when not in use, and will save much time and annoyance.

When making cake do not melt the butter to mix with the sugar, as this makes the cake heavy. Put the sugar in a double boiler and let it get warm. In this way it creams the butter nicely and does not melt it.

To prepare oranges, pour boiling water over them and let stand about five minutes. The peeling can be easily removed, and the white lining will come off with the peeling. Then cut the orange length-

wise; lay it on the bread board and cut crosswise in thin slices. In this way you have your orange in shape to be eaten with a fork.

Old catalogues make useful pads for the kitchen table or cupboard, to set a pie or cake on when cooling, thus saving the oil-cloth or woodwork. They are also useful for the ironing board, to clean the irons on, and the scorched leaves can be torn off when necessary.

To remove perspiration stains from a silk waist, sponge the place with a clean rag wet in clear, cold water, cover the place with powdered prepared chalk, let dry and brush carefully with a soft brush.

Let onions stand in water for several minutes before peeling, and they will not smart your eyes.

To make washing easier, take a piece of garden hose, about ten feet long, and attach it to the faucet holding the other end in the tubs until they are filled. This will save much lifting.

One can make quite a variety of jelly just from apples, by using different flavoring, the most satisfactory results being obtained by drawing a few rose geranium leaves through the jelly while hot. The flavor resulting is something similar to quince.

A lard pail may be converted into a tea-kettle steamer, simply by punching the bottom of it with holes. Two or three holes should also be punched in the cover, as outlets for the steam. A smaller sized pail or coffee can furnishes a suitable receptacle inside for steaming puddings, small loaves of brown bread, or other articles of food.

Lay several thicknesses of newspaper over the bed springs. It will keep out the cold and protect the mattress from wear.



Renewing the Curtains.

When fall house cleaning makes it obligatory to launder the curtains, those of lace are not always found satisfactory. Where one wishes a curtain to last a long time, it is best to discard lace, and use some one of the many suitable fabrics in their stead. Good scrim, or barred muslin, Swiss, or even plain, five-cents-a-

yard white muslin are all suitable for white curtains, and will wash and keep their whiteness a long time. Cheesecloth does not launder well, though while new it looks all right. Many housewives prefer colored curtains for the winter, and there are many beautiful colors and designs in silkoline, etc., which launder without fading, and lend an air of cheerfulness to the room. One has but to visit the house-furnishing department of a large city department store, to find many fabrics that will take the place of the white curtain, and which will launder satisfactorily. Many prefer sash curtains for much used rooms, as they are easily laundered, and do not shut out the sunshine and light during the short days of winter, while giving privacy to the room from the outside.



Some Good Salads.

Cabbage Salad.—One small, firm, white head of cabbage, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of salt, one cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful of butter. Mix the sugar, eggs, mustard and salt, then add the vinegar and beat all thoroughly; add the butter and cook in a double boiler until thick. Stir in the finely chopped cabbage while the dressing is hot, and serve immediately.

String Bean Salad.—Marinate two cups of cold cooked beans with French dressing; add one teaspoonful of finely cut chives; pile in the center of a salad dish, and arrange around the edge thin slices of radishes slightly overlapping each other.



The dapper little ribbon-clerk gazed languishingly into the dark eyes of the handsome brunette waitress.

"Isn't it wonderful," he gurgled, "how opposites seem to be attracted to each other?"

"It sure is," agreed the beauty. "I noticed only today that the tallest man at the lunch counter ordered shortcake."—C. A. Leedy.



Mrs. Blatchford (in trolley-car): "Look at Mrs. Knowlton, just coming in. I wonder why she pulls down her veil?"

Mrs. Landsay: "She sees her husband at the other end of the car, and knows she will get his seat if he thinks she is a stranger."—G. T. Evans.



We were coming from Strasburg, Virginia, to Winchester, Virginia, in an omni-

bus, General Jackson and part of his staff. I was with my father, Major Wells Hawks, who told this story as we went along.

"In the early days one of the Pilgrim Fathers was going out in the woods, carrying his gun. He met a man who said, 'Where are you going?'"

"Out in the woods."

"Why do you carry your gun?"

"I might meet an Indian."

"I thought you were a Calvinist."

"I am a Calvinist."

"Don't you believe you can't die till your time comes?"

"I know I can't die till my time comes."

"Then, why carry a gun?"

"Because I might meet an Indian whose time had come."

"And Stonewall laughed."—Mignon M. Logee.



In the early days of the Klondike gold fields, the miners lived almost wholly on canned goods brought from the United States and Canada. To an old Indian who frequented the diggings, the cans were a constant surprise—the meat, vegetables and fish all amazed him.

When the first phonograph was imported, however, he had come to consider himself wise in the ways of the paleface. After listening gravely to a song by the machine, he said, with the assurance of one to whom everything is entirely clear, "He canned white man."—Youth's Companion.



About the only way some women can serve Christ is to get up a supper for him.—Rev. L. M. Madden, Presbyterian, Hoopeston, Ill.



By the death of Baron Grey de Ruthyn, Cecil Clifton, a cattle-rancher of Montana, becomes a peer of England. His title carries with it the delightful privilege of bearing the gold spurs at the king's coronation.



Many sided and complex are the phases of work, various are the meanings of the word labor, but the law is one and the same for all. "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat."—Rev. M. L. Zweig, German Reformed, Reading, Pa.



If the highest living discloses to us infinite value in life, no written book, no academic materialism can possibly destroy this value.—Rev. William Sullivan, Ethical, Philadelphia, Pa.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

WHO IS IN FAULT?

S. W. Mitchell.

THAT there is a lamentable lack of knowledge concerning the teachings of the Scriptures among even, very intelligent people, is a fact too well known to require either argument or evidence. How to overcome this lack became an absorbing question in the mind of a pastor of a church in a small western town. That people should know the Bible as a matter of elementary education, even if not drawn to it for spiritual uplift, became to him a settled conviction and he set himself diligently to interest those of his congregation and Sunday-school, and through them the town, in the study of the Book. He first spoke of the history and poetry contained in it, of the law distinctly and expressly given, of conditions of men at different times, and their biographies, of the two divisions, why? and names and meaning, the first books and what their names signify. Then he wrote one hundred and fifty independent questions, and had half of them printed in the local paper one week, the remainder following in the next issue. Then invited people to the church a week night to learn how the work was progressing and if necessary lend some help. The people came out and not only interest but enthusiasm was apparent. Everyone seemed awake to answer these questions. Now this pastor proposes after a little time to open the church for a test, conducted something after the manner of the old time "spelling school." Long, and many lists of questions can still be asked and he finds people ready to study and answer them. This town is neither worse nor better than many others, and perhaps Christian people, even ministers are in fault that there is not more interest in the study of "The Book." The following is the list of questions to which reference has been made:

Who can answer correctly the following Biblical questions? Cut this out and keep it. You will want it after a few weeks.

1. Into what general divisions is the Bible divided.
2. How many books in the Old Testament?
3. How many books in the New Testament?

4. Name the first five books of the Old Testament.
5. What are the first five books of the Old Testament called?
6. Who wrote the first five books of the Old Testament?
7. What are the first four books of the New Testament called?
8. Who wrote the first four books of the New Testament?
9. History of what period is contained in the book of Genesis?
10. How many individuals were saved in the ark?
11. Who led the Israelites out of Egypt?
12. Across what sea did they pass "dry shod"?
13. Who tried to follow the Israelites through the sea and were drowned?
14. How many years did the Israelites spend in the wilderness?
15. How many of those who entered the wilderness lived to enter the promised land? What were their names?
16. Of what event was the Passover a reminder?
17. How often was the Passover observed?
18. Who was the first Jewish king.
19. Who built the first temple?
20. Who prepared the material for the temple?
21. From what country did the builders bring the timbers?
22. Who offered the prayer at the dedication of the temple.
23. What animals were offered as a peace offering at the dedication of the temple?
24. Who were the first three kings of Israel?
25. How and where did Saul die?
26. What Captain "was a leper"?
27. To what prophet did Naaman go for healing?
28. To what river was Naaman sent for healing?
29. How many times did Naaman "dip himself" in the river before he was cured?
30. What was Gehazi's sin?
31. What penalty befell Gehazi for his sin?
32. Who was healed from sickness and fifteen years added to his life in answer to prayer?
33. What Priest "stood upon a pulpit of wood" and "opened the book in the sight of all the people"?
34. How many Psalms are there?
35. Which is the longest chapter in the Bible?

(Continued on Page 1281.)

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

The teacher had asked the children to write their autobiographies, and the essays were not very picturesque.

"Now, children," she said, "I don't want you simply to write the happenings of your life; write what you really feel inside."

Little Willie, in his second attempt, wrote: "Inside I feel a heart, liver, lungs and stomach, and inside the stomach I feel an apple, a corn ball, a pickle and a glass of milk."



The minds of the young idea are mostly taken up with the topic of the day—baseball, at present. Tommy's mother was bouncing baby on her knee, muttering the usual fond, foolish remarks, while Tommy was trying not to listen.

"O-oh, little wee petsy-wetsy!" babbled his mother. "Mumsy's and daddy's little darling. Um's precious, um is! Mumsy wouldn't sell oo for a hundred million dollars."

"Oh, mother!" said Tommy, reprovingly. "Why, Pittsburgh only paid \$22,500 for Marty O'Toole!"



A sharp farmer had occasion to sell some eggs to a hotel-keeper and, after counting them and paying, the landlord found that there was one over. He suggested that it was "thrown in." But the farmer protested that this would never do, so it was agreed that he should have a drink for the extra egg.

"What will you have?" the landlord asked.

"Egg and milk," replied the farmer, with a grin.



Census Taker—How old are you?

Old Woman—Well, just count for yer-self. My mother was born the year the rats ate old Mrs. Jeffrey's chickens, an' a fine flock of chickens they were. She, my mother, was married the year after her father died, an' then I was born two years after my sister Betty.



"What's the matter, Hiram?"

"I thought the agricultural department was run in the interests of the American farmer."

"Well, ain't it?"

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There are some things that should become a part of one's education which are not taught in the public schools and very rarely in the homes. These are certain stages in the lives of human beings concerning which, to avoid evil results, a knowledge of certain things is a necessity.

The series of books above mentioned, in eight volumes, each in its place, in plain, concise and at the same time well chosen words, furnish the necessary information and instruction.

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- What a Young Man Ought to Know.
- What a Young Woman Ought to Know.
- What a Young Wife Ought to Know.
- What a Young Husband Ought to Know.
- What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know.
- What a Man of 45 Ought to Know.

Many thousands of these books have been sold all over the world.

Price, per copy,\$1.00

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

"No. I wrote 'em for some literature to help me get summer boarders, but they didn't have nothing of the kind in stock."



J. G. Phelps Stokes, the social worker, was praising the various country-week associations that give the children of the poor brief country vacations.

"The poor little urchins," said Mr. Stokes, "enjoy these healthful holidays, and wonderful are the remarks that the country's strangeness draws from their young lips. One August afternoon a tiny East Sider, pointing to a farmer's herds in a shady meadow, asked:

"Where does the farmer get all the chewing-gum for his cows?"



"I won't wash my face!" said Dolly defiantly.

"Naughty, naughty," reproved grandmother. "When I was a little girl I always washed my face."

"Yes, and now look at it!"



THE MOON MAIDEN.

W. B. Ridsdale.

IN seas that move not 'neath the golden mist—
Deep, secret seas that mysteries enfold

So grim, so beautiful, so old—
The red sun sinks; then, o'er the hilltop kissed

By ruby lips of afterglow, full soon
There lifts, as beautiful, the moon.
The sky is chrysoprase, and rose and blue;
The sand lies blotched with such a vital red

As though a giant there had bled. . . .
The sea 'neath stark-black cliffs holds purple hue;

The tide ebbs low, and whispers on its way

A lullaby to passing day.
O'er silent waters in the moon's still light
There comes a dim, fair form with starry eyes

And hair that holds, when daylight dies,
The sunbeams 'midst the shades of darkling night.

White-armed, she draws me forth with silvern gleams

Into the Land of All My Dreams.

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THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY PROGRESS ECONOMY



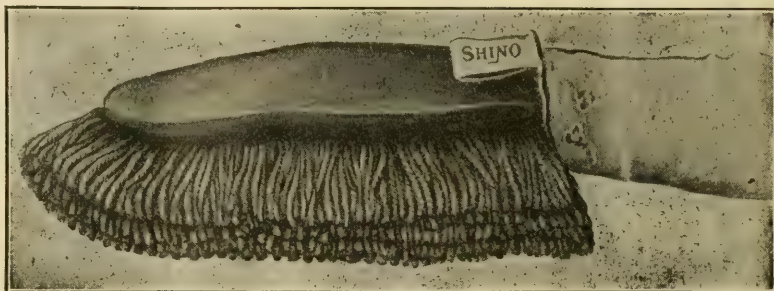
BRETHREN PUBLISHING
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November 19
1912

Vol. XIV
No. 47

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**Elgin
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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIV

November 19, 1912

No. 47

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



The Kirkville (Mo.) Rural School.

BELIEVING that the readers of the *Inglebrook* are always interested in the development of the rural schools we try to gather as much information on that subject as possible. The rural school problem is one that will not down and after the mist has been blown away we may find that the school problem is practically the same the world over and that there should not be so much difference between the city and country schools as some would have us believe. When the city children are taught more about nature and the farmer boys and girls are given an opportunity to learn more about the science of plant life and the business of being a good citizen the traditional "dude" and "rube" may disappear. Courses of study for the city and rural schools can never be the same because they must be adapted to the need and surroundings of the pupils but their ultimate purposes should be identical—mental and physical culture and good citizenship. We have never had too many "cultural" branches in the courses of study.

The trouble has been that they have never been in any way connected with the daily life of the pupils. Arithmetics were filled with problems which never existed in actual every day life, grammar was taught but not the art of appreciating good literature. In former years geometry was $99\frac{1}{4}$ per cent removed from practical living. The fault has been with the method of teaching and not in the subjects themselves. The farmer boy needs to know botany, the kind that helps him understand the growth of corn and wheat, fungi and weeds. He can use a knowledge of zoölogy in combating insects, in feeding and caring for the live stock. A thorough training in arithmetic, rapid calculation, algebra and geometry will help him out of many difficulties. A study of literature under a conscientious teacher will make any boy or girl a better man or woman. No school can make a farmer out of a boy. It can teach him how to become one and give him the necessary mental and physical equipment. The school does the starting but the boy must keep up the pushing.

The State of Kansas has introduced into the country school courses in agriculture, manual training and domestic science but their system is not perfect according to the words of E. T. Fairchild, superintendent of public instruction. In a recent address he said: "Bear this in mind: 300,000 of the 516,000 school children in this State are being taught in the rural buildings. And less than twenty-five per cent of that number are completing the grades. I think that's appalling. And the fact that the district schools have declined in the face of unprecedented progress in other institutions of learning shows that our real problem is in the country, and that we must direct our attention to these schools with renewed energy. The high schools have doubled in number in the last five years. Other in-

stitutions of learning have had wonderful growths. And at the same time the attendance in the rural schools has steadily decreased. Country pupils go to town for better advantages. . . . But before we can make much progress with the district schools, we must have more centralized organization of them. The old district plan is out of date. There are too many officials giving too little time to the administration of these schools. In Kansas 30,000 officials boss the 13,000 teachers."

Jane Addams Tells of Our Social Wrongs.

Since these notes will be published after the national election we are free to quote from one of the foremost progressives, a woman who has spent her life in constructive philanthropy. In the November number of the American Magazine Miss Addams defends her stand as a supporter of the Roosevelt policies. The progressive platform includes many social reforms and that is why such women as Jane Addams and men as Judge Lindsey have supported it during the campaign. Miss Addams gives an outline of some of the things wherein we as a nation are lacking. These problems are certain to become issues during subsequent campaigns.

"I have seen young girls lose out in the struggle to live honestly upon wages too meagre and intermittent to support them.

"I have known night-shift girls whose lives were shortened through sheer exhaustion totally without protection in America, although twenty-nine countries of the civilized world have prohibited all night work for women.

"I have witnessed the wife and children of a convict struggle unaided with bitter poverty while his prison earnings were added to the profits of a prison contractor, but could not be utilized for the support of his family.

"I have seen strong young immigrants incapacitated during the first three months in America, as the result of working in sand blasting or lead enameling, although in the fatherland they would have been adequately protected from industrial diseases.

"I constantly see promising boys and girls grow discouraged in one unskilled occupation after another, through lack of training in those continuation and trade schools which have been so widely established in Germany.

"I have witnessed the entire Hull House neighborhood filled with bitterness and resentment, when injunctions were unfairly used in labor disputes and contempt of

court pushed quite outside its legitimate province, and yet there was no method available for quiet and legal redress, without which well-ordered self-government is impossible."

The Prevention of Tuberculosis.

On Sunday, October 27, many of the ministers of Chicago observed a special day on which to discuss tuberculosis from the pulpit. The plan was originated by the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute for the purpose of arousing a greater public spirit in combating the white plague. It is said that the loss of life from tuberculosis has been reduced to about one-half of what it used to be but the work is only begun. For what progress has been made we have to thank the physicians, scientists and those public spirited citizens who have so willingly given their time and money.

Poorly built tenements, unventilated factories have been two great causes of the spread of tuberculosis but that is not all. The federal and State governments have been guilty of what should be called a crime. Tuberculosis is a common disease among the inmates of prisons and penitentiaries. Prison officials admit that many an able bodied man is returned to the world to make a living a consumptive wreck, but they are powerless to do much themselves, and State legislatures usually do not concern themselves very much about such matters. The new prisons are being constructed so as to admit as much sunlight as possible but many wardens have found that outdoor life is the best for the prisoners.

Walter Rauschenbusch has written a prayer for tuberculosis day. It reads as follows:

"O God, we pray thee for all whose vigor is being drained by slow and wasting illness. Strengthen their powers as they battle for their life and if it be possible, we beseech thee to restore them and grant them the fullness of their years. If their strength is failing, give them courage still to labor cheerfully and to leave to those who love them dear memories of faith and patience for the distant days.

"Since we are all jointly guilty of the conditions which have bred their diseases, may we stand by those who bear the burden of our common sin, and set the united will of our community against this power that slays the young and strong in the bloom of their life. May this death that creeps from man to man be a solemn reminder that we are all one family, bound together in joy and sorrow, in life and

death, that we may cease from our selfishthe wholesale. The crusade began with indifference and together seek thy king-the publishing of the report of the Vice dom and thy righteousness which will bring Commission last year and at present it is us health and life. Amen."

The Vice Crusade in Chicago.

Many of the readers of these articles may be obtained. A powerful force of citizens have heard of the most remarkable vice is back of the campaign and the work of crusade that has been waged in the city rescuing the unfortunate women who are of Chicago. The entire city is stirred over turned out on the streets may be the most the affair and resorts are being closed by difficult part of the crusade.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Record-Breaking Crops.

According to the completed preliminary estimate of the Department of Agriculture the principal farm crops of the United States this year are worth to farmers \$4,-171,134,000—about \$515,000,000 more than last year's crops were worth. Yields of corn, potatoes, oats, barley, hay and flax are greater than in any previous year; the wheat and buckwheat crops are slightly smaller than the highest records but much larger than last year's crops.

Values per bushel or per ton are 10 to 40 per cent less than existed a year ago, but the enormous yields make returns to farmers greater than ever before. This condition should mean prosperity diffused among all our people. While the farmers get a liberal reward for their labor, the cost of living ought to come down in cities and towns.

A Breeder of Trusts.

The protective tariff is the direct breeder of trusts and, therefore, of high prices. The proof is easily marshaled. Suppose there are twenty-five men or companies engaged in the manufacture of a certain article of general use, a necessity. They find that by adding 12 per cent of the amount each has invested to the production and sale cost they can sell it at about \$2.50. Competition between these manufacturers keeps the price of that article to about that figure. Some financier down in Wall street, eager to make a few unearned millions by promotion, notices that there is 40 per cent tariff on this specific article. Forty per cent of \$2.50 is \$1.00. He calls a meeting of these twenty-five independent manufacturers and points out to them that if they would consolidate all of their plants into one establishment under one ownership

they could secure \$3.50 for the article for which they have been getting \$2.50, because the tariff keeps out foreign competition.



Not One Man Essential.

At Tacoma, Wash., where he spoke to a large crowd, Governor Marshall said:

"I object to your idea that this government depends upon the life, the patriotism or the effort of any individual leader. Good government or bad government simply goes back to the people that make up the citizenship of this country. This government does not rest upon the shoulders of its officials, but it does rest upon individual shoulders of 90,000,000 of its citizens. That's where responsibility rests. When you effectively have taught this great lesson to the populace of this country you will protect the lives of your public servants from such an attack as occurred recently at Milwaukee."



Reduced Railroad Speed.

The two railroads which are operating eighteen-hour trains between Chicago and New York have decided to lengthen the time of these trains to twenty hours during the winter months.

This is a change in the interest of public safety. Fast running in winter is full of peril on the best railroads. Frequent delays result from severe weather. Few persons will lose anything by being required to spend two hours more, for the sake of safety, in a journey of nearly 1,000 miles.

There are other runs, perhaps, which might be lengthened in the winter months to the advantage of the public and the railroads. "Safety first" should be the motto in all travel.

What It Means.

The next President of the United States will be a Democrat. Woodrow Wilson is the fortunate individual. The Democratic party has profited by an accident of political warfare. Wilson's election is a direct result of Mr. Bryan's action at Baltimore. Mr. Roosevelt had bolted the Republican party and the imminent danger that he might effect an alliance with Mr. Bryan if the reactionary element controlled the Democratic national convention forced the nomination of Woodrow Wilson at Baltimore. It was the voters who had been held together under the banner of Democracy by Mr. Bryan that on Tuesday elected Woodrow Wilson. Some former Democrats voted for Theodore Roosevelt, so did a large number of former Republicans. In fact, a considerable party of the American people feared a third term for Mr. Roosevelt less than they did a second term for Mr. Taft.

This campaign witnesses the end of the Republican party. What the political line-up will be in the future can only be conjectured. If the successful Democratic party is now to be taken over and made the property of the kings of the commercial world, who during the past 20 years so thoroughly demoralized the Republican party, a radical party of some description will spring into life to redeem the rights of man.

What the Progressive party will accomplish in the fields of statesmanship is yet a guess. Its principles have not been tested in the bitter field of warfare; it has not yet discovered itself. The question of whether it is permanent or temporary can only be answered after a lapse of time. If there should be a crisis of great gravity confronting us within the next few years the country will undoubtedly swing to the new party. If the Democrats govern in the interest of the people and put into practice those tenets so often urged on the campaign and Fourth of July platforms, a long lease of power is sure to be given it.

The election of Governor Wilson is not a triumph for reaction. His party's present leadership is progressive. The President-elect has announced his conversion to true democratic principles in no uncertain terms. He is personally in touch with American Democracy in the broadest sense and the policies he advocated during the campaign warrant his followers to believe that he will use his every effort to give us a progressive administration. The Democratic party must meet the fair and just expectation of the American people or fol-

low in the wake of its old-time opponent. The progressive spirit is abroad in the land and will rule. If it cannot secure its sway through one party it will use another. Those who looked upon the third party movement as the plaything of disappointed politicians have not read the signs of the times aright. The Progressive party is a party and not a mob. Its organization will be permanent unless the conditions that made its origin be corrected. In its ranks are a lot of the country's best citizens. They belong to a class who want nothing from government but good government and when a body of men step out upon that platform to do political warfare they are a host in themselves.

In our own county the Progressives made a significant showing. Without a press, or prestige, they secured second place and if they had had a county ticket in the field would undoubtedly have carried the county.

Viewing political conditions from the standpoint of today, indications point to the elimination of old party line divisions. The system of direct nomination, direct legislation and the movement, in general, of government toward the people will weaken party organization and encourage independence. It is doubtful whether this country will ever witness again as great a loyalty to parties as has marked the generation just passing.

Wilson has scored a great triumph. He is facing responsibilities that will test his utmost abilities to meet.—The New Era.



A woman can do as much and as efficient work as a man and ought to get the same pay. Some men admit this, and yet pay women less because women have to work in order to live and have to take what they can get.

Each child has the right to a healthy body, untainted by the vices or appetites of its parents, as well as a sound mind, able through the proper exercise of the mental and spiritual faculties of its parents, to possess in full degree the resources of a clean mind and heart.

In the mind of Jesus fullness of life has a meaning all its own. It carries the idea of growth, immortality and infinite development. We find in the world a supreme passion for life. The youth is eager to break open the doors of life; old age preserves it to the last drop.

EDITORIALS

Nice Crop of Old Men.

Will the next generation produce so many grand old men, active and vigorous long after they have passed their threescore years and ten? The rush and hurry of modern life, the craze for speed, the huddling of millions in crowded cities, apparently are not favorable to longevity. Though the average duration of life, according to the mortality tables, has increased materially, that is probably due to better sanitation, decreased mortality among children and control of contagious and other diseases. We live faster, but will many of us live to as great an age as our fathers?



Hymns of a Good While Ago.

While hymns as we know them today are a comparatively recent innovation in church services, they are a very ancient institution and existed long before the Christian era. Many important collections of hymns date back to about 500 years before Christ, though of course hymns existed long before that period. Among the collections which have come down to us from then are the Sanskrit "Rig-Veda," a Chinese "Book of Odes," the "Buddhist Hymns," the Grecian "Homeric Hymns," and the "Odes of Pindar." "The Latin Hymns," or hymns of the western church, date from the fourth to the twentieth centuries, while the "Lutheran Chorales" date from the sixteenth century. The hymns which play so prominent a part in the services of the modern Protestant churches were not in wide general use until about 1860.



For Vocation Study.

The need for more opportunities for pupils in the public schools to study vocational training has been emphasized by Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of schools of Chicago.

"Every school ought to be equipped for manual training," said Mrs. Young. "Many of them are at the present time, but they all should be.

"The day is coming, and in my opinion is not far distant, when every school in the city will be equipped not only for manual training for the boys and young men but with sewing and cooking for the girls and young women. We have taken great strides in our manual training and in the

sewing and cooking classes. Little is now heard of the girl who gets married and whose husband has to go out to some restaurant and get a real meal. We are turning out competent women in these departments."

Mrs. Young also mentioned the report made recently on the public schools by the Association of Commerce, which conducted an investigation into the methods of teaching and the curricula of the public schools. In a semi-humorous vein she related her experiences before the investigating body on the occasion of her attendance at a luncheon with the members.

"One of the members who has criticised the public schools is a man who for nine years was superintendent of those schools. No doubt he knew what he was talking about, in those nine years at least. He could accurately tell what faults they had during that time."

In speaking of the needs of the schools today Mrs. Young said:

"One of the greatest problems in teaching today is how to create conditions that will arouse thought in the minds of the pupils. We have not yet developed a system that will lead the learner to ask questions. When we have the pupils so trained that they will think and immediately grasp that which we are saying, and when their minds will raise questions about the subjects taught, we will not have to spend so much time on books."



Tenantry Threatens Farm.

Of the 6,361,502 farms, 2,354,676, or more than a third, are occupied by tenants. The increase of tenantry during the ten years has been 16.3 per cent. It is becoming more and more the habit of successful farmers throughout the West to move to town to educate their children and to enjoy closer social contact. They think they have earned the right to rest, and they have. But the tenant seldom makes as good use of the land as the owner.

One of the main objects of the land banks whose creation President Taft recently recommended would be to lend money to tenants on easy terms and thus enable them to get title to the land they now rent. Something is needed along this line to abate the evil of tenantry, for the rise in land values is making it more and more difficult for an unassisted tenant to buy the land he tills.

Landlordism, in the old world sense, does not exist in this country. Few buy

agricultural land to rent it. Nor have the money lenders, as one uninformed New York newspaper has asserted, become large land owners. Nevertheless, tenantry is an evil, even though most of the renting owners are former farmers and own but one place.



Taught to Launder.

How to be a laundress and how to get a laundress, two very vital questions, are to be settled by the Northwestern Settlement, in Chicago. The first exclusive laundry school ever established in that city has just opened its doors.

Polish women, either widows, deserted wives, or with sick husbands are the pupils, and an absolutely new occupation is opening up to them. Miss Harriet Vittum, head of the settlement, had her attention called to the need of such a school by the constant calls that came to the settlement for laundresses—calls which they were unable to fill and the fact that none of the Polish women living in the neighborhood of the settlement had any trade by which they could make a living, with the exception of farm and garden work done during the summer. It occurred to Miss Vittum to teach them to be laundresses, so that they might have steady and healthful employment. At the same time competent laundresses would be provided for the many people asking for them.

The laundry school is held in a building recently purchased and adjoining the settlement. Quarters are so small now that only six women can be taken as students at one time, but it is expected that each one can complete the course in a month, when others will be taken. Already the waiting list is crowded. While instructing these students, the settlement takes in laundry, and now has as much as it can handle and expects soon to be making a small profit on this industry.

The class is under the supervision of Miss Gertrude Bassett, who is in charge of the industrial training for women and girls in the settlement. Assisting her is Mrs. Mary Hynek, one of the proudest women by virtue of her position, in the city. For many years she has been known as the only competent laundress in that section, and now has been able to take her hands out of the tubs and tell other people how to do it. While in the period of apprenticeship the women earn \$1 a day—enough to help them along, but not enough to make them want to stay indefinitely.

Shortly after 4 o'clock each afternoon work is put aside and steaming coffee is served to the pupils. They sit down beside the ironing board or beneath the hanging rows of clean linen and chat over their coffee and cakes.

It is the hope of the settlement soon to erect a large building for the laundry school and to provide extensive quarters, so that all neighborhood women may bring their laundry there and have use of all the implements for a nominal fee.



The Girl Who is Cute.

The story is told of a girl who was considered cute when she was a small child and didn't get over it. She grew up with a feeling that she was so smart and attractive that she could say anything and do anything and people would think it was funny.

She wasn't more than ordinarily bright and her slangy expressions and her everlasting effort to be funny often grew very tiresome; even to her best friends.

She was still like the child who, when it does a thing that is really funny, goes on and tries to repeat the performance until everybody is worn out.

This girl, as she grew to womanhood, finding that her pert and often impudent sayings failed to win the amusement that she expected, went further and further, often doing and saying things that other girls considered unladylike, merely to shock people into attention.

The girl wasn't really bad; merely possessed of a rather silly pride in her own cuteness. But in increasing efforts to keep up her reputation for saying and doing unusual things, little by little, before she knew it, she caused the people to lose confidence in her. They might laugh at her attempts at being funny, but they did not think of her in a very respectful way.

And so the girl discovered at last that through her continued efforts to appear cute and to always attract attention, she had gotten just the sort of attention she ought not to have had and lost the sort she needed. She found that she was talked about in an uncomplimentary way, and that she had made many acquaintances, but few friends.

It is genuine mental ability, kindness, and real character that win in the long run; honor long after cuteness and slang and daring unconventionalities have been forgotten or remembered as a blemish.

Farm Profits and Rural Life.

A woman speaker at an Iowa rural conference uttered a significant truth when she stated that could farmers be induced to spend as much money in improving conditions under which they live on the farm as they spend when they leave the farm and move into town, the townward trend of rural population would cease and farm living conditions would be infinitely improved says Farm and Home. The population of the small middle western town is largely made up of farmers and land owners who have moved in to spend their declining years at ease, or to secure better educational and social advantages for their families.

The retired farmer is frequently an undesirable town citizen. He is rarely satisfied with town life, is not able to content himself with town business and so divides his existence in an uneasy sort of way between the farm and his village home without being of marked benefit to either. When he moves to town he is not adverse to spending \$10,000 or \$12,000 in building a comfortable home, with all the conveniences and comforts which modern invention has made possible.

Could he be induced to spend half this in remodeling his farm house, installing heating and light devices, running water, labor saving machinery in the kitchen, and in improving and beautifying conditions out of doors, he would secure infinitely better results. He would make farm living conditions attractive rather than repugnant to his family and provide home surroundings in which he could spend a contented rather than a dissatisfied old age. Best of all he would be a better citizen because his policy would tend toward the upbuilding of country conditions. Improved roads and the automobile have solved the age-old problem of farm isolation.



Great Corn-Growing Contest.

In an article in the current issue of Farm

and Fireside appears an interesting account of a corn-growing contest that is being held in North Carolina, in which State, by the way, the corn crop has doubled in the last three years. Last year's champion is a young man named Parker, who got a yield of 235 bushels per acre. James F. Botts is another expert. When it is considered that thirty bushels of corn per acre is a fair yield, the following extract from this article is significant:

"Thousands of North Carolina men and boys are competitors in this year's contests. Botts is again in the race. Last year on forty acres he got an average of 138 bushels. He intended to dynamite his land last November, but did not do so until the middle of March. He used eight-ounce charges, twenty-five per cent strength planted forty-two inches deep and twelve feet apart. This thoroughly pulverized the ground to a depth of four feet. His corn, of his one type, Botts' Prolific, was planted April 9th. A photograph made of this test acre exactly sixty days later shows remarkable growth. On the sixth day of July this corn was ten feet high, and was silking and tasseling, giving wonderful promise of a crop. It is planted in rows four and one-half feet apart, and from eight to ten inches in the drill, whereas in 1909 the rows were only forty-two inches apart. The number of stalks was then estimated at 19,000; this year it is about 13,000. It remains to be seen how the yields will compare, as this season the stalks are larger and better eared than they were three years ago. For three weeks up to July 6th the weather was quite dry, but this corn, then planted, did not show any lack of moisture and made a far finer showing than thirty acres in a field adjoining.

"The interest in this test experiment is great, and farmers, both men and boys, are going to see the corn from far and near. State officials and officers of the Agricultural Department are this year to measure the crop and verify the acre on which it is grown."

A FABLE

YEARS ago a man had three grown sons, for whom he selected vocations. The first one was very smart, the next one very good, the last one was very simple minded. In his wisdom the man said: "This one who is so very smart I will make a lawyer of; the

good one shall be a preacher; poor Jack knows so little, I will make a farmer of him."

Times Have Changed.

There is no occupation in the world that calls for more ability and judgment, brains, training, industry and adaptability than

farming. It is a man's job. To plow and sow and reap without understanding is no more real farming than cutting a man's leg off with an ax is real surgery.

Agriculture is the basis of the nation's wealth. The soil is our greatest asset, and conserving and building this up helps every one.

Facts and Figures Illuminating and Alarming.

In ten years, between 1900 and 1910, our population increased fifteen million—about 21 per cent; our farm area increased a little over 4 per cent; our meat-producing animals actually dropped off over twenty millions in number!

In 1900 for every one hundred people we had 90.3 cattle. Ten years later we had only 68. For hogs the figures were respectively 84, going down to 61; for sheep the drop per hundred population was from 82 to 51. Think what this means! Cheap meat cannot be made on high-priced land and sixty-cent corn, but science, the silo and alfalfa will enable the farmer to carry three times as much stock on his farm as he thinks he can. This would build up the fertility of his fields and reduce the cost of producing meat one-half.

We now consume 98 per cent of our corn and 91 per cent of our wheat. We have an unprecedented high cost of living. We must produce more, and we must get it to the consumer at less cost.

There are approximately ten acres of farm land per capita for the present population. Only one-half of this is under plow; the other half is woodland, waste land, broken land, pasture, etc. It now takes practically all we raise to feed the people. We are beginning to import foodstuffs. In fifty years our population will be doubled. What shall we do about it?

A generation or two ago Denmark was in poverty and distress. The government wisely determined to revive agriculture and apply scientific methods. It tried various means to that end, but with little success. It finally sent out the trained farm demonstrator (just as provided for in the Lever bill). This did the business and brought Denmark from poverty to thrift. It doubled the land values; it quadrupled the savings bank deposits; it made Denmark a happy, prosperous nation. **It sent the people from the cities back to the farms,** and Denmark today is the finest agricultural country in the world.

The Greatest Industry.

The gross output of our farms is about

nine billions of dollars per year. It is fifteen times greater than the iron and steel industries; it employs nearly one-third of our people. It costs approximately eighty dollars per year per capita to feed the people. Every agricultural authority in the land agrees that in ten years, when the farm demonstrator is in every county and scientific methods are in vogue, we will largely increase, if in fact we do not double our yield per acre.

To maintain this scientific army in the field will cost us about eight cents per person per year. If the increased crop value is only twenty per cent, the gain on one year's crop would pay the cost of keeping up this work for two hundred and fifty years!

The Government and the States have expended over two hundred millions of dollars in developing scientific knowledge relating to agriculture. This knowledge is practically in cold storage. Why not get it out and put it to work on the farms? That intellectual giant and empire builder, James J. Hill, says: "We know enough now of agriculture, if it were applied, to double our farm yield and to triple the farmers' income."

The Lever bill is a simple measure. It is the logical sequence of the Morrill act, the Hatch and the Nelson amendments. It creates no new administrative machinery. It is the final step, and one absolutely necessary to complete the work contemplated by the Morrill act and the other acts named. Under these have been built up a great, splendid and invaluable body of knowledge relating to agriculture. The Lever bill will disseminate this knowledge among the actual farmers and enable them and the whole country to profit by it. The passage of this bill will do more good to more people than any other act passed since the civil war.

One thing at a time,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell.

In the language of the street, it is far better to tackle one thing and "put it over" than to attempt several things and "fall down."

There is a widespread and insistent demand to do something to help the present farmer—the man behind the plow. He has paid the larger share of the tens of millions that have been expended during the last fifty years in gathering agricultural knowledge. This work was undertaken for him

primarily and for the benefit of everybody through him. He has the right to expect and demand that the results shall be delivered to him in a way and in form that he can utilize. He cannot go to the college for them. They must be taken to him.

The plan set out in the Lever bill is certainly the quickest, the most direct, the most efficient and businesslike method possible. It has succeeded wherever it has been tried. Every authority favors it. It is wanted NOW.

The first step has already been taken in the passage of the Lever Agricultural Ex-

tension bill in the House. Let the Senate pass it promptly without amendment, and without loading it down with other features (no matter how good they may be) and get the bill to the President before the holiday recess if possible. Then the State legislatures that meet in January will be in position to accept its provisions and make the required appropriations to carry the plan into effect. Any other plan of action will probably jeopardize and certainly will postpone the whole matter for several years; meanwhile we suffer.—Colman's Rural World.

FORSAKING THE COUNTRY CHURCHES

By the Editor

TOO many of our country ministers are casting a longing eye toward what appears to be a greener pasture in the city. They feel that they have chosen too small a field and believe they could do so much more good if they could have charge of a city point where they could build up a strong mission. Many of the ministers feel that the people in their country church are of an inferior type, not equal to the talent of the minister, and hence the minister is obliged to let his talent rust away because of no opportunities to use it.

Personally, I feel sorry for such a congregation more than for the talented minister. It is not that the congregation is so far beneath the minister that it is unable to grasp his vision, but the minister is too small for his job. Send him off to some city mission and he will give vent to a bit of enthusiasm, but past experiences have demonstrated that he does not build up a strong city church. He has good intentions, fairly large dreams, sufficient zeal in good work and plenty of ambition, but he lacks ability to analyze his problems at hand, and apply the necessary activities for their solution.

If a man fails in building up a country church he is extremely likely to fail in building up a city church. His problems in the city are of a different nature, and having never lived in the city he is not likely to see the real needs.

The country church affords a better class of people among which to work. They are

more intelligent, they are more responsive to wholesome influences, they can grasp higher ideals and they are a better credit, after they have been added than the people generally found in a city mission. Could their needs be intelligently analyzed, and properly met, the country church has ten chances for growth to one chance for the city church.

Where the country churches have gone down, it was not due to the lack of material with which to work, but in the majority of cases it was due to the inability of the minister to see the opportunities of the church and to lead it toward the highest goal of success.

Over in Kansas a country church has by gradual growth, and intelligent coöperation of ministers and laity become the leading center of the community. The church is well known and held in high esteem for miles around. It is supplying for the community the very things that are needed. Out in Iowa another country church has been successful in its work, because the pastor was able to place his finger upon the line of activities most needed, and his people at once responded in hearty coöperation. In another one of the Western States a young minister is faithfully fighting against all the odds of prejudice of the local church and having analyzed the local problems is building up a new church that already has won the respect of the entire community.

No, the green pastures are not found in the city. There are miles of hard paving

and desolate walks, which have hardened the soil of the city church. The country minister who fails to see the opportunities

afforded his church today, would be likely to make a failure if he attempted city work.

NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS FOR THE PREVENTION OF COLDS

Lula Dowler Harris

OF all the things to which humanity is liable, there is none which recurs more frequently, and whose consequences are more troublesome and often dangerous, than "taking cold."

Some persons have quite a faculty for taking cold, while others do so but rarely. It is not always the weak who take cold easily, neither is it always the strong who resist it.

In health the temperature of the body varies but little. When there is a decided change of temperature, it is nature's distress signal and should not be regarded with indifference.

When a cold is not broken within two or three days at most, it will run about two weeks in spite of all known remedies. Take note then of the very first symptom.

When you feel chills creeping up and down your spine and "goose flesh" forming on your body, begin treating yourself at once. Take a hot bath to equalize the circulation, cover up warm in bed, drink hot lemonade or ginger tea to induce perspiration. Do this and your tribulations will be of short duration.

To prevent taking cold, one should bathe regularly, keeping the pores open as well as the body clean. Never omit the weekly bath—some say daily—for unless the skin is in active condition, the cold will close the pores and invite congestion or other diseases.

When we read the history of the dark ages we do not wonder that people suffered from all kinds of loathsome diseases. The historian, Michelet, says, "When the civilization of Egypt, Greece and Rome faded the world passed through the dark ages of mental and physical barbarianism. For a thousand years there was not a man, woman or child in Europe that ever took a bath."

No wonder that there came terrible epidemics cutting off one-fourth of the population of Europe—the spotted plague,

black death, sweating fever and the terrible mental diseases existing then—the mewing mania and the biting mania. Filth instead of being abhorred was almost sanctified.

Care should be taken in regard to proper and suitable clothing in the chilly autumn days. When the first chilly mornings come, we are tempted to don our fleeced-lined underwear. If this is done too early we likely suffer with the heat in the middle of the day. When very warm one is tempted to cool off as quickly as possible. This is positively dangerous if one selects a cold room or a place where a cold wind is blowing.

If the early mornings seem too cold for your summer garments you can be very comfortable with a sweater coat or some other outside garment. This can be easily removed as the day gets warmer. Every man, woman and child should own a sweater coat. They are cheap, serviceable and comfortable. Even the cotton ones are splendid for the man who does manual labor. These garments give with every movement of the body and do not bind or pinch. Of course, the woollen ones are better but are of course, higher in price. The cotton ones are not to be despised.

Never lean your back against anything cold. I once knew of a case of pneumonia caused by the back of a cold chair. A lady was calling upon a friend and it being early fall the doors were closed but fires had not been lighted yet. The air in the room seemed damp and chilly.

The visitor sat for a short time only in a rocker with a broad hard wood back. She said she felt a chill as soon as she touched the back of the chair, but thought it would pass off. When she took her departure she said she was almost shivering with the chills running over her body. On her way home she took what she called a "stitch" in her side which almost drew her double. Every breath she drew caused pain. That little act of carelessness kept

her in bed many weeks and caused her to almost lose her life.

One writer says, "Never begin a journey on an empty stomach if you would keep from taking cold." He also adds, "Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out in the cold air." Don't allow the North wind and Jack Frost to catch you unprepared. Have your warm clothing ready to put on when needed. Better buy it too early than to wait until the family all have had colds.

One physician said, "Only beggars and fools suffer from the cold, the former do not have sufficient clothing and the latter are too foolish to put them on."

Clothes are non-conductors of heat when dry and prevent heat radiating away from the body; thus the heat is stored by our clothing and we do not feel the cold. But let one's clothing be saturated with water and unless the loss of heat be met by increased production the temperature is lowered and the person takes cold.

Children should never sit in school with wet feet. Always on coming from school in rainy, muddy or thawing weather the child's shoes and stockings should be changed if they are the least bit damp. The reserve shoes and stockings should be kept where they are dry, so as to be ready for use on a minute's notice.

To prevent colds in the lungs keep the back especially between the shoulders warm, also the chest well protected. A chamois skin vest is admirable for one who has weak lungs or takes cold in the chest easily. These can be made at home or bought of any druggist.

When one feels cold between the shoulders, warm the back by a fire and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm; to do otherwise is debilitating.

Spare beds are often a menace to one's health. Did you ever try to sleep in a bed that had not been used for sometime and find the sheets damp and cold when your body touched them? Sit up all night rather than sleep in such a bed. A damp bed gives cold because the moist bed clothes conduct away the heat, and the body temperature is lowered.

When sleeping in a cold room, establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open if you would avoid sore throat, etc. When going from a warm atmosphere into a colder one, keep the mouth closed so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose before it reaches the lungs. Never stand still on the cold frosty ground or sidewalk after having taken exercise. In short, keep your feet warm, your head cool and your mouth shut and you will seldom take cold.

HOME RULE IN IRELAND

Mrs. T. D. Foster

MOST people of Ireland have made up their minds that home rule is at hand, and at once their thoughts have turned to the consideration of a National flag.

The golden harp on a green ground, that most of us suppose to be an Irish emblem, is, it appears, the flag of Leinster, and objections are raised to its adoption as the National flag of Ireland.

There are nine other flags being discussed in the newspapers, none having a shamrock on its design. The most ancient of them is the "spear and serpent," established in remote days to indicate the recovery of Gaodhal Glas from a snake bite by the rod of Moses. This is the most venerable of Irish flags, but there is some prejudice against the sinister figure of a snake on a National emblem, especially as

there are supposed to be no snakes in Ireland. There is "the red hand on a white ground," which is the flag of the O'Neills. Each of these flags has its adherents. In fact, every design but that of the Union Jack appears to have admirers, most of them being in favor of the flag of Leinster, which is recognized all over the world as being essentially Irish. It was the green flag that flew at the battle of Boyne, and the color is being supported by some on the ground that a blend of blue and orange that produces green is typical of the Union of North and South. Charles Stewart Parnell is said to have thought the green flag ill-omened, and to have favored the golden harp on blue ground. Ireland as an independent nation is the ideal of the people who are busy designing a flag to typify the new states of the Emerald Isle.

AT THE WHEEL

From Religious Telescope

OUR readers will not overlook the significance of the cartoon. The man at the wheel holds the life and safety of every passenger in his hands. We don't need any more Captain Smiths to drive Titanics against the solid wall of an iceberg. One Bruce Ismay is

tion under the control of its clergy and its church. For years it has made its fight to keep the Bible out of the public schools. Aiming to put the ban on religious instruction in the school, its further purpose is to call these schools godless, and then use this as an argument for Governmental and



enough for a thousand generations. No man has a right at the wheel who cares less for the ship and those aboard than he does for some foreign ship or ecclesiastical potentate.

The Roman Catholic church has a program for America. It means no less than the ecclesiastical, the political, the educational, and the economic dominance of this nation. Its purpose seems to be to destroy our free-school system, and put all educa-

State appropriation of money to its parochial schools. There is no greater enemy to the United States than a political body under the name of a church which marks out this program and attempts to carry it through with a devotion worthy of a nobler cause.

A few weeks ago the Federation of Roman Catholic Societies held its national convention in Louisville, Kentucky. This convention was attended by delegates from

all sections of the country, numbering thousands. It is said that prominent Roman Catholics were there from every diocese in the land. It was on August 30 that the federation passed unanimously a resolution insisting upon the right of Roman Catholic schools to have financial support from the State corresponding to that of our public schools. Another resolution, which also was passed unanimously, protested against the reading of the Bible in the public schools.

What is the meaning of these two resolutions? No man can mistake it. Get the Bible out of the public schools on any pretext whatever. Then declare that the public schools are godless, because they have no religion in them. Then, on the plea that they are godless, make a greater effort than the Roman Catholic church ever made in this country to secure financial support from the State for the schools which teach Roman Catholic religion, and supreme loyalty to the prisoner at the Vatican. Is that the kind of hierarchy that we wish to guide our Ship of State? There may be a Roman Catholic element of larger vision and greater liberality, but this is powerless in the face of the reactionary policy of Pope Pius X., and in the presence of prelates of the Roman Catholic church in America who are dependent upon him for fat appointments. It is time to recognize the issue as it has

been defined very clearly by the Federation of Catholic Societies itself.

Catholic papers have charged men with bigotry who in any way have placed obstacles in the path of carrying out this program. We may be charged with bigotry, or more for stating thus publicly the intention of the Roman Catholic church which it itself clearly has set forth through this federation. Evidently, the Catholic church does not care a whiff whether there is or there is not religious instruction in the public schools except as the disbarment of such religious instruction gives it a better appeal for Government support of its own church schools. It is money that the Roman Catholic church desires, and money that it is going to have if there is any way to get it.

An intoxicated man can't guide our Ship of State. That was the trouble aboard the Titanic. At a great Catholic meeting at Notre Dame, Indiana, advices direct from the Pope are said to have been read forbidding the casting of any Roman Catholic votes for a Prohibition party. Two days before the constitutional election in Ohio, the priests all over the State told their people to vote for license. The official program of the Louisville meeting was loaded with beer and whiskey advertisements. With this well-known attitude toward intoxicating liquor, can the hierarchy be trusted at the wheel?

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Geneva, Switzerland,
Saturday noon.

Dear Children:

ICLOSED the other page as we were coming through northern Switzerland. It was wonderful, but mama was in no condition to enjoy it as she should. She looked some, but had to rest most of the time. Two nights without proper rest is too much. We were met by Pellet Lusaunne as arranged and at once took the boat for the Chateau de Chillon. This we visited as long as we cared to. We met three ladies from Allentown, Pa., who went through the prison with us, and we had a nice visit with them. Then we took the train for Geneva and arrived at 6. We are stopping at a kind of private hotel, very nice service to cost us for room two francs each per day. It is good for the money.

Just a few minutes before we arrived at the hotel an automobile ran over a little boy at the corner and killed him. When we came up a large crowd had gathered and it was with difficulty that we could go by. We learned this morning that the boy was six years old, waited for a street car to go by and then ran across the street. The auto was running rapidly on the other side and nothing could save the child. He is a poor boy, a grandmother working in a hotel near here to keep him as well as herself. The man running the auto is in jail and that is all I know of the case. It created quite a stir and called forth a whole lot of sympathy.

Mama rested well last night, but is far from well. Meetings have been appointed at Oyonnax in France, and it is now decided that mama will stay here and I shall

go up and attend meetings over Sunday and come back here on Monday some time. She will not go along. She must have quiet and she will get it here better than in Oyonnax. I am sorry for this break, for she was doing so well all along. I think a day or two of rest will help her out, at least so I must arrange to give her a chance.

We were down town and bought watches for Ruth and Josephine that we think will please them. Mama went along for that job, but that is all. We passed the dam of the Rhone and saw the fish trying to get up over the dam. It is very interesting to see them try and fail. The water is so very blue and clear. Mama said she did not know water could be so pretty. We have some mail this morning,—a good letter from Ruth in the lot, and we are glad for this. The Lord bless and keep you at home, is our prayer.

Later.

Yes, Saturday at 3:20 I went with Pellet to Oyonnax and left mama in the hotel in Geneva by herself. She was not well enough to make the journey and asked to remain, and so it was. Well, the trip to Oyonnax is the same old joke it was three years ago. You get a good train to Bellegrade, France, pass custom and then you go up the country on a train of questionable ability in many ways. Third class is no "classy" by a long ways,—plain board benches. Oh, it is nothing but a cheap box car with doors cut in the side and seats across, with a partition about four feet high. No windows save those in the door and they are narrow and dingy. Ceiling so low that I could not stand erect to put on my overcoat. Yes, I tried and know how I bumped my head. While waiting at LaCluse for another car or train up to Oyonnax I studied "nature" about me. A fellow climbed on our box car, turned over the tops of the lamps that stuck through the board ceiling filled and lighted our lamps. I know that in America they climb on top to fill the tanks with water, but it was too many when they filled and lighted the lamps from the sky side. Fact is, too, there is no access to the lamp from the inside. It is their only way. That is classy. Roadbed good, cars crowded, French flying freely and the demonstrations indicating a fight in our country set me to musing. These French accent and talk like a scrap was on all the time. The language is flowing enough, but my, the shrug of the shoulder, the gesture and all would indicate coats off at once for a free pitch in when there is to be none.

Sister Pellet had a good supper and soon we turned into bed, for I was weary. How I did sleep, for the bed was good and their home is on the mountain side far above the smell and filth of the streets. Next morning I wakened and looked out the window and saw the mountains so beautiful and the sun pouring over them upon me. Out I went, for it was nearly eight o'clock.

I went with Bro. Pellet to Sunday-school. Only the children come in this land. The old people are not expected. There were 29 there all under the age of fourteen, a very interesting school and they were far from being blockheads on the Bible also.

But France has no Sunday. I mean they have the day, but the law of the land makes no recognition of God and no requirements about observing the day in a holy manner. Factories must stop so the people can do their work at home, and the day is used to wash, iron, cut wood, and such things. Contractors on buildings and the like work right through the day, and there is no Sunday in France. Stores are open just the same and business goes on as on other days. Indeed, business is better on Sunday, for the people who have a holiday are around to buy. That is the Republic of France, so filled with infidelity that it will not recognize God in any of its government. Oh, how much it needs the Gospel! Are the people better off? Listen to the wage scale. Masons and that class of laborers, \$1 per day; skilled mechanics, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per day are samples of the earnings of the laborers. Girls working hard all day for \$4 per month and board and room and are glad to get it. That is the great republic. I tell you, children, you do not know of the blessings of home until you get into such a land, and then it rises up in greatest blessing.

After a good dinner, Bro. Pellet asked me to join him and Brother Merino in a trip to the mountains. This pleased me. Now, Bro. Merino is an Italian not yet baptized, but is soon to be. He has been getting better acquainted with the church, works with her in such a way that I am not slow to call him brother.

We started up the mountain and in the distance were the rocks that we were to visit. All the way up was a log road which we followed round and round until we reached the rocks in the distance. Then we came down the road on the pike. Four miles up and four back. The back trip so jarred up my whole anatomy that I am hardly able to walk today. In spite of care one simply hammers himself to pieces com-

ing down a mountain. I was not so tired as I was dreadfully jarred up.

In the evening we had meeting and sixty-two were present. A very good meeting, showing a good interest. Bro. Pellet did very well as interpreter, but I know nothing of his nasal sounds that are so prominent when the Frenchman talks.

This morning I was called at 4:30, drank a cup of coffee and Pellet and I took the train at five for Geneva. We arrived at nine and found mama smiling and much better. She had been quite sick on Satur-

day night, but is rested and much better today. We made two tours today. First we went down town and on the way passed John Calvin's grave. We looked after a little shopping and mama and I went out on the big bridge and watched the swan and ducks. Then after dinner we made six calls on members and others and then came in for the evening. Thus the day has gone by very quickly. It is such a joy to have mama herself again. I missed her much in Oyonnax yesterday, but it is good she stayed here and rested.

THE PRICE OF EGRETS

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

MR. AND MRS. WHITMER were going home from church. "I wish I did not sit close to Mrs. Penrose. I am only a poor, weak woman and it is rather trying," remarked Mrs. Whitmer, soberly.

Mr. Whitmer looked blank, "I thought you liked her," he answered.

"Like Mrs. Penrose? I surely do. We are dear friends." Mrs. Whitmer was silent as if considering something. "You will think I am silly, but the truth is that she almost makes me break one of the commandments; the one about coveting, you know. When she sits in front of us with those perfectly wonderful egrets on her hat, I find myself coveting them. Of course you never notice those things, but you must have seen how pretty her hat is?"

"No I did not notice." Mr. Whitmer was gazing absently into a tree where several birds were flying, and twittering cheerfully about something. The late October sun shone fitfully through the autumn leaves which were fluttering down to their feet, some of the branches were bare and others were a mass of crimson and gold, brown and yellow through which the birds were darting as if in some ceaseless pursuit. "I suppose the egrets are quite expensive?"

"Shamefully so," replied Mrs. Whitmer, with real feeling. "I know she paid about forty dollars for the plumage on her hat. Of course I wouldn't have the conscience to wear anything like that; only they are so perfectly beautiful!" And Mrs. Whitmer sighed gently as if she were accustomed to relinquish many things she liked.

"Only forty dollars, if that is all, they are cheap. And I shall not object to your having some egrets too; I thought they cost

more than that." Mr. Whitmer looked quizzically at the fair face of his young wife.

"These cost forty dollars, Mrs. Penrose herself told me so. But what are you talking about, you know I would not dream of spending money in that way?"

"To my mind the money is the small part of the cost of those egrets. Being a mere man I never could see how a woman can wear things that cost so much suffering as those snowy egrets represent. It is a long story but I believe if you know it you would not find it in your heart to envy Mrs. Penrose her fine feathers."

"Dear, I don't envy her. Really, I know too much about the cruel way in which the plumes are taken to ever want one, only they are so beautiful that you must not blame those who can afford them, too much. Many of the women who wear egrets do not know the first thing about them."

"I believe that. I am glad that in some States it is against the law to sell egrets and so artificial ones are sold. I only hope some way may be found to stop the slaughter of innocent birds before the little cranes are extinct." They were at their own door now and the conversation was over. But we wondered whether other women perchance who are wearing egrets ignorantly not knowing the terrible cost of those feathers might be interested in learning something of the woeful harvest which precedes the wearing of egrets.

We have always rejoiced over the glad harvest time. Seed sowing and caring for a crop are all embodied in the harvest of golden grain or ripe fruit. But there is one harvest which women of fashion know but little about. It is in the wilderness remote and inaccessible, in swamps where

little creeping sluggish rivers water this harvest field which no man has sowed or tilled; and no joy or happiness is found here at the harvest time. And there is no provision made for a future harvest.

Remember, that those egrets are worth, literally, more than their weight in gold. And you will understand why men are carrying on this dastardly trade. The man who goes into the alluvial river bottoms searching and slinking in and out of the swamp until he finds his harvest field is usually a gaunt, ragged, unkempt individual, slinking and sullen and half afraid of being found out as he carries on his secret depredations. He tells no one of the remote field where he proposes to go to work when the harvest is ripe.

You have all seen these long filmy thread-like white plumes on a lady's hat, looking as if made by fairy fingers. The milliner pays as high as one hundred and forty dollars for an ounce of these snowy feathers which grow to a length of fifteen inches. Listen, in Florida the great nesting grounds of the egret or little crane are gone forever, in Texas they are wiped out, and in Louisiana, in the Bayou regions this bird formerly so plentiful is now extinct, wiped out by this awful harvest! The man who does this work has no conscience and no sympathy, the woman who sends him has no pity, no heart. The crane is pure and snowy white, thin and lank like all cranes, it has a tuft of feathers growing between its shoulders, long, fairy-like, filmy threads which are coveted by the woman of fashion the world over. At the nesting time, this tuft of feathers is at the very best. The hunter who has discovered a nesting ground of these birds need seek no further for he has his work already at his hands. He knows that the love of the parent bird for its young will keep his victims huddled close together. The old birds will not desert their young, they will not desert the trees where they have all been nesting together, they are all perfectly helpless and his work is cut out for him.

It may have cost the hunter weary weeks or months of travel to locate this nesting-ground. He is alone and hides in the swamps for he knows that the planters would shoot him at sight if they guessed his cowardly mission. He takes plenty of quinine and a small gallery rifle that makes little noise and then poles his boat through mud and water; sometimes wading waist deep in mud and slime he comes to his camping-ground. He is pleased to see that the air is full of soft-winged, ghostly birds

who flit here and there. The giant white trees which grow in mud and water are festooned with thousands of nests, each nest contains a pair of helpless young birds dependent on the parent-birds for food. After the parent bird has fed its young it stands for a moment poised on a twig a fair mark for the man waiting with the tiny rifle. He aims, there is no occasion for missing the bird and he does not miss. It falls down into the mud, startled, the one on the nest half rises to see where its mate is and another faint shot is heard and the second bird falls. No more need to bother about that nest, the birds lie in the mud and the young birds must starve. The sun comes up hot and hotter, but he does not heed the dying chirpings of the young birds. He is intent on slaughtering all he can for one day. When he is through shooting, he takes a sharp knife and cuts off the tuft of white feathers and throws it into the boat, the bird is left in the mud.

On the following morning, the man begins another day's carnage. There begins now to arise on the air a sickening stench of hundreds of decaying dead birds but he does not mind that. Some of the young are dead but every hour sees many more left to starve and so he keeps at it day after day. Stolidly as if he had no ears to hear the pitiful cries of the helpless little birds or no eyes to see the rotting heaps of dead birds, the tiny rifle does its deadly work. All the hunter is afraid of is that some planter may see the buzzards congregating around him and so find him. But he keeps on until the last bird is killed. Then he gathers up the plumes and makes his way back to civilization. He leaves behind him empty trees, the chirping in the nests is dying away to an indistinct murmur, on the ground the dead bodies of birds, discolored and rotten, become a breeding place for creeping, loathsome things. Ah, the price for the plumes is death, desolation, suffering and destruction.



Our age is too much confined to materials.

Unfortunately the Christian spirit is not generally thought of as an expression of power, but rather the embodiment of the passive virtues.

The church of today should not only further the cause of Christianity on earth, but should help in the advancement of industrial democracy.



Child of Dallas B. Kirk.

A HEALTHY BABY

THIS is a picture of a healthy baby whose father is Dallas B. Kirk, of Rockton, Pa. He is a physical culture baby and has never been sick in his life. He was born Jan. 7, 1911. At the age of 21 months he weighed 25

pounds and was 31½ inches in height. He was fed on nature's food. His father has been a reader of the Inglenook since 1900, and the young son promises fair of becoming a faithful reader soon.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

SERMON OUTLINES.

J. C. Flora.

Subjects for sermons appropriate to follow Love-feasts.

No. 1. "The Greatest Thing in the World." 1 Cor. 13.

I. Introduction.

1. Paul says, "The Greatest thing is Love."
2. John says, "God is love."
3. Peter says, "Above all things have perfect love among yourselves."

II. Love contrasted.

1. He contrasts it with eloquence.
2. He contrasts it with mystery.
3. He contrasts it with faith.
4. He contrasts it with sacrifices and martyrdom.

III. What is Love?

1. Love is patience.
2. Love is kindness.
3. Love is generosity.
4. Love is humility.
5. Love is courtesy.
6. Love is unselfishness.
7. Love sweetens the temper.
8. Love is gentleness.
9. Love is sincerity.

IV. Love defended as supreme gift.

1. How may we love better?
 - (a) Cultivate it.
 - (b) Be active in service.
2. It lasts—"never faileth."
 - (a) Prophets shall fail.
 - (b) Tongues shall fail.
 - (c) Knowledge shall vanish away.
 - (d) But love shall never fail.

Outline No. 2. "A Christian's Definition of Life." Philpp. 1: 21.

What is Life?

I. Depends upon foresight.

1. Life that looks no farther than present belongs to a low order.
2. We must feel dissatisfied—Nicodemus, though a ruler, must be born again.

II. Depends upon high ideals.

1. The rich man whose barns were extended lived intensely, not extensively. Man's life consisteth in the abundance of things.

III. Depends upon endurance.

1. Material things shall not endure.
2. Powers and kingdoms shall pass away.

3. Our physical bodies shall return to dust.

4. But our souls which are co-eternal with God shall endure.



THE NEW HEAVEN AND THE NEW EARTH.

Richard Braunstein.

WHEREFORE we look for new heavens, and the new earth." These words were spoken by Peter, near the close of his earthly career.

Every true soul is a discoverer of truth, a wayfarer of the infinite, a voyager of the spiritual, and God is ever found of those who put bravely out to sea. In our best moments we feel a kinship with Peter. He was not satisfied, like John, to move with events; he was of a different order from that of the plebeian Thomas, asking to see the nail prints, rather was he of that order of whom Jesus spoke, "Blessed are they, who, having not seen, believe." As Peter grew in grace, his faith increased, his vision widened, his sympathies expanded, his whole personality was magnified. The greatness of his viewpoint was according to the greatness of the man, its secret—"I see."

A new heaven is the faith and prospect of every soul who pushes out into the larger life of God. Peter was one of the most optimistic men of history. His optimism was not merely temperamental, save as it was his temperament to progress and attain. A new heaven is the outlook which comes to growing men. It is the horizon of progress. It is the people who do not advance themselves, who feel the recession of life. Pessimism is ever in the rear. The growing man is the man of vision always—the hopeful man. When despondency and despair reign, be sure the man has lost his vision. Pessimism is thinking minus the vision. A new heaven, a new sky, a new prospect, a new order—only growing men see it, lay hold upon it. A new heaven, that is the inspiring vision, the alluring hope of truly great souls. It is just this which life needs above all else today. Life needs a prospect beyond the day the uses of the day. It needs a motive beyond that of the pursuit of a successful civilization;

it needs the challenge of the new heavens. Cecil Rhodes gave himself to the building of an empire in South Africa, dying at last on the mountain which he had named Worldview. The ambition, toil, sacrifice was admirable, but at the best, his life was only a response to the challenge of a day—of the earth earthly. The Apostle Peter was one of the chief founders of an Empire that shall never pass away. All ambitions are vain and all inspirations fail, that are not born from above. How many Christians are busy with programs which are less than Christ's thought and purpose for them? Zealous in social movements and reform measures, seeking to establish a new earth, a better world, without a vision of the new heaven. What is the meaning of the rapturous joy of a new convert? A new heaven. And the worth of it is that he go forth to realize in the world about him the righteousness, the holiness, the love which have been revealed in him. Is it true that there never can be another Jacob's dream? Has heaven gone so much farther away? Hazlitt in his essay on "Poetry in General," rebukes those who cannot see the poetry of life crying, "Let the naturalist, if he will catch the glow worm, carry it home in a box, and find it next morning a little gray worm;" but rather let me with the poet "visit it at evening when beneath the scented Hawthorne and the crescent moon it has built itself a palace of emerald light." Yes, let the cynic and philosopher scorn the prospects of faith, and the vision of love, but rather let me in the simplicity of faith behold hovering above the Saharas of city sorrows and city sins, the city of God, the new Jerusalem, waiting to become the new earth.

A new earth is always the result of a new heaven. Every good and perfect thing cometh down from above. A new earth is the challenge of new heavens. A better world is the result of a better knowledge of God. A pure life is the product of a pure heart. The relation here is fundamental and vital. We have been too long gazing out on merely human levels. Well does Browning cry, "Plenitude be theirs who look above." The world has often charged Christians with being "other worldly." That charge has arisen when men looking into the heavens have forgotten the obligations of vision—the new earth. When one comes to Christ, when he is born from above, there is a new sky above him, a new light on things, a new hope, a new faith, a new love; and these make a new world,

about him. The man who has this new heaven above him will not be long in making a new earth about him—an earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Nothing is truer than that a man's life is the transcript of his ideals, his vision. He works out inevitably in things about him the likeness of that which is in his soul. As with Moses, so with every servant of God, he works out among men the pattern given him in the mount.

We say it is men of vision who lead and save the world. We simply mean it is only men of large outlook, broad understanding, great faith, unfailing love, who have the courage and strength to go to work to make the world better.

The new earth, a better world! It waits upon our determination to do all we can to bring the Kingdom of God among men, here and now. This is our mission. Not merely to save our own souls, not merely some little private good, but more, aye vastly more and which we have alas! too frequently forgotten; to establish righteousness, justice, truth among men, to make this a new earth by bringing heaven into it. We preach in vain, we pray in vain, we labor in vain, while vast wrongs and incorporate creed and monstrous vice go unchecked and unrestrained. To make God's kingdom real, and realized, that is our mission. As we labor for others we develop ourselves. Our own personal development is a by-product of service for the Kingdom. He who saves another, saves two, his fellow and himself. When we do this,—

"Then shall the world grow sweet at care and sound,

And moved in blest and ordered circuit,
see

The bright millennial sun rise fair and round,

Heaven's day begin, and Christ, whose service is

Freedom all perfect, rule the world as his."

The vision and outlook of this scripture is the measure of our fitness to serve and in its light we shall go forth to certain victory.



A lie made out of whole cloth may be less harmful than a patched-up story.

Money unused or hoarded is wasted, money invested alone is useful and fruitful.

Religion does not insure us against trials and sorrows, but teaches us how to bear them.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Chop Suey Recipe.

Eunice Schlemmer.

Fry for one-half hour, one pound of veal from the leg and one pound of shoulder pork, both cut into small cubes; then add one-half teaspoon of salt and three tablespoons of molasses; fry ten minutes more, and add three cups of onions and three cups of celery, cut into small pieces; cook one-half hour longer and then sprinkle a little flour and water in, about five or six times, and add a tablespoon of the chop suey sauce. Serve with boiled rice and chop suey sauce. The chop suey sauce can be obtained at most any grocery store.



THE HOUSEHOLD.

Miss M. Andrews.

To keep white clothes from turning yellow during the winter, wrap in blue paper or cloth.

To make your closet hold twice as many clothes, put a row of staples along the center of the ceiling and suspend a suit or coat hanger from each staple. In this way they will hang separate. If the closet is extra wide, two rows of staples will be all the better.

To shrink flannel without having it lose the appearance of new flannel, fill a tub with cold water, lay in your new flannel before making it up, and leave till it sinks to the bottom of the tub. Hang up at once without squeezing or wringing, and when dry it will never shrink.

When potting bulbs, water thoroughly and place in a cool cellar away from the heat, leaving them in this position until thoroughly rooted, which may take eight to ten weeks. If the bulbs are well watered before being placed away in the cellar, they will not require watering again until they are brought up to the light in the house. They then may be watered and treated like other house plants.

Bags made of newspapers are fine for keeping hats and furs during the summer season. To make them take four newspapers, open to full size, lap ends of two over each other and stitch across on sewing machine. Stitch the other two papers the same way, then lay them together and stitch around three sides. You will then

have a bag about five and a half feet long. Put dress or other garment on a clothesline and slip into bag. These bags are better than cloth and will protect clothing from moths and dust.

For those who cannot afford an undershirt to match each suit, make an undershirt top fitted perfectly, and for this top make flounces to match the different suits and attach to top with patent "snap fasteners."

Dry bran is excellent for cleaning purposes; rub with the bran, then brush it all off.

Flour sacks sewed together make good quilt linings.

Polish windows and mirrors with tissue paper.

A tablespoonful of sugar to a kettle of beans will improve the flavor very much.

When making jam, put six or eight marbles in the pan. The movement of the marbles keeps the jam from scorching.

When making an apron the pocket will not tear if a piece of straight goods is stitched in between the pocket and apron.

When cleaning house use plenty of turpentine in the water, it is sure death to moths.

If milk for cooking is scarce, try using the water in which potatoes have boiled instead.

Freshen salt meats by laying in sweet milk until fresh enough to cook.

Before attempting to drive a nail through wood, push it through a thin cake of soap. You will find that it will then go through the wood quite easily without splitting it.

For ink stains on carpets, put sweet milk on and change until the spot disappears.

A pinch of ginger will make yeast come quicker.

If you burn anything while cooking, take from the fire, and put the vessel in a pan of cold water; let stand a few minutes, then empty the contents and you can hardly tell it was burnt.

Cakes will slide from the pan easily if placed on a damp cloth as soon as taken from the oven.

To preserve gilt frames, cover them when new with a coat of white varnish, all

specks can then be washed off with water without injury.

A yeast cake can be kept fresh for days by burying it in flour.

The lime deposit which forms in tea kettles can be removed by boiling vinegar in the kettle.

Do not thrust a fork into roasting meat, as the juice runs out and spoils the flavor.

When finely chopped nuts are needed for cakes, salads or sandwiches, run the nuts through a food chopper.

If an article is scorched in ironing, dampen the spot in cold water and hang in the sun. In an hour the spot will have entirely disappeared.

If you have an old clock which is unfitted for practical use, use it for the sick room. Remove the glass from the face and when you have given a dose of medicine, turn the hands to the time the next dose is due. It is a great reminder and saves the worry of trying to remember the time.

Lemons will keep for a long time in water and not get dry.

If on wash day the clothes boiler begins to leak while in use, the hole may be effectively stopped for the occasion by putting a handful of corn meal into the water. It will swell with the heat and draw into the hole which will fill up solidly.



Sanitary Housekeeping.

I presume if I told some of you neat housekeepers that you were unsanitary, you would be quite indignant. Yet I have no doubt that there are many who seem clean that are open to criticism.

Did it ever occur to you that when cooling newly baked bread, it should be lightly covered with a clean cloth or paper to prevent mold germs from falling on it? However, it should not be tightly wrapped in a thick cloth, for unless it is aired when taken from the oven it is likely to become soggy and damp. When perfectly cold, bread should be placed in a closed receptacle that has been thoroughly scalded and aired. If bread is kept more than two or three days in damp, hot weather, the jar or box should be taken out and sunned and again scalded and dried. On no account should portions of a former batch be placed with the new batch.

A cake, pudding or pie put out of a window uncovered to cool, or in any other place where it is exposed to dust and flies, is

something no good housekeeper would place on her table if she knew how easily it may become contaminated.

How often do we see the milk pitcher and butter dish left on the table from one meal to the next? It is no unusual thing for flies to tumble into the pitcher of milk or get stuck fast in the butter. Cookies and other articles of food are left on the table day after day, exposed to dust and germs instead of being put away in closed boxes or jars where they will keep fresh and clean. Do not take food from the pantry and keep it exposed any longer than necessary. Of course these precautions take a little more time, but it is time well spent.

The refrigerator should be scalded often, being especially careful with the waste-pipe, as so much foul substance accumulates there. The slop pail is another source of contamination and should be cleaned often and thoroughly, a good disinfectant being used.

Did you ever notice a neat housekeeper standing in the door or on the porch with the doors open, shaking her rugs? I see such things every day, perhaps they stand in the kitchen door and sometimes it is the dining room door, but in either case there are always eatables of some kind on the kitchen table or stove or on the dining room table exposed to the filthy dust that cannot help but fly back into the house and settle on everything. I have even seen women who prided themselves on their good housekeeping, sweep their dining room with the table and dishes that were on it exposed to the dust, and it is very seldom that any one thinks far enough to keep the water pail covered while sweeping the kitchen or driving out flies.

Now just a word in regard to the bedrooms. Of course every one knows how essential it is that the rooms and bedding be thoroughly aired, but not every one stops to think how unsanitary it is to throw soiled clothing on the bed or leave it lying about on the floor. When undressing for the night do not throw your clothing on the bed or leave it in a heap on the floor, but hang it across a chair to air. Some people even keep their soiled clothing in their sleeping rooms until wash day. Just think of it!

Last but not least comes the dishcloth which I am sorry to say is often far from being in a sanitary condition. It should be thoroughly washed, rinsed and dried each time it is used and put in with the weekly wash just the same as other soiled clothing.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—What are the seven modern wonders of the world?—A Reader.

Answer.—Electricity, X-Rays, Wireless Telegraphy, Telephone, Telegraph, Radium, and Caoutchouc.

Question.—What is the direct cause of the Turko-Balkan war, and what is the number of soldiers on each side?—A Reader.

Answer.—The war between the allied Balkan States and Turkey is over the question of freeing Macedonia and Albania from Turkish rule. The war exists between the independent states of the Balkan peninsula lying north of European Turkey and Greece lying southwest of European Turkey, on one side, and the Turkish (or Ottoman) Empire, on the other, over the condition of the non-Turkish peoples in the provinces of European Turkey. Serbia and Bulgaria formally declared war on Oct. 17, and Turkey simultaneously declared war against them. Greece declared war on Oct. 18. Severe fighting followed all along the line, with first successes for the allies.

Half a million men, according to the Associated Press dispatches of Oct. 19, "armed with modern implements of war, are massing around Adrianople, the main gateway to Turkey, for what will be a long, desperate siege. Not since 1870," the dispatches continue, "has such a formidable array of soldiery been in the field on the continent of Europe, and never before within forty years of European war history has there been such preparation for a death struggle. The Bulgarian army, already 200,000 strong, has been reinforced by 50,000 Servian recruits. The Turks now have 200,000 men in position, and additions to this force are arriving daily, so that the two armies now aggregate approximately 500,000 men, the numerical strength being about equally divided." Of the lines of advance between the opposing forces, the Springfield Republican says:

"There are few railroads in the Balkan peninsula, and what there are favor the Turk. The two principal lines are the road from Constantinople through Bulgaria and Serbia into Austria, and the one further west which from Salonica runs northwest through Macedonia into Novibazar, which

is the extreme northwest corner of the Turkish Empire. The first would be the line of attack on Bulgaria, the second on Serbia and Montenegro. Of much importance is the fact that the connecting lines between these two roads are all wholly or partly in Turkish territory."

* * *

You can no more revolutionize human nature than you can turn iron into gold.

If you are a child of the king, walk in your radiant garment. Don't look seedy.

Many men think only of their conquests and their successes and they exalt themselves.

What Satan can do depends not upon Satan, but upon something in him who is tempted.

Cremation is gaining ground in several countries of Europe, particularly Germany, Italy, Switzerland and England.

A French inventor has discovered a system by which wireless can be used on submarines which is welcomed by the French navy.

The historic Champs Elysees, Paris, is being converted from a residential boulevard to a business section and rents are rapidly going up.

The Holy Spirit works on the minds of men through the Word and implants a God-given faith in their hearts, overcoming pride, prejudice and selfishness, causing love and truth for truth's sake, and making minds, hearts and wills subject to the one Lord.

When one stops and thinks, the many "isms" are not to be wondered at, and the many sects not strange. They represent "the gathering of the many kinds." The enemy that sowed the tares in the early times is ever sowing or is sending into the net some of the bad.

Reports from Alaska show an unusual measure of activity in agriculture in that territory and marked progress in the experimental farms and stations during the past year. Cabbages and potatoes are largely produced and on the coast region sheep farming has been attempted with some success.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

"I had an interesting experience with my iceman the other morning," said the man with the bulging brow.

"He wanted you to pay for your coupon book 'fore he'd let you have any more ice, I reckon," hazarded the man with the soul-bous nose.

"Don't get smart. For a long time, you know, I've been suspecting that he didn't give me full weight. So when he came this time I was ready for him. He had put what he called a 50-pound chunk in the box and was about to go.

"Hold on a minute," I said. "Your's sure that's 50 pounds, are you?"

"Yep," he says.

"Well, we'll just measure it and see."

"I had a one-foot rule in my hand. I measured that chunk carefully. Then I multiplied the length, breadth and the thickness together, and got the dimensions in cubic inches. I showed him the figures.

"Is that right?" I asked him.

"I guess so," he said.

"Well, you see, there are just 1,530 cubic inches in that piece. Now, I divide it by 30, and—hold on! there's—"

"Yep," he says, "there's 51 pounds in it. Thank you!"

"Then what do you think he did? I'll be blamed if he didn't take his steel pick, chip off a pound chunk of that ice and carry it back to the wagon with him! What's the use of bucking against the ice trust, anyway?"—Chicago Tribune.



Pierre Daucourt, the French aviator, has made a record flight of 570 miles in one day, for which he gained the Pomeroy cup and \$1,500.

A well-preserved chapel, built in the fourth century and with a baptistry attributed to Pope St. Marcellus, has been discovered at Rome.

A new substance in the sun, named by astronomers "Nebulium" has been revealed by the spectroscope which has no parallel upon the earth.

The Excelsior, a Paris daily, modeled on the lines of the American newspaper, has appeared in 16 pages with illustrations, which makes a record in the publication of French journalism.

WAR Versus PEACE

By JACOB FUNK

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In the opinion of Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell university, we are now approaching another glacial era and according to the indications of former glacial periods in Switzerland and similar discoveries in Kansas, those periods were contemporaneous in both hemispheres, affecting all latitudes similarly.

THE INGLENOOK

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70 Million Dollars Expended in Idaho

during ten years in building canals and altering watercourses to provide irrigation for 2,330,500 acres of land under 46 Carey Act segregations and 2 Government reclamation projects. The result—*homes for thousands of settlers*, in a section rich in soil, rich in water, and immeasurably rich in the agricultural production resulting from the combination of the two.

The Story of the Agricultural Growth of Idaho

is a romance almost beyond belief, based on the legitimate harvesting of dollars from the dimes invested. The Snake River Valley, with its tributaries, is among the greatest and richest valleys of the Northwest. From it radiate a vast system of irrigation canals and laterals carrying life and productivity to green fields of alfalfa, sugar beets and grain; to areas of the finest potatoes in the land, as well as to great sections of fruit laden orchards.

The Fruits from this Section Cater to the Markets of the World

There is still much land available in Idaho, but it is rapidly being acquired. You should go there now.

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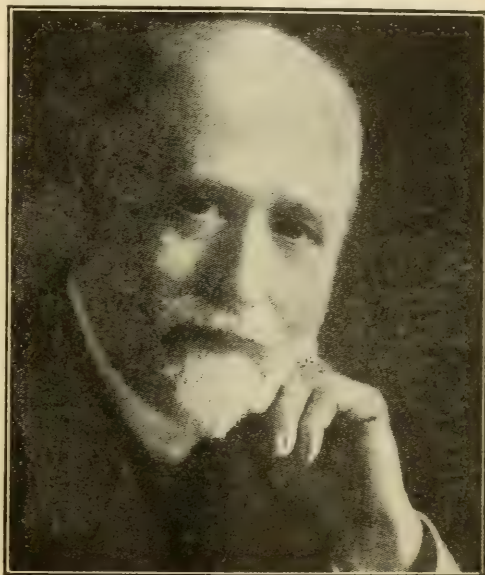
RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

A Visitor from England.

IT is not often that students come to the United States from Europe for the express purpose of studying the conditions of the workingman and how we are guarding his health. Such a visitor has been Sir Thomas Oliver, of England, president of the British Association for Labor Legislation and a leading authority on occupational diseases and dangers. One reason for his coming to America at this time was to attend the meeting of the Congress of Hygiene and Demography, at Washington, D. C., where Dr. Oliver was one of the principal speakers. During one of his addresses before the Congress he made some valuable contributions to the smoke problem. He illustrated his arguments by lantern slides and showed how the lung tissues are damaged by the repeated deposits of soot. The two enemies of the man who works in a factory, smoke and dust, are very much alike. Sir Thomas Oliver also showed that the so-called harmless dust has an injurious effect upon vegetable life as well as on animal life. He said that in England the vegetation along the roads which are frequented by automobiles is becoming stunted by the dust, and that the fish in the streams along the road are disappearing. According to this English authority dust and smoke have a hardening effect upon the tissues of the lungs.

During the tour of inspection of Sir Thomas Oliver in America he was accompanied by Frederick Hoffman of the Prudential Insurance Company who acted as a pilot. Mr. Hoffman is well acquainted with conditions as they are found in the American industries. An abbreviated list of the most important plants visited will give an idea of the thoroughness of the investigation. The following factories and institutions were found in the itinerary:



Sir Thomas Oliver.

Waterside Plant of the Edison Electric Co., New York.
American Museum of Safety, New York.
The Campbell Soup Co., Camden.
Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore.
Sherwin-Williams Co.'s Paint Factory, Newark.
Edison Storage Battery Co., West Orange.
The Trenton Potteries, Trenton.
New Jersey State Prison, Trenton.
Experiment Station of the Bureau of Mines, Pittsburgh.
National Lead and Oil Co., New Kensington, Pa.
Mines of the Pittsburgh Coal Co.
Plants of the United States Steel Corporation.
The Carborundum Co., Niagara Falls.
The Shredded Wheat Co., Niagara Falls.
Prison Farm, Toronto, Canada.
Underwood Typewriter Co., Hartford.
Dunlap Hat Factory, Brooklyn.

The above are taken at random from a larger list. He visited many of the most important factories of the East but it is unfortunate that the tour did not include

the mills of the South where so much child labor still exists and where the dust and dirt from the looms are a menace to the health of the operators.



Professor P. G. Holden.

Agricultural Exhibits.

Last Saturday we attended an agricultural exhibit conducted by our County Superintendent of Schools in his offices, which it is to be hoped is only the beginning of better things for the county. Last year the Superintendent conducted an experimental exhibit and it proved to be so popular that he decided to have a bigger and better one this year. While improvements are possible the exhibit last Saturday was a credit to our county and to the schools also. Exhibits of almost everything grown on the farm except live stock were found and the premiums were far in excess of those offered by the County Fair Association. For instance, the first prize on yellow corn was a valuable gold watch and on white corn a fifteen dollar suit of clothes. All the articles were made by the school children although the parents were given the privilege of aiding in the selection. The purpose of the exhibit is to increase the interest in agriculture among the school chil-

dren and to aid in the back-to-the-farm and remain-on-the-farm movements. For several years we have been having farmers' institutes and county fairs but nothing heretofore has brought whole families together as have the agricultural exhibits of the County Superintendent. The girls had an equal share with the boys. Prizes were given for the best loaf of bread, for the best cake, for school lunches, for sewing and art work. Entries of seed corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, etc., were also made by the girls. Only a few posters were exhibited by high school students but one or two were exceptionally fine and show that there is artistic ability in the county. Perhaps the most interesting exhibit was that of essays on "What a High School Graduate Should Know" by students of the high schools. The first prize was given to a pupil of one of our smaller high schools but a school in which an agricultural course has been introduced. It was one of the most interesting products of a high school student we ever read and showed not only common sense but solid thinking. We were told by one of his classmates that the author was a "good straight fellow." The exhibits are beginning to have their influence upon the county and we feel fortunate in having a superintendent who is progressive. Credit must also be given his wife who is his faithful coworker.

Agricultural Exhibits and corn shows are advocated by the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., and wherever they have been conducted by willing workers they have been a success. Their influence is not altogether financial. It makes better boys and girls to have them interested in the things that grow on a farm. A boy who has a plat of corn to care for during the summer for exhibition will not have so much time to hunt up cheap stories to read and it puts him in touch with some of the best people of the nation. The same is true of girls when they have an opportunity to demonstrate what they can do.

Some farmers may think that these corn shows are all nonsense and they themselves can teach their children all they need to know about farming. You have heard such talk, have you not? As an illustration of what teaching in the selection of seed corn may do, notice what has been done in Iowa by Professor Holden. Governor Cummins of Iowa says that Prof. Holden has increased the yearly corn yield of that State by 27,000,000 bushels. That does not mean that each farmer in the State has profited by the methods of Prof. Holden because

there are without doubt thousands of stand-patters who have nothing to do with "colleges and such" but it does mean that Prof. Holden is getting hold of the farmers to the extent of nearly thirty million bushels of corn yearly and that the benefit to the people cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. The photograph is taken from the American Magazine in which Victor Rosewater gives a short account of Prof. Holden's work.

A Helpful Association.

What is known as the Samaritan Association was formed several years ago in Whitinsville, Massachusetts, for the purpose of loaning mechanical appliances to the sick. It has been in operation for a sufficient length of time to demonstrate that it fills an important place in the community. The life membership is twenty-five dollars and the annual membership fee is only fifty cents. The association loans such things as mechanical beds on which the bedding may be changed without moving the patient, invalid lifters, head rests and other appliances usually found only in hospitals. A salaried custodian has charge of the supplies and they are loaned only upon requisition by a physician or reputable nurse. The association has been helpful to many sick persons during the past sum-

mer. A little girl was severely burned during the hot weather and her almost unendurable sufferings were alleviated by an electric fan furnished by the Samaritan Association. Baby appliances and carriages have proven very helpful. This association must not be considered as something new and faddish. It has been in existence for twenty-three years and has enjoyed continuous growth.

Good Roads.

What have good roads to do with social progress? What have they to do with going to church, to school, to evening conventions and entertainments, to the corn shows discussed above, to calling on your neighbors and in being sociable? Good roads and social progress are so closely connected that many country ministers have seen fit to take active part in the campaign for better road making. Believing that the subject will be of interest to thousands of the Inglenook readers we have been collecting material for a series of articles on the subject for this department. We hope that those of you who live in the cities will also be interested in the country roads because you may wish to come to see us some day and the country folk should be interested in the problems of the city. Our social sympathy can develop in width as well as in depth.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

To Aid Agriculture.

It is announced that the International Harvester Company will spend \$1,000,000 in promoting scientific agriculture. A service bureau is to be established, headed by Professor Holden of the Iowa State Agricultural College. The company will use its 42,000 agents for the distribution of improved seed and of literature; it will run trains and automobiles throughout the farming regions; it will try to improve country schools and will establish demonstration farms.

This project is based on enlightened self-interest; the company realizes that improved farms and farming methods will mean a greater demand for farm machinery. But it will do much good to the farmers and to the nation. Recently the mail order house of Sears, Roebuck & Co. offered \$1,000,000 to the council of grain exchanges to aid the improvement of agricul-

ture. Several large railroad systems are doing much in this direction and bankers' associations also have taken up the work.

Civilization has its material basis in the cultivation of the soil; it is a sign of progress that business is coming so generally to appreciate this fact. Better farms should mean a better humanity in many ways.



The Wilson Cabinet.

Gossip and speculation regarding the cabinet of the President-elect have not been encouraged, and for the present have practically ceased. Mr. Wilson may, however, count on a superabundance of well-meant advice.

It happens that, as historian and teacher of political science, Mr. Wilson had not a little to say on the subject of cabinet-making. One correspondent has been quoting some excellent paragraphs from his work on "Constitutional Government" which

bear on this question. In all probability Mr. Wilson's ideas have not changed, and he may be expected to suit deed to doctrine.

It is pointed out in the book named that under the Constitution a President is as free to select his cabinet officers from the ranks of the higher politicians as he is to disregard political experience and take none but able, trained, sagacious, representative men of affairs. The author goes on to show that the practice has been to prefer the latter type, and he observes: "Self-reliant men will regard their cabinets as executive councils; men less self-reliant or more prudent will regard them as also political councils." To this is added that a cabinet is a nice index of a President's views and theories.

The historian having become a cabinet-maker, one can scarcely doubt that he will wish to be classed with the "self-reliant" Presidents. He may offer a seat to Mr. Bryan—many influential party organs advise this and defend it in advance—but it is safe to say that on the whole strength, fitness, ability and experience will—as they should—be the tests applied. In these days a weak, "political" cabinet is a disastrous beginning.



The Week.

The following from Dun's Review for the week ending Nov. 16 is quite significant:

Business continues to expand, unchecked by the Balkan war with its grave European complications, and its remarkable development has furnished new proof that true national prosperity springs from the soil. The domestic and foreign demand for iron and steel products is even larger than before, with all previous records broken. Railroad purchases continue on an extensive scale notwithstanding that a decision as to the raising of railroad wages is near at hand. The railroads are making every effort to move promptly the tremendous traffic of the country and at the same time are making due preparation for the requirements of the future. There are also signs of preparation for the opening of the Panama Canal. The dry goods market, in both cottons and woollens, daily develops new activity and strength, and the retail business, though held in check somewhat by the mild weather, now shows increased volume as the holiday season approaches. The shoe trade also maintains a steady gain. Crop conditions are all that could be desired and the latest cotton estimates foreshadow an increasing yield. The movement of wheat is enormous. The week's sta-

tistics all confirm the reports from individual trades. Bank clearings this week gained 8.5 per cent over last year and 13.3 per cent over 1910, and railroad earnings in the first week of November increased 4.4 per cent. World-wide firmness in money continues, and the Imperial Bank of Germany has advanced its discount rate from 5 to 6 per cent. Important developments occurred in foreign exchange, with a further decline in demand sterling to below 4.85, yet a resumption of gold imports is considered unlikely at this juncture. Prosperity has expanded imports. The great volume of exports is maintained; at New York for the latest week the exports were \$16,543,570, being considerably larger than in the two preceding years, while imports were \$22,284,474, the gain over the two years being relatively about the same as in the case of exports.

Conditions in footwear are becoming steadily more satisfactory. Numerous supplementary orders for seasonable lines are placed and spring business is now up to the average in volume. All kinds of shoe leathers are in growing demand and the market continues to display exceptional strength, with tanners demanding further advances on certain varieties. Sole leather is especially firm, an increase of 1 cent being asked for packer cowhide union backs.

Bearish factors predominated in wheat and quotations at the West touched the lowest point of the season. There was a surprising increase of nearly 2,600,000 bushels in world's shipments, while domestic visible supplies showed a further accumulation of about 4,000,000 bushels. The movement at the Northwest was again of noteworthy proportions, and arrivals at western centers this week were 12,797,816 bushels against 5,149,283 a year ago, and exports from all ports of the United States, of 4,073,995 bushels compared with 2,867,992 in 1911. Sentiment in corn remains bearish and lower prices were recorded. The weather was more favorable and country offerings are larger. Receipts of this cereal at primary markets this week were 2,285,504 bushels against 2,718,436 last year, while Atlantic Coast shipments of only 29,716 bushels compared with 708,077 in 1911.

Liabilities of commercial failures thus far reported for November amount to \$6,926,929, of which \$2,803,617 are in manufacturing, \$2,871,480 in trading and \$1,251,832 in other commercial lines. Failures this week numbered 271 in the United States against 266 last year, and 37 in Canada compared with 26 a year ago.

EDITORIALS

Living Up to One's Motto.

Some folks are strong on mottoes. You will find them adorning office or study or classroom. They greet the eye from the daily calendar-pad on the desk. They claim attention from letter-heads and envelopes. They assert themselves at every turn and insist on being noticed and taken seriously.

And mottoes are fine things. They sometimes represent ideals put into words; they are sometimes goals worthy of every struggle to reach. As an inspirer to love and service the right kind of motto has its own place, but what about living up to it? It isn't quite fair to let your motto do all the work for both and to regard it with such interest, if not affection, as to imagine that the frail letters containing it require nothing further from the motto's owner.

If all our mottoes were truly lived up to what good folks we would be and what a fine old world this would be for good folks to live in. The Christ had his motto: "I have glorified thee on the earth," and up to this wondrous motto he lived, and lived every day of his mortal span of life. Thus in living up to one's motto one has the example of the great Example, he who will help each child of his to live up to his own highest and best motto, the motto that includes the Christ and the Father.

Reputation.

Reputation is a thing that men are always trying to get or to lose. To one man a reputation may be a great help; to another a serious hindrance. The man who wishes to get rid of his reputation finds that everybody else is trying to compel him to keep it, while the man who is endeavoring to hold fast to his reputation seldom succeeds in finding anyone who is willing to lend him assistance. Reputation makes one man proud and another ashamed. It brings happiness to one family and misery to another. If it is good it may be destroyed in a moment; if it is bad, years of constant and earnest efforts are necessary to demolish it. Reputation is one man's greatest asset, another's heaviest liability. One man may travel far upon his reputation, while another finds that his reputation is an obstacle which he cannot climb over. Reputation makes one man strong and another weak; it is better than wealth and worse than disease; it

insures a success and makes failure certain; it commands esteem and arouses scorn. The man who is making a good reputation must rely wholly upon his own efforts; he who is making a bad reputation may easily find plenty of people who will be glad to help him. A good reputation must be constantly guarded. A bad reputation is made more durable by every attack.

Our Growing Educational Ideals.

The Illinois Educational Press Bulletin says, "We no longer regard education as a transitory aim to be pursued for a few years at school and then dropped; but, more and more, we are seeing in it a process which requires a lifetime for its completion, and which the school only begins. Education is carried on through the newspapers, magazines, and books, and through travel, conversation, and public addresses, and life with its experiences and problems. The tendency seems to be at present to develop an educational side, of which the numerous schools in connection with the National Cash Register Company are a type, in connection with every business. The board of education in New York has carried on, for years, under Dr. Leipziger, a system of free lectures for 'adult education,' a system which is now spreading rapidly over the entire country.

"In about one hundred and twenty-five cities, boards of education are now conducting organized play in their school yards during the summer. Social centres are being maintained in connection with the school in many cities for the evening recreation, social life and education of adults. The last few years have seen the schools take over medical inspection, physical examinations, dental clinics, school nurses, and in some cases school feeding. The department of education is broadening into a department of child welfare."

Making Ivory from Milk.

One of the latest discoveries of the synthetic chemists is how to make ivory out of nothing more wonderful than cow's milk—and very good ivory at that, according to all accounts. The original idea was to use the new "ivory" for piano and organ keys because it preserves its original color indefinitely, whereas the genuine article turns yellow after a time.

But it has been found that the new product is not only an efficient substitute for ivory, but can easily be prepared so as to

take the place of amber, horn, coral, celluloid and such like products, and it is claimed can hardly be distinguished from them.

It is in its position as a substitute for ivory that the new material has caused the most surprise, however, because it has the appearance of being another instance of improving upon nature. The new ivory takes a very high and lasting polish, and probably will not lack a commercial field for itself, as natural ivory continues to grow scarcer and dearer year by year.



Cut Typhoid Deaths.

Kansas has found a way to stop the spread of typhoid fever. The State board of health and the State university have built a movable hypochloride plant for temporary installation whenever the tests of the water indicate pollution as the cause.

The use of the hypochloride of lime plant has been responsible for the great reduction of the deaths from typhoid fever. The board of health receives a report every month on the deaths in every city in the State. This report shows the cause for each death.

Whenever a report shows an unusual number of deaths from typhoid an expert sanitarian from the State university is sent to the city on the first train. He takes samples of the city water and sends these to the university for analysis. Then he inspects the water supply system and all the water sheds from which the water is taken, to determine any possible causes of pollution. If the water shows even a very small number of typhoid bacteria the movable hypochloride of lime plant is shipped on the same train with the report of the water analysis.

The plant consists of three tanks. The tanks are set up just outside the city pumping plant and the mains cut and run into the tanks. In the first one the water is treated to remove whatever dirt may be in it and in the second the water is given a hypochloride of lime bath and then it passes into the third tank, where the lime is precipitated and then the water goes into the mains clear and free from all bacteria.

The State furnishes the plant free of all charge, and the sanitation work does not cost the city a penny.



What Makes a Jay Walker?

What is a jay walker? We all know him

and recognize him as a pest, but Kansas City was first in giving him a name and separate classification. The jay walker is the person who walks or loiters in crowded streets, totally indifferent to the rights and convenience of those he comes in contact with there. In crossing from one sidewalk to another he ignores the crosswalks and meanders among wagons, traction cars and automobiles with a recklessness that puts the driver in danger of heart failure. On a crowded sidewalk, he keeps to the left instead of the right, roughly shouldering his way through the oncoming stream of humanity. He stops to talk with acquaintances on busy corners, planting himself where he will most interfere with the progress of the people passing by. On the narrow board walk in front of an excavation for a new building, he leisurely surveys the operations going on behind the fence, compelling all who wish to pass to step off upon the dirty pavement. In the rear vestibule of pay-enter car he keeps women waiting while he deliberately takes off his gloves, unbuttons his overcoat and searches his pockets for the fare.

That's the jay walker. But Kansas City has passed a law prohibiting him from doing these things. Other cities might profitably enact similar laws.



Industrial Education in the Philippines.

Mr. C. R. Blackall says: "The idea that our island possessions might excel us in any branch of economic life would be scoffed at by many a dweller in the States. Yet there are features of present-day education in the Philippines that are well worth the careful attention of school leaders in the United States. American educators in the Philippine Islands, not handicapped by long lines of traditional procedure in their field, have been able to infuse scholastic enthusiasm into the very heart of the industrial life of the people and returns have been great.

"An idea of the extent of industrial education in the Philippines may be gained from the fact that nearly four hundred thousand school pupils are engaged in some kind of industrial work. For the past four years industrial instruction has been prescribed in the primary course for both boys and girls, and the work is systematically carried on in an advanced stage in the intermediate schools. Twenty-six well-equipped trade-schools have been established in Manila and the various provinces; there is a college of agriculture at

Los Banos and a college of engineering has been added to the University of the Philippines.

"The whole system of education in the Philippines is based on the principle that the children should receive training that will prepare them directly for the life they are to live. The boys receive manual training from the very beginning. In the lowest grades they make articles that they can use and sell, both in their own localities and elsewhere. The most important industry taught the boys is hat-weaving. Chief among the products are the famous 'buntal hats,' made from the leaf-stem of the opened buri-leaf. The schools do not attempt to replace hand machinery with modern apparatus, for it is recognized that there is a real demand for the products of careful hand-workmanship. Besides the prescribed courses in the primary schools, there are regular trade-schools, where the boys spend the greater part of the school day in actual manual labor in the shops. A set of dining-room furniture in red narra, made at the Philippine School of Arts and Trades in Manila, sold for two hundred dollars at last year's carnival.

"In the girls' school plain sewing and housekeeping have generally formed the prescribed courses, but recently lace-making and embroidery have been introduced, because they are arts which besides pos-

sessing educational value, furnish the girls with a remunerative occupation. There were already in the Philippines young women who had learned embroidery and lace-making in the convents under the Spanish régime. The schools are working on sure ground in teaching lace-making and embroidery, and they have ascertained that the demand for the kind of work their children can turn out is practically unlimited. In an effort to increase the available supply of teachers for the work, courses in lace-making and embroidery have been offered in the Philippine Normal School since 1910, and also in the various assemblies of teachers.

"The first thing a Filipino girl does in the sewing class in school is to make for herself a complete outfit of clothing. Armed with an embroidery frame and other apparatus (in most cases made by the boys in the same school), she advances in proficiency through the various grades—hemming and embroidering cotton squares, fine linen, handkerchiefs, waists, and so on. The more expert girls turn out masterpieces in French net and embroidery. In lace they make all varieties of 'pillow lace,' including 'torchon,' Maltese, Ceylon or Indian, Irish crochet, etc. Battenburg is also made for local use, but is not encouraged for export, because the Japanese can make it more cheaply."

GOVERNOR WILSON'S THREE DAUGHTERS

THOSE who know most intimately the home life of the Woodrow Wilson family declare it to be ideal.

The family circle includes, besides the governor and his wife, three charming unmarried daughters, Margaret, Jessie and Eleanor.

Mrs. Wilson is one of the most charming women in the world. She is intensely interested in her husband's career, and is said to know as much about inside politics as many of the most clever politicians of the country. Yet her knowledge of politics does not exceed her knowledge of many other things. She can talk art, literature, domestic or social science, and is an authority on them all.

Especially art. Mrs. Wilson doubtless would have gained fame as an artist had not her marriage turned her attention to other things. She has high talent as a

landscape painter, and the work that she has done along this line has been of a high quality.

Her gifts as a landscape gardener showed to rare advantage when the Woodrow Wilson family moved into the governor's mansion at Sea Girt. An unattractive, austere ground, with unyielding geometrical flower-beds and a general mission-built air was transformed into a place of beauty, just because she knew what could be done with a pool, a sun dial and the right kind of flowers.

Mrs. Wilson, like all the members of her family, is a great reader. Her favorite authors are Kipling, Carlyle, Addison and George Eliot, and the same authority declares that she never is found with one of the six "best sellers" in her hand.

One of the daughters, Eleanor Randolph Wilson, is a student in the Pennsylvania

Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia. The second daughter, Jessie Woodrow, is assisting Mrs. R. K. P. Bradford in settlement work at the "Lighthouse," a social center for mill workers at Kensington, Pa., having graduated from the Baltimore Woman's College at twenty.

The youngest daughter, Margaret Woodrow Wilson, is cultivating her voice in New York City.

There is nothing of the social butterfly in the Wilson girls. Indeed, their lives show quite the reverse. They are studious and serious-minded, and all of them are fired with the ambition to do something worth while in the world.

This doesn't mean, of course, that they are not fond of play. They like tennis and

other outdoor games, and give as much time to recreation as normal girls should.

Of Governor Wilson himself, much has been written and said. Time has dealt kindly with him. The slight stoop into which he falls when standing or sitting is not from weight of years. It is the stoop of the scholar. Wilson is a scholar always. Even at home he may generally be found with a book in his hand—a book, perhaps it were needless to add, dealing with political economy or the science of government.

Mrs. Wilson says that when she is at Sea Girt with her family gathered around her she is the happiest woman in the world. Why shouldn't she be?

"PROGRESSIVE" POVERTY

Frank Winters

THE above title may seem odd and far-fetched, but it is certainly a fitting climax to conditions as they exist in many parts of our country.

One has but to visit the tenement house sections of any city to understand what is meant by "progressive" poverty.

Much is being said and written daily about the "high cost of living," but the real causes,—the best remedy, the things and conditions to eradicate,—it does seem are grossly neglected in nearly all instances where a "cure" is offered.

Every newspaper you pick up has been telling about the Progressive party of Roosevelt, and the Democracy of Wilson, and the "stand pat" party of Taft.

One speaker told you what a lot of robbers the other fellows are and the next speaker came along and told you that he is on the trail of the fellow who preceded him, and that he (the first speaker) was the real thief and liar and he was out to catch him, etc. Then came the third candidate to tell us that both the other fellows are liars and crooks and must not be believed under any circumstances, and that he will be the real "trustbuster" and general "clean up" fellow if only given a chance.

All of which to any observer, suggests the idea of thinking and investigating for one's self.

The threadbare arguments of "tariff reform,"—"tariff for revenue only," a "protective tariff," "down with the trusts"

"government ownership" "initiative, referendum and recall," are all very dazzling and pretty to those who are not familiar with the old campaign "stuff"—but the man, men and families who are suffering all the while from some form of oppression are crying out that their hard-earned dollar does not give them the necessities of life.

Too much is said about the necessities of life and not enough said about the un-necessaries. If the money which is spent annually for what could be dispensed with,—was applied to conditions, where actual want exists,—there would not be one man, woman or child in the United States today in need.

If every tobacco factory was turned into some useful and necessary business institution; if every distillery and brewery were replaced by some legitimate business enterprise; if four-fifths of the theaters of the country were transformed into sales rooms or something similar, if all branches of unnecessary business were banished and the millions and millions of dollars which are now spent on account of them were turned into a channel to ebb and flow, and compensate labor,—who can question the result?

No doubt serious exceptions will be taken to this. Big trusts would be destroyed,—like they now gobble up the little consumer.

Arguments will be advanced that these interests employ and pay labor. That is

true, but they do not pay labor in proportion to the tribute they exact. Besides, their products are not only unnecessary, they are actually dangerous to society.

The amount of money spent each year for tobacco in different forms is wonderful. A conversation with a clerk in a cigar store, in New York City on practically an obscure street, revealed the fact that that store alone took in on an average, seventy dollars per day, or \$25,550.00 per year. When you calculate on the thousands of stores in operation in this country,—one of the worst germs to battle with will have been discovered.

An investigation of the liquor business reveals the most appalling condition of all. It is true that this interest pays tribute to the government and thereby receives licenses. But this pursuit wreaks awful havoc. When it is taken into consideration that ninety per cent of the homicides are the result of strong drink, and more than sixty per cent of all other crimes are committed by drunken persons, that nearly all young girls who go astray do so when intoxicated, that Orphan Homes are monuments to the liquor curse,—then we need not wonder at "progressive poverty."

A profitable saloon or cafe "takes in," according to information, about four hundred dollars each day. A good one about two hundred and a "fair" stand about ninety dollars, while any old "gin mill" is good for fifty. This surely is alarming.

The "play houses" are probably the least of the great evils, but they present a condition, amazing and dangerous to our social and industrial well being. A good theater, giving legitimate and educational exhibitions, is surely a valuable luxury, but that class of "shows" is very much in the minority. Theatrical managers as a rule offer worthless and trashy productions in the form of musical comedy, cheap drama and burlesque, with whirly girly flirty skirty features, vulgar and suggestive jokes and general surroundings which certainly do not uplift, and only edify those who are abnormal in some material respect.

An estimate of the money "grabbed" by this interest can be had by taking a certain Broadway house, which has a seating capacity of two thousand. There are about nine hundred orchestra chairs at two dollars per; six hundred balcony seats at \$1.00 and \$1.50 each, and five hundred gallery seats at fifty cents a throw, and a few boxes rent at outrageous prices.

A house of this kind takes about three good dollars away from homes at each per-

formance. When all the shows in the country are reckoned with, millions of the "unnecessary" kind can be accounted for here.

The remedy for these evils, is to destroy the conditions that keep and support them. Those who support these interests are unfortunately, as a rule, our weaker brethren, and therein lies the answer to any one who may come along with the personal privilege argument.

Men will buy cigars and tobacco, when they cannot afford to do so, because they have developed a habit which they seem unable to control. So also will men go into saloons and spend their money, because another habit has possessed them and they forget about wife and babies at home, and other cases of progressive poverty are created. Likewise the silly young man will take his girl to a show, when mama really needs the four dollars,—because it is the "habit."

It is true a man has a right to do with his earnings what he pleases. But it should be added,—as long as he injures no one by so doing.

Certainly when a man neglects his family for the interests mentioned he is wronging some one. If it is impossible for him to abstain from these practices,—then the condition which is dragging him down and society with him should be destroyed.

This may sound like ultra radicalism, but when we reflect seriously upon this momentous problem, when we see that this very condition is making progressive poverty on the one hand and plutocratic money power by wicked interests on the other,—it does at least suggest cause for action.

Think of the shoes and stockings, the suits and dresses, the hats and caps, the meat and potatoes, the flour and sugar, the bread and butter; aye yes, the delicacies.

Think of the homes, the nice furniture; the grand pictures; the beautiful carpets; the good books.

Not only would the industrial condition be almost perfected, but the moral condition would be nearer the required standard. Fewer jails would be required. Disorderly houses would be almost unknown. Bad boys would be made good boys, because the good qualities would finally predominate,—when you destroy the feeder which develops only the bad qualities. This likewise applies to girls. So also would we have more marriages and better marriages, more children and better children, more homes and better homes,—and finally the highest civilization.

THERE'S A REASON

Dr. W. C. Frick

One sadly sees the setting sun
And views his day's work with a sigh;
Another drops his tools to run,
Nor cares how little he has done.
And people still go asking why
Some men are down and some are high.

—S. E. Kiser.

YES, there's a reason, why some men are down and some are high, and the author of this jewel has expressed it well indeed. So as the men of the above verse finish their day's toil, so they pursued it through the day.

There is a certain stimulus to spurn on every toiler to do his level best. In all sane people this rule holds good, without any exceptions, but many men through various reasons never respond to the stimulus.

To the ordinary laborer the stimulus is to do first his whole duty to his employer and then at least enough more to continually prompt his promotion over his fellows. These acts should be done all the more willingly because they are done so easily, in most cases automatically.

To the employer of labor the stimulus is to give his employees the highest possible financial equivalent for their labor, meanwhile giving all others their just dues.

To the teacher the stimulus is to impart the highest knowledge to the greatest number, realizing that knowledge is power and that next to the "hand that rocks the cradle" hers is the "hand that rules the world." What a noble stimulus and what a terrible responsibility is hers.

To the physician the stimulus is to prevent suffering and disease, and to relieve when unprevented. Judged by the trend of common feeling (at present) and according to his mission in life, he towers high above every person in his community.

To the minister of the Word the stimulus is to point out the Perfect Way of Life, and to warn of the results of walking any other way. His stimulus, responded to, should make him tower above the highest in his community.

But many men seldom or never respond to their stimuli. Touch a burning match to a live finger and see the response in a quick withdrawal of the hand. Touch the same match to the finger of a corpse and see the lack of response. The same stimulus, but no response in one case. So with many men. The day's setting sun comes

none too soon to suit them, but when the sun of their life begins to set they look back over Life's day with bitter regret and sigh for a chance to live over again. This world would be a paradise if every one realized the beauty of life and the seriousness of living. I have a large yard about my beautiful residence and I desire to make it the beauty spot of the neighborhood. I have a certain sum which I can afford to spend in fencing and sodding it, making cement walks, planting shrubs and flowers. But the men I employ spend a great deal of their time (my time) at rushing the can and pursuing other forms of idleness and use all the funds I have allowed in simply building the fences and the sidewalk. Who's to blame if my yard is one of mud and weeds, instead of lawn and shrubs and flowers? "Nor cares how little he has done." Many have learned the lesson that it often takes more time and costs more to tell others how to do work than to do it themselves.

If the teacher has read the most popular story when she should have been teaching a lesson in physiology about the effects of alcohol or nicotine on the human body for instance, or been perhaps learning these facts well enough herself so she might teach them effectively and some one or more of her pupils grows to be a drunkard, due to her neglect who's to blame? I have known country school teachers who found ways to conduct the recitations of three or four classes at the same time so interested were they in their work, their pupils, their own future and so keenly did they feel their responsibility. I have known others who under similar conditions could seemingly find time to do various other things beside teaching school. "Nor cares how little she has done." Any of you who has been a country school teacher knows how much time a consecrated school teacher has to do anything but teach school during school hours.

The physician has a puzzling case on hand. In his heart he knows he doesn't understand the course it is taking. He spends an afternoon at the club, when he should have been in his study working out the solution of his case and meantime his patient succumbs. Perhaps a worthy man of the future has been taken from us because of a physician's neglect.

Far be it from me to criticise the work and teaching of any consecrated minister of the Word. But if these men of God are not to be greatly responsible for the kind of lives men live and the energy they put forth in living, then who are to be? Hence they should so live as to be above all criticism. But various organizations heap upon the ministers the responsibility for many of the conditions found in the world today. And I feel rightly so. When there are organizations and conditions in the world today which rob men of the stimulus to do their level best, where is the reason that five out of six churches should close their doors on a Sunday night that the sixth one may have a full house, when its own membership with its following would fill its audience room, and five pastors be relieved from preaching the Word at the expense of the spiritual degeneration of many of

their flocks and others who might pass that way? "And people still go asking why some men are down and some are high"—spiritually as well as otherwise.

Yes, there's a reason. If the other fellow's got a better position than you be sure there's a good reason and be sure, too, it lies within you. If the promotions and increases don't come your way as fast as in the other man's case, be sure there's a reason and you could have made it to be otherwise if you had but considered.

If your flock does not increase in numbers, dear brother, pastor, or if the spirituality of your members seems to be waning, be sure there's a reason. God is the same as ever. The Word has as much power as ever. Be sure the reason is in you.

Oh, that every man might respond, or be able to respond to the stimulus to do his level best.

CIVIL WAR IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Mrs. T. D. Foster

THE British Empire is on the verge of Civil war, if we may believe the vehement speeches and signed "Covenant" of the Orangemen in the North of Ireland. The "Covenant" pledges them in the most emphatic terms not to recognize the Home Rule government of Ireland, when it comes and not to pay taxes to it.

The lurid speeches say the Orangemen will die on the field of battle before they will submit to Home Rule, and will fight the British Government if it tries to compel them. It's a queer threat—to fight a government because they are loyal to it.

The Home Rule party is not taking all this revolutionary talk seriously; they consider it only bluster.

Ireland has been under British rule for centuries, but excepting the Orangemen the people have never been reconciled to it. Now, after many years of agitation they seem on the point of getting a Home Rule government in which they can control their own local affairs, though they will be still subject to the British crown.

The Orangemen, though natives of Ireland, are more like the Scotch in race and religion, and they profess to fear the loss of their religious liberty under Home Rule.

MORE ABOUT THE BANANA

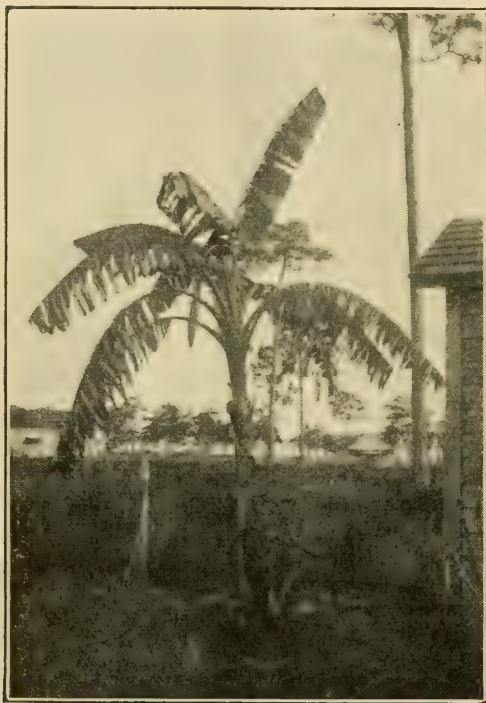
Joseph B. Wine

THE banana plant is not a tree but a soft-stemmed plant growing from the center like a stalk of corn. The plant which I have photographed was transplanted about June 1, 1911, when it was two feet tall. The picture was made Aug. 23, 1912, when the flower head had appeared. The plant was then eight feet

tall measuring to the curve in the stem at the base of the last leaf. Photo No. 1 gives the general appearance of the plant at the time of blossoming. It also shows the young shoots or ratoons at the base of the stem. These shoots come up from the base very much like the suckers at the base of some lilies or the canna.

Here in Florida, a banana plant will bloom in from eighteen months to two years from the time the shoot appears; depending much upon the richness of the soil and the regularity of the supply of water.

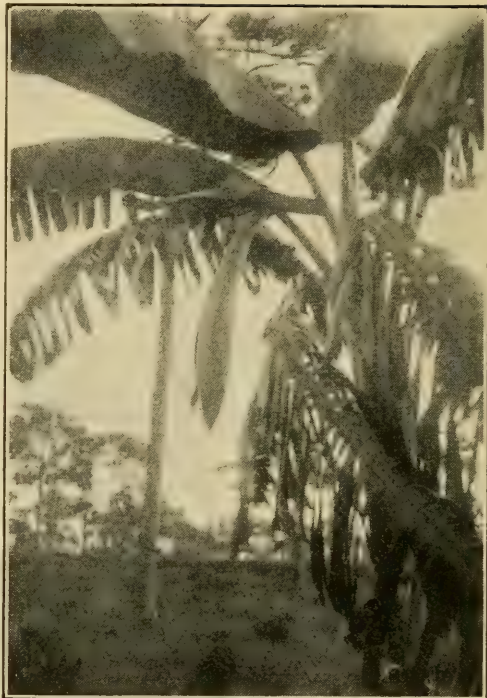
As the young banana plant grows one leaf after another pushes up out of the center of the plant—looking at first like a tightly rolled green umbrella, which soon spreads out into a smooth leaf often six feet long on large plants. The leaf veins are almost at right angles with the mid-rib and the wind soon splits each leaf into



No. 1.

numerous ribbons, thus giving the plant a somewhat ragged appearance.

When the plant is ready to bloom one or two short leaves come out after which the head, looking much like a great red-husked ear of corn, shoots straight up from among the leaves and soon bends down as shown in photo 1. Picture 2 is a closer view of the head before any flowers have opened. This head consists of a large number of rather fleshy scales with a "hand" of blossom buds under each scale. These scales lift one at a time and the flowers open. Photo No. 3 shows something of the blooming process. As the blossoms open the young bananas begin to curve toward the base of



No. 2.



No. 3.

the stem. The flowers are of a dull pink tipped with yellow. They are somewhat oddly shaped. What seems to be the outer envelope or calyx is a sort of half tube two inches in length with five teeth at the end, while the corolla is a delicate sort of boat-shaped membrane forming the other half of the tube. The five stamens and the pistil are so long as to protrude from the end of the flower. These flowers are perfect and furnish abundant nectar to attract insects. It seems queer that seeds are not found in bananas grown even in Central America.

The plant of which I send photos is of the kind known as Horse Banana. It bears very few fruits to the head. Photo 3 shows all the fruit now on stem, though thirty-one scales or bracts have opened and the flowers have dropped. On this sort there is always left at the end of the fruit-

stem a bunch of these bracts that remain closed holding undeveloped flower-buds that never see the light.

When a banana plant fruits it dies down to the ground and new plants from the same root grow for another crop.

Several sorts of bananas are grown in South Florida. The Horse Banana and other plantains are grown mostly for ornament as they are very large and showy. I have seen plants almost twenty feet tall. There is a red banana which is not so large but has better fruit and the plant is very handsome because of the color, the stem being red and the leaves a rich green. The best kinds to produce fruit in Florida are the dwarf varieties which yield well and produce better fruit than the large coarse ones.

The banana thrives best in very rich ground with an abundant and regular supply of moisture and warmth.

GIVING THANKS

Mrs. Ida M. Kier

AS Thanksgiving Day approaches, we begin, probably for the first time since last November, to "count our many blessings," and think seriously, for a short period, at least, of the things for which we should be thankful.

Thanksgiving has been aptly called America's great home day; and there is no more beautiful, or sacred day, in all the three hundred and sixty-five which go to make up our year.

It marks a season of good will and good cheer, which is scarcely exceeded by that of Christmas.

The rich hail its coming with feasting and merry-making at their well laden boards, while the poor look forward to it, as one day when they are sure of two square meals.

A woman, the mother of a large family of children, who lives in the poor district of a city, was asked recently if she was not glad Thanksgiving was so near.

"Well, no," she said thoughtfully, and then added:

"There is so much good food brought in; so much for dinner, and always enough left for supper. But afterwards, when there is nothing, it always seems harder."

Her answer set the questioner to thinking. And had you thought of it in that way?

There are many wealthy people who celebrate Thanksgiving by making a sumptuous feast for themselves and friends, and sending baskets of good things to some poor family. They have done their duty, they think, and after the day is over they promptly dismiss all thoughts of Thanksgiving from their minds.

Nor will they think of it again, until just previous to the last Thursday in next November.

But the day after Thanksgiving? Must they not have their three meals as they did before? Certainly. Then how about the poor family?

The good things were feasted upon for dinner; the left-overs were for supper, but where was breakfast to come from next morning?

The memory of a good meal will not satisfy hunger.

So although the custom of giving a Thanksgiving dinner to the poor is highly commendable, we should remember that we can show our gratitude, and give thanks to God, just as well at any other season of the year, by lending a helping hand to those not so fortunate as ourselves, and sharing our plenty with those who need and appreciate it, on other days, as well as on Thanksgiving.

"I have nothing to be thankful for."

Have you ever heard any one use that expression?

Have you said it, or felt that way yourself?

If so, just think over a list of your acquaintances, and see which one you would change places with.

You will probably find that the ones you have envied most, have traits that you would not care to possess, and that you have qualities which you would not willingly exchange for another's.

And in the end, you will conclude you are thankful that you are just YOU.

The people who are richest in this world's

good are not always the happiest.

Those of lowly station often have more cause for giving thanks, than have the wealthy aristocrats.

If for a moment you doubt your own cause for thanksgiving, follow the advice of the beautiful song which says:

"Count your many blessings, count them
one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath
done."

Yes, it will surprise you.

It is our duty to give thanks to God all the year round, if for nothing else, just for the joy of living.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Thursday morning, Oyonnax, Ain, France.
Dear Children:

HOW time slips away when you are busy and do not have time to write! It is hard to keep up a daily diary on this way of doing and I suppose there will be more of it as we go toward Italy.

On Monday we walked through the park in Geneva, looked at the Rhone and Ava mingle their bright blue and muddy waters, came past the house that Ferkin built so that it has been hard to find a good sale for it, did some buying and returned to our room for the night. The hotel where we were stopping, called Chedel's Private Hotel, gave us a room, and that evening we had a good little meeting. Not all the members could come, but those who did seemed to enjoy it very much. The Lord came very near to us.

Tuesday we finished our little buying, toothpicks, and such like, and packed up and left for Oyonnax. It was mama's first trip into France. She was feeling quite well and enjoyed the mountain ride very much. At Bellegarde we passed custom, waited an hour and then came on to La-Cluse. How it did rain all the way! And the mountains were at times hid in the clouds, then a cloud would float along the side and then a deep ravine would be revealed. Oh, nature is let loose in great chunks in this country and one soon becomes overwhelmed at lavish beauty. The rocks, the tall pines, the hillside farms, the deep gorges, the blue waters, now seen and now hidden because they have cut deep into the rock and are hid from sight, the

high mountains and the clouds, is a constant panorama of beauty beyond description.

At LaCluse we had to wait over three quarters of an hour. Here I wrote Dan a letter, and aroused the curiosity of many because I could make a machine go. Then we entered a dinky, dinky, low third-class car and came up to Oyonnax. We were met by a number here and thru the mud and mire walked thru town up the mountain side to the home of Bro. Pellet. It is so quiet and nice here and mama did enjoy the home, and the quiet.

Yesterday morning we saw the sun again and the day was bright. During the forenoon I went over all of Pellet's books, and checked and proved his accounts. Then we had dinner. During the morning Bro. Morino went to see the interpreter whom the Goiffons had secured to have him call on me and we call on the Goiffons. In the afternoon we went calling on some eight families, and then returned home. On our rounds we passed a Catholic funeral on the way to the graveyard. There came the priest walking, followed by some girls carrying a crown. Then came the hearse with two young women walking on each side, holding the robes tied to the hearse, so that it could not get away. The hearse was drawn by two horses. Then followed the mourners walking. It was a young girl of eighteen who had died, is all I know. I wanted to follow the funeral to the graveyard, but your mother would not. Then Sister Pellet said she would not like to go, for their custom was so cruel. They carry the coffin to the grave, slide it down a

board and it lands at the bottom with a thud that is heard a great ways. All the more I was sorry I did not go; all the more mama was glad she did not go.

We visited the making of combs, and how hard these people work to make the money they get. They are glad if they can make eighty cents per day, and children and all must work so that they can live. The homes are very poor, the furniture sparse, and it all told of poverty one does not often see. How glad they were that we visited them, and greeted us with their smiles. It was a joy to bear a little sunshine into their lives. I could not help but contrast this with the happy and comfortable home we have. Of course, these poor children do not know better, but surely they would enjoy it a little better than to be wearing their little lives out in hard work.

I passed the blacksmith shop yesterday and saw the inhumane way they have here of shoeing a horse. The poor animal had been led between four strong posts at the top of which were strong cross logs. The head had been tied up cruelly; two flat ropes were tied around the body and up to the posts, and then with inch rope the hind foot was tied to a cross bar high enough for the smith. Everything was unmercifully rigid, and on this wooden bar the ankle rested and the fellow pounded, chopped and nailed. It was the most cruel thing I have yet seen.

The town is lousy with dogs and a fight is as common as the dogs are. It is the only excitement aside from seeing the "foreigners" in the city. Without God, as they try to be, teaching in the public schools that there be no God, and in the Catholic schools little better, with children left to run at large on the street, dirty and sinful. It is the most godless place that we have ever visited. Indeed, France needs a Savior, if any one does.

We called in one home yesterday. First we climbed a stone stairway, and then a rickety wooden one. Here we found a young mother of two children, working at making combs. She was sewing the finished

comb on advertising cards ready for the store. For sewing on twelve she received forty cents, and by very hard work she could make eighty cents per day. Her fat little eight-month old baby was lying in the cradle in the adjoining room, tied securely in. The little one would strain and lift his head, but could do no more. At last the mama went to get it and pulled it out of bed with but a little short wool skirt on and otherwise naked. It was a fat dumpling, and such kicking and jumping as it did when it was free in its mother's arms.

It was cold last night, a heavy frost, and our light clothing is none too heavy for us these days. We sleep in an east room, and the air from the mountains swept down on us all night. My, how good it is, and how we do enjoy it!

This morning we went to a little village near by where they make celluloid. It certainly was an interesting process, to say the least. We followed the paper as it went into the vats of acids, was washed, dried, worked, and finally came out in great chunks or blocks of the celluloid material, soft and easy to work. Then they either cut it into great sheets or strings, the former to make combs and the latter hair pins. We certainly were greatly pleased to see the process, for it was intensely interesting.

On the way back we bought some things down town, and did not stop until we had spent Fr. 20 (\$4). Now we are home waiting dinner, and then we shall do some calling again.

Yesterday we had a telegram from Uncle Will that they would leave Paris this evening and be in Geneva in the morning. Bro. Pellet and I will surprise them in the morning at Bellegarde and go with them to Geneva and return tomorrow evening. We both are very anxious to see the party. God bless you. I close. Mama sits by thinking, for her yarn is all used and she can not knit. Do you know what she is thinking about? Well, it would not be hard to guess, I am sure. So good-bye for this time.

A DOUBLE RESTORATION

A. M. Gillespie

SHE felt herself a stranger in a strange land—the little lady who walked down the street which was teeming with humanity. Hurried pedestrians,

even in the fleeting glance which they bestowed upon her, could not fail to see the troubled expression that made her face appear drawn and white and that lurked in

the depths of her gray eyes, making them almost black with the intensity of deep thought. Many a person turned for a brief instant, and cast a wondering glance in her direction; but only her back was then visible, the face and its expression of sorrow was lost to their view.

Straight on she went, looking neither to right nor to left, curious humanity or pleasing sights, attractively displayed in shop windows, receiving none of her attention. Then, when on the crossing, among the hurrying, jostling throng, an automobile, with its warning honk, and a wildly clanging street-car warned her that danger was near, she lost her cool composure, and with white face and closed eyes fell in a faint directly in the path of a frightened horse.

There was a shout of fear from a few who witnessed it, but the din and roar of the great city swallowed up the sounds, while only a few knew what had really happened.

Kind hands bore her to a near-by drug store, an ambulance was called, and when the white-faced stranger opened her eyes again she was lying in a snowy bed in a charity hospital. With an exclamation of alarm she started to arise, but fell back again with a moan of pain. A white-capped nurse stepped swiftly to her side.

"Where, oh, where am I?" she demanded of the sweet-faced nurse.

"Do not be alarmed," was the response. "There was an accident, and you were injured, but you are in kind hands, among those who wish to be your friends."

"Friends, did you say friends?" The gray eyes searched the brown ones.

"Yes, indeed," taking the cold hand in her firm, warm clasp.

"This is the Good Samaritan Hospital. You were brought here because we did not know where your home was, for your purse bore no cards, or your clothing no mark whereby you could be identified."

"I have no home," was the sad response.

"Close your eyes, dear lady, and compose yourself, resting for a while, then you shall talk if you so desire."

But although the dark lashes swept down in obedience, the nurse saw a silvery tear roll over the pale face. The lips moved as if to speak, but the nurse, in her gentle, yet firm way, stooped down and smoothed the abundant hair in which gleamed a few threads of silver, as she said:

"You wish to talk, but I cannot allow it, for the doctor forbade it, as you must not excite yourself. But if you are obedient,

and mind the kind doctor's orders, we shall, undoubtedly, have you well in a few weeks."

The little lady attempted to smile at the cheery nurse, but the latter, who was a keen observer, saw the tears behind the smile—read the despair behind the brave front, and stooping again said softly:

"Be brave just a little while—endure with patience, then when the time comes you may tell me your story. In the meantime do not worry, and if we work together beautifully, you obeying my instructions, I, minding the doctor's orders, we may hope for good results. I will leave you now, and you must try to sleep."

A pathetic smile was the nurse's reward, then the dark lashes closed over the woman's eyes; and Miss Atwood, the nurse, knew the gentle sufferer was already doing her part toward a speedy recovery.

"Strange," she murmured, as she left the room. "It is no unusual thing for the Good Samaritan Hospital to gather in one of this type. No one could fail to see the look of refinement on the sweet face of that woman—the indelible stamp of good breeding which neither poverty nor misfortune can wholly efface. Life is indeed a strange ordeal; those who today are reared in the lap of luxury, may soon be in the place of this poor unfortunate; and where, indeed, is a better place afforded one to study this puzzling enigma than in the enclosing walls of a crowded city hospital?"

She left the room and traversed the length of the hall, meeting the head physician near the door. He was looking worn and her keen eyes detected it.

"How is the patient in room 14, Miss Atwood?" he asked kindly. "Very nicely, thank you. She wishes to talk, but I have insisted that she remain quiet."

"Quite right. I think there is a favorable chance for her recovery now, and will soon turn the case over to Doctor Russell. I will be off for my vacation in a week, and he will then occupy my place."

"We will be sorry to lose you, doctor, but am glad Doctor Russell will take your place, he is very able, and one of the kindest of men."

The doctor smiled and bowed, then passed on to his professional duties, leaving the nurse to indulge in flights of fancy concerning her charge in room 14.

It was two days after, that the physician told her the little lady was so much improved she might now be allowed to talk, and that in a few days she could sit up if

(Continued on Page 1338.)



Ora Charles Williams,
Born Dec. 4, 1908.

Mildred B. Williams,
Born Dec. 30, 1910.

ELGIN CHUMS

THERE are two of us, sister and me, Sister cannot talk very plain, mostly squealing, and so I will do it all, if I can keep her quiet long enough. My life has been short and sweet, sister's life twice as short as mine. Life has been sweet for both of us,—sweets given to us and secured for ourselves. They say when I was young I earned my living in the same way as sister and I know she gets hers in a much more satisfactory way than the bottle, spoon or Eskay's favorite. But then we have had ripe fruits and plenty of good bread and butter to help our regular commissary department along and as a result are strong, hearty and "sassy" sometimes. ("Sassy" that's me.)

Not so much fresh air goes to waste in the city as in the country, but we have our share. Mama says plenty of fresh air is good for us and we get it,—out-door air, sand pile and coaster wagon, that's fine and sister says "Them's my sentiments too." What are clothes for but to get dirty, and what are hands for but to use, and what is the ground for but to play in, and what is water for but to make us wet? The philosopher can fuss for other answers, I have my own opinion. My hands get dirtier than sister's, but she is little. I am two years older and know how to do it better. But listen, that's sister squealing for me in the sand pile. Bye bye, papa. Come home for dinner.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE WHOLE ARMOUR.

J. C. Flora.

WHEREFORE take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand."—Eph. 6: 13.

The present condition of the Christian is one of trial and peril. He is a mariner crossing the sea of life, exposed to storms and tempest, wherein many have made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience. He is a spiritual racer, and is running the Christian course, eagerly stretching forth his hand to seize the wreath of glory and eternal life. But the text refers to him as a warrior, who is exposed to many foes. He must meet the enemy in open combat. Wherefore the apostle advises that he should take the whole armour of God. We cannot afford to neglect the minutest part of armour, for the neglected part might be where the fatal blow would strike.

The Christian needs the whole armour so that he may be able to withstand in the evil day. It doubtless refers to the period of our life, the day of human probation. This is a very striking and correct view of the shortness and evanescence of our existence. The Psalmist says, "The days of our years are as a tale that is told;" Job says, "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble;" and Jacob says to Pharaoh, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." Yet, it is necessary we do not form too gloomy a view of human life. Life, itself, is a great blessing; we have many, very many enjoyments crowded into it; much to be truly grateful for. Our sorrows are infinitely lighter than our sins. Day is a fit emblem—mixture of light and darkness, sunshine and storm, joy and gladness. There are certain evils in this day to which we are all liable.

Our bodies have the seeds of unbearable diseases in them. This machine in which our soul resides is in disorder. It has its imperfections. "We that are in this tabernacle, groan, being burdened." Many wearisome days and nights are appointed unto us. Few of us may hope to be exempted from the evil day of affliction. It seems to be according to God's plan that we should be tempted. "Blessed is the man who endureth temptation." Our great

Lord was tempted, and we must conform to him in his sufferings that we may participate in his glory. Sometimes these temptations are severe. They come very close home to some of us, and it seems as though they will crush us; but we must endure temptations for Christ's sake. They are experiences through which we must go, step by step, to God's throne. There will come to us an evil day of persecution. "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." "Because ye are not of the world, the world hateth you." People will hate us and persecute us but we need not be discouraged, for Christ our great Leader was persecuted, before us. The oyster is inflicted with a wound and the highly prized pearl grows. So we may have our feelings wounded by severe criticisms, our bodies mangled by the hand of the persecutor, all that our life may grow richer and more like unto the blessed image of our Master. And, too, we must meet the evil of death. It will surely follow the rest. "We must needs die." This is an evil which nature dreads. The taking down of the earthly house of our tabernacle, the failing of our flesh and heart, the passing through the swellings of Jordan is not a thing for which most of us long. But through this, we receive a blessing, if we have been faithful. We shall have the pleasure of seeing Jesus as he is and to enjoy the good things that God has in store for us.

The apostle gives us some advice, that we may be able to withstand the evil day. He recommends to us the divine armour. Without armour we are incapable of resistance; we are not able to select weapons for ourselves. This is never left to the soldier's choice. We must not use carnal weapons. The Lord's warfare must be carried on by the Lord's weapons. God has selected and appointed every piece and has specified its place. We must have on the whole armour. Every part of us is vulnerable, and every part, therefore, must be defended. Look the whole armour over and we find that there is not one unnecessary piece. We must accept the armour and put it on. To have the armour and not have it on will not avail us anything. We must put it on and wear it. We must keep it on,—we dare not put it off until we lay down the tabernacle itself.

The motive urged, in putting on the armour, is, that we may be able to withstand. That the wave of affliction may not carry us away; that the floods of temptation may not overwhelm us; that the showers of fiery darts, however fierce and numerous, may not destroy us. That persecution may not move us from the hope of the Gospel and the profession of Christ. And that when the surges of death wash round us, and beat over us, death may be gain, and we may triumph over it, in the power of Christ's resurrection. That we may appear victorious in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ. Ye young converts have done something, ye young men more; and ye fathers still more, but all is not done. Much land to be possessed. Hold fast and persevere until you have done all, then you will stand. When we have done all we can, when we have performed our mission in life, our armour will then have served its purpose. Then may we lay it aside and be ever in the presence of God and enjoy the rest and the glory forever and ever.



OUTLINES FOR THANKSGIVING.

J. C. Flora.

- I. Personal Gratitude.—Psalms 116: 12.
 - I. It is a personal function, not a matter of proxy.
 1. In the 34th Psalm the pronoun of the first person is used thirty-four times.
 2. It is not what the President may think.
 3. It is not what our editors may say.
 4. It is not what the minister may herald from the sacred stand.
 5. But it is what shall I render unto Jehovah.
 - II. It is not broad generalizations.
 1. The blessing has come, not only to the nation.
 2. It has come not only to the church.
 3. But it has come to your home.
 4. It has come into your life.
 5. Your prospects for the future are greater.
 - III. We should be appreciative and apply the blessings of life.
 1. We do not deserve more money if we do not use well what we have.
 2. We do not deserve more happiness if we are not helping to make others happy.
 - IV. If we are grateful we should say so.
 1. It helps us to say "Thank you."
 2. It helps us to lay our hand on mother's shoulder and tell her how much we enjoy what she has done for us.
 3. It strengthens us to lift up our voices to our God in praise.
2. The Brimming Cup. "My Cup Runneth Over.—Psalms 23: 5.
 - I. Is it our national cup?
 1. In it are our institutions.
 2. In it are our fruitful resources.
 3. In it is our religious heritage.
 - II. Is it our domestic cup?
 1. It is brimming with comforts.
 2. It is ruddy with affliction.
 3. It is rich in opportunities of helpfulness.

- III. Is it our personal cup?
 1. This is a good time to be alive.
 2. This is a good land to live in.
 3. This is a good Lord to love and serve.



Unselfishness is the only means for happiness.

Keep the sectarian spirit out of the schools which belong to the people.

To give up the heart to love of satisfactions means the atrophy of the soul.

The church planted among opulent bungalows must think of the people below the tracks.

There are many social bandits, who are getting all they can and keeping all they can, and giving as little as they can.

Until we can have honesty in goods, honesty in work, honesty in conduct, we can not have a Christianized society.

Courtship and marriage should be lifted out of the realm of silly and brutal jest and made the holy thing that God intended.

It is sin that gives worth to righteousness. Sin is the whetstone that brings character to an edge and gives it value. Therefore Augustine said: "Oh, happy sin."

The great moral awakening will be permanent only as it rests upon the deep heart purpose of our men and women to be pure. This is fundamental.

In America today woman is a force to be reckoned with. She is the maker or breaker of our homes and can mar as well as make our civilization.

The Pacific is the future battleground, and the struggle there will determine the future supremacy of the world—whether it will be the Anglo-Saxon or the Mongolian.

There is never any excuse for a man to use coarse or profane language before a woman at any time. A man ought not to use language in the office he would not use in the parlor.

The average term served by those sent up for murder is but seven and one-half years. Thus the state is declaring that it holds life cheap. God's idea is not primarily one of vengeance, but of vindication.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Thanksgiving Dinner Recipes.

Miss Helen A. Syman.

ENGLISH Plum Pudding: One pound of brown sugar, two pounds of currants and raisins mixed, half cup of chopped suet, one pound of flour, two teaspoons of chopped citron, two cups of grated bread crumbs, one cup of molasses, a pinch of salt, one teaspoon of cloves and cinnamon each, three teaspoons of nutmeg (grated), two tablespoons of baking powder, six eggs, juice of two lemons and half a cup of brandy. Omit brandy if desired. Mix flour, molasses, spices, sugar, eggs; then add suet, fruit and lemons; then lastly baking powder and brandy. Put in a well greased deep dish, cover tightly and steam eight hours.

Old-fashion Stuffing for Turkey: Crumb one loaf of bread, mix with one egg a little butter, salt and pepper; if preferred add a little sage and celery. Mix well until stiff with a little water. Keep covered until ready to stuff turkey.

Turkey Pie: Chop turkey fine, put in baking dish with bits of butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper, pour over one cup of water, cover with a layer of chopped bread crumbs; then cover with two well beaten eggs. Bake until brown on top.

Jellied Turkey: Take two cups of veal broth, boil in it one onion, three sprays of celery, pint of water, three tablespoons of gelatine, salt and pepper; dissolve gelatine in a little water first; place jelly in large round mould, add a quantity of chopped turkey, stir until well mixed. Serve spread on lettuce leaves.

Cranberry Meringue Pie: One cupful of chopped cranberries and a cup of sugar, beaten with one egg, yolks of two eggs. Mix well, turn into piecrust and bake in moderate oven. Beat whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; add two tablespoons of sugar. When pie is well baked, spread meringue over top; brown slightly in oven.

Squash Pie: Slice squash, steam thirty minutes, beat well. Add to a quart of squash a quart of milk, four eggs well beaten, a cup of sugar, a little cinnamon, mace, ginger and salt. This is enough to make two pies. Fill pie crust and bake thirty minutes.

Browned Turnips: Pare turnips, slice and

boil. Put some butter in frying pan; add turnips and a little sugar. Stir until slices are well browned. Sprinkle with salt and pepper.

Breaded Parsnips: Grate about eight parsnips, and drop in water with a little salt. Boil fifteen minutes. Dip mixture in beaten egg and roll like balls in bread crumbs. Fry in ham fat to a golden brown.

Cauliflower in Cream: Chop one head of cauliflower, cook tender in one pint of hot milk, and a little water, with two teaspoonfuls of salt. Serve with a thick cream sauce.

Baked Onions: Take eight medium sized onions, cover with hot salted water, simmer twenty minutes, leaving skin on. When ready to bake, remove skins, place onions in baking dish and bake until tender with a little butter. Dust with pepper and salt.

Baked Vegetable Turkey: Beat one egg, add one pound of bread crumbs, two tablespoons of melted butter, one cup of nut meats; season to taste. Chop nuts fine, add bread and egg, then mix thoroughly. Butter a pudding dish, cover the butter with bread crumbs, put in oven and bake one hour.

Turkey and Oyster Croquettes: One cupful of chopped turkey, four tablespoons of bread crumbs, a cupful of chopped oysters, egg beaten lightly, and pepper and salt to taste. Moisten all with sufficient chicken broth. Roll into croquettes about the size of a finger. Roll in bread crumbs, fry in hot lard, serve on slices of crisp bacon on lettuce leaves. If desired, spread with a little French dressing.



A DOUBLE RESTORATION.

(Continued from Page 1334.)

the signs of recovery were still as favorable.

As Nurse Atwood bore a tray containing the patient's dinner, one day, she saw the flush that stained the white face when her gray eyes rested on a golden orange that rested on a snowy napkin.

"The dinner is inviting—but will you please remove the orange?"

Nurse Atwood looked at her quickly, and saw the suspicion of tears glinting on the dark lashes.

"Certainly," she answered. "We thought

oranges were considered treats by convalescents."

"Yes—perhaps; but not when they suggest other days that—bring heartaches," hesitatingly replied the other.

The offending orange was deftly whisked out of sight, by the obliging nurse, and she turned to the window.

"What a lovely day!" she exclaimed, by way of changing the subject which she believed painful to the other. "The street is alive with eager faced people. There is a group of children who have been gathering wild flowers. Such a dear little girl is standing near the corner fruit stand, her hands are full of daisies, but she is looking longingly at the rosy cheeked apples."

"Perhaps it is not the apples that attracts the little one, but the oranges of gold that peep from their coverings of tissue paper." The voice was low, but full of meaning, and the nurse searched her eyes.

"Am I able to talk now without experiencing any bad after effects?" she whimsically interrogated.

Nurse Atwood drew a low stool by the head. "You may," she said simply.

"You wondered why I could not eat the orange, but if you put it in my hand I may talk better. I never eat oranges, they have too precious memories connected with them." She paused, then her clear eyes came up to the other's face.

"I am not old yet—just thirty-eight, but heart sufferings have brought these sprinklings of silver to my hair. Once I was young—only eighteen when I met him. We met in that far away Southern land. Beneath the orange trees he told me of his love, and day after day, as we walked among their tropical luxuriance, our love grew and grew beneath the warmth of the Southern sun.

"One night we were seated on a rustic bench beneath the orange trees. We were eating some of the fruit, as he told me an old legend connected with the orange. I had heard the tale before, and told him he had one of the main points wrong. Ere long we were in a silly dispute. I became angry and casting the oranges at his feet, I snatched my engagement ring from my finger and buried it in the sand. I shall never forget his look as he asked if our engagement was at an end."

"It is," I answered, and started toward the house.

"Hear me a moment, Ellen," he said. "Tomorrow I leave forever this Southern

land, and I hope to never see an orange again."

"Then he was gone, and I have never heard from him. Years ago I came North and expended my last cent in a business which failed. A few weeks ago I came to this city, hoping to find profitable employment, and on the day of the accident was about to start in on my new duties. I am here instead, with nothing but a broken body, and a bitter heart ache."

"The body will be made well—and the heart will be made whole," said the nurse, soothingly.

The following day the new physician took charge. As he was making his round of the different wards he was met in the hall by Nurse Atwood.

"There is but one more," she told him, "and although she is on the road to speedy recovery, she is not doing very well. I am afraid a heart sorrow of the past is robbing her of all interest in life; and you know where one's interest is gone a very important factor that makes for health is missing." The bearded physician nodded his head, and passed on to room 14.

His patient was sitting by the window. Something about her profile struck the physician with wonder, and as he stepped nearer and spoke, she turned with a start of surprise. For one moment their eyes met, while into her face, which had been colorless, there leaped rich waves of crimson, only to recede again, leaving her deathly white, as she fell forward in the physician's arms in a faint.

"Will she die?" sobbed Nurse Atwood, whose usual calmness was completely shattered.

"No," replied the doctor, as he laid the slight form on the bed and administered restoratives. "Joy seldom kills; and this is a case of very great joy, isn't it my long lost love?" addressing the little woman, whose eyes had now flashed open, and over whose face came the light "that never was seen on land or sea."

It only needed that look to assure Nurse Atwood that the patient in room 14 was on the way to a speedy recovery.



That part of militant Christianity that is organized according to the divine plan is the purest democracy that this world has ever known; for all of its members, clergy and laity, male and female, rich and poor, are absolutely free and equal in authority; for it recognizes no discipline nor authoritative teaching in reference to religious faith and practice except the divine book.



The Reason
for Many
Abandoned Churches in the Country.

AUTOMOBILE VERSUS COUNTRY CHURCH

F. G. Moorhead

FOR every four automobiles bought by Missouri farmers a country church in Missouri is abandoned. And the automobiles are held directly responsible by President H. J. Waters of the Kansas State Agricultural College. The ratio in the neighboring States is also high—one abandoned church to every five motor cars owned by farmers in Illinois, one to seven in Kansas and one to ten in Iowa. With an average ratio of one abandoned church to every six automobiles owned by farmers in the grain belt as a whole, the motor car is being held accountable for the passing of the country church and of the old style circuit rider.

Within the last few years one thousand seven hundred country churches have been abandoned in Illinois. In an equal length of time the doors of a thousand other churches, once regularly open on Sunday, have been closed for good in each of the neighboring States—Iowa, Missouri and Kansas. Many of these churches were dependent, for their sermons, upon circuit riders and preachers from nearby towns, and, for their financial support, upon the missionary societies of various large cities. Today, with a widespread prosperity among the farmers of the grain belt, which has never been equaled, less is being spent for religious worship in the country and more for luxuries—notable in the list being

the automobile, the motorcycle and the talking machine—than ever before. In a typical rural community of 370 families it was found that the average among them owned property worth \$14,000, while the average family spent on itself \$771 a year; on schools \$13.72; on roads, \$6.00; on churches, \$3.18. This community is in a rural section of a State in which more than ten thousand farmers own and operate automobiles.

Here are President Waters' own words on the subject, uttered after long and careful investigation:

"The advent of the motor car, the building of better roads, the general prosperity of the farmer and the attendant luxuries of a nice team of trotters and a carriage to take the place of the old lumber wagon or of the spring-wagon as the family carry-all, and the improvement in education, in ideals and desires are the elements that have brought about this change and are causing the abandonment of thousands of country churches."

But far from believing that the automobile is to be charged with a decay in religious fervor in the country, as well as with the abandonment of the country churches, President Waters maintains that the motor car should be commended, not condemned, for the turn things are taking. Here is the way he reasons:

"Formerly it was a hard job to get to church. Riding in an ordinary farm wagon, or even in a spring wagon is not particularly comfortable and if the farmer and his family are jerked along over rutty, rough roads by a team of old plow horses they are not calculated to be in an exceptionally enjoyable frame of mind during the church service and the lessons might all be jolted out of them going home. But there are some seven thousand or more Kansas farmers that own motor cars and there are thousands of miles of good dirt roads in the State and there are hundreds of good teams and good carriages. The farmers are now a reading and studying class, thanks to the rural route and the introduction of the daily and weekly newspapers and the magazines. It is no trick at all for the farmer to get up on a Sunday morning and after doing his chores, hitch up a team of roadsters to a nice carriage and drive seven or ten miles to the city for church service. With motor cars fifteen or twenty miles is not bad.

"Then the farmers' children have been going to the county seat high schools or town high schools. They have made friends with many boys and girls and they like to go to church in the city and meet their friends.—Technical World.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Sillicus—"There is honor among thieves."

Cynicus—"Nonsense! Thieves are just as bad as other people."—Life.



Elsie—"After I wash my face I look in the mirror to see if it's clean. Don't you?"

Bobby—"Don't have to. I look at the towel."—Boston Transcript.



Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador, tells a brief story to illustrate the exalted opinion that he thinks Americans generally have of their nationality.

It was in a schoolroom, and during a review of history since the creation.

"Who was the first man?" the examining teacher asked.

"Washington," hastily replied a bright boy, quoting a familiar slogan, "first in war, first in peace, first—"

"Wrong. Adam was the first man."

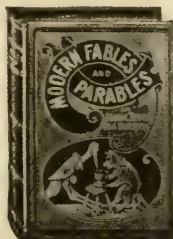
"Oh," the pupil sniffed disgustedly, "if y u are talking about foreigners."—New York Tribune.

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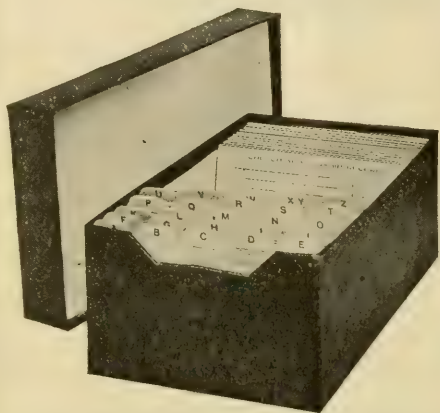
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Crawford—"I hear he was operated on. What did he have?"

Crabshaw—"Money."—New York Times.

✿ ✿ ✿

Judge (sternly)—"To what do you attribute your downfall?"

Culprit—"The first drink I ever took was one you bought me when you were trying to get my vote."—Puck.

✿ ✿ ✿

"That," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "is a magnificent art treasure."

"How do you know? By the painter's signature?"

"No. By my own signature on the check I gave the dealer."—Washington Star.

✿ ✿ ✿

"Geese are supposed to be symbolic of all that is foolish."

"Well, go on."

"But you never see an old gander hoard up a million kernels of corn and then go around trying to mate with a gosling."—Town Topics.

✿ ✿ ✿

Campaign Manager—"I hear poor Jobb has lost his memory. Can't remember a thing from one day to another."

Secretary—"Wouldn't he be a good man to take charge of the campaign contributions?"—Baltimore American.

✿ ✿ ✿

"Hey, waiter, I want to order a steak; there's none on the bill of fare."

"We are not serving steak today, sir. You see, we have a new cook, and he has not as yet arranged for his bond."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

✿ ✿ ✿

Tody—"Jennie tells me young Woody proposed to her last night."

Viola—"I don't think I know him. Is he well off?"

Tody—"He certainly is. She refused him."—Tit-Bits.

✿ ✿ ✿

The housewives of now-a-days want everything to come in fancy packages. You can buy vinegar at 12 cents a gallon, fancy bottles at 10 cents a bottle. For 50 cents you get 10 cents' worth of vinegar and 40 cents' worth of bottles.

Let no man imagine that he is a true Christian if he merely professes to be such, but at the same time has his heart filled with nought but desires unto sin. That is merely show religion, or hypocrisy.

THE INGLENOOK

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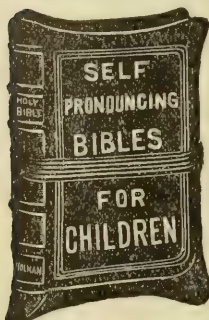
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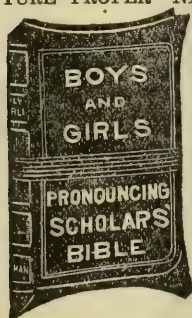
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there came wise men from the east
to Je-ru'sa-lem,

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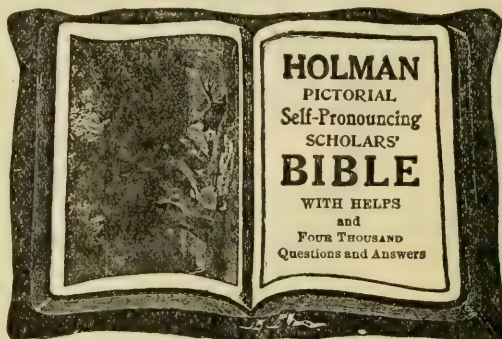
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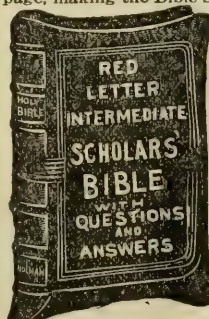
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finished the building
LORD, and the king's be
mon's desire which he wa

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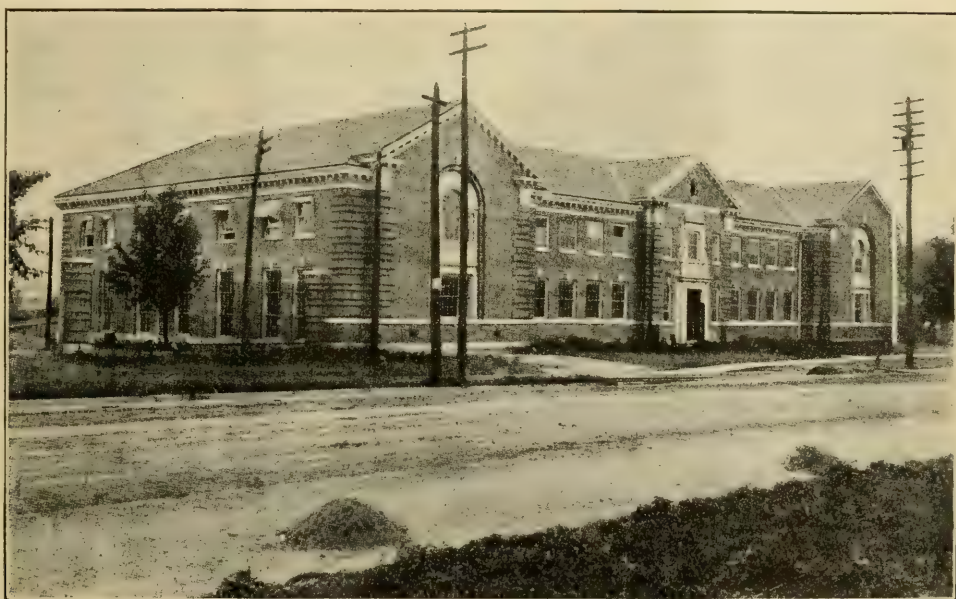
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December 3, 1912

No. 49

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



Forest Products Laboratory, Madison, Wis.

An Example of American Waste.

THE generation of the past was one of waste and hurried expansion of commercial institutions, when men, women, children and raw material in manufacturing plants alike suffered neglect. Men were easily imported to replace those injured, killed or permanently disabled, and lumber and fuel were also plentiful everywhere. Today we are studying the problem of conservation. We read of conservation of human life, of ability, of water power, of our forests and coal supply. Conservation is "in the air." When we learn to conserve our natural resources we may also learn to care for human life. When conservation once becomes a habit it will manifest itself in everything we do.

Next to the exploitation of human life, perhaps the reckless cutting of timber comes as an example of waste. Notice how the lumber industry has grown. In 1890 there were 24,000,000,000 board feet of lumber used in the United States. In 1900 the consumption increased to 35,000,000,000 and seven years later 40,000,000,000 were used during the year. We Americans use wood as though there was no end to the supply. For each inhabitant of the United States there is cut 125 cubic feet of timber annually. Germany uses only 37 cubic feet while France uses but 25 cubic feet annually.

Enormous waste occurs in preparing salable lumber from the trees. It is said that on the average 67 per cent of the tree is

wasted before it is manufactured into a finished product. When a tree is cut into cord wood the waste is only five per cent but if the same tree were cut into material for barrels three-fourths of it would be lost. Sometimes the mill waste is utilized and sometimes it is not. In sawing lumber into dimensions, such as six inch siding enormous quantities of wood are thrown aside. In order to counteract a part of this waste builders are being urged to use odd widths and smaller lengths. In the past carpenters have preferred to buy twelve foot boards and cut them into four or six foot lengths rather than buy short lengths. In an article in the Year Book of Agriculture, from which we take much of this information, it is said that large quantities of wood could be saved each year if the wood pulp and wood alcohol manufacturers would make more use of the mill waste, such as slabs and edgings. In 1908 over 250,000 cords of mill waste were used for such purposes.

Our National Government under the administration of former President Roosevelt began an extensive campaign in conservation and the work has been progressing with more or less success. In 1910 a wood testing laboratory was formally opened at Madison, Wis. The laboratory is thoroughly equipped for testing woods and studying problems of reducing the waste in the wood industries and in wood preservation. The University of Wisconsin assisted in establishing the laboratory.

The Abolition of Poverty.

Under the above title Jacob H. Hollander writes an article for the Atlantic Monthly. He discusses several phases of the subject ably although we were disappointed with the article in some respects. Mr. Hollander begins by giving the classic definitions of poverty and pauperism as the terms are used by modern writers. Concerning the number of persons in poverty in the United States he quotes from Robert Hunter who says that in 1904 there were 10,000,000 such people. The figures are startling. Ten million persons in poverty in the United States! That does not mean that there are ten million in a starvation condition. It means that their income alone is not sufficient to give them the necessities of decent living.

He thinks that the causes of poverty are found not so much in under-production as in poor distribution. In the last fifteen years the population of the world has increased one per cent a year while the cereal production has increased 2.5 per cent

each year. It is very true that many food stuffs go to waste in the country because there is no cheap and quick method of sending them to the consumer in the cities. Apples and other fruit rot on the ground because they are not first quality.

Mr. Hollander divides the poverty stricken into three classes. He says that poverty comes "to those who are working but are insufficiently paid; to those who are desirous of working but are periodically unable to obtain employment; and to those who through mental defect or physical infirmity find it impossible to secure remunerative employment at all."

As to whether we shall ever be able to abolish poverty he is rather optimistic. He says that we may get rid of poverty "if only society desires it sufficiently and will struggle enough to achieve it." The remedy will be twofold, increased wages and relief to the dependent. Mr. Hollander has little sympathy for the theological theory that the poor are necessarily with us in order that the well-to-do may work out their salvation by giving donations. The charity of the future must be constructive.

The Minimum Wage Scale.

During the recent presidential campaign there was something said about minimum wage laws. The opponents of such laws have given us no remedy as yet that will do away with the starvation wages which are paid in some industries. The usual argument against government regulation of wages is that it will make some manufacturers pay more for their labor than their competitors in other States. Another argument published rather widely during the campaign is that wherever a minimum wage law is in effect it will bring all wages down to a flat level. The latter argument is without foundation. In the face of present labor agitation few employers will risk the lowering of wages. Whatever the change, it must be upward. The former objection bears investigation. The Massachusetts Commission on Minimum Wage Boards after studying the books of fifty-seven candy factories, laundries, and retail stores have found that in these industries there is a wide diversity of wage scales. It is not true that all competitors pay the same wages and neither is it true that those employers who pay the most for labor are pushed out of business. Frequently candy factories making a poor grade of candy paid higher wages than factories making a better product. The secretary of the Commission writes thus to the Survey: "Every employer seemed to pay for his labor what he

thought 'it was worth,' a mysterious term that no employer was able to elucidate. The report of the Commission gives separately the wage scale of each of the fifty-seven establishments. The investigators took from the books the entire amount of the earnings of each and every woman during the previous fifty-two weeks. They showed, for example, that out of every hundred women in candy factory No. 5, 46.9 earned on the average throughout the past year less than \$4 a week; 21.9 women, between \$4 and \$5; 18.7 women earned more than \$5, but less than \$6, and the remainder 3.1 women earned \$8 or over. But in competing factory No. 4 out of every hundred women only 16.1 were paid on the average throughout that year less than \$4 a week (a much better showing than in factory No. 5); 36.7 women earned between \$4 and \$5; 20.9 women earned more than \$5 but less than \$6; 10.8 women earned between \$6 and \$7; 8.8 women between \$7 and \$8; and 7.7 women \$8 or over (again a much better showing than in No. 5, where none were paid between \$7 and \$8, and only 3.1 over \$8)."

Six of the large department stores of Boston also showed marked differences in the wage scale. In some stores very few were paid under \$4 a week but in others nearly a fourth of the employees did not receive on the average four dollars a week.

Eight dollars and over a week were paid as follows:

In Store No. 1,	57.7 per cent
In Store No. 2	17.5 per cent
In Store No. 3	26.7 per cent
In Store No. 4	28.8 per cent
In Store No. 5	29.1 per cent
In Store No. 6	13 per cent

If one firm can make business pay by giving a fair wage why cannot its competitor? That is the question which all good thinking people are asking. When wages fall below \$4 a week it is either dependency, starvation or an income by immoral methods. A state minimum wage law is not a cure-all but it would prevent the paying of starvation wages to those who cannot defend themselves.

Progress in Indiana.

It has been definitely decided by the State authorities that a colony for insane patients will be started in the near future. It will be in connection with the Eastern Hospital at Richmond where an option on land has been taken. A movement has been put on foot also for the establishment of a State farm for inmates of the penitentiaries. The agitation for better housing laws is moving along nicely. Reformers are planning to have a new law passed during the coming winter. For some time investigations have been conducted in many Indiana towns for the purpose of gathering facts and figures which will be presented to the legislature.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Trade Report.

Trade in the United States shows further expansion, reports from different sections and all statistics of traffic and exchanges speaking loudly of a great activity that in some instances is bounded only by the limit of capacity. Bank clearings this week show a gain of 15.0 per cent over last year and 37.0 per cent over 1910, and it is noteworthy that every part of the country shares in varying degree in the increases. Railroad gross earnings in the first two weeks of November gained 6.5 per cent, and the railroads are moving the immense traffic of the country, including an enormous quantity of grain and an unusual tonnage of manufactured products, with as much dispatch as their facilities will permit, while they are buying liberally of rails and equipment for future needs. The dry goods trade presents a picture of well-sustained activity, in

marked contrast to the depression that existed a year ago. There is big buying of raw cotton, which gives strength to its price, although receipts are on a liberal scale. The activity in the shoe trade has now reached close to the point of productive capacity. Leather and hides continue very strong. All the New England industries have assurance of full business for months ahead. The prospects for the retail holiday trade are most gratifying and foreshadow a record-breaking business. The long-continued mild weather retards certain branches of retail trade, though helping others, and generally speaking the volume is very large. The iron and steel industry continues to report heavy buying and some mills are unable to keep up with the demand. Clothing factories are very busy. Paper mills are doing a larger business. Lumber is fairly active and firm. The

year is closing not only with these many evidences of expansion, but what is still more promising for the future, with an optimism that rises above all unsettled issues, which would have caused worry and disturbances a few months ago. Foreign commerce maintains a high level, amounting in New York during the latest week to \$34,540,781 against \$33,980,141 in 1911 and \$32,419,243 in 1910. The exports were somewhat less than in the preceding two years, but imports made a substantial gain.—Dun's Review.



Foreign Trade Up to Four Billions.

Foreign trade of the United States will cross the \$4,000,000,000 line in the year which ends with next month. Its highest former record was \$3,626,000,000 in 1911. It only crossed the \$3,000,000,000 line for the first time in 1906 and the \$2,000,000,000 line in 1899.

Imports have practically doubled in value since 1901 and exports have practically doubled since 1904. Exports of domestic products, which had never touched the two billion line until 1911, will in 1912 approximate \$2,250,000,000, while exports of foreign merchandise during the year probably will fall slightly below the high record of \$37,250,000 in 1910.

One of the striking features of rapidly enlarging import trade is the increase in importations of nondutiable merchandise. Returns covering the ten months ended with October indicate that the quantity of nondutiable merchandise entering from foreign countries during the full year will be nearly or quite \$1,000,000,000 in value and certainly will pass the \$1,000,000,000 line if the free merchandise coming from our own islands is added to that imported from foreign countries.

The increase in foreign trade, while distributed among all the grand divisions except Africa, is especially apparent in the trade with our neighbors on the American continent. Imports from North America in the nine months for which detailed statistics are available increased \$60,000,000 over the corresponding period of 1911 and those from South America \$37,000,000, while exports to North America in the same period increased \$65,000,000 and those to South America \$14,000,000.



Carnegie Pensions for Ex-Presidents.

The right of the Carnegie corporation to offer pensions to ex-Presidents is plain and undeniable. Whether any ex-President will

deem it compatible with his dignity and self-respect to accept such a pension from a private source is distinctly open to doubt. Doubtless Mr. Carnegie is aware of this, and his real object is to accelerate action by Congress. If so, he will not mind a little hostile criticism in certain quarters.

The question whether it is necessary, proper and consonant with true democratic principles to pension ex-Presidents has been discussed for years, and the discussion will now be stimulated very considerably. There is, meanwhile, comfort in the thought that, in the words of President Taft, the executive is now well paid and generously cared for as long as he remains in the White House. A few years ago Presidents were underpaid and compelled to travel at the expense of the railroads.

In passing it may be observed that important as the ex-presidential pension matter is, wealthy philanthropists can easily find more pressing necessities to relieve. Millions instead of thousands should be spent on scientific research, on biological and medical experimentation. The warfare against dreaded and mysterious diseases—cancer, for example—is vigorously carried on, but everywhere there is demand for larger endowments, more laboratories, hospitals and workers. Surplus wealth cannot be more nobly applied than to the saving of life and the prevention of disease and suffering.



An Extra Session.

Mr. Wilson, the President-elect, let it be known on the 15th, just before he sailed for Bermuda, where he is to rest for a month, that he had decided to call an extra session of the new Congress in April next. He said:

"I shall call Congress together in extraordinary session not later than April 15. I shall do this not only because I think that the pledges of the party ought to be redeemed as promptly as possible, but also because I know it to be in the interest of business that all uncertainty as to what the particular items of tariff revision are to be should be removed as soon as possible."

A majority of the newly-elected members of Congress had said that, in their judgment, there ought to be such a session. Among these were Speaker Clark, who will be re-elected, and Mr. Underwood, who will again be chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.



The only safe place for the bird of peace to alight just now is Basel, Switzerland,

EDITORIALS

Big Fruit Growing House.

The Agricultural Department is about to establish at Washington a big greenhouse for growing tropical and subtropical fruits under glass. The idea is to demonstrate to visitors what can be done in the way of raising such fruits in southern Florida, Texas, Arizona and California. Among the fruits that will be shown are all the well-known commercial varieties, and, in addition, the pomelo, breadfruit, avocado pear, pineapple, loquat, guava, mangosteen, sapodill and Australian passion-fruit.



Editing "Store News."

More than ever the proprietors of the great papers have come to look upon the advertising columns as "news" and are as careful in their editing of them as in those columns devoted to the news of the day. The thousands of women readers are really the cause of the latter revolution. To the woman reader the "news of the stores" is of first importance. Just as the father turns to the market pages and the boys to the sporting columns, the women turn to the advertising columns, looking for the news of the stores. And it is now realized that that news must be carefully scanned and guarded against misrepresentation and faking as in the other parts of the paper.



Ireland Produces Flags.

Most of the people of Ireland, except those of the north, have made up their minds that home rule is at hand, and at once their thoughts have turned to the consideration of a national flag. The golden harp on a green ground, that most of us suppose to be the Irish emblem, is, it appears, the flag of Leinster alone, and objections are raised to its adoption as the national flag of Ireland. There are nine other flags being discussed in the Irish newspapers, none having a shamrock in its design. The most ancient of them is the "spear and serpent," established in remote days to indicate the recovery of Goadhal Glas from a snake bite by the rod of Moses. This is the most venerable of Irish flags, but there is some prejudice against the sinister figure of a snake on a national emblem, especially as there are supposed to be no snakes in Ireland.

Then there is the "red hand on a white

ground," which is the flag of the O'Neills; the three crowns on a blue field of Munster, the parti-colored coat of Connaught and the king enthroned of Meath. Each of these flags has its adherents. In fact, every design but that of the union jack appears to have admirers, most of them being in favor of the flag of Leinster, which is recognized all over the world as being essentially Irish. It was the green flag that flew at the battle of the Boyne, and the color is being supported by some on the ground that a blend of blue and orange that produces green is typical of the union of North and South. Charles Stewart Parnell is said to have thought the green flag ill-omened, and to have favored the golden harp on blue ground, as used by Grattan's parliament. Canadians, who have the notion that under home rule Ireland will have the same relation to Great Britain as the Province of Ontario has to the Dominion of Canada, will not fail to note that there has never been an agitation, born of the people, promoted by the newspapers and stimulated by prizes, for a "national flag" of Ontario. Ireland as an independent nation is the ideal of the people who are busy designing a flag to typify the new status of the Emerald Isle.



Pedigree.

A writer recently emphasized pedigree in the following terms:

"A Detroit gentleman who owns a large farm on Orchard Lake and who doesn't seem to care whether the humans who hang around his farm have pedigree or not, is nevertheless mighty particular about the ancestry of his live stock. And with this idea he recently spent \$100 for a white Wyandotte rooster.

"Now \$100 is ten tons of coal and a suit of clothes; it's four months' rent or three months' grocery bill. It would keep us in shirts, shoes, overcoats and pajamas for five years, and it would buy all the wedding presents that the average man is called upon to give in his average lifetime.

"But this gentleman tossed it out for one white rooster, and thought he cheated the man who sold it to him at that. For \$100 one might imagine that he ought to get some rooster. At any rate it would have to be a considerable rooster before we'd part with 100 bones to own him. But we are digressing.

"The rooster arrived by freight, instead of a special Pullman sleeper. He was fed, groomed and then turned loose in the barn yard. It happened that there was an ordi-

nary 98-cent rooster who hadn't heard what his owner had paid for the newcomer. He resented the intrusion of the high brow, and in true, low brow rooster fashion ordered him off the place. The swell bird threw out his \$65 chest, and exercised his \$25 voice to crow derisively. The next minute the low brow was eating his way through the \$15 comb, and clattering up the barn yard with feathers that were worth at least 20 cents apiece. In less than half an hour he had pecked and clawed just \$87.50 worth of that \$100 bird and hadn't lost a nickel's worth himself. If the owner hadn't gone to the rescue there'd have been a \$100 fricassee on the dinner table that night. Now the prize bird is just loitering around the barn yard looking for a place to hide whenever the 98-cent bird crows.

"Moral: Ancestors don't help much in this year's battles."



Sermons Without Noise.

There exists in New York on One Hundred and Forty-eighth Street, near Amsterdam Avenue, a church that is unique in this city of many strange institutions and movements. A few Sundays ago, at the afternoon service, the building was well filled with a quiet audience. The clergy presently came in vested in the habiliments of the Episcopal church, and preceded by a procession of young women in vestments, led by a cross-bearer. At a signal these young women, who formed the choir, ranged themselves before the altar, facing the people, and in graceful, rhythmic motions of the hands and arms "signed" a hymn, which the silent congregation looked at with rapt attention.

The clergyman then continued the service in signs. The people knelt or stood, as the ritual of the Episcopal church demanded, yet never a sound was heard of voice or music, only response was made by the eloquent moving of answering hands from the crowded pews. A sermon followed from the conspicuous pulpit, for these people must see if they would understand, and by a series of motions, some so graphic as to be comprehensible to the visitor, a discourse was addressed to the silent, watching throng. The whole service was pathetic and touching to a degree, and as one slowly made his way from the edifice he wondered if anywhere else in the great city so curious a worship had that day been offered.

It was learned subsequently that St.

Ann's Church for deaf-mutes, for that was the church that had been visited, was the only church in New York solely used for the silent people. Later on it was learned that St. Ann's was a part of St. Matthew's parish, of which Rev. Arthur H. Judge is rector, and that the vicar had been over forty years in the deaf-mute work. He travels, so he said, far and near in his ministry, he attends court to interpret for deaf men who chance to need his services there; he buries their dead, baptizes their children, assists them in their needs.



Friendship's Secret.

"To have friends a man must show himself friendly." The words had impressed themselves on John's mind. "I imagine that Solomon's advice in regard to making friends will work as well today as it did thousands of years ago."

"To have friends a man must show himself friendly." John Bolton thought of the clerks in the great railway office where he worked. Not one had evinced the least desire for fellowship beyond the point of the formal acquaintance bred by similarity of work.

"All right," he had concluded after his first week in the office, "those fellows can look me over and set me down as countrified, and I'll let them see that I want nothing of them."

In the weeks that had followed, John had devoted himself completely to his work and his cold manner had repelled any casual advance that had been made toward friendliness.

As he walked slowly back to his boarding-house that bright Sunday morning his thoughts were busy with the sermon. "It was preached for me," he said aloud, "and I was sent there to hear it."

The keynote had been responsibility for helpfulness in the daily round. There were other sentences, besides that forcible proverb, that had gone straight home to John's heart and mind.

"Often the lonely people are those who fail to make the most of their opportunities for friendships." "There is a vast deal of friendliness in the world which we never take the trouble to cultivate." "Unselfishness is the prime factor in friendship."

"I'll put that proverb into practice tomorrow and begin with the fellow at the next desk."

His resolve was carried out. The fellow at the next desk was well worth knowing,

and a friendship sprang up that was of lasting benefit to both.

"I never dreamed that you could be such a friendly fellow," the deskmate confided later, "when you first came you were so stiff and standoffish that we all gave you a wide berth, but we've found out our mistake, and lately your friendly ways have made you the most popular clerk in the office."

"I had to find out my own mistake and correct it," John rejoined; "and when I realized that 'to have friends a man must show himself friendly' the way was made easy."



Are Housewives Gainers?

Years ago a housewife went to the butcher's with a basket and carried her purchase home, wrapped in brown paper. Now she telephones to the marketman, or he sends a messenger to her house to receive her orders, and the goods are sent to her in a paraffined or a sterilized wrapper and in an automobile delivery cart. The telephone, the messenger, the wrapper and the cart and its driver must all be paid for by the consumer. Soda crackers in an

ornamental lined box cost more than those sold in bulk from a barrel. Lard in a sealed tin pail or butter in an ornate packet must be more expensive than it used to be when scooped from a tub and dropped into the crock which the housewife sent or took to the shop for it. So with a hundred other articles. They are stored, packed, sold and delivered in much more expensive ways than they were, and this additional expense comes out of the pockets of the consumers.

In some respects it is luxury. In some it is convenience. In some it is sanitation. In some it is simple neatness and cleanliness. But whichever it is, we greatly doubt if the average consumer, even the one who grumbles most at the increased cost of living, would willingly go back to the old order of things, even if by so doing prices could be put back to the old figure. People have been accustomed to the new ways, and now regard as necessities of service things which their grandparents would have stared at disapprovingly as vanity and extravagance. But if they insist upon continuing to enjoy them, they will have to be reconciled to the cost.

THE SOCIAL EMPHASIS

THERE is an unmistakable trend in our modern civilization toward neighborliness. Individualism is losing out. A genuine socialism is emerging. Men are getting to be a little more considerate of one another. There is more of a disposition to think in terms of unity and fraternity. The old order is changing. The progress may be slow, but it is real.

True, our friend, the pessimist, rises to remark that the progress toward a real brotherliness is practically imperceptible. He raises questions that seem to indicate that the movement is backward, not forward. Is not the most marked feature of our day its organized selfishness?

But for all the questions of our pessimist friend and despite the prima facie case he may seem to have established, taking a comprehensive view and comparing decade with decade, it is altogether certain that we have made a big advance toward a more social and fraternal organization of society. As indicating the advance made:

Witness the splendid and far-reaching organizations for social service, for relieving oppressive conditions, for helping the least fortunate to make the most of his

right to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Witness that remarkable body of legislation in the interests of brotherhood and social justice which Lloyd George has put upon the statute books in England, which he is carrying into successful operation, and by which he is bringing a more kindly and considerate tone into public life.

Witness the consideration that is given to the demands of the great industrial working class, the mighty influence that class is wielding in politics and on legislation, the distinct gain that class has shown in independence, confidence, and self-respect, the growing disposition to give hand-workers equal respect and recognition with brain-workers and the aristocracy of wealth.

Witness the great body of legislation in recent years looking to the protection and welfare of the toilers, looking to public health, looking to the rights of women and children, looking to social justice and the "square deal" for every man.

And not to speak of other things, witness the new social emphasis in the work and message of the Church. That emphasis is very marked these days in the utterances of the pulpit. The old individualistic gospel,

that was concerned only about the relations of the soul to God and indifferent to the relations of men in society, is giving away. The message is becoming broader. While not putting any less emphasis on the importance of each soul getting right with God, preachers are putting more emphasis on the duty of men to live together in society as brothers, in the spirit of the Golden Rule. The pulpit is coming more to concern itself with the external conditions which do so much either to help or hinder spiritual growth.

The social emphasis in religion means that the Church is getting back closer to the Spirit and method of Jesus. Christ was always working toward a kingdom wherein righteousness and fairness and brotherliness and mutual good-will should bind men together in an ideal social order. And with this end in view the Master was always relieving distress, healing diseases, lightening burdens, sympathizing with misfortune, breaking shackles and delivering captives, driving away malignant and tormenting demons, and ministering to the physical welfare in order to promote the spiritual.

But this is the question we wish to raise:

Has the Church lent herself sufficiently to this new social emphasis? A recent writer has asserted that the Church always suffers in times of social upheaval because she is so slow to adjust herself to the changing needs of the people, because she is constitutionally conservative, and because she is in such large measure dependent on certain rather comfortable and well-favored classes of society. For reasons like these, it is asserted, there has come to be a distinct breach between the Church and the working people.

How much of truth there is in these assertions we leave our readers to judge for themselves. We want to assert our belief that the Church cannot afford to neglect the social message, that she must concern herself with the social and economic and industrial conditions. The gospel of brotherliness must be persistently preached. And all the mighty influence of the Church must be directed toward breaking down organized selfishness and vested privilege and every unsocial form of business and political and industrial organization.—The United Presbyterian.

THE REASON WHY

Frank Winters

MUCH is being said and written daily about the trend of young America. We are constantly reminded by able teachers and writers of approaching social chaos. People seem at a loss to understand why so many are engaged in avocations that encourage only evil and strongly tend to poison the mind and tear down whatever good traits of character may have been developed. The reason is simply this: Those who should know better encourage such conditions, not only by their patronage, but with their money.

Not long ago a great learned and good man gave a lecture on brotherly love and universal peace at Carnegie Hall, New York City. Less than one thousand people attended this lecture, which was gratis. Only a few blocks from the hall a vile show with a salome dancer, was given at one dollar a head, and the theatre was packed with curious humanity. The same night at Madison Square Garden a number of prize fights were offered, and the price of admission was from one to five dollars and

nearly five thousand yelling hoodlums filled this mammoth structure.

It is true that the patronage of the latter places was made up largely from the "low brow" element, yet there were many superior looking men at both places. The most appalling feature was the attendance of women at the theatre, many of whom manifested a smattering of respectability. They seemed to enjoy the shocking exhibition of vulgarity fully as much as the men, who acted as their escorts. Why is this? What has come over some of the ladies of our land? They are certainly on the road to destruction not only socially, but physically and mentally.

A few days ago I happened to be at the home of a friend who had been recently married to the choice of his heart, and from all appearances they were very happy. After dinner Mr. — suggested that we go to church or prayer meeting. I frankly confess that I am not a church man, but am a great respecter of all things good, and especially of sincere goodness. Mr. — is a sincerely good man.

Astonishing as the statement may seem, this suggestion did not meet with the approval of his better-half, who had spent the afternoon with a girl friend who had been to see a new show over which everybody raved.

Mr. Blank asked his wife what had caused her to be so enthusiastically inclined to this special show. She said Sarah had told her about the beautiful (abbreviated) gowns, what a tremendous company it was, and how the "Turkey Trot," "Bunny Hug" and other equally vulgar dances, were thrilling the people, and she,—well she was just "daffy" to see it,—and "please—let's go there."

Mr. Blank's embarrassment was evident, but he calmly stated that he could not enjoy an exhibition of that kind, and to make matters pleasant suggested a spin around town in an auto. Wifely reluctantly consented, so a drive was taken, but the evening's pleasure had been marred, for wifely dear pouted and nagged all the while.

The "show" very likely was all right for "us fellows," but the disposition of Mr. Blank's wife, is a striking example of how even good girls become possessed of the "craze" and forget all about what such weaknesses lead to. The "simple life" is so simple and so devoid of unnatural thrills that many try a taste of the great white way, and few indeed escape being gobbled up.

Only a short time ago the whole world was shocked by the murder of Herman Rosenthal, a gambler. An investigation is now in progress, and the revelations and daily disclosures are sufficient to make one wish they had never been born. Police officials, politicians and public servants are being "shown up," as never before, and what an outrageous scandal! Police officials selling protection to criminals, and politi-

cians protecting the disorderly house element with police help.

This shameful condition exists because it was found profitable to those who took part in it. Gangs prospered as never before. Murder, robbery, burglary and all kinds of crime thrived while to be decent was to be in bad odor with that element. Many of the men now publicly and forever disgraced were once respected citizens—with the "liberal idea." They thought it all right to be "good fellows," play cards, go to questionable resorts, have a girl who was also a "good fellow" and didn't object to a cold bottle, etc. But now the reckoning.

This seems to be the day of separating the wheat from the tares. How frequently we encounter characters who wish to be known as those who believe it is all right to do as you please, as long as you don't wrong some one else. But they fail to see that they wrong others by their example of loose morals.

This condition will prevail just as long as men and women encourage wrong doing. It will cease when they elect to set a standard of high morality—good precepts and correct living. Destroy the devil that lurks in so many homes, kill the fire bug that kindles the fire of destruction, and banish the teacher of evil and then we will be on the threshold of the millennium.

Calamities occur with astounding frequency, but how many hearken! Do we not find the spirit of wrong ever working to destroy our institutions? One has but to take a stroll up Broadway and behold the manifestation of all that tends to destruction.

It is well, young man, young woman, to halt and ask yourself, "Where are we going?"

THE FARMER AND THE AUTO

A MINNESOTA farmer tackles the automobile question with figures. He wants his brother farmers to know whether really the automobile is an economic venture or not; and he thinks it is. He has used an auto for two years on his farm, and for the year 1911 it cost for repairs \$49.50; for batteries, \$4.50; for cylinder oil, \$8.50, and for gasoline, \$28.50, which would make a little over \$90. Allowing for some trifling extras, we have a bill that we can round up at \$100. Keeping a horse would cost for grain about \$50

and for hay about the same figure. We have still the blacksmith's bill and a possible doctor's bill to take care of. If our farmer's machine is a fair average, and the cost is a fair average, there is not very much difference in the cost of keeping a living machine and a machine without life.

The farmer drove his auto about 1,800 miles, as near as he could estimate, making the cost per mile not very far from 5 cents. This does not divide the expense between three or four persons who occupied the machine together. He tells us that on one oc-

casion he went 80 miles with four persons in the auto, and all told the cost was \$3.75; to have gone by rail for the four persons would have cost about five times the amount by auto. This is a very good tabulation for the travel side of the question. It is, however, difficult to make an estimate of this sort. The comparison with railroad travel is easy, but those who cannot have this choice must make their comparison with horse traveling, and in this case 80 miles would exhaust at least four days in coming and going, with horse feed and wear and tear of all sorts, and very probable delays. The farmer brings in a part of this item where he tells us that going 6 miles for a load was easily accomplished after his chores at night. He got his 500 pounds of flour and a package of trees to be set the next day, and was home a little after 9 o'clock.

"To have used a team after the day's work on such an errand as he accomplished, would have been equivalent to another day's work for his horses. They would have been laid up for the next day's use."

He estimates that to have hauled grain to the elevator, taken his cream and eggs and poultry to market with his auto, was a great saving, not only in time, but because he could be working his horses at the same time. If he needed any groceries he could run to town with his auto in fifteen minutes, get what he wanted, neither be tired himself nor break into his afternoon's work. He figures that a ride in the automobile has a restful effect, a sort of recreative influence which must not be overlooked. To illustrate, he had been cultivating corn until 4 o'clock in the afternoon of a hot summer day, thermometer at 90. He took care of his team, and then with his wife and babe drove the auto 18 miles for an outing, and back in time for the evening's milking. It made him feel like a new man, and the day closed up without any of the usual effect of hard work in a torrid sun. We think he is quite right that it is a difficult matter to put a money estimate on such a trifle as that. It was quite out of the question with horsepower only. The old-time farmer had nothing better than to throw himself down under an apple tree and take a sleep. If he used his horses he took so much out of his power for work, and the driving had very little soothing effect on his already tired limbs and nerves. The team would have to walk most of the time, and the auto can spin, giving fresh air and cooling it.

There is only one drawback that we can

see to this estimate; yes, there are two; in the first place most farmers are not prepared to use good judgment and mechanical skill in caring for an automobile. The writer acknowledges that, farmer or no farmer, his chief hindrance would be his entire lack of mechanical taste and skill. With him an automobile would need a chauffeur, and trifles would probably amount to breakdowns. We are quite sure that the cost of an auto is at its best in the hands of our farmer friend who writes this story. Every word he writes indicates that it would be very difficult for him to get laid up on the road. Unfortunately, we know people who cannot drive an automobile twenty miles with any certainty of getting there without a mishap, and consequent delays. That spoils the whole story. We believe, however, that the coming farmer will be differently educated as to tools and mechanics in general. More of our farmers' boys are every year going to agricultural colleges, at least for a winter term. These colleges are educating in mechanics as well as agriculture, that is the mechanics of agriculture. Besides this, however, the average farmer is not yet prepared for wise storage of an auto. He certainly will find it very far from being an economic investment if garaged in the ordinary farm barn or cow shed; worse yet if left out of doors with the farm tools. The new farmer has got to have a new sort of barn, for new purposes, and there must be the garage room, as well as the other rooms for spraying apparatus, and shop for repairs.

We believe that the argument in favor of the auto stands at present strongest for the intensive farmer, for the man who runs to market every day with berries, plums, cherries, pears and apples, and whose time is really money. He is needed in two places at once, in his fruit garden to oversee the picking and the packing, and at the delivery end of his business, to see that his customers are suited and satisfied. This man has been accustomed to spending all of one day in the market place, or driving from customer to customer, making up on the next day in the picking field. With the auto he starts at 6 or 7 in the morning, drives deliberately fifteen miles inside an hour, and has his load delivered so as to be back again at his home and in the field at work by 9 o'clock in the morning. There is no possible money valuation for this sort of accommodation. Six hours are added to the man's working days, and every bit of it taken out of that time that would have been wasted by slow teaming—that is what

the auto is going to do for the truck farmer.

This is a matter not very easily estimated. It means in reality that the farmer's day is doubled, for twelve hours make the average farmer's day; he knows nothing about the eight-hour day and has little interest in it. But here comes the auto, and in more cases than one gives him twice as many hours for his work. Time has been the one thing our intensive farmer has needed rather than higher prices for his

goods, or easier customers, or cheaper markets for what he has to buy. Meanwhile, we are just along the border of an indeterminate income, in the way of passenger rates and rentals. For some time to come there will be a call of this sort, that can be met by the auto owner with profit. We do not see why the auto truck, easily transformable into a pleasure vehicle, is not already to be reckoned on by the judicious farmer. Our Minnesota friend has made no mistake.—The Independent.

THE POPE AND THE "NE TEMERE" DECREE

[From the Christian Herald.]

ST. LOUIS, Mo., has been called "The Rome of America." In that city there has been in many respects a more marked development of the official power of the Roman hierarchy than in any other city of the West. Consequently it was not a surprise when, on July 27, the announcement came from Roman Catholic sources in St. Louis of an important change of attitude on the part of the Papacy on the question of mixed marriages. On that date a telegraphic despatch was sent to the daily newspaper press from St. Louis, quoting the *Acta Sedae*, an official Vatican publication, to the effect that the Pope had repealed that portion of the decree, *Ne Temere*, which dealt with the question of mixed marriages and the religious training of the children of such unions. The statement was as follows:

"Protestants wishing to marry Catholics need no longer sign an agreement to rear their children (resulting from the marriage) in the Roman Catholic faith. Neither will they be obliged to pledge themselves to refrain from interfering with the Catholic consort's performance of religious duties. The change has been brought about by the repeal by Pope Pius of that portion of the decree *Ne Temere*, and the repeal becomes effective at once.

"*Ne Temere* was a decree issued by Pope Pius himself at Easter, 1908. It obliged every Protestant wishing to marry a member of the Catholic faith to sign an ante-nuptial promise that he or she would refrain from interfering with the Catholic in the exercise of his or her religious duties. Further, the non-Catholic was required to pledge himself or herself to have all the children resulting from the marriage baptized Catholics, and to have them educated

in Catholic schools. The decree required that these promises be made and signed before the priest who was to perform the marriage ceremony. In cases where non-Catholic persons refused to so obligate themselves, no priest was allowed to marry them, under punishment of being suspended himself. If the couple went to a Protestant minister and were married, the Catholic party to the marriage was excommunicated.

"According to the instructions said to be contained in the repeal of the *Ne Temere*, a non-Catholic party will be asked to sign the ante-nuptial promises, as was previously the custom. Should he or she refuse to so obligate himself or herself, the priest may perform the marriage notwithstanding the refusal."

This startling news, indicative of an amazing backdown by the Roman Church in deference to an overwhelming public opinion in Europe and this country, soon became the theme of general discussion in religious circles, Protestant as well as Catholic. Rev. D. S. Phelan, a prominent Romanist cleric, is quoted as saying on this point that, by the refusal to sign this pledge, "families have been estranged and no end of enmity and discord has been engendered." He added:

"Pope Pius' action in this repeal is sure to create a stir in Catholic circles throughout the country. Protestants marrying Catholics have always regarded the enforced signing of the ante-nuptial promises as a hardship and an unnecessary humiliation. The Court of Appeals of St. Louis recently decided that the promises had no legal force. The law requiring the promises is older than the *Ne Temere*, which simply enlarged on and confirmed the law."

Within twenty-four hours after the semi-official statement from Catholic sources on the strength of the announcement in the Vatican journal, the whole situation underwent a sudden change. There had been a mistake somewhere, or at least a grievous misconception, and the Vatican set about its immediate correction. On July 28 this authoritative statement came by cable from Rome:

"The report that the Pope has revoked the decree *Ne Temere* is unfounded, nor is he likely to revoke it, as it embodies provisions which have governed church procedure for two centuries. It is probable that the misunderstanding with respect to the revo-

cation of the decree arose through the suspension of the provision relating to mixed marriages in Germany and Hungary. The other provisions, however, are in full force in those countries. In the United States and England the decree still applies in its entirety. By its terms a marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant without the sanction of the parish priest is void. It is declared that possibly the United States and England may obtain a modification of this regulation."

This left the whole situation practically in statu quo, but the explanation was by no means a complete or satisfactory one. Shortly after the original promulgation of

A Baptismal Certificate Condemning a Family to Shame, Under the "Ne Temere" Decree.

1911. Page 97

Lecturis Salutem in Domino.

Extractus Historicæ Baptisatorum Ecclesiæ Catholice Sti Stephani Regis Hungarorum in America Septentrionali sitæ de Anno millesimo nongentesimo undecimo.

Numerus cure	Annus et Dies		LOCUS		BAPTISATI		PARENTUM		PATRINORUM		Nomen et Officium Baptisantis	NOTA
	Natus	Collatus	Natus	Collatus	Nomen et sexus	STATUS	Nomen, Religio, Condicio et Originis Locus	Nomen, Religio, Condicio et Domicilium				
45	March 31	April 16	Trenton, N. J.		Stephanus	Legitimus	Joannes Homa et Julia Baranyai	Joannes Zeku et Maria Hitra	Carolus Radoczy			<i>Parents contracted marriage before a Calvinistic preacher which is nothing (void) by the latest decree of our Pontiff, Pius X, therefore the boy is illegitimate.</i>

In quorum fidem sigillum Ecclesiæ et nominis manupropria subscriptio

Datum in Trenton, N. J. die 4a Februarii Anno 1912.

Carolus Radoczy
Rom. Cath. Curate.

[TRANSLATION]

To Those Who Read, Health in the Lord

1911 Page 97
Taken from the Record of Baptisms of the Catholic Church of St. Stephen, King of the Hungarians, situated in North America, in the year 1911.

Number	Year and Day		PLACE		BAPTIZED			PARENTS	SPONSORS	Baptizing Official	REMARKS
	of Birth	of Baptism	of Birth	of Baptism	Name and Sex	STATUS		Name, Religion, Standing and where they came from	Name, Religion, Standing and Residence		
						Legiti- mate	Illegiti- mate				
45	March 31	April 16	Tren ton, N J.		Stephen	—	1	Joannes Homa and Julia Baranyai	Joannes Zeku and Maria Hitra	C Radoczy.	Parents contracted marriage before a Calvinistic preacher which is nothing (void) by the latest decree of our Pontiff, Pius X, therefore the boy is illegitimate.
Radoczy											

In the faith of which, the seal of the Church is attached and the name is subscribed in proper hand. (Signed) CAROLUS RADOCZY, Rom. Cath. Curate.

[SEAL]
Given at Trenton, N. J., Feb. 4, 1912.

the *Ne Temere* decree, the Prussian minister in Rome requested information of the Vatican concerning its scope. He asked, in plain terms, whether it was intended to apply to Germany, and the Vatican's representative, appreciating the significance of the situation, replied that it was not intended to be enforced in Emperor William's dominions. The answer was concise and satisfactory, as far as Germany was concerned, but there were other governments to be reckoned with. In England, where the decree was presumably intended to become effective, the "Vatican method" of dealing with mixed marriages was repudiated by the people. Huge public demonstrations were held in London by the Evangelical Alliance, at which the overriding of the civil law by Rome to the detriment of British subjects was unsparingly denounced. At one of these gatherings, the following resolution was adopted:

"That this meeting of three thousand citizens, representative of our national Christianity, protests against the publication in the British Empire of the Decree of the Council of Trent, known as *Ne Temere*, whereby mixed marriages contracted according to the rites of the Protestant churches and the law of the State are declared to be null and void, and British subjects who have openly and honorably entered into such marriages are held up to public reprobation as living in sin, and their children branded as illegitimate; this meeting also repudiates the pretensions of the Church of Rome to regulate the conditions determining the validity of marriages legally solemnized between British subjects in any part of His Majesty's dominions."

Other resolutions were adopted requesting the British Government to take steps for the relief of those who were suffering through promulgation of the decree which put upon such marriages the stigma of illegality and upon their helpless offspring the shameful brand of illegitimacy.

In the Dominion of Canada there was also serious trouble over the *Ne Temere* decree. The Supreme Court of Quebec took up the question of the validity of the marriages of Roman Catholics before Protestant ministers, and while disagreeing on some details, all five judges held that mixed marriages were valid whether performed by a Catholic or Protestant minister. It was decided that the *Ne Temere* decree has no legal force in the Province of Quebec. The recent suit brought by Mme. Morin, wife of a professor of McGill University,

Canada, against the editor of the Catholic journal, *Le Croix*, was a direct outcome of the decree. Mrs. Morin was a daughter of the late Father Chiniquy, who left the priesthood and became a Protestant. He married Euphemie Allard. *Le Croix*, on November 18, 1911, referred to Chiniquy as an apostate, who, having been bound by his religious vows, had no right to marry, and consequently his wife was "nothing but a concubine." Mrs. Morin held this to be a slander, both upon her mother and herself, and sued Joseph Begin, the editor and proprietor of the paper, and won her case, securing a judgment for \$3,000 damages. Justice Greenshields, in delivering judgment, characterized the article as "grossly defamatory and libelous. . . . No man or no paper, Anglican or Roman Catholic, has the right to say of or concerning any woman that she is a concubine, or her children illegitimate." Such was the attitude of the Dominion courts on the validity of the *Ne Temere* decree in Canada, under cover of which three persons were grossly slandered and the functions of the civil courts and of all ecclesiastical authorities other than Roman Catholic were held up to contempt.

In this country the *Ne Temere* decree has been productive of great injustice to the principals in mixed marriages. Several cases have come to light in which the children of such marriages, when presented for baptism before a Catholic priest, have been entered on the official baptismal record as illegitimate, although their parents have rendered obedience to the marriage laws of the State.

A certificate of this character—the original document and not a copy—has been sent to *The Christian Herald*, and is reproduced on this page in fac-simile.

This dreadful stigma, which the Roman Church has stamped upon father, mother and child in this case, is something against which every fair-minded person must revolt with indignation. That any church should have the audacity so to defame those who have complied with the laws of the land seems almost incredible; yet here is the positive evidence that Rome claims this right and exercises it here in this Republic. She dare not do it in Germany; she meets opposition in England; her right to place the stamp of infamy upon mixed marriages is authoritatively rejected in Canada; but she does it here in free America, and apparently with impunity, making no secret of it.

A similar case comes to us from Perth

(Continued on Page 1370.)

FARMER JONES

Mary Flory Miller

ALL was bustle and stir at the farm house of good farmer Jones. Mrs. Jones was moving about the kitchen with all the speed that her sixty odd years allowed her, cooking and baking many wholesome dainties while out in the barn yard farmer Jones was busily engaged in cleaning the buggy and grooming the ponies.

After he had finished his work to his satisfaction, farmer Jones went toward the house, his head bent in meditation. As he entered the kitchen he was greeted by savory odors, and found Mrs. Jones in contemplation before several specimens of culinary art on the kitchen table.

"What's the matter, mother?" he asked.

"Oh, I was just trying to decide whether to have pumpkin or cranberry pie for supper. Charlie likes both kinds, they are his special favorites, but I don't know which he would enjoy the most."

"Well," laughed farmer Jones, "I imagine either kind will taste pretty good to a chap that has been living in a dormitory as long as Charlie has. Mother, don't you think that our boy will be glad to get home again?"

"I hope so," replied Mrs. Jones wistfully. "I certainly am glad that he is coming home and I wish that we could keep him with us always. But we must not be selfish," she added gently.

"Of course not," said farmer Jones. "It has always been my dream and ambition to have Charlie take my place on the farm when he grew to be a man, but I shall never stand in his way if he wishes to choose some other life work. Life on the farm may seem rather narrow to the young who are ambitious and eager to accomplish large things in the world."

"Perhaps it is," sighed farmer Jones. "But it is a happy life and full of opportunities for usefulness to our fellowmen if we look for them. By carrying out modern methods of cultivation and improvement, Charlie would make a very successful farmer and a good citizen."

"Well, father," said Mrs. Jones, "we will be happy in whatever our boy decides to do, for he is a good son and we have reason to be proud of him."

"Indeed we have," responded farmer Jones. "Well, it is time for me to be hitching up for when I phoned into town, they

said the train was on time. You will have supper ready when we get home, I suppose."

"Yes, father, come home as quickly as possible, for I am anxious to see our boy."

"All right, mother, we won't be long getting home you may be sure. I imagine Charlie will be glad to see his mother and the old home place again too."

Farmer Jones was not long in hitching up the fleet-footed ponies, then coming in to get the basket of eggs and butter which they weekly took to town. He stooped and kissed Mrs. Jones rather awkwardly but affectionately, saying, "It will seem good to have our boy at home once again, won't it, mother!"

When he had gone, Mrs. Jones went singing about her work, finishing the preparations for the supper which Charlie was to enjoy; but the enjoyment would not be his alone, for it would be a pleasure to his father and mother just to see Charlie at their table again, eating the good wholesome food which his mother had prepared.

When it drew near the time for their return, Mrs. Jones became rather restless, supper was all ready, everything in perfect order, the tea table snowy white in freshly laundered linen and sparkling with newly polished silver, but still Mrs. Jones moved about giving a touch here and there. Finally she heard the sound of wheels turning in at the driveway, when she hurried to the door to greet the home comers. Charlie hardly waited till the buggy stopped before he vaulted over the wheels and ran to greet his mother.

"Oh, Charlie!" said Mrs. Jones.

"Oh, mother!" responded Charlie. "It does seem so good to see you and father and the home place again. I could hardly wait till I could get here. I thought the old train never did move so slow as it did today."

"Well, Charlie," laughed his mother with tears in her eyes, "you are here at last and I cannot tell you how glad we are to see you again."

"No more glad than I am to see you," responded Charlie. "I never knew a year could seem so long before. Well I must go out and help father unhitch the ponies, then we will come in to supper. And, oh, mother, prepare to see things vanish for I

am as ravenous as a wolf for some of your good cooking."

"All right," said Mrs. Jones laughing. "I am prepared for you and I haven't forgotten what you like."

After Charlie had gone out to his father, Mrs. Jones busied herself in taking up the supper, her heart singing with gladness in the fact that her only son was at home again and glad to be there. "He is just the same dear boy," she said to herself, "only grown a little larger and broader and more manly in appearance. How handsome he is," she thought. "He certainly is a son of whom to be proud."

When they were seated at supper, Mrs. Jones keeping Charlie's plate bountifully supplied with good things, Charlie startled his mother and father, by suddenly saying, "I have something to tell you."

"Yes, Charlie, what is it?" said his father, a sudden fear clutching his heart. "I thought I would not tell you till after supper," said Charlie, "but I just can't wait any longer! I am engaged to the dearest, sweetest girl I ever saw and oh, I wish that you could see her, mother!"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Jones with a sigh of relief, "I was afraid you were going to tell us you were going to Africa or some other faraway place."

"Oh, no," laughed Charlie, "not yet." Then more seriously he added, "Although I would be glad to do that and spend my whole life in teaching the Christ life to the poor souls in the darkness of heathendom. However, there are so many dark places and so many reforms needed in our own land, that Lucy and I have decided we can spend our lives very usefully and profitably right here."

"On the farm, do you mean?" said farmer Jones.

"Yes, father," responded Charlie, "unless we find a larger field of usefulness opening up to us elsewhere. We will work wherever we think we can do the most good and at the work for which we seem to be most especially adapted."

"God bless you, my son," said farmer Jones. "I am glad that you have realized that there is a great mission for young men and women on the farm as well as in the many other avenues of life. To those young people who are ambitious and sincere in the desires to do good, there are great possibilities for usefulness on the farm. We need ideal homes, better schools, more intelligent voters and citizens, scientific farming, etc. I could name many more conditions which should be improved and many problems which need the intelligent consideration of college men and women."

"I am very glad, father, that you appreciate my position," said Charlie with tears glistening in his eyes. "Lucy and I have thought over and studied the question of our life work very carefully and conscientiously and I hope that we are not making a mistake in our decision. Since we have finished our courses, a part of Lucy's culture consisting of Domestic Science and a part of mine a study of agriculture, we feel that we want to demonstrate the truth that farming is a noble and useful profession. We want to help life and ennoble the farmer's life, to make it more than mere drudgery."

"I think that you are to be congratulated for your good sense," said Farmer Jones, "although mother and I would not have stood in your way if you had decided upon some other profession, or wished to have gone to a foreign land."

"Indeed we would not have discouraged you in any way," said Mrs. Jones.

"However, since you have made your choice," continued farmer Jones, "we are glad that you have decided upon a life of service to the Master, where we can be near you in our declining years, to lean upon your strong arms when our own limbs have become weak and feeble. It will be the greatest joy of our lives to see you building a happy home and carrying out your high ideals of usefulness and service to humanity."

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Saturday morning, Oyonnax, France.
Dear Children:

THURSDAY afternoon we went to see their industrial class and met some forty boys and girls. They did not do their religious work, but sang

for us and mama and I talked to them. Then mama gave each one a card and we closed. The children are bright and earnest and are the hope of our work here. They are appreciating very much the work done for them.

Then we made a number of calls in the

dark, dingy and poor homes, where Pellets work, as well as in others clean and splendid. Oh, poverty as we saw it! Could only others have seen it, how gladly they would help. How welcome we are! how rejoiced that we would come to see them. How much in need of help everywhere were they.

That evening we went back to the hall where they had singing. Some thirty odd and young gathered. They sang in French, then an Italian song, and at last sang one verse of "Wonderful Words" in English. This pleased us and pleased them that we were pleased. Thus the day closed full of interesting things.

Friday morning I was called at 4:30 to go to the train with Pellet, for we were going to Geneva to meet Uncle Will's party. At Bellegarde we met their train and surprised the whole bunch. Ralph was the first seen, and he had a swollen jaw so big from a bad tooth that I did not know him at first. Such a tumbling around when we met, and how glad we were. Mama did not go along, for she wanted the day for rest. Well, we found Ralphs, Wieands and one or two others traveling third, and as our tickets were third we stayed with them. It is wonderfully good to see our own once again.

At Geneva, because some would have missed the sights by coming up to Oyonnax, Will took them a carriage ride through the town and we visited the church where John Calvin preached, the church where John Knox preached in 1555-57. Both these churches are fine specimens of buildings in the Middle Ages. We saw the chair in which Calvin used to sit, as well as other things of interest. In the Knox church I think they have the same old seats of 350 years ago, for they are simply a narrow board back and one board for a seat.

Next we stood on the spot where Cervetus was burned because, though a reformer, his doctrines did not suit Calvin and he caused him to be burned at the stake. At this spot is a fine granite block erected to the memory of the reformer. Oh, how glad I am that those days are over and we live in the days of freedom of religious conviction. It meant much in those days to have an abiding conviction when a man had to give his life for his faith. Those were bloody days, crosses we know nothing of.

Then we went to the tomb of Calvin. He who preached the doctrine that unbaptized infants, even those unborn yet, who died, went to hell, and that there were

enough of them there to people a world, has for a tomb a small block of marble sticking out of the ground four inches, is seven by twelve inches, if I recall correctly, and on the block is carved in plain letters, "J. C." It is difficult to make comment. Why so small? The Father knows, however, and we pass on.

We returned to the hotel, and I tried to get my tickets for Naples and found the office of N. G. Lloyd closed till nearly train time. Then the fellow wanted too high a price. I hastened to the train and did not buy and joined our party to Oyonnax.

Uncle Will had been over the road, so he and I visited while the rest looked at the wonderful scenery along the way. Uncle Will told me of the trip, of his visit to Elgin and all of you and it was a short afternoon and evening. Mama met us at the train and we all ate supper together at the hotel. My! children, you have no idea how happy it makes us feel to see these, and I know mama will still be happier when she sees Ralph and Laura and those.

Today and tomorrow will be full. Then we go to Geneva, and if my tickets by Cooks are all right, we join the party and go to Venice. If not we will let the party go on and we shall come later to Florence and meeting them.

Later, Geneva, Switzerland.

Uncle Will telegraphed his party that they would delay another day in Geneva in order that Sister Pellet might meet the sisters. That is why we are writing you from this place yet today.

On Sunday morning we had Sunday-school but the attendance was a little small. On account of our going away at 4:40 we had meeting at 3, and the house was full and the interest good. Then most of the people followed us to the train and bade us good-bye. If only we might take the boat tomorrow and be at home at once! But we shall make good use of our time, and hope we shall gather something useful to us in serving the Master still more.

This morning at 8:30 all the Palestine party met in Room 33 in the hotel, the room Ralph and Laura had, and mama met them as well as Sister Pellet. We had a little meeting. They sang: "Blest be the tie that binds," and it sounded so good to me I had to weep. Then we had prayer, after which I told them of the work at Oyonnax, and what our committee has passed through. Everyone wept. Then each gave a precious promise, we knelt and perhaps a dozen prayers were offered for Brother and Sister

(Continued on Page 1365.)



John and Ruth Buffenmyer.

HEALTHY CHILDREN

This is a picture of John and Ruth Buffenmyer.

John was born Nov. 19, 1908. At the date of his birth he weighed about $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. He was the smallest child that a good many people saw. He nursed at his mother till he was six months old, we then put him on Eskay's food; this proved to be a very good food.

Ruth was born June 11, 1910. She was a larger child at birth than her brother.

They are both well and full of life, and like to talk about Jesus. We try and give them such books to look at that tend to lead them into right paths. Our prayer and hope is that they may become useful servants of the Lord.

Yours,
J. A. Buffenmyer.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE GIRDLE.

J. C. Flora.

"Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth."—Eph. 6: 14.

THE apostle in this paragraph calls our attention to the various parts of the Christian armour. The first of these must engage our attention on the present occasion. "The girdle of truth." Some of the ancient girdles were broad, in which plates of silver or brass were put for defense. It was intended to bind the garments, which were of a loose and flowing description, and which would have been a great hindrance to the warrior. It gave support to the loins, amidst the fatigues of the war, and thus they were used by pilgrims, or persons placed in situations of toil. Hence Elisha ordered Gehazi, his servant, to gird up his loins and go to the house of the Shunammite. The military girdle was especially designed for the protection of the heart. The Christian graces must not be loose and flowing, but concentrated and bound together by the truth. The Christian will be in danger of fainting because of fatigue; to prevent this his loins must be girt with truth. He is liable to the dangerous weapons of the enemy, and he must have his military plated girdle, by which he may be effectually preserved from harm.

Now observe:—It is "Truth" that is recommended. There must be doctrinal truth in the understanding and judgment, in opposition to error. The first sin was introduced by believing one of the lies of the devil. Falsehoods and errors will crush the lives of the strongest characters. So, in all doctrines, in all ordinances, in all the principles of Christianity, let us be anxious to have our loins girded about by the truth. There is an experimental truth of the Gospel, in opposition to mere formality, to religion. We may read a book of travels and get some vivid scenes, but if we go through the country itself and see it for ourselves we know in deed and in truth. It is not enough to know religion, as taught in the Bible, preached in the house of God; it is not enough to admit it on the ground, of the testimony of others, but we must know, and feel it for ourselves. To have a personal realization of the blessings of the Gospel, we must have our loins girded with the truth. Without truth

abounding in our lives, we cannot say that Christ loved us, and gave himself for us. We need to profess the truth. We may know the truth in many of its manifestations, but we need to testify of God's truth and goodness. There is the truth of sincerity, in opposition to guile and dissimulation. It is of the utmost importance that truth should distinguish our conversation; "Speaking the truth in love." David prayed, "Deliver my soul, oh Lord, from lying lips." "It is said lying lips are an abomination to the Lord." In business, in the domestic circle, in all things, let us cultivate the spirit of truth in our conversation. Sincere truth should distinguish our actions. There is a sincere prayer—and hypocrisy; sincere confession of sin and that which is false. God demands sincerity. The apostle says, "Grace be with them that love the Lord in sincerity." We are to stand having our loins girt about with truth.

Now, what is necessary that we may have our loins girt about with truth? We need to take care, to be enriched with the truths of God's holy Word. David says, "Thy word have I hid in my heart." This is the soul's preservation. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly." When errors are abroad; when the soul is about to sink into formality; when it is our temporal interest to temporize, how shall a man cleanse his way? He may only do it by taking heed to God's Word. We are exhorted to take the most earnest heed lest we slip some of the things most essential to Christian growth. We need to keep before us the divine model of truth. Christ has left before us an example. He was always speaking words of kindness. He was always doing acts of mercy. He was holy, blameless, no sin, nor was guile found on his lips. We must behold him. We must hear him. And we must imbibe his spirit. He is the ideal and perfect model that we must ever have before us. If we keep our eyes on him, we shall be lifted above the things of this world and to a life that is higher. We cannot rely on our own strength for the truth. We need the direction and help of the Holy Spirit. He will purify the heart. He will burn out the dross and tin. He will expel the leaven of hypocrisy. The possession of the Holy Spirit is really essential, that we may

possess the truth. He will guide us and lead us into all truth. If we do not have the truth in us we cannot be saved. We need to seek the truth as we seek for gold and silver and our life shall be filled with truth, and if filled with truth we shall be free indeed.



LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME.

(Continued from Page 1362.)

Pellet and the work in France. It was a blessed meeting of nearly two hours, and a number said it thus far was the best part of the journey for them. Ralph suggested a love feast, and I at once said we can have one. This evening we shall.

Later.

On a train in Italy, Sept. 27, 1910.

Do you see that heading? It is now half an hour since we came through this famous Simplon tunnel and are on the Italy side. And I am going to write you a little.

There is a wonderful difference between the Alps on the Switz and Italy side. We have passed custom and have entered another civilization. A lady in our apartment said, as she looked out, "Oh, Italia!" and she said it as a good Italian mother. Her husband and grown son are with us and are splendid company in every way except talking. We have not been able to communicate anything but smiles and love go.

Last evening we had a splendid love feast in the hall we arranged for it. There were thirteen sisters and fifteen brethren, all told. Uncle Will's party and the family of Kellers in Geneva and one orphan girl who has now grown to womanhood. Bro. Pellett interpreted, and it was a real joy to thus feast from the hand of the Lord. No one thought of a love feast when in the morning we awoke. In the evening we were around the Lord's table eating of his bounty. They had asked me to lead the service.

This is now Wednesday morning and we are in Venice. But I will go back and come up.

The ride from Geneva to this place had much of interest. The party is part second and part third. The thirds had good accommodations all the way to Milan, and I spent some time with them. From Milan to Venice I guess it was pretty tough. They do not say much but they were badly crowded and too much tobacco smoke and so on.

All along we followed the river Rhone, which got smaller and smaller until we left it at the Simplon tunnel. This is twelve and one-fourth miles long, the longest tunnel in the world. It pierces the Lepontine Alps in a southwest direction, near the point where Napoleon, in 1800, ordered the Simplon road built across the Simplon pass. It was built 1898-1906, at a cost of Francs 75,500,000. It consists of two tunnels fifty-five feet apart, which are connected with either side every 220 yards. The one tunnel is used for travel, the other for circulation of air, taking care of water and so on. It passes 7,000 feet under the top of the mountain. Before the train enters, which is drawn by a powerful electric engine, all windows and doors are closed. It took us nineteen minutes to pass through.

When we shot out on the other side in the bright Italian sunshine and opened up the windows of our smothering apartments, what a beautiful scene broke upon us. How different! Tropical influences were seen. The mountain side as high up as we could see was covered with vegetation, and the sides were dotted over with villa and villages midst the green foliage, making a wonderful beauty place. The Alps towered high and their necks were decked with great laces of snowy white clouds that further down the side played on the landscape a wondrous phantom of shadows. The granite and marble quarries, though not of the finest quality, were passed. On we went till we came to a beautiful long and narrow lake and followed its full length for an hour. So narrow we could easily see the other shore, its villas, its cities, a wonderful panorama of beauty the whole way along. Fountains, tropical plants like the palm and such things were to be seen. Thus we rolled out in the plains of Northern Italy and at 5:30, one hour late, steamed into Milan. Too late to see anything, so a restaurant supper at the depot, and a piling into a fast train to Venice, we hastened on. The night came on and there was nothing to do but to nap and wait for midnight, the time of our arrival. I went to the apartment where Hollingers, Brethren Barnhart, Rarick and Sister Gibson were and showed them our photos and told them of the work in Denmark and Sweden.

We were at Venice on time, met by an English hotel man and hustled to the street car, which proved to be the famous gondola. Yes, Bro. Rothrock, Rarick, Uncle Will, mama and I piled into one with our baggage, and the man stood at the end.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Where the Furs Come From.

In the large cities of the world, notably Paris and London, millions of rabbit skins are dressed and treated, and bogus furs are sent out from these manufacturing centers to robe men and women all over the world. It detracts from one's feelings of pride in a handsome fur garment to know that after the furrier, chemist and dyer are done with the rabbit skin, it may be a "seal-skin," a "sable," an "otter," a "ten," a "beaver," or any other fashionable "mink," a "Siberian squirrel," a "marten," a "beaver," or any other fashionable fur, according to the demand. The transformation takes place in the shops which sell felt to hatters, carpet-weavers, and felt manufacturers. The skins are purchased soon after they have been stripped from the rabbit's body, and are stiff and hard when they reach the sorting room. Experts examine each skin, and those which come up to the established standard are sent to the furriers; but the torn, undersized and punctured pelts are turned over to the men and women who strip the hide of its hair for the felt-maker. The finished garment has been so transformed that it may sell under any name, as few people are judges of such things.—Manufacturers' Gazette.



Food Poisons.

The American Medical Magazine tells us that the minute quantities of dyes used in ice cream, or cake, or to color the butter to its required yellowness, are quite harmless. Even sugar was once considered a dangerous preservative and forbidden by law; copper, once thought highly dangerous in small quantities, is now claimed to be quite harmless. It is disquieting to know that creosote, a rank poison, is put into the hams, but the old-fashioned smoke house methods of curing them thoroughly, did the same by the meats our fathers prized so highly. Many vegetables and fruit dyes are perfectly harmless in confectionery and cookery, and many other dyes from various sources are used with no bad results.



The Home Seamstress.

In selecting dress-material, care should always be taken to discover whether there is a nap, as in velvet and broadcloth, and occasionally it will be found that certain

wool materials shade differently when the cloth is reversed; more goods is needed where either of these conditions exist. All reliable paper patterns give the number of yards necessary in different widths and in goods with or without a nap. Where there are designs and figures, these also must be taken into consideration, in buying as well as cutting. Economical cutting can not be learned from the ordinary label, and most pattern houses send out a diagram, showing how the patterns should be laid on the cloth for the saving of material. The material should never be economized by turning the pattern off the line indicated on the pattern, for, if the pattern is not followed strictly as to indications, the skirt will not hang well, and other parts will be disarranged. Place every part of the pattern on the material before cutting, cut all the parts, mark all indications for seams, etc., nip the notches and mark all holes before removing the pattern. Notches may be marked with chalk or basting stitches instead of cutting, and this should be done if the cloth frays easily. If the raw edges fray too readily, the goods should be handled as little and as carefully as possible in putting them together.

It should always be remembered that it is not always wise to follow the new fashions too closely; there are many freak fashions that live but a brief while; but there are always some moderately plain styles, and it is much more sensible and economical to follow these; it is also in better taste.

Many stores carry a line of bias muslin or lawn seam-covering, a dozen yards for five cents or more, according to width. This is much more conspicuous than the old-time feather, or other fancy-stitch braids. There are also cards of dainty edgings that sell for about the same price. Button-holes are already ready-made on a tape, and sell by the card or bunch containing a number of yards.



Easy Washing.

Whether one has a washing machine or not, washing is hard work, and any method of making it easier will be welcomed by the housewife. Here is a highly recommended method, but in using gasoline, one must remember that the vapor arising from the

fluid is highly inflammable. It has been used by my personal friends, who say the gasoline is not dangerous used with the suds. Here is the method: Fill a tub or washing machine two-thirds full of warm, soapy water. Add two-thirds of a cupful of gasoline to the water, stir well and put in the first batch of white clothes; allow them to remain fifteen minutes; at the end of that time stir them up well, rub lightly and wring them out and put them on to boil; put another lot to soak in the same water. You will be surprised to see how clean they look; the water may get so dirty after two or three batches are washed that you will have to throw it out and get a fresh tubful. Continue soaking and wringing and boiling until all the white clothes are finished; then rinse well out of the boil and dry. For colored clothes, use the same proportions, of course omitting the boiling.

A good washing fluid which will not injure the most delicate fabric is made as follows: One ounce each of ammonia, borax and turpentine and one box of potash. Have eight quarts of boiling soft water, open the can of potash and empty into the boiling water, stirring until the potash is dissolved, then add the borax and ammonia. Take from the fire, and when cooled, add the turpentine. Put the white clothes to soak before breakfast: into a boiler half full of water cut up half a bar of soap, and add one cupful of the washing fluid. After breakfast wring out the soaked clothes and have the water in the boiler boiling; drop the clothes into it and let boil twenty minutes, then rinse through two waters, the second one blued. If any spots need particular care, soap well before putting them in the boil. Soak colored clothes in cold water, rinse out and put into the prepared water, which should not be boiling hot; rub soiled places, and for rinsing use the first water from the white clothes. If too cold, add hot water from the boiler.



Gleanings.

There is nothing more helpful than "experience" meetings, where one may exchange ideas with another. We do not all see or work alike, and the other one's methods may be better than ours. His or her outlook may be broader, as well as different, and where we have failed another may have succeeded by the slightest difference in methods. One can scarcely know too much of the better things of life.

This is the season of the year in which to make grape and other cuttings, by select-

ing the well-ripened shoots of this year's growth, and putting them in the ground in bundles; or, they may be packed in sand or sawdust and kept in the cellar until spring. Cut them square off just below the bud, so the end when calloused can throw out roots evenly all around. The cutting should be six inches long, with several buds. Many shrubby plants may be increased in this way.

Be sure to protect your tender shrubbery by tying it up with wisps of straw, or turning over it a keg with both ends open, and fill the keg with chaff. As soon as the ground freezes, cover the bulb bed with coarse manure; be sure the water does not stand on the bed.

Cider vinegar, if pure, will not keep its strength if exposed in open vessels to a temperature above 60 degrees. If you find vinegar "eels" in your barrels, you must pour out the vinegar and scald it—do not boil—wash your barrels well, and strain the scalded vinegar back into the barrels through a clean flannel cloth. The vinegar must not be allowed to boil, but simply become boiling-hot, then remove from the fire.

Don't neglect to literally cover garden spot with manure this fall, and if you have time, it would be a good thing to plow it under, leaving the ground rough for the frost to work on. If the soil is thrown up in ridges at the last plowing, it will be in better condition for early working next spring.



Ouch!—Mrs. Newrich—"We're going to live in a better neighborhood hereafter."

Mrs. Keen—"Ah! So are we."

Mrs. Newrich—"Then you are going to move, too?"

Mrs. Keen—"No; we're going to stay right here."—Boston Transcript.



His Undoing.—"I wonder," said the youthful student, "how the prodigal son came to go broke?"

"I suspect," replied Farmer Corntossel, "it was because he spent his time in town hangin' around talkin' about how to uplift the farmer."—Washington Star.



Wilfred Knew.—"Wot does it mean?" asked Penniless Percival, "where de song says, 'Drink to me only wit' your eyes?'"

"It means," answered Wise Wilfred, "dat de loidy kin read de wine-list, but dat's as far as it goes."—Baltimore American.

| AMONG THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES |

ANNOUNCEMENTS FROM ELIZABETHTOWN COLLEGE.

ELIZABETHTOWN COLLEGE celebrated the twelfth anniversary of her founding on Nov. 20, 1912. The program of exercises on this occasion consisted of music, an oration, a reading and an address by Supt. L. E. McGinness, of Steelton, Pa.

The college orchard was recently inspected by the State inspector, Mr. Bowers, and was declared to be in an excellent condition. This orchard has been designated by the State Department of Agriculture as one of the model orchards of the State.

A gloom was cast over the college community on Oct. 27 by the death of Mrs. S. H. Hertzler, wife of one of our trustees. Mrs. Hertzler had endeared herself to the college folks by her interest and presence at all the college events and by her hospitable treatment of students and teachers in her home.

The annual session of Bible study will be held Jan. 15-24, 1913. Sermons and lectures by Eld. J. G. Royer and Eld. W. B. Stover. Eld. J. Kurtz Miller of Brooklyn and members of the faculty will assist in instruction. Special educational and temperance programs will be given Jan. 18 and 19.

Dr. Byron C. Piatt of Indianapolis will lecture at the college Jan. 21 on the subject, "The New Era."



TRUSTEES' ANNUAL REPORT OF MANCHESTER COLLEGE.

WE, your trustees of Manchester College, hereby submit to you our annual report. The new year has opened with 160 students enrolled. The college department has made a very rapid growth. The Normal school maintains its standing in the highest class of schools accredited by the State Board of Education. Our college graduates are receiving all the favors given to graduates of standard colleges. Bible courses for college students are being given. Courses of study for the preparation of Sunday-school teachers and Christian workers are maintained and emphasized. The religious and moral interests of the institution are being well guarded.

We are pleased to present to you our financial report. In marked contrast with

the large deficit of 1910-1911, we can report a small surplus for 1911-1912. We would urge, however, that churches pay as promptly as possible the annual ten-cent levy voted by District Meeting for the Bible Department and incidental expenses. This amount, if paid, will be sufficient to meet this expense, whereas some bills must go unpaid because some churches are delinquent.

The outlook for the future growth of the school is most encouraging. To provide for this growth and to relieve the present crowded condition, some new buildings and equipment will be necessary. We believe that every member of the church will rejoice because of the prosperity that requires us to enlarge our equipment, and will cheerfully help to secure the necessary funds. The endowment is growing, but our need of it is growing even faster. We earnestly solicit the coöperation of our entire constituency to help us make Manchester College of greatest service to the church.

FINANCIAL REPORT.

Money Received and Expended Directly by the Trustees.

Receipts.	
Balance on hand September 9, 1911,	\$ 95.62
Cash donations and pledges,	853.10
Received for deficit,	1,038.36
Interest on endowment,	193.84
Offerings at District Meetings,	57.00
From 10-cent assessment,	411.25
Total,	\$ 2,649.17

Expenditures.	
P. B. Fitzwater, Bal. from last year,	\$ 90.00
G. L. Studebaker, Bal. from last year,	39.05
D. B. Garber, time and expense,	43.65
Soliciting,	7.65
Street improvement,	430.68
On deficit,	1,100.46
S. S. Blough, salary,	630.00
Insurance,	102.50
Stamps and blank books, ..	12.62
Annuity and interest,	55.34
On current expense,	25.00
On tuition and expense, ...	57.00

Total,	\$ 2,593.95
Balance on hand, September 1,	\$ 55.22
Business transacted through College Office 1911-1912.	

Receipts.	
Tuition,	\$ 6,515.40
Board,	8,054.88
Room,	2,079.91
Fuel,	1,170.12
Light,	495.80
Incidental fees,	1,060.24
Library fees,	340.97
Laboratory fees,	144.40

Laundry room,	\$ 83.19
Piano practice,	202.80
Bookstore,	1,660.62
Bible Institute,	148.24
Total,	\$21,956.57

Expenditures.

Teaching,	\$ 8,806.19
Boarding supplies,	4,843.80
Boarding service,	1,090.09
Dormitory service,	612.57
Fuel,	1,305.27
Light,	395.74
Janitor service,	576.69
Library,	203.19
Laboratory,	72.57
Repairs,	576.29
Printing,	713.19
Postage,	97.14
Bookstore,	1,512.65
Bible Institute,	164.50
Soliciting,	680.05
General expense,	268.38

Total, \$21,918.31

Surplus, 1911-1912, \$ 38.26

Resources.

Student accounts, 1910-11, \$	191.95
Students' accounts, 1911-12,	460.33
Improvements,	387.99
Soliciting,	75.44
Deficit fund,	581.56
Bible and incidental,	75.00
General expense,	32.85
Postage,	30.43
Fuel,	85.00
Cash, September 1,	92.28

Total, \$ 2,012.83

Liabilities.

Bookstore,	\$ 52.61
Electric light,	69.02
Repairs,	41.46
Laboratory equipment,	18.86
Printing and advertising,	15.68
Boarding supplies,	156.62
Boarding service,	96.43
Teaching, 1910-11,	442.95
Teaching, 1911-12,	1,119.20

Total, \$ 2,012.83

General Resources and Liabilities of the Institution.

Resources.

Grounds and buildings,	\$80,000.00
Heating plant,	6,500.00
Library, laboratory and other equipment,	10,850.00
Dormitory furnishing,	2,650.00
Endowment notes bearing interest,	11,630.00
Annuity,	2,005.00
Paid-in endowment,	1,417.00
Pledges for endowment,	250.00
Pledges for improvements,	1,350.00
Due from churches for deficit,	619.82
Due from churches on 10-cent levy,	1,222.75

Total Resources, \$118,494.57

Liabilities.

Improvements,	\$ 2,187.99
Furnace repair,	80.00
Due Bible Department,	75.00
Deficit 1910-11,	581.56

Total Liabilities, \$ 2,924.55

Resource balance, \$115,570.02

Jacob Coppock, President; L. W. Teeter, Secretary; D. B. Garber, Treasurer; Manly Deeter, G. A. Snider, J. L. Cunningham.

"KNOW THYSELF"

The neglect of obedience to the command couched in these two words is often followed by dire results. It is many times discovered, when it is too late, that "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." The books comprising what is called the Self and Sex Series have proved a safeguard to thousands against the evils resulting from a lack of knowledge concerning the human organism.

There are some things that should become a part of one's education which are not taught in the public schools and very rarely in the homes. These are certain stages in the lives of human beings concerning which, to avoid evil results, a knowledge of certain things is a necessity.

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- What a Young Wife Ought to Know.
- What a Young Husband Ought to Know.
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- What a Man of 45 Ought to Know.

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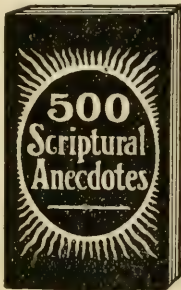
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REPORT OF AUDITING COMMITTEE.

North Manchester, Ind., Sept. 27, 1912.

We, the committee appointed to audit the books of the treasurer of Manchester College submit the following report:

We have made a careful examination of said books and find vouchers on file for all expenditures. We have verified the additions of all expenditures and find them correct according to the report herewith submitted.

Geo. W. Shively,
Vernon Schwalm,
W. W. Peters.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

The Better Kind.—There is this in favor of the thoroughbred dog: Its owner is more likely to keep it shut up.—New York Mail.

One on Pa.—"Pa, what's a genius?"

"Ask your mother, she married one."

"Why, I didn't know ma had been married twice."—Houston Post.

Not Enough.—"What do you think of Fielding?" she asked young Mr. Ashby.

"Oh, it's important, of course, but it won't avail anything without good batting."—Exchange.

THE POPE AND THE "NE TEMERE" DECREE.

(Continued from Page 1359.)

Amboy, N. J., where, in a baptismal certificate dated November 6, 1910, given in the Church of the Holy Cross of that place, Anna Suzanne, the infant child of Stephen Dagonia (Catholic) and Mary Csoma (Reformed) is recorded as "illegitimate," and this degrading remark is appended: "The parents are living in concubinage." This certificate is signed by Franciscus Gross, rector of the Hungarian Catholic church. The humiliated family is probably poor and helpless, and without the means of taking the case to court for vindication; so the father, mother and daughter must go through life with the finger of scorn pointed at them, although the parents have complied with the laws of God and man in their marriage relation. These cases are examples of hundreds of others in which American citizens have been defamed by virtue of the infamous Ne Temere decree,

THE INGLENOOK

PROGRESS

INDUSTRY

ECONOMY



BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

December 10
1912

Vol. XIV
No. 50

The INGLENOOK

WITH THE REVISED AND ENLARGED

¶ The Nook is just zine you want in your weekly visit it carries essays on subjects ering; up-to-date, to-provoking editorials; that which is clear, ing in life. And then ious Field," "House-Hints," "Questions "Among the Books" and occasionally, a few "Brain Lubricators."

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Ill.

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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THE INGLENOOK

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December 10, 1912

No. 50

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Fighting Tuberculosis with the Moving Picture.

A YEAR or so ago many people thought the moving picture a bad thing from beginning to end, filling absolutely no need of humanity. A seemingly bad thing may sometimes be turned to good purposes. That is what has happened to the moving picture machine in some instances. The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis will employ the moving picture machines during the month of December in advertising their Christmas stamps and in fighting the white plague. By experiment it has been found that pictures illustrating the results of this disease and of the actual struggle of its victims in their efforts to live take hold of the minds of the people much deeper than tabulated figures and posters.

The National Association secured the



Harvey and Her Father Find Edith in a New York Hall Bedroom.

services of one of the best story writers living, James Oppenheim, in preparing the scenario for the moving pictures. The story in brief, runs thus: John Harvey, a banker in a small New York town, has in his employ an old bookkeeper whose name is Wells. John falls in love with the daughter of his bookkeeper and prepares to build a large house for their future home. During this time Edith, the daughter of Wells, is trying hard to conceal an annoying cough from both her father and lover. One day John received in his mail some literature from the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis asking him to push the sale of Christmas seals in his town and also start a movement towards the establishment of a tuberculosis sanatorium. John showed the circulars to his old bookkeeper and they both took a good laugh at the idea of erecting a sanatorium in a country town. They considered tuberculosis a disease of the cities only. However, Wells thoughtlessly put a few of the circulars in his pocket. The cough of



Edith Consults the Family Doctor.

Edith continued but she dreaded to tell her father and lover because of her love for both. When the banker showed her the new home he was building the struggle became more severe. Finally she decided to run the risk and go against the advice of the family physician who told her she ought to enter some hospital for a period. One evening she happened to see the tuberculosis literature which her father had put in his pocket. She read of the dangers to which she was exposing those whom she loved and of the possibility of a cure if proper measures were taken in time. She picks up courage and quietly goes to New York City where she enters the tuberculosis wards of Bellevue Hospital. She did not tell John Harvey or her father where she was going but in a note left to each, one which releases John from the engagement they learn the cause of her sudden departure. John and his bookkeeper Wells no longer laugh at the idea that a small country town should take measures against tuberculosis. They quickly discovered that it may break out in any home. They began a campaign of education and interested the town people sufficiently that a tuberculosis sanatorium was started. In the meantime they conducted an active search for Edith. Finally they found her living in a New York hall bedroom and attending the clinic of the hospital. They tell her what they have done at home and she gladly returns with them and enters the new hospital where she completely recovers her health. When she and the banker enter their new home they open the windows and live with plenty of fresh air and exercise. Such is the story as illustrated by the moving picture film which the National Association released this month. The accompanying photographs were taken from the pictures and were used in the Survey.

Gleanings from the Magazines.

Century: Is the Negro Having a Fair Chance? is the question asked by Booker T. Washington in the Century Magazine. The negro is better off in America than in other countries, thinks Booker Washington even though justice is sometimes meted out unequally between him and the white man. He also thinks that there is more work for the negro in the South than in the North. "In the island of Jamaica there are about 15,000 white people and 600,000 black people, but of the 'race problem' in regard to which there is much agitation in this country, one hears almost nothing there. Jamaica has neither mobs, race riots, lynch-

ings, nor burnings, such as disgrace our civilization. It that country there is likewise no bitterness between white man and black man. One reason for this is that the laws are conceived and executed with exact and absolute justice, without regard to race and color. Reduced to its lowest terms, the fact is that a large part of our racial troubles in the United States grow out of some attempt to pass and execute a law that will make and keep one man superior to another, whether he is intrinsically superior or not."

Forum: Hugh H. Lusk a former New Zealand legislator writes on Industrial War. He thinks that the present labor difficulties will not be lessened by a minimum wage law. Compulsory labor copartnership will be more effective. He says that courts of arbitration for the settlement of labor disputes have given good satisfaction in New Zealand for the past sixteen years.

Good Housekeeping: In previous numbers of the Inglenook we have mentioned the remarkable work of Miss Kate Barnard in Oklahoma and other southern States. Perhaps no one person in the United States has done so much practical work in prison reform as has Miss Barnard and yet the public at large has never known her until recently. "Through the Windows of Destiny: How I Visualized My Life Work" is the title of an article by Kate Barnard in Good Housekeeping Magazine. "We know that the present treatment of the criminal problem is a failure from its conception and will continue to be. It is as if we had about us a noisome marsh, bubbling up from the bottom with all manner of foul miasma and spreading contagion through the land. But we make no attempt to drain the marsh; we are content with trying to skim off the bubbles and scum as they rapidly rise to the surface."

Kate Barnard is now Commissioner of Charities of Oklahoma. She is the first woman who ever held the position in the State. No office holder is so popular as she. She began her life as a poor girl and almost her entire life has been spent in the interest of the neglected. Her career began at the time of the St. Louis World's Fair when she had charge of the booming of her State. On seeing the slums of St. Louis she began to make things so interesting for the tenement owners that they were forced to improve their property and erect modern buildings. Physically Miss Barnard is a small woman weighing only 90 pounds, but she makes up in energy.

Metropolitan Magazine: The Nearly



Kate Barnard.

True Story of Little Joe, by H. J. Smith is an interesting sketch in the interest of manual training in the public schools.

Outlook: Constance D. Leupp, a writer on sociological subjects tells of the Music School Settlements in New York City. The interesting part about the settlements is that children of all nationalities come together to study music and the results are astonishing.

Pearson's: Edward Lyell Fox in writing about grade crossings puts much of the blame on the public. He thinks that if pub-

lic opinion were stronger against such crossings the railroads would be forced to do something. More than 20 per cent of the railroad accidents are due to grade crossings.

World's Work: There are two articles of a sociological nature in the November World's Work. Samuel P. Orth is writing a series of articles on the struggles between labor and capital. He thinks that these conflicts can be controlled to a large extent by the public. The public always suffers no matter which side wins.

The other article is by Clarence Poe who writes on Lloyd-George's England. The effects of the social legislation in that country are described.

Homemakers' Exhibit.

Monday, November 18, a homemakers' exhibit was formally opened in Chicago. The purpose of the exhibit was to educate the women in buying supplies for the home in such a way as to reduce the cost of living. On the first day of the exhibit a thousand women visited the various booths. The School of Domestic Science and Arts gave demonstrations in the making of utensils for the home and in designing dresses. In the butcher shop booth skilled meat cutters demonstrated how cheaper cuts of meat could be utilized to advantage and how it is much cheaper to go to the shop yourself than to telephone.

Almost every phase of home life was illustrated in some way. It was even shown that economy and judgment might be used in buying toys for the children. Many toys should have no place in the home. The exhibit lasted all week and was well patronized.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Avoidable Railroad Wrecks.

In a statement on recent railroad accidents Interstate Commerce Commissioner Clark says: "Most of the wrecks may be put in the class of avoidable accidents. Poor rails, speed craze and human negligence are the causes." He says the commission has made recommendations for safety, but it has no power to enforce them.

Intelligent railroad managers, of course, are anxious to avoid and to lessen the

number of accidents. The leading roads of the country are now paying much attention to the rail question; new shapes are being brought into use on some lines; the question of chemical composition is being studied carefully; old rails are being replaced with new ones extensively in the rehabilitation now going on. Slower schedules have been made for the fastest trains between Chicago and New York, and it is probable that other "flyers" will be run at lessened speed in the coming winter.

Negligence will always remain a formidable cause of railroad wrecks. To minimize it is a problem involving more than safety appliances or disciplinary rules. The railroads should consider safety first; and the public should not demand the unsafe. The roads must lead in any change, and Commissioner Clark's statement should spur them to greater efforts. In any case, the commerce commission should be given greater power to enforce safety.



Congress and the Short Session.

Is the short session of Congress which opens today to prove a do-nothing session? It is said that the Democratic leaders will "hold up" all general legislation in order to withhold credit from the retiring administration, and also in order to gain time for reflection and avoid errors and haste.

The first motive is of the "peanut politics" kind, but the second is entitled to respect and commendation. The sound and honest position to take is, manifestly, this—that the appropriation bills, aggregating a billion, will keep Congress quite busy during the short session. Economy, prevention of waste and jobbery, reform in budget-making are things worthy of the most progressive and earnest men in Congress, and a short session, that gave us honest, businesslike appropriation measures would not by any means be a barren, do-nothing session.

Still, there are a few "general" measures that are ripe for passage and that would not require much additional discussion. The bill creating a Department of Labor is an example. A constitutional amendment limiting the President to a single term of six years ought to be submitted this winter. A step ought to be taken toward a truly scientific budget plan. These matters are nonpartisan; there would be credit in them for all.

Tariff revision, finance, trust legislation must go over, of course. No sane man expects action in these directions at the short session of a retiring Congress. No one would urge or advise it, because further study and discussion are absolutely essential in the cases specified, and because it is natural and right that the new administration and new Congress should handle them and be judged by such handling.—Record-Herald.

Why the Turk Lost.

The collapse of the military power of the Turk has amazed the European experts. None has been more surprised than the Turk himself. The war office at Constantinople fully appreciates the splendid organization and efficiency of the Bulgarian military establishment. In fact, the Bulgarian frontier was the only one properly guarded, the Turkish commanders evidently regarding Servia, Greece and Montenegro as negligible. The Turkish explanation of the defeat to the Ottoman arms is given in the following words of a patriotic Turk, now in New York. He says:

It would seem that the resistance offered by the Turkish army of the West, was all the Turkish General Staff expected, believing, as they did, that they would be able to strike hard at the Bulgarian at the start and afterward reinforce the Western armies.

Turkey was absolutely unprepared; the Bulgarians were ready to the dot. The various active campaigning of the Turkish army in the different revolutions and uprisings, in Macedonia, Albania, Hauran and Yemen, had weakened its moral and material force, instead of benefiting it as might have been expected. The great army which Mahmoud Shefket Pasha had reorganized was either scattered from Yemen to Caucasia and Montenegro; or permitted to return home on furlough. The active interference of the officers and ultimately of the privates, in party politics, created so many personal animosities and resulted in so much lack of discipline that many prominent officers resigned or were asked to resign, and others were murdered. The most immediate cause of all was perhaps the Tripolitanian war, which the Young Turks obstinately refused to terminate, and the recent Albanian uprising—undoubtedly instigated by Italy—with the result of the downfall of the Young Turks, and concessions to the Albanians, thus cutting the country and the army in two, and on the verge of a bloody civil war. Another result was the withdrawal, as per agreement with the Ahmed Moukhtar Pasha government, of the largest part of the army from Albania and Europe and the impossibility of transporting soldiers from Asia back to Europe in time on account of the Italian war. Thus the war found the Turkish army scattered, reduced, difficult to mobilize, divided in itself.

EDITORIALS

Kicking—the Good of It.

In the December American Magazine appears an interesting little article entitled "Kicking and the Good Of It." In the first place the author tells about a man who compelled the postmaster in his town to sell postage stamps with the gum side up. There is a rule in the postoffice department requiring this. The point is that if postage stamps are handed out gum side down they are likely to accumulate filth and germs.

Other stories are told, after the telling of which the author goes on to say:

"There are two kinds of kickers: those who kick from anger, and those who kick dispassionately for justice because they are good citizens. If, through a little carelessness or irritation on your part, you receive discourteous treatment from an overworked and nervous public service employee who is nagged by an impatient public many hours every day, you place yourself for the time being in the first category, and do more harm than good. If, however, you notice an indisputable piece of injustice to yourself and others,—an evident example of many similar ones,—and are willing to take the time and trouble to bring the matter dispassionately to the attention of the proper authorities, you join the second category, and are doing an act of good citizenship.

"Do not argue with another's employee. He is hired by somebody else; and you have no authority over him. Do not wrangle with a hotel servant, or shop clerk, or car conductor. You will only make things unpleasant and get the worst of the encounter. If you allow yourself to become angry over the incident don't do anything until the next day, and then do not say to yourself 'Oh, well, what's the use!' and forget about it. Write briefly and courteously to the highest possible authority, the head of the firm whose accounting department persistently muddles your accounts, the general passenger agent of the railroad whose brakeman is habitually offensive, the president of the telegraph company whose local office frequently delays delivering your messages; do not give opinions, advice, nor make angry comments; merely state the facts, specifically and accurately. He will see the point at once, and he doesn't need your advice, as he knows his own business better than you do. And he will be grateful to you, because he cannot possibly know

every little detail, but he wants those details right."

A City's Painmaker.

Opposite the London Hospital, in the Mile End road, is a little mission known as the Whitechapel Primitive Methodist Medical Mission, which in the last ten years has treated a quarter of a million patients at a fee of twopence per patient. The physician who attends the mission to give advice and medical assistance at this extraordinarily cheap rate is Dr. Gittens, who also has a practice at Clapton. He attends the mission every day from 11:20 to 12:30 A. M., and from 4:30 to 5:30 P. M., and always finds a long queue of patients waiting to consult him. The cases are mostly those who suffer from complaints such as coughs, colds and indigestion, or who wish to have a tooth extracted or be vaccinated. When a serious case comes along the patient is directed to the London Hospital across the road.

The doctor sits at a small table in his consulting room surrounded by stacks of pills and tablets in tin canisters, and other medical necessities. The patients are ushered in by one door, says the Standard, their complaints explained or diagnosed, the medicine given, the two pennies paid, and then they are ushered out by another door.

When teeth are to be extracted the patient sits down in a plain little wooden chair, the forceps grip the offending molar and out it comes. When a personal call is required the patient's friends write the name and address on a slip of paper and the caretaker delivers it into the doctor's hands. An invalid's chair is let out free, but the borrower must find his or her own chairman.

Saturday is the busiest day, and as much as 19 shillings has been taken in fees in a couple of hours from all sorts and conditions of people.

Morals of Today Better Than in "Good Old Days."

Rev. Charles Bayard Mitchell says, "The worst newspapers of our day are better than the best of Washington's day."

One not familiar with "the good old times" may think that the "yellow newspaper" is a modern product. But the yellowest of the yellow newspapers of our time are not to be compared with the newspapers of Thomas Jefferson's day. He says of all the newspapers of his time that nothing

ing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious of being put in that vehicle.

Our political campaign just closed was marked by unusual personal animosities which led up to the attempt to assassinate one of the presidential candidates. To read some of the party papers one would be led to believe that some of the men running for political office were only fit for prison cells. But when we run over the newspaper files of George Washington's day we will find that the "father of his country" was vilified and maligned beyond anything ever seen in a modern newspaper.

In those good old days, the ears of the polite were accustomed to profanity. No lady was insulted listening to the grossest blasphemy. The common expletives of the refined and vulgar alike were boldly profane and blasphemous.

There was no public sentiment against drunkenness. Rev. Dr. Leonard Woods tells that forty ministers of his acquaintance were intemperate. Another minister of that time states that he had a list of 123 intemperate deacons, forty-three of whom became drunken sots.



Wants University of Love.

Herr Dr. Wolfgang Hassall of Vienna and Munich wants to start a University of Love. It is the one way to save Germany's marriage rate, which is falling steadily, and her birth rate, which has dropped in thirty years from nearly forty to thirty.

To the eugenists, who affirm that healthy parents are desirable, Dr. Hassall retorts that loving ones are indispensable. Where people love they will marry and have many children. And just as universities of science fit men for life in making them scientific, so universities of love will fit them for domesticity by making them amorous.

Herr Hassall is a serious man and does not call his university *Universitat der Liebe*, as it would be in German, but *Hochschule der Heiratswissenschaften*—that is, High School of Marriage Sciences. However, the high school will approach marriage only via love.

The practical obstacles are great. The high school will hold at most only 500 pupils, male and female, while there are 60,000,000 Germans who love, will love, or could, would, or should have loved. To teach all is impossible.

Diplomaed experts in amorousness will be sent about Germany to teach everything

about love that is worth knowing. And that, say the experts, is much.

The curriculum of Dr. Hassall's University of Love is outlined roughly. There will be regular lectures, illustrated by pictures, diagrams and the biograph. One series of lectures will elucidate coquetry and flirting. In his pamphlet on "Neglect of Love in L'fe," Dr. Hassall says, "Coquetry is the anteroom to Love's salon. Once you go in you go farther."

Biologists, zoölogists and anthropologists will expound coquetry as observed among lower animals and savages, and experts on ethics will draw the fine line between legitimate coquetry and dangerous flirting.

Next in the curriculum is "The Psychology of Attraction." Attraction differs from coquetry in being a real, though minor part of love. Professors of the science of attraction will tell what things attract and what repel; why fair women like dark men; why fluffy maids who dread mice, ache for masterful husbands who tame lions.



Beggars Many in Spain.

From time immemorial beggars have been as much an institution in Spanish towns as dogs have been in Constantinople. Mendicancy was wrapped up with religion. The virtue of almsgiving required an object on which to expend itself. The idea of impersonal charity does not appeal to the Spanish temperament. The Middle Age point of view toward poverty still persists through southern Europe, and the hope of a civilization where the poor are not with us always seems utopian, if not, indeed, immoral. So the mendicant at the church door, displaying himself with all convenient repulsiveness and officiously lifting the leather curtains for worshipers, is as much a part of the church service as the priest.

Yet now the government says he is to go. And if he really is to go the government must be prepared with real remedies for poverty. For, while indiscriminate almsgiving in Spain had its ingrained subjective reason for prevalence, it had also its objective necessity. The number of the miserable poor is enormous, and though doubtless the habit of chance response to appeals encouraged laziness to become beggary, as the scientific philanthropists tell us it does here, yet as the established system of charity it must certainly have relieved genuine and dire need to a great extent. That need must be relieved in some other fashion, and it will be interesting to see, if the order is enforced, what sort of relief of present

and remedy for future poverty will supplant the habit of ages.

Why Women Live Longer.

Discussing the reasons of our increasing longevity, and in particular woman's stronger hold on life, physicians advance widely different theories. "The essential cause of death," one says, "is a wearing out from overwork of our brain cells. Women may be just as brainy as men, but they do not work their brain cells as vigorously or as continuously as do their male relatives. If they did there would not be so great a

disparity in the length of life of the two sexes."

Another consultant put down woman's greater expectation of life to the more sheltered existence she leads, and the lack of the physically depressing competition which is part of nearly every man's life. "A woman may have hard work to do," he explained, "but, except for the few who work in offices or who follow professions, they work in their own homes, and at a pace they set for themselves. The home is also as a rule vastly more airy, sunny and generally more wholesome than is her husband's shop or office."

THE NEW PARCELS POST

AFTER years of agitation the United States is at last to have a parcels post. We are practically the last civilized nation to inaugurate the system. Great Britain started it in 1883, and other nations followed in rapid succession.

The one way in which the American parcels post will differ from that of Great Britain and most other nations lies in the zone system of charges. This introduces a new principle into our postal affairs as on all other kinds of mail we charge the same rate for all distances. One of the chief arguments urged against instituting the parcels post in America was that it would help the mail order houses of the great cities and injure the merchants of the small towns. The zone system of charges is intended in part to neutralize this effect, for under it the local merchants can send out packages at a lower rate than can the mail order houses that have to ship a longer distance.

The first table shows the rates of charges for the parcels post. The first zone is any distance up to 50 miles, the second between 50 and 150, the third between 150 and 300, the fourth between 300 and 600, the fifth between 600 and 1,000, the sixth between 1,000 and 1,400, the seventh between 1,400 and 1,800, and the eighth all over 1,800 miles. On the one pound rate one pound must be understood to mean between four and sixteen ounces, the present rates continuing in force on all packages of four ounces or under. Each additional pound means pound or fraction thereof:

Table of Zone Charges.

	First pound.	Each additional pound.	Eleven pounds.
50 mile zone	\$0.05	\$0.03	\$0.35
150 mile zone06	.04	.46

300 mile zone07	.05	.57
600 mile zone08	.06	.68
1,000 mile zone09	.07	.79
1,400 mile zone10	.09	1.00
1,800 mile zone11	.10	1.11
Over 1,800 miles12	.12	1.32

For local delivery the rate is less than that for the fifty mile zone, the first pound being 5 cents and 1 cent for each additional pound. Local rate is meant to include all deliveries in the city where the shipment starts or any rural route leading therefrom or any shipment beginning and ending on the same rural route. Moreover, it need not confuse the general public, since the postoffice clerks are the ones who will have to study it out.

All the average man or woman will need to do is to prepare his or her package, address it and hand it in to be weighed, when the clerk will indicate the amount of postage necessary. Perishable articles may not be shipped or packages that might injure the person of any postal employee. By perishable articles is meant ordinary farm or garden produce, but only such as may decay in transit.

Naturally it is a busy time with all of Uncle Sam's vast postal establishment. New equipment to handle the increased business must be put in mail cars, boats and wagons, as well as the larger offices:

To carry the law into effect it will be necessary to print a large number of postage stamps of new denominations, as distinctive stamps must be affixed on all packages before mailing. It is predicted that denominations will run as high as \$1.

Another feature that is keeping the post-

office department busy is the preparation of zone maps for all offices. For the purpose of designating the zones the entire country is divided into blocks of thirty minutes, or about thirty-five miles, square. There are approximately 3,500 of these blocks or units, each having an index number.

This looks complicated enough, but is simple when one understands the system. The mail clerks must become familiar with the new system, and be prepared to handle the business with promptness and efficiency, and a thousand and one details are to be perfected.

There are about 60,000 postoffices in the

country, not counting the branch offices in the cities. To prepare maps for all these, to give out instructions to the vast army of clerks, carriers and other employees and to make the other necessary preparations, all in four months' time, will constitute a stupendous task. A committee in the department is already busy organizing the work. Another committee of three senators and an equal number of representatives is making a study of the general subject in this and other countries, with a view to perfecting and completing the system by future legislation.—The Mail.

MADAME BERNHARDT DEPICTS JOY IN SPENDING MONEY

MY grandfather was generosity personified; my grandmother was avarice itself.

I still remember a terrific discussion between the two, or, rather, I recollect how heated was the argument, and also this phrase, which I consider typical: "Money is round," exclaimed my grandfather with finality: "it is made to roll," and, wild with anger, my grandmother slapped down on the table a hundred sou piece, crying in her turn: "You are mad! Money is flat! It is made to lie quietly!"

I am of the same opinion as my grandfather, money should roll, always be rolling, passing from hand to hand, thus making, by stages, happiness for everybody.

Oh! to earn lots of money and spend it—what joy!

When one has no more money, one must earn it, and in so doing one opens all the valves of one's intelligence, and life flows along in a perpetual rotation of hopes and fears and joys. One sows the seeds of happiness around one, soothes the unhappy, overcomes difficulties. One makes great preparations to realize one's dreams, which sometimes become realities.

Oh! that I were a millionaire! I would send agents everywhere to buy up everything that was ugly—in order to destroy it! I would buy all the ugly houses, the atrocious buildings that are a disgrace. I would pay salaries to bad singers and bad actors that they cease performing. I would create a school for lawyers, from among whom I would choose the best, whose fortune I would make, if they would but defend worthy cases.

I would build in every part of America and Europe immense sheds with gigantic kitchens, where twice a day all the unfortunates might get food. I did even begin a movement to build one of these sheds, and I got a shock when some one said, "But my dear friend, you do not seem to understand that there are quite as many lazy people as there are unfortunate ones," and I was stupefied for an answer. I think that laziness is a great misfortune; one of the greatest misfortunes of the human race.

A human being does not ask to be born, but if he is cast unconsciously upon the earth he has the right to get, with as little effort as possible, such nourishment as is necessary for his existence; food that the Creator has placed here for everybody; fish, game, fruit, roots. But the laws of men have cruelly placed their barriers over all these things. Fishing is private or prohibited; hunting is prohibited; the very fruits and roots are the property of individuals. I admit the necessity of all these rules of society, but at least let us, to whom work is a source of joy, give those poor, disinherited souls whom we call the lazy ones the facilities to live without driving them to theft and murder, for their acts have laziness for their mainspring, and hunger drives men to do the worst.

Let us look after the idle as we look after the sick, and the statistics of crime will be diminished by half.

Oh! if I were Pierpont Morgan!

But there it is, I am only Sarah Bernhardt!

WOODROW WILSON

Mrs. T. D. Foster

JOSEPH RUGGLES WILSON, a Presbyterian clergyman, was settled as minister over a parish in Staunton, Virginia, in 1856. There, in Christmas week of that year, the future president of the United States was born. Thus Virginia becomes the "mother" of another president.

He was named for his mother's father, Thomas Woodrow, who was also a Presbyterian clergyman. During his boyhood he was known as "Tom Wilson." When he grew up he dropped the "Thomas" and has since been known by the name he now bears, Woodrow Wilson.

When he was two years old, his father moved to Augusta, Georgia, and there became one of the most noted clergymen in the South. When the Civil War broke out, the elder Wilson embraced the Southern side. Thus Woodrow Wilson grew up in an atmosphere of Southern sympathy. He does not remember much about the war. What made the most impression on him was the scarcity of food. He does remember seeing Jefferson Davis ride by a prisoner, on his way to Fortress Monroe. After the war when the Union soldiers came Woodrow became great friends with them. It was a revelation to him when some one told him his admired friends were the hated "Yankees," who he had supposed were some kind of monsters.

At nine years old Woodrow Wilson did not know the alphabet and could not read a word. When his schooling did begin he went forward by leaps and bounds. His best teacher was his father who took great pains with him. They were constant companions. When Woodrow Wilson was fourteen years old the family moved to Columbia, S. Carolina. Here the boy, who was certainly a dreamer, lived for several months in imagination as an Admiral in the U. S. Navy. At that time he had never seen a ship nor the ocean. At seventeen, he was sent off to a small North Carolina college. He had to leave college on account of ill health, but after a year's rest he entered Princeton, where later he graduated. From the first he was known as a Democrat and was often assigned to the Democratic side of a debate. He soon had a reputation for wide reading, sound judgment, clear and forceful speaking. He did

not and does not now use oratorical frills, but speaks in a plain, straightforward, heart to heart fashion that is very persuasive.

It was this time that Wilson determined to take up politics as a study. He read everything he could find on government, political economy and the lives of statesmen. He "made" the debating clubs and soon became their "star debater." He always refused to support a cause in which he did not believe. When he drew out of the hat a slip of paper marked "protection," he tore it up and refused to debate, for at that time he was a passionate partisan of free trade.

Yet, he took a leading part in the college fun. He was fond of music and organized several college singing clubs. He was president of the Athletic Committee and of the Baseball Association. He was managing editor of the college newspaper. In his senior year he began writing articles for the magazines and they were accepted.

After graduating from Princeton, he studied law in the University of Virginia. In 1882 he began to practice law at Atlanta, Ga. Perhaps it would be more correct to say he opened an office for the practice of law, for there is no record that he ever had any clients. He occupied his time writing a book on "Congressional Government." It was here that he met Miss Louise Azson, who is now Mrs. Wilson.

The useless law office was soon closed and Wilson went to Baltimore to take a course in "Civil Government" at Johns Hopkins University, to prepare himself further for public life. "Congressional Government," the book which he had begun at Atlanta, was published. The book described the actual workings of Congress in a way which opened people's eyes. It made a reputation for Woodrow Wilson. Several colleges invited him to take a professor's position. He accepted a call from the girls' college, Bryn Mawr. About this time he received from Johns Hopkins the degree and title of Doctor of Philosophy. He and Miss Azson were married and his life as a college professor began.

After a few years at Bryn Mawr he accepted an election as professor of History and Political Economy at Wesleyan University, in Connecticut. Here, with young men for students his lectures became more pop-

ular. But Wesleyan was too small a college to keep so valuable an instructor. He was called to his alma mater, Princeton University. Princeton gave him an LL. D.

There had never been anything like the popularity of Prof. Wilson's lecture courses. Hundreds of students flocked to them. He made them interested in the affairs of their own country and their own times. No professor had done that before. He made politics alive because he used the actual events in Congress and elsewhere to convey the knowledge he wished to impart.

For some years this went on. In the meantime, he had published several new books. In 1902 when the office of President of the University became vacant, Prof. Wilson was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy.

Now the national democracy of the man had scope for accomplishing reforms. President Wilson found Princeton a "rich man's" college, he made it "democratic." That is, he put all students on an exact equality whether rich or poor. Students who failed to pass their examinations, were dropped, no matter what social prominence their families might have. To study and to learn, not to recite, was declared to be the object.

Matters were thus in a strained and un-

pleasant state when the political campaign of 1910 came on. The State government of New Jersey had long been a scandal for corruption. But now there was a great wave of resolution that the State government must be reformed. The democratic bosses frightened, hit upon an old trick. They would nominate for governor some man of high reputation, and so quiet the popular clamor. They hit upon Woodrow Wilson. The college president would be as wax in their hands. He told them frankly, if elected, he would fight the ward bosses and put an end to their power. They didn't believe he meant what he said or could carry out the threat if he did. At once upon his inauguration the fight with the bosses began. In less than two years, New Jersey has been changed from the worst governed State to one of the best.

This record brought Governor Wilson prominently forward as a candidate for the nomination of his party for President. The circumstances of the campaign favored him. He has been elected President of the United States by the largest electoral vote any candidate ever received. Yet it is only two years since he entered this field of life. It shows what can be done by the "scholar in politics."

THE SPIRITUALLY MINDED

By the Editor

SOME people are abnormally irreligious, and some others are abnormally religious. Neither of the two need have much occasion to throw stones at the large middle class between them. An intense atmosphere created by a prolonged religious session is not always an index of the spiritual life of the participants, so much as a safety valve for the escape of bottled up enthusiasm.

The spiritual life of every man and woman needs to be nationalized by intelligence. Of course, they tell us the more intellectual one becomes the colder that one's religious life will be. Indeed, they say a man with a trained intellect is as cold as an icicle. Judged from the view point of the enthusiastic sentimentalist, this is true. The intellectual man who is religious is less sentimental, he is not so likely to give vent to his feelings, he makes less noise, but his religious fiber is of a higher texture than that of the enthusiast. His spiritual life

is guided by reason and common sense, but these things do not make him any the less spiritual.

An intense atmosphere has a certain psychological value, but the danger with most of us is, we get excited about it like Peter did, and say Lord let us build three tabernacles, and just camp here the rest of our lives. We forget that we were created for other purposes besides singing. There are a few blind men and some who are lame and halt down the road a little piece who need us more than the Lord needs us sitting around a tabernacle wrapped up in a cloud of feverish sentiment.

If you think the religious man with a trained intellect is cold, just cultivate his acquaintance, get a part of his vision, move over close to his heart, and you will find a warmth that is more penetrating than can ever come from a more noisy quarter.

There is no premium on ignorance even in the religious realm.

POOR LO AND THE WILDERNESS WEEDS

John H. Nowlan

WHEN we think of the Indian and his contribution to our life today we are apt to consider only corn and tobacco, with perhaps a passing thought of beans or pumpkins.

Wandering through the boundless woods and vast stretches of prairie east of the Mississippi River where plants of all kinds were to be found, observations extending through generations, perhaps centuries, gave the race a knowledge of the culinary and medicinal value of many plants unknown to the scientists today.

Today these same lands produce the same wild plants that they did in those days, but the march of civilization has swept away almost all of this knowledge. Now scarcely a woodsman is able to pick out these plants, or knows how to cook them if pointed out to him. There are some plants of which one part is edible while another part is deadly poison. Further, some of those that are poisonous by proper treatment become not only harmless, but may even become healthful and palatable.

Tapioca is made from the roots of the cassava or manioc, much in the same manner that it was made by the Indians before the days of Columbus. The root of the bitter manioc contains a milky fluid highly charged with prussic acid, one of the most virulent poisons known. How they learned it is not known, but by some means they learned that would drive off the volatile sap and leave the roots fit to make tapioca or farina, one of the foods given to infants.

Did you ever taste an Indian turnip? Away back in my boyhood days I did—**once**—and today the memories of that taste are so vivid that the very spot is as well remembered as if it had been but a few days ago. Yet that fearfully acrid plant was by

the Indians converted into a palatable bread.

The early settlers of our country were always glad to see a bountiful crop of acorns, for that meant a cheap supply of food for the pigs. Only a few of the oaks produce acorns that are in the least palatable, because of the tannin they contain. The Indians collected the ripened acorns, removed the hulls, and dried the kernels in the sun. They were then pulverized, water was filtered through them till the tannin was all removed (which was indicated by the absence of any yellowish tinge to the water), then the dough was cooked much as we do cornmeal.

Most of the school boys who live near lakes or even running streams know the bulrush and the ease with which they may be transformed into ear-splitting whistles, but few, if any of them, know that a palatable bread has been made from the roots or that when boiled in water they yield a fine syrup.

When it comes to salads the number of plants that may be used is almost countless. The thistle, dock, purslane, pokeweed and dandelion being well known, but few would pause to gather the rank-growing, vile-smelling burdock. However, it is said that the young shoots may be peeled and eaten like radishes, or the roots boiled, mashed and fried like salsify.

The fungi yields the morel, or as some call it "the sponge mushroom," but few are able to identify the edible "umbrella" mushroom found during midsummer in the open pastures, and still fewer can identify or prepare puff balls for food.

All of these and many more were well known to the red man who imparted some of the knowledge to his white neighbors.

HE WAS TOO SUSPICIOUS

Joseph F. Novak

ONCE upon a time, the Considerate Man stepped into the office of the Suspicious Man for a few moments' business chat.

As they talked of the business outlook for the coming season, the Ordinary Woman entered the office, and approaching the Suspicious Man, said:

"Sir, I am in need of a loan of \$50.00 and if you will oblige me by making it to me, I shall truly appreciate your kindness."

"What kind of security can you give me?" asked the Suspicious Man.

"Alas, none, except my personal note, now," returned the Ordinary Woman, "but I am expecting a sum of money from the estate of my Uncle who died in England, and will receive it in two months. When it comes, as a proof of my appreciation for your help now, I shall have you invest it for me."

"No, I cannot loan money on such a promise," returned the Suspicious Man.

"But I am an old customer," persisted the Ordinary Woman, "and have done much business with you."

"Yes, b t business is business, and we never know what will happen."

The Ordinary Woman looked about in despair, and then seeing the Considerate Man near, she appealed to him.

He turned to his Suspicious Friend. "Do you know the Ordinary Woman?" he asked, and the Suspicious Man replied, "Yes, very well."

"Then," said the Considerate Man to the Ordinary Woman, "come with me to my office, and I'll get the money for you."

Thankfully the Ordinary Woman went

with him, and giving her note, received the money.

A few months later, the Suspicious Man called on the Considerate Man, and asked:

"Has the Ordinary Woman repaid her note?"

"No," returned the Considerate Man, "but I am not worrying, as I believe we ought to help each other in these little matters."

At that moment, the Ordinary Woman entered the office, displaying a certified check for \$20,000.00. She approached the Considerate Man saying:

"Take what I owe you from this, and invest the rest for me."

Then seeing the Suspicious Man near, she continued:

"I think it is only right that I allow your Considerate Friend to invest this money for me, since he helped me when I needed help."

To invest the money for the Ordinary Woman meant honest profit for the Considerate Man, for his business was investment securities.

The Suspicious Man hunched his shoulders and went back to his office with a frown, for he also dealt in investment securities.

Moral:—Distrust only when necessary.

A CHANGE OF PLANS

Ada Van Sickle Baker

AND so you wish to prop up the crumbling ruins of our ancestral home with this girl's money. Is that it?"

Bernard Langdon turned indignantly to his sister, and his gray eyes demanded an answer.

A flush stained the woman's haughty face; but she returned his look with one of unflinching calmness.

"It is not solely because of her money, that I wish you to meet her, Bernard," she returned in tones of honied sweetness. "She is beautiful enough to win the heart of any one. Of course she is highly cultured, having graduated from college at an early age; then for four years she studied music in Berlin, and now that she is to spend a few weeks with me, it will be a good opportunity for you to cultivate the affection of the best catch of the season."

"The best catch! Alice, if you knew how I dislike that phrase you would never use it in my presence. When I get a wife I

do not want to seek her on a commercial basis—that is, I don't wish to win a girl that represents a certain amount of gold. I am not ready to settle down to married life yet, but when I do, I care not whether the girl possesses a dollar, so long as she is the true, lovable woman I desire."

"In other words, you would be content to let the walls of this old mansion crumble about your head, while you idly sat and admired the qualities you desire in some penniless woman. I am surprised at you, Bernard; you have no ambition or pride in you!"

"Sufficient pride to prevent me from throwing myself headlong at the foot of a woman I do not know, and do not care to, simply because she is an heiress."

"And this mansion—old Langdon Hall," wailed his sister. "A few more years, and the ravages of time will have completely destroyed it, while a few thousand right now—"

"Let Langdon Hall rest in peace, along with its former owners, our ancestors, Alice. We have not the money to revive its glories, and as far as marrying an heiress to get the necessary means, well—Langdon Hall will never be repaired, and that is final."

"And I invited this wealthy and attractive heiress, Miss Wilton, solely on your account, Bernard," mourned his sister, unable to give up her pet scheme with very good grace.

"It is indeed too bad that you have not another brother of marriageable age to consider the proposition, Alice," he replied, with a laugh. "As for me, I shall not have the pleasure of meeting this perfect paragon, for I intend to vacate before she arrives."

"Bernard!" gasped Mrs. Rogers. "That will be the height of folly! Why, I have sung your praises to her, till you must have gained her favor ere this."

"And doubtless is coming prepared to make an attack on my heart, and carry me off by storm," laughed her brother, not without vexation.

"Indeed, no, I have worked with caution; for Miss Wilton is one of the most dignified little maidens in the world. If she thought I was purposely bringing you two together she would decline my invitation with thanks and hauteur."

"Then she is unaware of my existence in this part of the country?"

"Yes, I told her it might be possible that you would make us a brief visit; and it nettled me because she merely raised her eyebrows, and changed the subject so quickly, I fairly gasped."

Bernard Langdon laughed heartily. "Then I did not make much of an impression on the peerless lady?"

"Of course not, without having been seen; and indeed, Bernard, I doubt if you would stand a ghost of a chance for Marie Wilton has been sought by many men possessing wealth, influence and brains."

"And as I am in sore need of all three, I would hardly be considered by your charming friend."

"Oh, Bernard, how can you? You know you have a generous supply of all but the money, and if you could win Miss Wilton, you would sigh because there were not other worlds to conquer."

"Oh, Bernard," reproved his sister, "you are not taking this thing seriously at all."

"I assure you, my dear Alice, I certainly am. I am taking it so seriously that the

10:30 train will bear me away from these regions tomorrow."

"And she comes in on the down train at 10:15. Oh, Bernard!"

"Fifteen minutes in the same neighborhood will be all that I desire," was the response, as he left the room.

Promptly at ten o'clock, the following day, the young man bade his sister good-bye. He felt very care-free as he swung into the depot. Of course post haste, but a little trip would do him good anyway, and even though the old walls of his ancestral home were crumbling, they would not fall in ruins much swifter because of this needless expenditure he was about to make.

The rumble of an incoming train brought him suddenly to the realization that Miss Wilton was probably near. He chuckled to himself. Here he was to have the opportunity of seeing her, without himself being known. In fancy he could picture a very prim little girl. She was scholarly, his sister had said, she would doubtless look with wise superiority, through gold-rimmed glasses upon her mental inferiors. He had no more time for mind pictures, for the train had slowed down with a creaking and grinding, and as it came to a stop, a young lady emerged and descended the steps.

Bernard Langdon whistled softly. The girl wore glasses certainly, but they added charm to the sweet face. The eyes that looked through the bits of glass were blue in color, and beautiful in expression. Her hair framed her dainty little face like a rare setting of gold, and her complexion, all creamy and pink was the loveliest thing the admiring young man had ever seen.

She looked about in confusion, as the train rumbled on again, and for the first time it flashed into Bernard Langdon's mind that there was no one there to meet her.

Where was Alice, his sister, and why had she not come or sent for her? he wondered. Well, it was none of his affairs, but as he was supposed to be the head of the Langdon house, he felt that it reflected discredit on himself, to leave this pretty girl standing there in perplexity. He walked over to where she stood and lifted his hat.

"I beg pardon, but are you Miss Wilton?" he interrogated.

"I am," replied the girl, in some surprise.

"I fear there has been a mistake. My sister, Mrs. Rogers, is expecting you, I am sure, and intended to meet or send for you. Alice is not one of the forgetting kind, so there must be something wrong, and if you

will permit me. I will take you to her, and find out what is the matter?"

"But you were expecting to take a journey," with a glance at his suitcase, which he held in his hand.

"Yes, a short trip—of no consequence, whatever, and which can wait for another train."

"Oh, but I dislike to trouble you so!" There was genuine dismay in her troubled blue eyes, and the man hastened to reassure her.

"It is no trouble, whatever; and as it is but a short distance to the house, we will be there in a jiffy." He took her suitcase, and cheerfully conducted her down the length of the platform, when the whistle of the up train sounded shrilly.

"Oh, your train, and now you will miss it!" cried the girl.

"Please give yourself no uneasiness on my account, for there will be another one tomorrow, and to tell the truth I am more than half glad to get out of going today."

It was a very pale Mrs. Rogers that received them, and she was frantically pinning on her hat.

"Such a time!" she exclaimed. "You had no more than gone, Bernard, when I fell down the cellar steps, and though I was not hurt, I fainted from fright, and that was why I was not there to meet you, my dear Marie," kissing the girl's pink cheek. Then she turned to her brother in surprise.

"But why are you here, Bernard? I

supposed you were speeding on your way by this time."

"There's another train tomorrow," he cheerfully assured her, and he seemed very contented for a man who had just missed his train.

By the time he had basked in the light of Marie Wilton's bright eyes for a few hours, he decided he would postpone the trip for awhile, and his sister, with woman's intuition divined the real reason.

It was several weeks later that Miss Wilton turned to him with sudden remembrance, and said:

"How about that trip, Bernard, you have never made it yet?"

"I said tomorrow, sweetheart," he said tenderly. "You know tomorrow is always just ahead, and in fact I have postponed the trip altogether, till I have my wife as a companion."

A silvery laugh sounded, as Alice Rogers stepped in view. "You should be more cautious with your love-making, Bernard, for that baritone voice of yours is very penetrating, and as a punishment for your carelessness I have a good mind to tell Marie how you very nearly lost out in getting her."

"You mean, rather, that it was you who nearly lost out in your plans," returned her brother, with one of his direct looks.

And to this day, Marie, now Mrs. Bernard Langdon, is puzzled as to their words' true meaning.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Venice, Italy.

Dear Children:

WE are in for the day and awaiting the evening meal at seven. Not so very tired, either. The party of twenty consists of Eld. A. B. Barnhart, Eld. Rarick, of Maryland, Deacon Rowland, of Maryland, Eld. David Hollinger and wife, of Ohio, Olive Ringer, of Indiana, Mary Gibson, of Iowa, two Eisenbise brothers, Eld. Rothrock, of Nebraska, Nettie Stauffer, of Indiana, (I think,) Uncle Will, Cousin Ralph and Laura and Norman, J. F. Souders, A. C. Wieand and wife and ourselves. Twenty in all. All the men save two are ministers. Our hotel is right by the center of all interest in Venice, the place of St. Mark. The open court in front of the cathedral is 573

feet long, 270 feet wide at the east end, and 183 feet wide at the west end where it meets the cathedral. It is paved with trachyte and marble in a most beautiful manner, and is surrounded with imposing buildings of marble which make the impression of grandeur never to be forgotten. Here at one time, in centuries gone by, dwelt rulers of Northern Italy and sent forth their laws. Innumerable pigeons are constantly seen in this place, and here we took several pictures which we hope are good. In earlier days, in accord with an ancient custom, on Palm Sunday pigeons were sent forth from vestibule of St. Mark's. They nested in the building and were fed at public expense. Now they must depend upon the charity of the public who buy grain of the ever-in-evidence grain dealer. Mama spent four cents

on the birds to have her picture. What do you think of that?

We went to the palace of Doges, or the rulers of the earlier centuries, and found it much like all palaces, only not so rich. Tintoretto has here two famous pictures, Christ's descent from the cross, and Christ in glory. As far as halls of justice and the condemnation is concerned, neither of us was much interested. It is true, here is the bridge of sighs, connecting the palace with the prison on the other side of the canal, and that across this prisoners were led, brought into a certain room, where first they were examined by three, then by ten, and if acquitted they passed out a door into liberty; and if not they passed through another door, the door into the dungeon and soon to the guillotine, after which head and body were put into a sack, filled with stones, and they sank to the bottom of the canal. In the general assembly room we saw the largest oil painting in the world, a collection of heads and faces entitled, "Paradise," by Tintoretto. The day we are here two men were trying to photo a part of it, and we got a good light and studied some of the fine faces through the glass. The picture is seventy-two feet by twenty-three feet.

Then we visited the cathedral of St. Mark. Here are supposed to be buried all the remains of the Apostle St. Mark. The building is in the shape of a green cross, is 250 feet long, and 170 feet broad. The most interesting part is the fact that here is seen 45,790 square feet of the finest mosaic work in the world. Mama said: "How can those pictures on the front stand five centuries of weather exposure and not fade?" After she saw Mosaic work in glass and stone she understood that they will always remain fresh and bright as they were when put in the wall in 1500. We had little time to study the real thing, for it is so massive. But we went behind the famous altar into a room where mama and I saw some of the finest wood inlaying yet. Oh, what pictures we saw, made out of different colors of wood, in centuries gone by, by monks. But if I had been a monk and had had nothing else to do than to think how mean I was, I could have done that work too, to pass away the time.

Then we all took a gondola ride about the city. Five to the boat, and that meant that each person paid ten cents for an hour. It is a marvel to see how easily these fellows push and steer a boat while standing behind and the ride is as full of interest as it is possible to be. Think of a city built

in the mud on piles, out in the sea so that much of it is reached through these gondolas. It is wonderful. After supper this evening mama and I walked out to hear the military band play two pieces, and now we have returned and she is in bed. This goes in the morning, for tomorrow we leave for Florence.

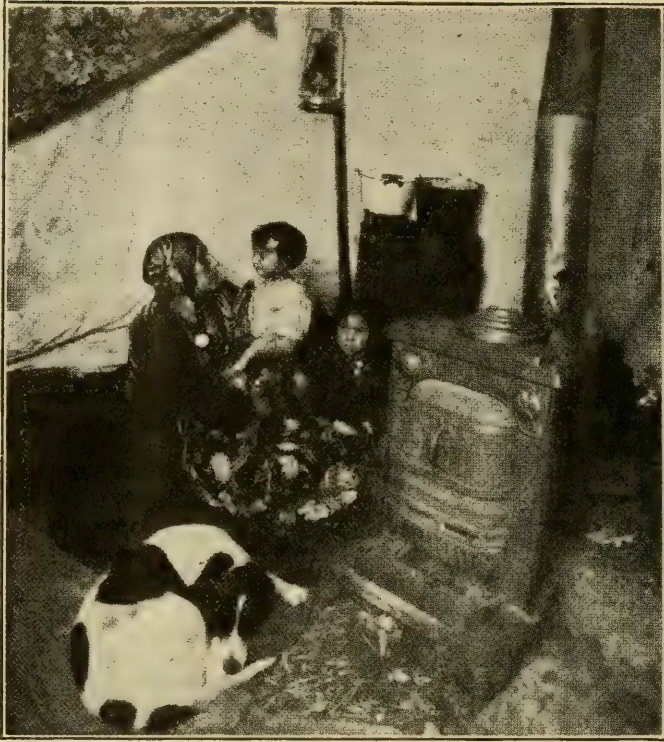


THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR SMALL BOYS OR GIRLS.

The December Woman's Home Companion contains an excellent article entitled "Christmas Gifts That Grow," in which the author shows how a little money given to children, if properly invested, will grow into a larger sum and also keep the young folks interested in something worth while. Following is an extract:

"Christmas before last a father who owned a vacant city lot gave his oldest son a bank-book that recorded the deposit of two dollars to his account. Then he told the boy that he could have the use of that lot the following year, and when spring came he would have it plowed and harrowed and made ready for the seed. Long before time for planting came the boy had decided to put the entire patch of ground in potatoes. He had unusual success, because he had selected good, smooth, mealy potatoes for seed, and, having city water on the next lot, he was able to water his plants when they needed it. The youngster early learned that there was a scarcity of potatoes that year, and when the price was high in the fall he decided to hold his yield until he could get the highest price for it. As a consequence in the spring he added quit a sum to his original bank account, and enthusiastically made preparations for planting the ground to onions this year.

"Another little fellow, about twelve years old, persuaded his father to lease the empty lot next to their house for him, and he raised cucumbers. A seed firm supplied him with all the seed and information he needed for making the project a success, and at the end of the season bought the seed from him. His success was so easily attained that his sister was allowed to make use of an adjoining lot the next year. Their reading has developed along more educational lines, because they are so interested in finding out the best methods for growing things. They are planning to raise cabbages next year, 'to give the land a rest,' as well as to gain knowledge along another line of farming."



Romanoff Gypsy Children in Their Winter Quarters.

A STORY OF TWO BABIES

A TROLLEY car stopped in a great city street to let a humble couple get on. The mother held in her arms a baby boy. The little creature was wide awake. He had great, mystic, wonderful eyes which seemed to see everything. Those bewitching eyes fascinated every one on the car. A lawyer started to "cooing" the baby, a doctor came within the enchanted zone and began prattling to the wingless fairy. A minister and his wife were seated near by. A single smile set them in an ecstasy, and they, too, capitulated to the irresistible assaults of that baby's advances. A few days later the daily press told of another baby, the heir to an estate worth over a hundred million dollars. Think of it! Why, this three-year-old makes old Midas look like a pauper!

And yet the little fellow is having hard lines. To be able to sip out of a gold spoon is no certificate of happiness. The kidnappers have their eyes upon him. Two years ago they attempted to steal him outright. Since then he has been taken out on his daily trips securely imprisoned in a

steel cage on wheels. When it was necessary to remove him from a summer to a winter resort, he traveled in a special car with a guard of detectives!

So this is a story of two babies. Make of it what you will.

One looks up into the tender blue of a mother's smiling eyes, the other sees his mother only now and then. One is as free as a bird that soars and sings, the other is a pathetic little prisoner, shut out from contact with happy human kind, the center of greedy machinations even before it has reached the age of accountability.

"Which baby would you rather be?" a husky eight-year-old lad was asked, after listening to the stories.

"Oh, ginger!" he replied, "I'd rather be that poor youngster and have loads of fun!"

And the lad is right. Loads of fun, health and a day, games of marbles, tracking a rabbit to its hole, pockets filled with all sorts of things, a tired body at night, and sleep like nectar from the gods, aren't they worth more to a real boy than loads of gold?—The People's Home Journal.

AMONG THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Mission Study at Elizabethtown College.

RENEWED and increased interest in the study of Missions marks the beginning of the twelfth school year. The Bible Department of the school conducts daily a class in the History of Missions.

There are also two weekly classes optional to the student body. Each class meets on Saturday evening for about an hour, a part of the period being devoted to the study of some book on Missions as a text and the latter part of the period is devoted to prayer and consecration. The advanced class uses Smith's "The Uplift of China" as a text. This being completed, Brown's "The Chinese Revolution" and Beach's "Dawn on the Hills of Tang" will be next taken up. B. F. Waltz, a junior in the Classical Course, has charge of this class. Miss Lydia Stauffer, the regular Bible teacher, has charge of the beginning class in mission study, which uses "Effective Workers in Needy Fields" as a text.

Forty-three students are enrolled in mission study in these Saturday evening classes with an average attendance of thirty-two.

We have several students now at school who are preparing themselves for mission work.



The Alumni Association of McPherson College is in the midst of a campaign to raise by dollar contributions from its members enough to erect a gallery in the new auditorium-gymnasium. An encouraging response is resulting, and the daily paper in the city will publish the names of the contributors. An ad is being run under the heading "A Thanksgiving Offering."



Question 1.—Why did you attend a denominational college?

Answer.—I realized the need of an education. My sister (the only one) was making arrangements to wed and I did not want to stay at home when she left. (Our hearts were knit together.) It was not my motive to attend the denominational school, but Daleville College faculty happened to solicit my brother, H. L. Williams, to attend the first year of the school in my presence. I proposed to them (J. C. Beahm) that if they would give me \$140.00 for a four-year-

old mare I would take it out in "learnin'." Soon a letter of acceptance came and I went to Daleville College the first day of school. My first time in life to go the first day of school. During that year of school the faculty and the church brought influence to bear that caused me to identify myself with the denomination April 4, 1892.

Question 2. If you were making a choice again, would you select a denominational college or a State institution? Why?

Answer.—I know of only two reasons why I should not choose the denominational school. (1) The State offers school advantages for less expense. (2) The professional precedence, which the State university graduates carry over the small denominational college graduate. There really is something in a name here. From a moral and religious view, I should much prefer the small denominational college, and too for thorough work, because of the close, frequent personal contact of teacher and student. The small denominational college unendowed must depend upon merit for existence and success, a powerful incentive for efficient work and moral influence. The State University may exist and carry a precedence and have skeptics, infidels, and non-religious teachers, which may prove very poisonous and disastrous to the moral character of the university student. This is an essential by no means to be overlooked in an education.

Question 3.—Would you spend as much time and money in college as you did, or do you consider the time and money spent there has proven a handicap to you later in life?

Answer.—Not because I went to college have I been handicapped, but because I did not go longer I have been time and again handicapped. My school course was not extensive enough. My diploma has been questioned. A lack of precedence of the school. Permit me to say that the titles from the best universities are none too good for our brethren. The sooner we reach the high standard, in at least one school, of the leading State universities, and have a precedence equal to the State institutions to confer upon the students of our schools the better it is for us. Our schools have a tendency to impress the fact upon its students that completion of their courses is far

(Continued on Page 1393.)

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

OUTLINES FOR CHRISTMAS SERMONS.

J. C. Flora.

No. 1. Preparation for and import of Jesus' coming.—Luke 2: 8-20.

I. Preparation for his coming.

1. Movements toward unity among the nations.
 - a. The powers of the world were becoming united.
 - b. A universal language.
 - c. Steps toward the brotherhood of the human race.

2. Mankind was looking for some eternal verity upon which it could rest and build its hopes.

- a. Philosophy had failed.
- b. Statesmanship had failed.
- c. And all religions had failed to meet the necessities of the real man.

II. In Jesus' coming to the earth many new blessings are added.

1. God is more fully manifest to us.
2. Jesus becomes a comforter.
3. Motherhood is raised.
4. He brings additional light.
5. Music has a new significance.
6. With him comes the additional Love and Peace.

No. 2. No Room in the Inn.

"There was no room for them in the inn."—Luke 2: 7.

Is there room for Jesus now?

I. Among the Nations.

1. In government.
2. In politics.
3. In army and fleet.

II. In Society.

1. Luxury.
2. Show.
3. Infidelity.
4. Sin.

III. In Business.

1. In the stock exchange.
2. In the markets.
3. Behind the counter.

IV. In the Church.

1. Its formality.
2. In open doors.
3. For consecration.

V. In the Homes.

1. For the Bible study.
2. For love.
3. For family worship.

VI. In our sinful hearts.

1. Of pleasure.

2. Of selfishness.

3. Of worldliness.

"New Year" Sermon Outlines.

No. 1. A Review of the past year.

"God requireth that which is past."—Eccles. 3: 15.

I. It is good to take a review.

1. Life is a volume.
2. Every year a page.
3. Every week a paragraph.
4. Every day a line.

II. Has any progress been made?

1. More college men doing Bible work than ever before.
2. The standard of morals is higher than any year previous.
3. Greater activity in missionary work than any year before.

III. Some things that have been done.

1. Retribution has come to Turkey.
2. Chinese empire is open to Christianity.
3. Less money spent in campaigning.
4. Great strides have been made against bossism and toward Democracy.

IV. Personal Blessings.

1. Industrial prosperity.
2. Religious freedom.
3. God's tender love and affection.
4. Christian environment.
5. Inward joy.

No. 2. Our Duties for the New Year.

"If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this or that."—Jas. 4: 15.

I. We turn a new sheet.

1. We cannot change the past.
2. But we have a clean page.
3. We do not want to blotch it with sin.

II. Many promises to those who work.

1. They shall have a bountiful harvest.
2. They shall be an honor to God.
3. They shall be a great help to their fellowman.

III. We have a great Father to care for us.

1. He can keep us from all danger.
2. He can fill our lives with joy and gladness.

IV. We must cope with the demands of our times.

1. In business.
2. In social affairs.
3. In spiritual matters.

V. We should appreciate our homes and families.

1. Although our house and furnishings may not be the best.
2. Although some members of the family may not be doing as well as we would desire.
3. Although there be slight differences and sometimes it may be, a few unkind words.

VI. Long life promised to the obedient.

1. Be obedient to God's commands.
2. Do all the good you can.
3. Love God with all your heart.
4. Then many years may be yours to enjoy.



Sin is great, but God's grace is greater. Sin is mighty, but man's will can overcome sin and slay it. Every man must take the field against sin and win his own battles. Virtue is not virtuous unless it wins victory over vice. Love is not love unless it loves in the presence of hatred.

Intemperate living is not confined to the drink habit. Not a few good people who are scandalized at the very thought of getting drunk are notoriously intemperate in eating, in their speech, or in their devotion to special forms of pleasure.

The Protestant churchman has a duty to perform in political affairs. He must see to it that the men who govern the city, state and nation believe in enacting laws to uplift mankind, and that the government comes not from the underworld.

No man can be said to be worthless. Amid all the plague spots of evil, back of all the moral rags and wretchedness, there lies the "divinity that stirs within"—the germs of a power, beauty and perfection that may be expanded forever.

The very fact that there are known to be churches for the rich and churches for the poor is not only antagonistic to the doctrine of Christ, but in appearance so puts a religious sanction upon the doctrine of inequality.

Let children be well born, but let no son of man despair because of unfortunate tendencies in his life as long as it is possible to be born anew from above. This change has been experienced by thousands. It is here the power of Christ is felt. That this transformation is possible is the good news the church is to proclaim.

The widow was eulogized by Christ, not because she gave the last third of a penny that she ever had possessed, or that she had at that time or would have in the future, but because she was generous, though living in extreme poverty.

Any criticism that may be brought against bringing politics into the pulpit is the fault of the politics. And when it would seem that politics was too corrupt to bring into the pulpit then, surely, there is the greatest need for doing so.

Today the world is a seething mass, socially and religiously and politically. Everywhere men are looking for the truth, yea, some are hungering after truth, but their arrogance, their conceit will not permit them to seek where truth lies.

Along every pathway that leads to the goal, over every road and bypath that have led to liberty, happiness, rightness and truth, the eternal urge in the soul has been, thrusting simple men on to greater possession and achievement.

Frightened educators and physicians are calling for a campaign of social hygiene. They would explain quietly to the young not only the things they ought not to do, but the things they ought to do to preserve healthy bodies.

Of the prevalence of divorce in the United States I can only say that I deeply regret the evil has gained such a strong foothold in our beautiful country and hope for the day when it is no longer a dreadful menace at the very doors of our homes.

Time was when the word business expressed something noble—an honorable occupation to give a man an honorable living. The word now has been degraded by modern conditions. Nowadays "business" often, like charity, "covereth a multitude of sins."



AMONG THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

(Continued from Page 1391.)

enough. He who goes to universities is the rare exception. To have to go through some State university for a precedence is making a "cut short" influence for our schools. I welcome the day when there shall be in our brotherhood a university in both Science and Theology.—C. A. Williams.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Miss M. Andrews.

When dusting stair rails as well as some other things, take a dust cloth in each hand. This greatly facilitates the work.

If you happen to find yourself without a shoe buttoner, try using the clasp on your hose supporters. This will do very nicely.

When embroidering dots, it is often difficult to make them round. It is a simple matter if when you are half through the dot, you will run your needle to the other side of the dot, and work toward the center. In other words, work your dot from the outer edge to the center from both sides. Be careful to finish with your center threads on an even line or the dot will not be satisfactory.

Kid gloves are best cleaned with gasoline and soap, but if gasoline is not obtainable, they may be put on the hands and washed with turpentine until clean. Rub them as if you were washing your hands. When clean hang them in the open air to dry and finally rub with powdered chalk.

When the hands are stained with fruit or vegetables, put a very small pinch of bicarbonate of potassium and the same amount of oxalic acid in the palm of the hand. Add a few drops of water, enough to moisten it. It will soon begin to ferment and heat but will not injure the hands. Now rub all over the hands as if washing them. Then wash in cold water, then in warm water and soap. This will leave the hands free from stain and very soft and white.

If troubled with sleeplessness, lay a hot water bag over the pit of the stomach. The effect is more apparent if the hands are laid on the bag, which seems to establish a current. The heat draws the blood from the brain, where it should not be at sleeping time, to the stomach where it should be, and also reestablishes the circulation in other parts.

Suet may be kept for weeks and weeks without salt, if put on a plate and set in the flour bin and covered with flour.

Keep a table under chandeliers suspended from the ceiling and avoid an accident.

Talcum powder is of great help in sewing, as it keeps the palm and inside of the

fingers from becoming moist and sticky and will not injure the most delicate fabric.

Try this arrangement for your top bureau drawer and see how much easier it is kept in order. First cut a piece of heavy pasteboard to fit the bottom of the drawer, pad with wadding and sprinkle with sachet powder and then cover it with dainty chintz. Then with heavy chintz-covered board divide the drawer into sections. One long one for gloves, two square ones for handkerchiefs, veils, etc., any size that is most convenient, and along the ends put a row of little pockets for the endless little things.

When cleaning up a fireplace, sprinkle tea leaves among the ashes. They will prevent the dust from flying about and will keep the room wonderfully clean. This hint should be remembered for the sick room.

It is said that to drink sweet milk after eating onions no odor will remain.

If a lemon has been cut and only half used, the remaining half may be preserved by placing it cut side downward on a plate and covering with a glass. This method excludes the air and will keep the lemon fresh for some time.

Damp salt will remove discolorations from tea cups and saucers that have become stained by tea or careless washing.

Dishes washed in ammonia water will be clean and bright, and there is nothing better for cleaning glass and silver.

To remove a sliver from the flesh, put some hot water in a bottle and hold it tightly against the place where the sliver is and the steam will draw it out.

To purify greasy sinks and pipes, pour down a pailful of boiling water in which three or four pounds of washing soda have been dissolved. A disinfectant is prepared in the same way using copperas.

Don't scrape a granite or enamel kettle when anything burns on it. Put in a spoonful of soda and some water. Let boil and the burned spots will wash clean.

To clean white enamel sinks or bath tubs with great economy of labor, dip a soft dry cloth in gasoline, naphtha or benzine, and pass lightly over the surface. Every bit of dirt will instantly yield to this treatment. As the gasoline quickly evaporates no rinsing is necessary, just polish with another soft, clean cloth.

Scouring enamel eventually removes the high polish which is its only protection from dirt. Once the polish is removed and the enamel absorbs dirt like a sponge, and the more one scours the more quickly the enamel proceeds to take on a fresh coat of dirt until the stain becomes darker and almost impossible to remove, particularly in the case of the kitchen sink.

For a restless baby give a bath at bedtime, to which you add two tablespoonfuls of alcohol to each gallon of tepid water. Immerse, rub thoroughly and pat dry with a soft towel. If necessary to continue, do so nightly at the same hour that regular sleeping habits may be induced.

When sewing hooks on a waist, cut a piece of cardboard so that it will slip in the hem or plait. This prevents the stitches showing on the right side of the garment. As you sew on each hook sew the cardboard along.

If your kitchen is crowded and you have an ordinary kitchen table, gather a ruffle neatly around it and you will be surprised at the number of things you can hide under it.

Here is a hint for housekeepers who do their own work. Prepare as far as possible the next morning's breakfast after doing the supper work. Have the table all set, the meat sliced and in the pan, the potatoes sliced, bread cut, coffee in the pot and securely covered so as to preserve its flavor. If cooked cereal is used have it cooked ready to warm over in the morning. If any member of the family is to carry a lunch box, fill it carefully the night before, wrapping each article in waxed paper to keep it fresh. All this may be done in a few minutes in the evening, and the relief it affords in the morning can be imagined.

Rags for various uses. How often a rag is wanted for a cut finger, or to clean the windows, a dish cloth or mop and only after a long search can the right one be found. Old housekeepers usually have an accumulation of worn out garments which can be dispensed with, but any systematic provision for this much needed article is rare. Discarded garments should first be washed and then cut up. Old handkerchiefs should be rolled together and saved for cuts and burns. The back of a skirt if not too badly worn, will make an apron. Outing shirts of soft material, will furnish one good-sized wiping towel, and can be cut outside the hems so as to avoid the necessity of hemming. Night dresses and white shirts can be torn into rags of even size

and used in place of handkerchiefs when one has a bad cold and can afterwards be hygienically disposed of by burning. They also serve as bandages in case of accidents. Old tablecloths may be cut in squares to be used on the table, and also make good picnic napkins. Union suits should be cut into rags for dish cloths, and for cleaning windows and floors. The sleeves should be cut out and cut open. Old socks make excellent mops. They should be cut open and the ragged parts removed. Old muslin or cheese cloth curtains make good dust cloths, so does a red bandana handkerchief. The long legs of women's stockings also make excellent dusters. Cut off the feet and cut the legs open; two may be sewed together if a large one is desired. All woolen cloths should be carefully saved in case of illness. The scraps, such as seams, bands, etc., can go in the rag bag, the buttons in the button bag or box and the rolls of sorted rags in a drawer kept for that purpose, or better still in boxes labeled so that any member of the family or even a stranger can put their hand on just the rag that is needed in case of emergency.

Poor Man's Fruit Cake: Dissolve half a package of mince meat in one large cupful of hot water and let cool; beat two cupfuls of vinegar and half a cupful of lard together and two well beaten eggs, two teaspoons of baking powder, two and one-half cups of flour. Add the cold, dissolved mince meat and bake three quarters of an hour.

For Whooping Cough: Half a pint of honey, half a pint of whiskey, half a pint of flax seed mucilage, half a pint of castor oil, one teaspoonful of powdered alum to one quart of the mixture. Dose, one teaspoonful three times daily.

If your flatirons are rough, rub them with fine salt and it will make them smooth.

A teaspoonful of cream of tartar, dissolved in a quart of soft water will whiten any delicate fabric that has become yellow by soaking in this solution.

Crumbled egg shells put inside of a bottle with warm soap suds will clean it beautifully by shaking well and rinsing thoroughly.

Pour boiling water over berry stains before washing.

Bluing should be mixed with warm water and poured into the tub of rinse water, then the clothes will not be streaked. Eggs dipped in paraffin and laid out to cool will keep all winter without spoiling.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Do members of the Catholic Church vote the Republican and Prohibition tickets at the presidential election?

Do not the majority of Catholics vote the Democratic ticket?

Are there not more Catholics holding government offices in a Democratic than in a Republican Administration?—A Reader.

Answer—1. At the last election a very large number of Catholics voted the Republican ticket. Very few of them vote the Prohibition ticket. There are a few Prohibition Catholics, but the number is extremely small.

2. At the last election a large number of Catholics voted the Democratic ticket. Generally it is not so much a question of party with them as a question whether or not the candidate will cater to Rome after he is in office. They would vote any party ticket if they could elect a president who would submit to all the demands of Rome. During the last election their first choice was Taft, but on the eve of election, seeing that he could not be elected, many of them turned to Wilson as a second choice.

3. During Taft's administration more Catholics were appointed to office than during any previous administration. It is not the party so much as the man at the head of the government who favors or disfavors them.

Question.—Is the world growing morally worse or better? In what ways?—An Inquirer.

Answer.—We live for so short a time and the written records often are so lightly colored that it is very difficult to give an intelligent answer to this question in a few words. In order that we can form any correct conclusions, it is necessary for us to know something about the conditions that have existed in former ages. That will mean quite an extensive course of reading in history as well as considerable observation of our present conditions. I would suggest that you read Greene's *Short History of England*, and Samuel B. Harding's *Essentials in Mediæval and Modern History*. Having read these carefully, look at the conditions under which you are living and then ask yourself the question, "Would I be morally worse or better if I lived under the conditions which existed in any former age?"

There never was an age when there were so many efforts made to restrict the evil powers, to regulate and abolish abuses, to better the moral influences and to stimulate right living. Personally, having carefully read the records of history, Ancient, Mediæval and Modern, I have never been able to find an age in which I would rather take my chances for life than the present. With the present outlook, I would rather be a young man starting into the fight for moral betterment of the world today than in any time that I have yet been able to learn about.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Smash-up.—Jack—"What sent poor Algy to an insane asylum?"

Tom—"A train of thought passed through his brain and wrecked it."—Boston Transcript.

❖ ❖ ❖

Her Time.—"It takes my wife three days to go to a picnic."

"How is that?"

"She takes a day to get ready, a day to go, and a day to get over it."—Sacred Heart Review.

❖ ❖ ❖

Some Help.—"He's a brute."

"How so?"

"When she promised to be his wife he said he would do everything in his power to make her happy."

"Well?"

"He spends all of his time at the club!"

"Well, if he is really a brute that ought to help some."—Houston Post.

❖ ❖ ❖

Just a Hint.—Mayor Stewart, at an insurance men's banquet in Saginaw, told an insurance story.

"A septuagenarian," he began, "said one evening at dinner to his fair young wife:

"My darling, I have just insured my life in your favor for \$100,000."

"Oh, you duck!" the beautiful girl cried, and, rising and passing round the table, she kissed her husband lightly on his bald head:

"Darling," he said, taking her slim white hand, "is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Nothing on earth," she answered; and then, with a little silvery laugh, she added, "Nothing in this world. Nothing under heaven."—New York Tribune.

Amateur Work.—“This poem was written by a prominent lawyer of this city. Has it any value?”

“About as much value,” said the editor, “as a legal opinion written by a poet.”—Washington Herald.



Near-Wise.—“Why is it that so few people seem anxious to talk to Mr. Carington? He seems very well informed.”

“That’s just the difficulty,” answered Miss Dimpleton. “He’s one of those dreadful men who know enough to correct your mistakes when you quote the classics, and who don’t know enough not to do it.”—Washington Star.



Rescuing Literature.—Albert B. Kelley, an advertising expert of Philadelphia, sat in the Markham Club turning the seventy or eighty pages—mostly advertising matter—of a weekly.

“Advertising is such an art,” he said, “that many people actually buy periodicals as much for the advertisements as for the reading matter.”

Mr. Kelley smiled.

“I sat in an editor’s office the other day,” he continued, “when a poet entered.”

“‘Glad to see you’ve accepted that sonnet of mine,’ the poet said, feverishly pushing back his long hair. ‘I do hope it will be widely read.’

“‘It’s sure to be,’ said the editor. ‘It’s sure to be. I’ve placed it next to one of our most striking ads.’”—New York Tribune.



Convincing Argument.—Pianos on the installment principle was his line. You pay one-and-six a week and torture the neighbors.

As he knocked gently at one door, he suddenly remembered he had been here before and received a curt refusal. This time it was different.

“Oh, it’s you again, is it?” asked the housewife cordially. “Come in, won’t you?”

Full of hope he entered, and followed her down a dimly lighted hall. She threw open a door, and he walked in, to hear the key click sharply in the lock behind him.

He was locked in a room with five children all howling, who beat even their own records at the sight of a stranger.

And the woman resumed her washing.

An hour later she came to his rescue.

“Now,” she said sweetly, “if you still think I need more music in this house I am ready to listen to you.”

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But he had gone before she had finished.
—New York Mail.

"Johnnie," asked his teacher, "can you give us a sentence, using the word 'income' in it?"

Johnnie hesitated a moment; then "Yes'um," he replied. "'The boy opened the door, and in come a cat.'"—December Woman's Home Companion.

Megaphonist (on sight-seeing auto)—
"This is Bunker Hill."

Golfing Briton—"Ah, that was a bunker, to be sure!"—Boston Transcript.

"Johnny, what are you doing?"

"Tryin' to learn the fish in this here crick what they'll get if they bite on Sunday."—Houston Post.

The big responsibilities of marriage are the little ones.—Darmouth Jack o'Lantern.

It is not so much by idleness or conventional prayer as by twisting or binding our lives into the work and ways of God that we grow rested.

Our Lord wants men and women to serve him in these days. Men, not weaklings; men made in God's likeness.

The beauty of responsibility is that it sometimes, by the grace of God, makes a man bigger than he was naturally born to be.

Under a government constituted as is our own the church can exert no direct influence upon the organized life of the nation.

There is a physician, sovereign, eternal and unfailling, whose skill is sufficient to meet every human need. That physician is Christ.

It is a great thing to accept Jesus as God's Revealer, and as a moral authority. It is a more fundamental thing to accept him as a Savior.

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Each citizen also owes the government a portion of his services. He must take time to vote. For the ballot is a sacred trust. It must be used for the good of the community.



# THE INGLENOOK

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# THE LIFE OF ELDER R. H. MILLER

By Otho Winger

Eld. Miller was one of those strong men in the church, whose lives counted for much while they lived, and whose influence for good did not cease when the Master called them to himself. It is a good thing to have preserved, in some substantial form, a record of their accomplishments, so that those who come upon the stage of action later in the history of the world may read and be benefited.

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Some historical facts are contained in this book which are not elsewhere recorded. It is valuable as a book of reference for years to come.

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By John T. Dale.

Many are the lessons that may be learned from the mistakes and failures of others, as well as from their wisdom and success. In this book are recorded a great variety of experiences and incidents, which, if carefully considered by the reader, will help him or her to steer clear of many a pitfall, and may be the means of giving a start in the direction of success and happiness.

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# THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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# THE INGLENOOK

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No. 51

## RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

### Blindness in the Breweries.

THE New York Department of Labor has discovered what might be called an occupational disease in the breweries. It is blindness caused by the use of wood alcohol in varnishing the inside of the large stock tanks. The evaporation of wood alcohol is not so injurious to the eyes where there is adequate ventilation but these tanks are practically air tight. They are about ten feet high and have no openings except a small one at the top for the entrance of supply pipes and a manhole near the bottom just large enough for one man to crawl through at a time. It takes two workmen one-half hour to shellac the inside of one of these vats, and the men are usually given a rest of one-half hour between each job. Over a year ago the New York Department of Labor began an investigation that has brought to light some facts which were little known outside of the brewery industry. In February, 1911, one man was killed and another made totally blind as a result of one day's work at varnishing stock vats. Wood alcohol in the varnish was the cause. The death certificate of the physician gave epilepsy as the cause of death, which illustrates how nicely a system of wholesale manslaughter is frequently carried on by many industries. A hired physician or a bribed coroner saves many lawsuits and death claims. In this particular instance the coroner or rather his deputy was not bribed, and a post mortem examination showed clearly that the workman's death was caused by wood alcohol poisoning. This summer the Department of Labor sent notices to all the breweries of the State warning them in the use of wood alcohol. The reason that wood alcohol is used is that it is much cheaper than grain alcohol. The latter costs three dollars a gallon while the former may be

had for only fifty cents. The saving of a few dollars is an item to some manufacturers even though human lives are sacrificed thereby. Many breweries are now using enamel or glass lined vats which need no varnishing, thus doing away with the danger of alcohol poisoning.

### The Bedford Reformatory.

In the December issue of the American Magazine Ida M. Tarbell writes an account of the New York State Reformatory for Women at Bedford. This institution has had a most remarkable record during the few years of its existence. A reformatory may pride itself in the high percentage of successful cases dismissed but the kind of material received should always be considered. Twelve years ago the institution was founded for the purpose of receiving girls between the ages of sixteen and thirty, found guilty of some manner of lawbreaking and whom the judge considered capable of reformation. In the year 1911 over 15,000 women and girls were arraigned in the courts of New York City alone. In many respects the material that comes to Bedford for reformation may seem hopeless. "The average type of that material—that is, a species of composite Bedford girl—is easily arrived at from a set of statistics, which was made up after the institution had received its one-thousandth case, which happened in November, 1909. According to this record the girl is young, under twenty-one; that is, she is just about the age of the girl entering one of our higher institutions of learning. She is not materially less in stature or weight. Her blood is less purely American; indeed it is nearly thirty per cent foreign born, and eighteen per cent colored. She has little education. She has no expert training. Nearly half of her working life has been spent in unskilled housework. She has



**Dr. Katherine Bement Davis.**

usually a 'queer streak'; she is the victim of moods. She must be watched for hysterical tendencies. She smokes cigarettes, drinks freely, and is tainted by diseases of the streets. Almost always her life has been irregular sexually." With such a class of girls what could you expect an institution to do? The success of the Bedford Reformatory is due almost wholly to the personality at its head—Dr. Katherine Bement Davis, whose whole-hearted sympathy for the fallen girl and love for the work is an inspiration to all her helpers. She worked her way through Vassar by teaching and later took post graduate studies in Columbia University and the University of Chicago. Several years' settlement work and a year or so abroad completed her training. She did not secure her position by a political pull. She was asked to take charge of the reformatory because of her general efficiency and originality.

Democracy seems to be a rule of the institution. The teachers ask nothing of the girls which they themselves do not do. "No teacher who regards anything in the world as menial need apply at Bedford." The daily program of the girls consists of much outdoor work on the farm attached to the reformatory, the benefits are evident to anyone. All kinds of housework are taught. Few girls brought there know how

to sew. They are taught to do their own sewing and trim hats. All the clothes worn in the reformatory are made by the girls. One time a girl was brought to the reformatory who it is said could scarcely thread a needle. Now she is a highly paid draper in one of the stores of New York City. The general purpose of the institution, as you see, is to broaden the girl's view of life, change her ideals and make her self-supporting. No training for work and low wages are what usually precede the downfall of most working girls.

Out of the first one thousand cases mentioned above 668 of them were parolled after an average stay of two years. One hundred and fifty-four of them broke parole for one reason or another usually for immorality or drink. The record of success of the institution is high considering the kind of girls received. Thus far three hundred and ninety-three of the parolled have been discharged as having "done well." It is said that many of them are married and are keeping good homes. This institution is one of the many illustrating the modern Christian theory of reformation rather than punishment for the one who has fallen.



**Girls Doing Outside Work at Bedford.**

### **A Comparison of Views.**

A boy of twenty and a girl of eighteen were brought before a municipal judge and found guilty of disorderly conduct in a café. The judge after imposing a fine offered some free advice, telling the young people that a sound spanking is what they ought to have. This judge simply spoke the sentiment of many others of his profession and the opinion of far too many private citizens.

The Chicago Tribune comments upon the admonition of the judge as follows: "The judge was tackling a new problem with old ideas. The best treatment for the young



man and woman in question and for thousands of young men and women like them in big cities is to give them a chance for wholesome companionship. When the judge was twenty the American home was a different affair from what it is today. It was pretty generally a story-and-a-half or two story house. It had a lawn and a small garden—plenty of room. Most of the amusements of the time were found in the home or near it. The young man of that day did his courting in the parlor of the girl's home—a safe retreat giving considerable privacy. It is a far cry from that sort of home to the home of today. In the four or five room flat space is at a premium and privacy likewise. It is no place to bring a friend. It is a roost. It affords shelter for the night and a place to eat in, but there it stops."

Some who have forgotten their young days or who never had any young days may consider such talk foolishness, but by many careful students the case is thought of otherwise. For many years much has been written on the "decadence of the American home," but the future American home is yet to be. How many homes do you know of in which there is no opportunity for the

young people to associate? When a girl has no place in which to invite her friends she either gives up in despair, degenerating socially, or is forced to entertain outside of the home. Now, is that not true? The next time you see two young people out on the street at a late hour and say to yourself that they ought to be at home, think of the municipal judge mentioned above. Lack of recreation and wholesome amusement and a hospitable home has been the cause of the downfall of more boys and girls than many suppose. A young man finds little interest at home, goes on the street into a place of vice where he finds amusement and friends and then someone exclaims solemnly that the "first drink" was his downfall. A girl is refused the companionship of friends, is given no encouragement to bring her gentlemen or girl associates home and she soon drifts to the shows and cheap amusement places. There, is at least a place in which to "be together." The parents become alarmed, and place the blame on some outside institution. Those of you who have been reading rather widely during the past few years know that this subject has been discussed by many ministers and religious workers.

## COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

### An Early Type of Cotton Raised in the United States by the Hopi Indians.

The origin, growth and development of the cotton industry in the United States has received considerable attention from historians, ethnologists and statisticians. Much interest has been manifested in the identity and description of the varieties which formed the foundation of the American upland cotton, but only recently has there been a systematic study and analysis of the types of plants which make up the field crops today, with a view of accomplishing this object.

Although it is difficult to ascertain the actual extent of the influence of native species of cotton on the character of the present-day types, it is felt that they have been influenced more by the importation of tropical and European cottons than by any original American ones.

The fact that cotton was used and of necessity cultivated by the Indians, is recorded by several early Spanish explorers, as it has been more recently by many eth-

nologists. In the villages of the cliff-dwellers of Mesa Verde National Park numerous fragments of cotton cloth have been unearthed, and in Utah the seeds of the plant itself have been found.

Today, among the Hopi Indians of Arizona, the cotton plant is highly esteemed, and its fiber enters into many of their ceremonies, as well as into many practical household activities. It is considered essential by them that all strings employed in religious services be of native cotton. These strings of cotton are used to bind together prayer sticks and offerings of all kinds, and are placed in the trails entering the pueblos where ceremonial services are in progress; the badges of the chiefs are all wrapped with native rough-spun cotton strings; and cotton is also used to weave ceremonial kilts, belts and blankets.

Unfortunately the native Hopis, once deft in the art of weaving blankets, mantles, rugs and other articles from cotton, now find it far easier to purchase either the yarn already spun, the cloth already woven, or

the complete garment, and thus the art is gradually being lost. Cotton is still cultivated by them, however, to a small extent, in a village in the Western Navajo Reservation, and in one of the Moqui.



#### No "Assault" on Merit Service.

A letter from the President-elect, Mr. Wilson, was read at the meeting of the National Civil Service Reform Association in which profound interest in and sympathy with the work of that body were expressed.

At a previous session of the convention the delegates were rather tactlessly informed that in view of the change of administration at Washington an assault on the merit principle might be expected. The words were vague enough not to reflect necessarily on Mr. Wilson, but they were ill-chosen. The letter of sympathy from the President-elect must have relieved the more pessimistic of the delegates. It shows that no assault on the merit system will have his sanction or co-operation, and that so far as executive discretion goes it will be used against spoils, not for it.

This was the firm belief of impartial men prior to the sending of the message. Some of the Democrats at Washington may be imagining vain things, but the classified service is safe. Extended it may be; restricted—not under Wilson.



#### Save the Leaves.

Every pound of autumn leaves is worth saving as a fertilizer; and when we consider the millions and hundreds of millions of pounds provided by Nature every year, and spread over the land, we can only be amazed at the generosity of the gift. It seems to be exactly what the whole year is undertaking to do, provide stuff enough to make our fields fat, and give us our annual crop without producing sterility. Elements held in the air and unavailable for the farmer while they are there are woven on the looms that ply all day and all summer, with art to serve us while they are still leaves, but when thrown down will be integrated with our gardens and orchards, as humus, and ultimately as soil. To burn this magnificent gift is abominable. It can hardly be conceived as possible except on the part of a very ignorant person or very reckless. We are glad to see that many of our rural towns are passing ordinances covering the case. They

will not allow little bonfires of autumn leaves to be kindled inside the corporation. One of them says thank God for what you get without paying for it and make good use of his kindness. The autumn leaf is a small thing, but in the bulk it is a great gift. There is no end to the usefulness of these heaps that drift into our fence corners. They make splendid stable bedding for horses and cows; banked about our country houses they save tons of coal; they may even be spread, when dry, over barn floors, to prevent the passage of frost into the cellars below, and in the spring all these collected and put into compost piles give the material for fattening the soil or keeping up its fertility. You simply cannot wear out a farm if you will take Nature's suggestion and save, not waste, weeds and autumn leaves and ashes and stubble, and whatever else comes your way to be composted.



#### Army Chief Denounces Drink Havoc Among Uncle Sam's Officers and Privates.

In a daily press dispatch from New York, December 6, Col. Mervin Maus, Chief Surgeon of the Eastern Division of the Army, is quoted in a startling and significant attack upon the use of alcoholic liquors by both officers and men of Uncle Sam's regular troops. Col. Maus is already widely known for his fearless and convincing championship of the Anti-beer Canteen Law, despite the frantic attempts of the defunct army bars apologists to belittle his able marshalling of facts and figures upon that subject within the past twelve months.

"The use of alcohol among officers of the army and navy is the most baffling obstacle to progress," Col. Maus is quoted as declaring in the statement which has just appeared in the Journal of the Military Service, published by the officers of Governor's Island, N. Y.

Continuing Dr. Maus says: "No one who uses alcoholic beverages should be appointed to important positions, civil or military, to the command of military or naval forces, or to any other position of importance and responsibility. . . .

"Use of alcohol in a military organization lessens working capacity, marching endurance, accuracy and rapidity in rifle firing, ability to command troops and solve military problems, to navigate and maneuver war vessels, to act as members of courts and military boards."



## EDITORIALS

### The Mixing of Boys in School.

Every teacher knows the problem presented by the presence of a few mature, overgrown boys in a class where the majority are children. Their influence on the imitative small boy is bad in all that regards discipline and conduct, for since they cannot excel mentally they try to give themselves importance by feats of strength and insubordination. But the effect of this situation is equally harmful for the adolescents, whose natural self-consciousness and reserve are increased to sulkiness and hostility from constant contact with the superior mental quickness of smaller boys, whom they look upon as "kids." Furthermore, it is impossible for any teacher to give equal attention to all when groups with such widely divergent needs and capabilities are present in the same class. It comes to a question of adapting the method and rate of progress to one of the groups to the detriment of the other. Usually, of course, it is the slow, overgrown, adolescent group that is neglected, and that at a time when it is essential to the mental and moral health of the boy to engage in something in which he can succeed.



### Now for a "Next" State.

Where will the forty-ninth and the fiftieth States come from? Perhaps from Alaska and Porto Rico. Alaska has much more than double the area of Texas. It would make twelve States of the dimensions of New York. But Alaska's population is small, being only 64,000. Some wards in New York City have more people than are in the entire province of Alaska. Moreover, its gain is slow. But this will improve as the facilities for bridging its magnificent distances increase. Some day Alaska will probably furnish several States, but necessarily that day is a long way in the future. Porto Rico is a candidate for statehood, but a full territorial government, with complete American citizenship for its people, will come first. Possibly Hawaii will enter statehood some time. For many decades, however, Arizona will hold the honor of being the youngest entrant into the circle of the commonwealths.



### Redheaded Woodpecker.

The advocates of the germ theory of disease, after having abolished the old oaken

bucket and the tin dipper, after setting men and women to swatting flies and mosquitoes, after trying to bring about the banishment of the house cat and Old Dog Tray, have now turned their crusading zeal against the woodpecker, alleging that after boring into an infected tree he carries the parasitic fungi to a healthy tree, thus spreading disease in the forest.

Against this charge surely all bird lovers and friends of justice should protest. The woodpecker is dear to every creature that was once a boy and liked all things that wear hair, fur or feathers. He is at once useful and ornamental. No bird outside the tropics has brighter or gayer plumage or wears it in larger variety. None looks more like a flash of fire as he wings his way through the air or foots it up a tree. He cannot sing like a lark or a mocking bird, but when it comes to doing a rapid rataplan, no drummer can beat him. He destroys harmful grubs and borers. He devours slugs and worms that if left free would devour whole trees. No fungi have any possible chance to live on his bill, for he uses it continually as a pick, a chisel, a drumstick, a gimlet, a corkscrew and a pile-driver. What chance has any idle thing to live on so busy an implement?

This red-headed treasure of the woodland has been called by many names. He is known as woodpecker, sapsucker, flicker, woodhack, woodspeight, logcock and high-haw, but nobody before ever called him a germ-carrier. Why give him that bad name now?



### Nation to be Thankful for Decreasing Vanity.

Blessings of the nation were recounted in scores of Thanksgiving sermons. Probably the most unique of these blessings were named by Rev. Myron E. Adams, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Chicago. Decreasing vanity and increasing virility, he declared, were two qualities emerging in the national life for which the people should be thankful.

"The decreasing vanity is evidenced in the disposition to look at things as they really are. A man is no longer called an anarchist if he is opposed to bad housing, unfair taxation, dishonest competition, crooked politics or conditions that are hostile to the health, the happiness or the good morals of the community. In fact we are coming to believe that he is not even a good citizen unless he is opposed to them.

"The increasing virility is indicated by the place that public sentiment is coming

to have in the national life. We are no longer satisfied to be represented by proxy in those fields of our national life that call for the influence and the desires of the average public citizen."

Similar reasons for thankfulness were cited by Rev. Ingram E. Bill, pastor of the North Shore Baptist church, in his sermon.

"There is in progress in these times one of the greatest moral and religious revivals of history," said Mr. Bill. "It is not marked by the terror of the ungodly on the one hand nor the ecstasy of converts on the other. But it is seen in the quickening of popular sentiment in the interest of every significant ideal which makes for the application of the teachings and ministry of Jesus to the social needs and wrongs of the hour."



#### National Migration Foreseen By Official.

"America is about to see a migration similar to the exodus of the children of Israel under Moses. The people are about to leave this country in search of something to eat."

This was the declaration of Colonel E. J. Watson, commissioner of agriculture of South Carolina, at the monthly meeting and luncheon of the American Reclamation Federation at the Hotel LaSalle.

"While millions of acres of the most fertile land in the world are lying idle and useless, the people are clamoring for something to eat. The search for food has been the cause of all the migrations in history, from the time that Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt into the 'Land of Promise.'

"The people in America are not producing enough to eat, and as the government has taken no steps to reclaim the land now covered with swamp grass and cattails, the people are ready to leave for some country where they can obtain farms. The exodus has already been started on a small scale. Hundreds have left this country and gone into the Canadian Northwest to take up land.

"The soil of the country has been merely scratched so far and yet it is worn out. The opening of the millions of acres of swamp land, whether they are farmed intelligently or otherwise, will be a strong factor in the lowering of food prices.

"All reclamation organizations must unite on one bill which will meet the needs of the entire country. The new Congress will prove to be the best one in history for this movement. The government has been neglecting the questions of vital interest to

the people. Bills for good roads, improved waterways and swamp lands have been neglected while the game of politics was being played.

"In this way the public health has been hazarded. The swamps are disease breeding places instead of food raising ones. Where the fly and mosquito are now being 'raised' in abundance, the government could create the most fertile farms in the world with the expenditure of a few million dollars."



#### Churches Favor Union to Win over Country.

A united church for the winning of America, is the motto of today. There is a nation-wide campaign in the interest of home missions. This campaign was made occasion for favorable comment on the meeting in Chicago Dec. 4 of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

"Never since I can remember," said Bishop W. F. McDowell, "has there been such a thorough and Christian effort at co-operation between Protestant churches for accomplishment of the task which lies before them as in this movement expressed by the federal council."

"There is enormous religious loss by entirely needless division among Christian people," said Harry Pratt Judson, president of the University of Chicago. "Few movements are more significant than the desire of different church bodies to coöperate for a common purpose."

"I regard this meeting of the federal church council as the most important sign of religious progress in our day," said Rev. Edward Scribner Ames, pastor of the Hyde Park Church of the Disciples.

"The churches are getting together for united warfare against evils that all oppose," said Rev. James S. Ainslie in the North Shore Congregational church. "The lust and greed behind segregated vice cannot stand against the combined assault of forces of righteousness."

"One of the beneficial features of the council of churches," said Rev. John Timothy Stone, pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, "is the adoption of methods of highest efficiency to each particular mission field. If one denomination can do the work better in one field than any other denomination we ought not only to allow it but to be willing to aid with money."

"There is more unity in the church today than in any political party, fraternal organization or commercial body," said Rev. M.



P. Boynton in the Lexington Avenue Baptist Church. "Organic union is not possible, nor is it desirable; but coöperation is

both desirable and possible. The meeting of the federal church council is proof of this assertion."

## BRYANT AS A NATURE-POET

E. L. Craik, A. M.

**A**MONG American poets Bryant is preëminently the nature-poet. He is the American Wordsworth. He deals principally with nature as she wields an influence on the life of man. She produces moods in man, and it is these that Bryant portrays. Some poets have found only an ecstasy of delight in nature, but to Bryant she is not all joyous, but stern and relentless in the carrying out of her laws. He carries all her severity, dignity, and seriousness into his poetry, which is the utterance of a single mood. He receives inspiration for nobler living from the contemplation of the grandeur of the forest or from a lonely bird flying in mid-air.

That most sublime poem, *Thanatopsis*, contains not only the best, but the least pessimistic philosophy respecting what Shakespeare calls the "necessary end" of man. It seeks to divest death of its horrors by showing that it is a part of the universal plan. It ends in a thrilling appeal to live nobly, thereby preparing ourselves to approach death without fear.

The *Forest Hymn* with its elaborate imagery and majestic movement tells a story of natural changes; but

"Written on thy works I read  
The lesson of thy own eternity."

God is seen even in the "mad unchained elements." Love, reverence, awe and worship,—these feelings Bryant derives from a close communion with our common mother. He presents true descriptions of natural objects and invariably draws some solemn though familiar lesson.

But when we are sad he recommends that we gather gladness from the clouds at play, the dance of the leaves, the twitter of the birds, the broad-faced smiling sun, or the leaping waters. His seriousness is by no means that of brooding melancholy, much less of misanthropy trying to find consolation away from the haunts of man. He seems rather to seek an antidote for the enervating influence of city life and the commercial spirit, to subdue his passions, and to "lay his strifes and follies by."

"But let me often to these solitudes  
Retire, and in thy presence reassure  
My feeble virtue."

A beautiful harmony in our lives parallel to that found in nature seemed to Bryant the climax of true character.

## THE MIGHTY MEN OF MONEY

Mrs. T. D. Foster

**T**HE mighty men of money—the Rothschilds, Morgans and others, have been defeated in their own game of high finance by an almost unknown American professor of Mineralogy—A. Wendell Jackson.

The new Republic of China has for months wished to borrow \$50,000,000. It failed to get the money and for a strange reason; not that the big bankers were unwilling to lend. They were feverishly eager, but the loan was too small. They couldn't make

profit enough by selling \$50,000,000, better make it \$300,000,000. China protested that she didn't want so much; that fifty millions was enough.

The bankers urged, threatened and appealed to their governments. The governments, six of them all urged China to take the extra quarter of a billion; she could use the money building railroads or something.

The Chinese understood the motives behind this seeming generosity. They knew

that each of the six governments was backing its own bankers; that the \$300,000,000 loan had been divided in advance among the six countries, \$50,000,000 to each, and that each country was eager to become a creditor of China. Pretty soon China would be unable to pay; then the six nations would pounce upon the hapless debtor and divide the land among themselves, or at least take large slices of its territory or claim some political advantage.

The six governments that were urging China to accept the big loan were Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Japan and the United States. So it came to be called the "six-power loan." Our own Government was in it, but chiefly because the others were.

Just when the six nations and their bankers thought China would have to accept their terms the new republic has politely declined the loan. The astonished bankers and statesmen could hardly believe their eyes and ears. All the bankers in the world were in the combination. To be sure there was an English banker named Crisp, who had quietly offered to handle the fifty million loan. They had had the British government request Crisp to withdraw the offer for "reasons of state."

Crisp is the man, however. He is willing to give China what it wants, without such hard conditions as the group of big bankers

demand. They insisted upon a mortgage on the Chinese revenue; their own governments to have the right to go into Chinese territory and collect some of the taxes. One can imagine that if Russia, for example, ever sent her soldiers into China, on such an errand she would find excuses to keep them there.

It was the American professor of Mineralogy, A. Wendell Jackson, who, perhaps, has saved the Chinese Republic.

Prof. Jackson, who is a native of Chelsea, Mass., has been spending the last five years in China, studying minerals. He explained to President Yuan how national loans are "floated" in America and Europe. So Prof. Jackson was sent to England, where he made the arrangements with Mr. Crisp. There is such inquiry for the bonds that they seem certain to be sold easily. These bonds, unlike the ones proposed for the "six-power loan," do not bind China in any way that is dangerous to her independence.

The "six-power" group of bankers who are anxious to lend China \$300,000,000 do not yet despair, although China has told them it does not want the money. Their representative, a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., has had a conference with the officials of the State Department at Washington. The officials think the loan will yet become a reality.

## IN A CHICKEN FACTORY

Frank Parker Stockbridge

THE chicken factory has arrived, to take its place along side of such other industrial establishments as the cotton mill, the iron foundry, or the sawmill. Of the \$1,250,000,000 invested in the production of poultry in the United States, more than \$5,000,000 is represented in the production of chickens, often literally in carload lots, as a purely manufacturing enterprise.

One who wishes to raise chickens, either for market or as egg-producers, no longer has to bother with incubators or sitting hens. All that is necessary is to send to any one of the big chicken factories—there are a dozen of them within an hour's ride of New York City—and order as many baby chicks as there is room for in the pens and feeding-yard. The chickens will be shipped by express, all alive and stronger and stur-

dier than the day they were hatched, although they never had a mouthful to eat or drink.

Whether one lives in Oshkosh or Kalamazoo or Tallahassee, a mail order for baby chickens, by the dozen or the hundred, will be filled just like an order for any other commercial commodity, and the tiny creatures will be delivered by the expressman in the regular routine of his business, all done up in cardboard packages, just like any other kind of merchandise. And like other merchandise, the baby chickens are manufactured by artificial processes from the raw material in great industrial plants that are as different from the old-fashioned poultry farm as any factory is different from any farm.

Of course, the farm still has to supply the raw material. Nobody has yet suc-





One Thousand Baby Chicks—Count Them!

ceeded in making artificial eggs that will hatch chickens as well as the old-fashioned eggs produced by the humble hen. But the cotton mill, too, must get its raw material from the farm and in this respect the modern chicken factory is no different from other kinds of factories.

Exactly what has happened in the last five years is that the chicken industry has become industrialized. Just as the old-fashioned cottage weavers have given place to the power-looms of the big mills, so the domestic chicken plant is doomed to extinction. More hens are being kept than ever before, but they are more and more being maintained merely as sources of raw material. The modern pure-bred hen has developed into an egg machine, with most of the instincts of motherhood bred out of her. It is the exceptional hen in these days that shows any desire to hatch the eggs she has laid.

Today the up-to-date poultry farmer sends his eggs to one of the big chicken factories where they are hatched in mammoth incubators, operated with the same methodical and systematic routine that prevails in a great machine shop or cotton mill. Sometimes the chicken factory buys the eggs and sells the finished product—namely, chickens—just as the cotton mill buys the baled cotton and sells the finished cloth in the open market. Sometimes the factory merely charges the farmer a small price per hundred eggs for its services in hatching, and ships the chickens to the consignor of the eggs, by the same transportation machinery that carries cotton goods or tenpenny nails, and with just as little risk of loss or damage in transit.

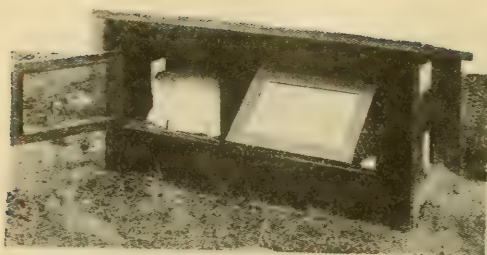
This shipping of live chickens by express has already assumed staggering proportions. In 1911 more than 200,000,000 baby chicks were shipped to all parts of the United States. Not three per cent of these tiny

travelers died or became ill on the trip and they required no more care than the general run of express merchandise. Compared with shipping plate glass, the transportation of baby chicks is one of the easiest things the express companies have to tackle. And the establishment of this "infant" industry on a firm commercial footing is proved by the fact that banks will now discount sight drafts drawn against bills of lading for shipments of baby chickens.

The new industry is based upon the discovery made only a few years ago, that chickens are the hardiest of all new-born creatures. The mother hen makes the fatal error of taking her babies out of the nest as soon as they are hatched and feeding them bugs and worms and all sorts of trash they should not have. It should be said in apology for the hen, however, that in this respect she is no more foolish than many human mothers who feed their babies beer or bananas. Nor were poultry breeders themselves any wiser than the hen. Acting on the natural assumption that the hen knew best what was good for the chickens they fed the newly hatched infants on corn meal and water. It became an axiom among poultry breeders that you were lucky if half your chicks didn't die the first week.

Then scientists studied the organism of the baby chicken and discovered that food was not only unnecessary but injurious in the first few days of its independent career. The last thing before the chicken leaves the shell, it absorbs into its stomach the entire yolk sac of the egg, which provides food and drink for from four to six days. Anything else taken into the chicken's stomach during that time causes digestive disturbances that frequently prove fatal.

Because of this characteristic of the baby chicks it is possible to ship them to



Another View of the Artificial Hen.

any point that can be reached by express in from four to five days and have them arrive in perfect condition. From the factories they are started on their journeys within six hours after hatching. In the great incubator cellars, where temperature and other conditions conducive to the proper hatching of chickens are more perfectly regulated than nature itself can accomplish, a thousand chickens will pop out of the shells almost at the same instant. As soon as they have been properly dried they are put into paper boxes, from twenty-five to two hundred chickens in a single receptacle, and tossed into express cars along with other merchandise. The boxes have compartments, each holding twenty-five chickens, and holes for ventilation, but the chicks need no food, light or attention and unless suffocated or crushed in transit, they survive the journeys in stuffy express cars in much better shape than human beings would.

One of the large chicken factories in New Jersey has an incubating capacity of more

than 100,000 eggs at a single hatching. One incubator in this factory holds 50,000 eggs. There are several other large establishments equipped with these gigantic incubators and converting the raw material into the finished product at the rate of more than 10,000 chicks per day, the year around.

The poultry raiser who formerly bought sittings of eggs to improve his stock, now finds it more economical and satisfactory to buy baby chicks. There is less danger of loss in transit and a better guarantee that he will have live chickens instead of a collection of second-hand eggs. The common run of baby chicks are sold at 10 to 15 cents, but in the blue ribbon grades they cost from two to twenty dollars each. But no matter what the grade, this is a much cheaper way than that of buying the eggs and taking chances on domestic incubation.

Some of the big incubator concerns do a large business in taking in eggs "on shares." Oddly enough, that branch of the business—custom hatching—is older than the Christian Era, for in ancient Egypt, more than 2,000 years ago, incubators were constructed on a huge scale, even larger than the modern type, and heated by oil lamps and sun heat. Aristotle, in 300 B. C., wrote very entertainingly about these big incubators. According to his accounts the Egyptian "hatcheries" demanded the best chick out of every four hatched. The modern practice is to charge a fixed amount for every egg or every chick hatched but the cash price does not equal the fees of the ancients.—Technical World.

## HE ALWAYS GRUMBLED

### A Fable

Once upon a time, the Grumbling Clerk unburdened his heart to the Cheerful Clerk.

Quoth he: "I see you are always cheerful, while I am termed a Grouch and a Grumbler. And yet, why should I not have a grouch on most of the time? For do not all the worst jobs of this office come to me? The Lawyers of the firm make me serve the most disagreeable writs, the Boss shouts at me to fill his ink-well, the Stenographer makes me turn out mimeograph work wherein I get my hands full of stencil ink, and the like. These are some of my slight grievances. And when I am given a disagreeable writ to serve, I am in agony

until I have served it and gotten out of the way of a sudden flatiron which may be hurled, in case the matter is an eviction suit. Then when I am dressed in my best, someone will want some mimeograph work done, or ink-wells washed, and this riles my temper so, that I cannot be pleasant about it, and so it spoils the whole day for me."

The Cheerful Clerk listened to the string of grievances, but only smiled.

"Go on, smile," retorted the Grumbling Clerk hotly, "but just the same, I bet you wouldn't like it. You don't have to do the work I do."



"Well," said the Cheerful Clerk, "why do you dread the work so much in advance? Why don't you forget there is such a thing as disagreeable writs to serve, ink-wells to be washed, and stencil copies of letters to be turned out? And when it is to be done, why don't you go ahead and have it done? That's my way."

"O, your work is all pleasant," retorted the Grumbling Clerk. "You just sit here in the office and talk to the people—"

Just then the door opened and was banged shut, and up to the Cheerful Clerk's desk came an Enraged Client. He shouted ferociously, and banged things mightily. The Cheerful Clerk heard him out, then quietly explained the matter which made him so angry, and the Enraged Client then departed in gentle spirit.

"Gee, why didn't you sail into that unreasonable duffer? He surely gave you cause."

The Cheerful Clerk smiled and looked wise. Then the Grumbling Clerk understood. He made a mental note.

That same afternoon, the Cheerful Clerk approached the Grumbling Clerk saying:

"Here is a Five Days' Notice which you must serve on the Lagging Tenant in the building on 14th Street."

"Gee, must I serve that?" he grumbled. "She's always behind in her payments, and she's a fierce creature, too. I'll bet I'll

have a hard job to serve it, and like enough she'll throw something at me from the window, the spiteful cat."

"Well, go and serve it, and have it over with," returned the Cheerful Clerk, and grumbling, his colleague did.

He returned in about an hour, and his face was full of smiles.

"Did you serve the writ?" asked the Cheerful Clerk.

"Oh yes, and I didn't have any trouble at all. But, pshaw, I felt miserable going there. I wish I'd known before it was going to be so easy."

At this moment, the Stenographer came around and asked the Grumbling Clerk to turn out a letter on the mimeograph. He scowled a bit, then his rare good humor over serving the writ successfully, made him forget his habitual grouch, and he went to the letter with a will, so that he soon had the hundred copies turned out, much to his satisfaction, and without the usual soiling of his hands. He displayed the result of his work to the Cheerful Clerk.

"I didn't bother about it," quoth he, "and so I made a good job of it."

The Cheerful Clerk smiled knowingly, and the Grumbling Clerk understood, and said: "I think I'll take your advice regarding not worrying about the disagreeable quality of my work beforehand."

Moral:—Your work is what you make it.

## R A T S

**T**HE rat is to be destroyed. He is too wicked, too expensive, too prolific, too dangerous . . ." (Resolutions passed by the British National Society for the Extermination of Vermin.)

The domestic or world rat of today is the Mongolian or brown rat. He has practically exterminated all local or aboriginal rats by reason of his greater strength, pugnacity, intelligence, hardness and wonderful fecundity.

The doe begins when three months old and raises an average family of fourteen, repeating the operation every six to eight weeks. Thus one pair before they die may be the progenitors of 656,808 rats.

Densely populated India has approximately ten times as many million rats as people, the United States twice as many and England and France as many rats as human beings.

Rats cost England and France two cents per day or about \$100,000,000 a year. Chicago's burden is \$3,000,000. These figures are based on the latest research work in this field. They do not include the many millions spent in repressive and exterminative wars and yet other millions caused by sickness and death through Bubonic Plague and other diseases spread by rats.

What rat extermination may cost Chicago may be estimated by the experience of San Francisco about five years ago when the United States government maintained a force of seventy-five men there for nearly a year, and from seven to ten ever since that time. There has been quite an increase in the force there within the last few weeks.

What these government men say and do "goes." Cement and metal construction and repairs are ordered wherever deemed necessary; in scores of places where we

would say, "Oh, we can't afford it." Cleaning up of all vacant places and yards, stables, sheds and basements are measures enforced. Rat-proof storage of all foods, proper storage of all old boards, wood, iron and brick bats in rat-proof piles are required. These things cost money but

they result in saving lives and of far more money than their cost.

If Chicago rats cost us \$3,000,000 annually for board and material damages alone, it would appear wise to spend at least one-third of this amount in rat warfare, considering only the financial side of the question.

## "WATCH YOUR STEP!" HIS MOTTO

By the Loquacious Conductor

**W**ELL, you think you put it all over us, don't you? You got your man elected and my man drubbed. I s'pose meat's going to be cheap now. While you're doin' it, boost the price o' wheat so the farmers can get bigger automobiles, and fix it so we fellows can get more bread tickets for a quarter than we did last winter. Like as not congress is goin' to be awful busy from now on votin' to take the tariff off whale blubber and dodo eggs. Some day they're going to change all this election business. They'll pass a law that nobody can have an office that wants it. And then they'll look around for the biggest tightwad they can find and he'll get a call from the vigilance committee. They'll shake a rope in his face and holler at him: 'You got to be our President, or up you gosky.' Maybe he'll run away, but they'll get him, and, believe me, he'll bring down the price of corn and beans till you can eat ice cream every meal. It won't take a billion dollars to run this country then. He'll run it on a million, and that's only a cent apiece from every man, woman and baby in it. Us fellows that's got callouses on our hands want a regular money sharp for President. And when the department that's printin' books about how many snags was pulled out o' the Saskatchewan asks him for another \$1,000 to pay for ink, he's goin' to roar at 'em, 'Where's that nickel I gave you last

Friday?' And he'll get rid of all them flunkies in the white house and have his wife do her own work. This country'll be bet-



The Loquacious Conductor.

ter off when the President locks up the white house every night, all by himself, after he's put the cat out and fixed the fire in the furnace. We ain't sufferin' for a king. We got to have a skinflint President. Then we'd have money enough to go 'round.

"Hold fast! Wait till the car stops!

"Let 'em off! Let 'em off!

"Watch your step!"

## THE CHILDREN'S BLESSING

Virginia Roderick

"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

**O**N the slope of a hill, beneath silvery olives, a group was gathered about the young stranger. He had entered the village only that morning, seeking the companionship of such

Nazarenes as might be there. And they had brought him out here in the open to receive his message. But though he carried them greetings and news from distant groups of the Christ's followers, it was plain that he had not been sent to them on a mission.



They waited till he should be ready to explain his quest.

"You did not see him, then?"

Into the young man's eyes came a great yearning sadness. "No," he answered. "But you," he asked eagerly, "did none of you see him?"

They shook their heads—all of them.

"We were too far away," one murmured.

"But I had for spiritual father one who had seen him," the traveler offered, his face lighting. "You know how he blessed a company of little children? How he put his hands upon them?" He paused, and they nodded silently. "My teacher was one of those children," he said, his dark eyes aglow with reverent pride.

A quick glance flashed about the group; but no one spoke, and the traveler went on, the radiance of his face blotted out again in sadness. "It is because he is gone that I am a wanderer now. I was always with him, and we went about together, preaching the Kingdom. It was all so clear to my teacher because he had seen him. He told me of his wonderful look."

They fell silent, brooding and thoughtful.

Then one asked: "What was it like—the blessing he gave your teacher? Did he gain goods and store?"

The young traveler's dark eyes opened in amazement. "Why, no! How could that be? My teacher was like him," he explained simply.

Again the quick look passed about the circle. At last one spoke, slowly: "There is a man here in the village who was also blessed with the children."

The young traveler started up joyously. "Take me to him," he entreated. "Let me talk with him; that is what I am seeking—another teacher."

"Nay, friend—" began one; but another hurriedly whispered: "Let us not tell him. Perhaps he can help." And so the first speaker finished: "I fear you will not find him like your teacher; but you shall go. It is only a step."

And they guided him, eager, all but impatient, to a mean hovel just within the town. There they left him.

It was a man with a dark, bitter face that answered his knock. "May I speak with Nemuel?" the stranger asked courteously.

"I am Nemuel," growled the man curtly.

"But I mean Nemuel who was one of the children that Jesus blessed," persisted the young traveler, his face softly alight as the name passed his lips.

"Come in; I am the man." He straight-

ened proudly. "I was a child seven years old when I saw him—"

He stopped, for the young stranger, pale and gasping, broke in: "You saw him! He touched you! You have seen his face, and yet your own—Forgive me, friend. But my master was also one of the children blessed by the Christ, and he was . . . different." He hesitated, still looking at the somber face in puzzled distress.

The man caught the young stranger's arm. "You knew another of those he blessed? Tell me—did he have great wealth, palaces, honors? Did he wait long? Did the blessing tarry so long in the fulfilment as with me?"

The young stranger shook his head in deep bewilderment. "I do not understand. No, he had no wealth, no palaces, no honors. He followed the Christ. He was blessed by his spirit. Why, how could one want goods and honors when one had seen his wonderful smile, when his arms—" He broke off, gazing at his host in appalled incomprehension.

Nemuel's dark face grew darker, more bitter. "Then there is no blessing, after all," he said slowly. "I have waited, believing, trusting. I have kept my life clean. I have kept myself holy—away from those whom he had not touched"—The stranger drew a quick breath, and his eyes softened with pity—"I have never forgotten that I was blessed above others. And now there is no blessing." And he covered his face with his hands.

There was a silence, and then the young stranger spoke, very gently. "The blessing my master taught me, was for all children—for all childlike faith and trust and purity. It was a sanctification of the child's spirit."

Nemuel had lifted his head and was listening, his eyes fastened wonderingly on the stranger's face.

"And it was not a blessing to be wrapped up in a napkin. It was not to bring you good fortune, as if it had been a sorcerer's charm. It was a blessing for you to take and to make—to use it—to give it to others. Through you he blessed all children. . . . And yet—" the stranger's voice deepened—"yet there was something special, too."

"What was it?" Nemuel breathed.

The stranger bent on him a gaze full of yearning. "Have you not remembered his face?" he asked. "His wonderful look—just for you?" There was a pleading not of reproach in his voice as he leaned toward Nemuel, but his face was all love and tenderness.

Nemuel began to shake his head slowly, still fixing the stranger with his gaze.

"No," he confessed. "I haven't been able to remember—not for years. At first I did. Afterward—I knew that his face was wonderful, but I could not see it. But now—now I begin to remember—"

The young stranger waited for the halt-

ing words, his face lighting softly with a holy hope and joy.

"Why, your face—" Nemuel still hesitated, groping, and then suddenly his voice rang out in triumph, and memory dawned clearly in his eyes—"Why, your face—is like—his! . . . Oh, I do remember, and—I begin to understand."—Everybody's.

## LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Florence, Italy.

Dear Children:

This is the first time I ever wrote from this city. We arrived here at six and now have had a good supper, and mama is getting ready for bed.

We slept fairly well last night. Our room in Venice had a cement floor and only one small rug in front of the bed. The beds had mosquito bar over them, in canopy style, and yet in spite of this the pests got through, and Laura, Mrs. Ringer and Mrs. Gibson look like they had smallpox. I felt sorry for the way they were bitten up. This morning there was but one thing to do, get ready for departure. It is a job to move twenty, or get them ready to move at the same time, and Ralph and Uncle Will are doing well and we are a very happy crowd.

The historic clock in Venice, standing on a tower near St. Mark's, tells the hour of night and day with a loud voice and is interesting. The clock consists of a large bell, and on either side are two large bronze men with hammer in hand. When the time to strike comes, one man hits the bell a rap, and then the other man, and thus they actually pound the hour for the people.

Four gondolas took us to the station. A jolly set were they. When they reached the Grand Canal they raced, they scolded, they made sport and they kept going on towards the depot. Every gondola is painted black, and the dismal barges are as numerous as conveyances on the thoroughfares of the cities. How they can turn corners, swing by each other, come within an inch of each other and never touch, all such stunts. Well, yes, they just keep us admiring their skill.

I knew nothing about it, but the third-class went on our train in second-class apartments. I thought that would be nice if they were allowed to do this. I did not know the train would not carry third class.

When the conductor came around they had quite an argument. At last the train was stopped at a station and all the party of thirds, ten in all, left the train to take one coming an hour later. I was sorry to see them leave, but they had no right on our train. They must take a local and get in about midnight tonight. Third-class is all right farther north, and we rode much that way, but down here it is not so good. Smoking and drinking and no comforts and slow trains is the lot more or less of such passengers. They will come in tired tonight and little be fit to go tomorrow. We have but one day here, and so they will get little out of the day.

We passed through some very pretty country, rough and mountainous.

Later.

Florence, Italy.

Dear Children:

I closed last night at the end of the sheet in rough and mountainous country. So indeed it was. The other road had had an accident, so all trains were passing by our route. This made the single track overloaded with business, and we arrived in Florence about one hour late. A supper at the hotel, some writing, and to bed was the order. This morning when we came down at eight no word from the balance of the party. About nine we learned they came in at two this morning. Ralph did not know the name of the hotel and so was taken to the Milan, while we were at the Porto Rosa. When they came over and told their story it was not all joy. It seems that after our train pulled out the station agent and the officers got after them and tried to make each pay damages for riding on the train without privilege. Matters were getting worse when an American interpreter was sent for, and then matters were cleared up. They got their train all right, but they had a tired, tedious and not very pleasant ride.



We hired a guide, and off we went to the Uffizi Galleri. This was built in 1560 for the Medici rulers and afterwards turned into an Art Galleri. Here are the famous works of Angelo and those wonder painters and sculptors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the golden age of art in Italy. We thought we had seen the fine paintings, but here is just what all the world knows to be true, the gem of art of the world. In one room were clustered the finest and best, and it is useless to try to tell you of both sacred and profane pictures painted by such an Angelo, Raphael and other worthies who have made painting wonderful. Then the tapestry was a wonder as well as the sculptor. How wonderful, wonderful were some of these fine figures in marble. Then we went to the gem room, a small room containing more value than any other in the world. Here were \$25,000,000 worth of gems stored away in all sorts of beautiful ways. For instance, there was the head of Caesar in rock crystal. A picture in stone all diamonds and jewels, worth \$800,000. Then while looking at stone we went to a room where was a large stone table inlaid in stone showing the prettiest flowers and designs. It was made in the seventeenth century, took twenty-five artists twenty-four years to make the table, and cost \$200,000. Three other tables were there, and one having for its body or background lap-slauly stone, which is more valuable than gold of the same quantity or weight. But what is the use of trying to convey the idea of the beauty and wonder of the place? There is one center in all the world for art, and that was this galleri, and besides this there is none other. To tell you of its rarity is a mockery of words and a fruitless effort at an impossible task.

After dinner we toured the city somewhat. We went to see a large church, built out of black, white and red marble, 500 years ago. The guide said it was most beautiful without, but very poor both in preaching and design within. Then there were the doors to the famous baptistry built in 1452. Here are scenes on bronze from the Old Testament, twenty-two years in the making, which Angelo said was fit for the Paradise, I suppose the Paradise of man's conception. Better ones wait the redeemed.

From here we took a car and rode to the top of a high hill overlooking the city and the country round about. And, the view is a dream of beauty and richness. The city of Florence at our feet and across the valley on the mountain slope villa after villa in this rich land. Oh, how enchanting was the

view. Here in this sunny sky and air, amidst these luxuriant surroundings, poets and painters and sculptors sought their ideals at the price of gold, of virtue, of life. Nothing has been spared that this may be gained. And today the world, in a sense, worships all this. I have wondered how pleased is the Lord for all this. Here is poverty on every hand, and riches piled up to show. Here is the outward form of worship in the saying of prayers by the beads and such things, and sinful, sinful Italy. Here men carry canes, and with a press on the spring the end drops off and a dagger twenty inches long, keen to the death, is bared. This is the social atmosphere of this beautiful land.

We came down by steps from our high eminence, saw the old wall built centuries ago, the high tower gate, and passed successively a series of fountains, perhaps the prettiest thing yet in nature. From this we went to a factory where inlaid stone work was done. That floored the whole party. The wonders of inlaying were shown here, and we saw tables in stone worth \$500 and \$1,000. Mama did not think to bring one of them along, though, and so you can rest easy. I simply bought a little paper weight as a relic of that wonderful work.

Supper, and a walk out to the bridge, where jewelry stores are built on the bridge, standing there for over six centuries, and a return home has closed the day.

This morning we had two letters from Father Miller, one each from Father Royer and H. C. Early. We know all is well at home, even if our letters from you will not come to hand until tomorrow. We leave early in the morning, and my next letter will be from Rome. God bless you.



#### AIRY PARAGRAPHS.

Dirty air kills more people than dirty water, dirty milk and dirty food combined.

Dirty air is the kind found in a closed house, a house without ventilation.

The best method of ventilation, available to everybody, is the open window.

To be light and airy flood the home with sunshine and fresh air.

The time to get fresh air is yesterday, today and tomorrow, last night, tonight and tomorrow night—all the time.

"Too much fresh air is just enough."



A fortune has been the curse of the fools who did not know how to use it. And there would be more fools if there were more fortunes.

# BELINDA'S SORROW

Mary Flory Miller

A TELEGRAM for Miss Belinda Bowers," said the messenger boy to the matron of the ladies' dormitory, handing her a yellow envelope.

Miss Smith took the message wondering-ly, fervently hoping that it might not contain any sad news for Belinda. For Belinda was a favorite among her teachers and associates. In her classes she was an intelligent, hard-working student; among her friends she was liked for cheerfulness, sociability and sparkling wit. Belinda's parents were not wealthy, although they were comfortably situated, so she was very eager and ambitious to acquire a good education so that she might be able to make her own way in the world when she should be left alone. As she was the only child it required some sacrifice on the part of her parents to have her away from them so much. However, they thought nothing of their sacrifice, they thought only of the good and happiness of their daughter. They were anxious for their daughter to have the education and training which would help her to become a true, noble and useful woman.

When Miss Smith rapped on Belinda's door, she was admitted by that young lady with a merry smile and welcome, but the smile vanished quickly when she saw the telegram. Anxiously tearing it open and scanning its contents, she turned so pale that Miss Smith thought she was going to faint and sprang forward to catch her. Belinda wavered for an instant, then sank down into the nearest chair and broke down sobbing violently. Taking the telegram which Belinda held out to her she read, "Mother is ill, don't be frightened. Come home at once."

"Oh, what shall I do," sobbed Belinda. "Mother is sick and it will take me a day at least to reach home. Oh, how I wish I were there now!"

"I am so sorry," said Miss Smith, taking Belinda into her arms, striving with words of comfort to check the violence of her grief. "Be patient Belinda, we will soon have your trunk packed and you can then start on your journey homeward this evening. Only a few hours and you will be on your way."

"Oh, how can I wait," Belinda sobbed

piteously, "when she may be dying before I get there."

When Belinda's sobs had grown more quiet, Miss Smith said, "Come, lie down for a little while and rest while I pack your trunk."

"Oh, no," persisted Belinda. "It will be good for me to help." Working busily, they soon had all her belongings gathered together and packed into the little trunk which she and her mother had packed so gaily just before she came to school. At this remembrance her tears broke forth afresh.

Several of her dearest friends came in to see her a few minutes that evening before she left, but it seemed as if the whole school had gathered to see her off. It was quite a different Belinda who left them than had been frolicking with them a few hours before. Her laughing eyes were now dimmed with tears and her gay smile saddened. However, there was a womanliness about her which made her seem to have grown suddenly from a merry light-hearted girl into the gentle dignity of womanhood.

Before Belinda left, one of her teachers called her to one side, telling her how sorry they would be to lose her from the class room, expressing their appreciation of her work and their hope that she might soon return and finish her college work. She was cheered with these encouraging words concerning her work, but her heart was sad with the thought that probably she would never come back to school. She did not know how seriously ill her mother might be and she trembled at the thought of what the end might be. She could give up school but oh, how could she give up her mother, she would do anything to keep her. She bore bravely through all the good-byes and farewell greetings, until she was in the train speeding homeward, then she could keep back the tears no longer. At last she was completely tired and exhausted, and she fell asleep.

It was a long wearisome trip, but her destination was reached about noon the next day and found her father to meet her. Anxiously and eagerly she sprang forward to meet him, but almost fearing to hear the message on his lips,



"Oh, father," she cried. "How is mother?"

"My dear daughter," he replied straining her to his bosom, and then helping her into the waiting rig. "Your dear mother is very ill, but she still lives and is very anxious to see her daughter. I did not want to leave her, but she persisted that the nurse would take good care of her and that it would be so much more comfort to you for me rather than any one else to meet you."

"Dear mother," said Belinda, the tears streaming down her cheeks, "she has always been so thoughtful and kind to every one, now I shall never leave her again."

"I hope not my daughter, but I fear that she will leave us."

"Oh, father, don't say that," cried Belinda, clinging to him and sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Poor little girl," said her father gently, the big tears running down his cheeks. "I fear that we cannot keep her with us much longer, but we must be brave and cheerful for her sake. The doctor says that this trouble has been working on her some time unknown to us, even to herself until just lately. She has always been so brave and cheerful that no one would have suspected the true state of affairs if she had not finally confided her fears to me. The doctor says if we keep cheerful and brave, we may help her to hold out for a little while yet."

During the weeks which followed, Belinda's was a busy life. All of her time, except those moments which must necessarily be spent in eating and sleeping, was spent at her mother's bedside trying to make her comfortable, or softly moving about the house keeping the rooms in perfect order so that her mother might not be anxious or worried about anything. Belinda and her mother spent many very precious hours together in close communion. Finally, when the end came, Belinda knelt at one side of her mother's bed, while her father knelt at the other side, each holding one of the gentle and almost transparent hands.

"My daughter," her mother said, "you have been the joy and sunshine of my life, and during these last few weeks you have been a great comfort to me. I was so sorry to have you leave your school work, but after a while I want you to go back to it again."

"Oh dear, mother," sobbed Belinda, "don't speak of that, only stay with us and I will care for you always. You are

more precious to me than anything else in the world."

"You feel that way now," said Mrs. Bowers, gently freeing her hand and letting it rest on the brown head bowed upon the bed, "but after a while the wound will begin to heal and you can take up your work again. It is my wish for you to finish your education, dearest daughter." Then turning her face to her husband and drawing him close beside her, she spoke to Belinda again saying, "I leave your dear father in your charge Belinda, I know that you will always be a loving daughter to him. Take good care of him for he has always been my true lover and a faithful loving father to you. And dear father, I leave our daughter in your care. You have always been a kind and loving husband and our lives have been one long happy honeymoon. I am very sorry to leave you John, but it is God's will and it will not be long till you can join me in the other land."

"Oh, my darling wife," sobbed Mr. Bowers, his large frame shaking with grief. "How can I give you up, what shall I do without my true and loving companion?"

"God's will, not ours be done," breathed Mrs. Bowers, scarcely above a whisper. "I am going now, so kiss me good-bye."

Fervently and reverently the father and daughter pressed her lips with theirs, then waited for the coming of the death angel, her husband's arms about her as if to shield her from it and her hands in theirs, until her gentle spirit took its flight, breathing a blessing upon them.

Belinda did everything in her power in the weeks which followed, to soften and comfort her father in his grief, and he in turn supported her. Taking her mother's place in the home was not an easy task, but she worked hard and faithfully to make the home bright and comfortable for her father when he came home from his work. She received much help and sympathy from their many friends and neighbors, some of whom would run in occasionally to give a helping hand. Then, too she received many kind and loving messages from the friends and teachers at school, who had heard of her sorrow.

One Sunday afternoon, a few months after her mother's death, Belinda and her father took their usual walk to the cemetery to visit her mother's grave. While they were standing near it, Mr. Bowers took Belinda's hand in his and said, "My

(Continued on Page 1423.)

## THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

### THE INFLUENCE OF THE DIFFICULTIES OF LIFE.

Rev. John Douglas Adam, D. D.

"And they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name."—Acts 5: 41.

Were we asked where human character of the highest spiritual type might be found, where would we look for it? To this question various answers could be given, but, for myself, without hesitation I turn to the New Testament, to the Book of Acts, where I find an elevation of spiritual character, an atmosphere of radiant power, a deathless joy in sacrifice and persecution, and an ability to achieve moral and spiritual results such as I find nowhere else. A perusal of this Book of Acts sends a surge of power through my soul, and opens my eyes to see a far-flung vision; it stirs faith, awakens courage and reveals the rich possibilities of human character and effort. Why is it? Wherein is its secret?

Some, following a strong modern tendency, would seek the explanation of this elevation of spiritual character in the social surroundings of those early Christians. But the social surroundings had none of the qualities which the early Christians possessed. Their surroundings had no passionate convictions, no deep joy, no power to stir other lives. The contemporaries of those great souls were amazed and perplexed and could not understand it.

Others would say it arose from heredity that these spiritual warriors were religious geniuses. But surely that cannot be the reason, because they are the same people who, before this great change, had failed shamefully. In a time of crisis they could not watch one hour without falling fast asleep; they had not the courage to stand with their Master in the hour of his direst need; they quarreled among themselves as to who should be the greatest; even the best of them had a longing to call down fire from heaven upon the people who did not agree with them; one of the most conspicuous of them swore, told an untruth, and ran away. So that religious genius could hardly be called the cause of that marvelous moral, spiritual radiance and triumph.

That they had been with Jesus, is another explanation given. But had they not been

with Jesus even when they failed? They had been with him when they were a bitter moral and spiritual disappointment and when men laughed at their failures.

Some may say that the secret was in the power of the Holy Spirit. Agreed—but is that all? We, too, have the Holy Spirit, but we have not those early Christians' greatness of character, we have not their achievement. Herein is their secret; it was the power of the Holy Spirit resting upon them, in the place of difficulty—not the power of the Spirit alone, not difficulty alone. It was the place of awful, supreme, difficulty. They were standing before an indifferent, a hostile, a wicked, worldly world in the conscious power of the Spirit. Formerly they had either dodged difficulty, or retreated from it. They had prayed only when they felt like it, and when they felt like it they had slept. Formerly they had worked with their eye on merely personal advantage; formerly, they had been content to stay in heavenly bliss and rapture on the Mount of Transfiguration, willing to let the world, with its awful problems, alone so long as they had a spiritual good time.

But now they were in the thick of difficulty; they were in a life and death grip with all forms of trial and opposition. They had made the great plunge; they had conquered all timid hesitation. There was no dodging, no retreat, no hedging now. They did not know what was going to happen, or whether they would ever lie down to rest at home again; they did not know whether night might find them in prison or stoned to death. But they were in the battle to a finish and there was no calculating a retreat.

What came to the lives of those early Christians through their invincible facing of supreme difficulties? Difficulty gave them a strong mental grasp; it redeemed their intellects from effeminacy, from mere, unconnected, mental muddling. What mental triflers those men were before they faced difficulty! But no man can read the speeches of Peter as recorded in the Book of Acts, without feeling that here is a man who has obtained a new mental power, a new masculinity of intellect, a new illumination.

Without severe problems mental development is impossible in any life. He who



has learned to retreat from difficulty, to always seek the easy path, has also retreated from mental virility. It is when we seek to get rid of hard adamantine problems that we go off at a tangent upon, so-called, immediate duties. And these, of course, are important. But the point is, they are sometimes a mere excuse to escape from some severe form of occupation. And, as a consequence of the lack of mental discipline, we become sentimental instead of thoughtful, we use adjectives instead of actions, we become creatures of prejudice rather than rational beings.

But difficulties bravely faced, problems patiently dealt with, until there are aches in the body and mind, result in a very real mental culture. Although it may not have the stamp of the school on it, it has the signature of God all over it. It is great folly for those who have had great advantages to think that they have a monopoly of intellectual power. To many this power has come chiefly through the school of difficulty.

And that mental power which comes through obeying the Spirit in the difficult task is a blossom from spiritual character. That is to say, it is a far higher product than mere mentality minus spirituality. And some day we shall find that out to be an important matter. And with the coming of that day we shall insist upon our teachers of youth having faith as well as brains, having an humble Christian experience as well as a brilliant style; we shall put a higher value on intellectual power as the fruit of character than upon the intellectual power which is merely the product of speculative thinking.

Difficulty tempered and solidified the lives of those early disciples. They were like the pliant steel of a Damascus blade, rather than like hard but brittle, moulded iron. Iron is hard, but it breaks; steel is supple, but it endures. And the difference is that steel is tempered iron.

Without difficulty life is likely to be unadaptable, unbending, complaining, easily broken. Touchy, moody, flighty, surly, are all expressions indicating a life not sufficiently tempered by hardness. Difficulty is the furnace wherein our raw life is tempered into graciousness, charm and dependableness, into a sweet reasonableness. Difficulty is the school wherein Jesus makes his ladies and gentlemen; wherein he redeems them from boorishness and moral clumsiness; and where life gets its suppleness, its elastic power of recovery from the blows of the world. And without that

toughened, heightened pliability we are perpetually in trouble and become a real trial to our fellows. What a pitiful spectacle is presented in the soft youth who is full of crochets, complaints, arrogance, all simply because he was brought up to shirk hardships.

Difficulty made the disciples radiant, joyous, triumphant. Would that the Church music of this age could catch the spirit of those men of the Book of Acts. They were lashed with thongs in the common jail; they were stoned. But yet there was no minor key in their songs; there were no funeral sentiments. They lived in spiritual gaiety, while their hymns converted even the jail keeper. Men instead of pitying them envied them, and were astounded at the perpetual buoyancy of their souls. What was it? It was the Spirit of God plus difficulty, which opened up the fountains of the deep in them.

While traveling West some time ago I saw numerous drillings in the ground, shafts sunk to tap oil: on the surface was withered grass; in the deep were fountains of oil. That is a parable on life. There is no thrill, no zest in an easy life because there is no appeal to the depths, which are choked, suffocated.

Again, it is in difficulty that we feel that rhythm of a spiritual life which exhilarates and that is why many people become tired of an easy, luxurious life. Their souls are suffocated; they must make difficulty in order to escape from boredom, from ennui, from the suffocation of prosperity. And the Church will never be glorious till she leads her children into grappling with the deep and terrible difficulties of human society.—Record of Christian Work.



Life is not a sharp trick, an empirical venture, but a deep philosophy, a strenuous campaign. He who would attempt any service must obey the eternal law of consecration.

A great many business men will question whether anything can be taught in school with regard to their occupation as well as it can be learned in the actual practice of their occupation.

Every man's life is a fortress wherein are kept the realms of a man's soul. Courage is the warrior that guards the gate to this fortress. It is a protective and aggressive virtue.

## HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

### Christmas Candy Recipes.

Miss Helen A. Syman.

**Penuchi:** One cupful of sour cream, one piece of butter, four cups of brown sugar. Boil twenty minutes, add one cupful of chopped nut meats, flavor with vanilla. Beat until it begins to thicken, then turn into buttered shallow pan to cool.

**Seafoam Candy:** Boil two cupfuls of sugar with one cupful of corn syrup until a little of it dropped in cold water will form a crisp ball. Have the whites of two eggs beaten dry and stiff, pour boiling candy on it and beat five minutes, then flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla; add one cupful of nuts minced fine, and beat until the candy begins to get thick. Drop by spoonfuls on oiled paper.

**Marshmallow Fudge:** One cup of granulated sugar, one cup of confectionary sugar, one-half cup of milk, one teaspoon of butter, two squares of chocolate, one-fourth pound of marshmallows. Put all ingredients (except vanilla), into a granite sauce pan, stirring constantly. Boil eight minutes, or until it balls when tried in water. Remove from fire, and add vanilla. Cut marshmallows in quarters and add to the fudge just before it hardens. Stir well and pour in a pan. Cool, and when nearly hard, cut in squares.

**Divinity Fudge:** Two cups of white sugar, one-half cup of water, one-half cup Karo corn syrup. Boil until it threads. Pour syrup into whites of two eggs beaten just as dry as you can beat them. Beat this, and add a teaspoon of vanilla and a cup of chopped walnuts.

**Orange Cocoanut Fudge:** One cup of sugar, juice of two lemons, grated rind of one lemon, one-half cup of cocoanut, a little melted butter. Stir all together, then let boil twelve minutes; take from fire, beat until creamy. Pour on buttered tins and cut in squares.

**Old-fashioned Molasses Candy:** One cup of sugar, one quart of molasses, one-half cup of vinegar, butter size of an egg, one teaspoon of baking soda. Boil molasses, sugar and vinegar, until it hardens when dropped in cold water; then add butter, and soda dissolved in hot water. Flavor to taste; pour in buttered tins and pull when

cool. If desired, add some chopped raisins and chopped nuts and cocoanut just before pulling.

**Butterscotch Candy:** Dissolve three pounds of sugar in some cold water and boil without stirring till it breaks when dropped in cold water; then add two tablespoons of butter, one-half teaspoon of cream of tartar; take from the fire, add eight drops of lemon juice. Pour in buttered pans, one quarter of an inch thick. When nearly cold work off into squares.

**Caramel Chocolates:** One cup of grated chocolate, two cups of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of boiled milk, one tablespoon of flour, butter the size of a large walnut. Boil all slowly, pour on flat tins to cool, mark off while warm. Just before cold place any desired nut on each caramel, or a large raisin. Very delicious candy after left standing four hours.

**Glazed Fruit and Nuts:** Boil without stirring for ten minutes, one pound of granulated sugar and one-half cup of water. Test in water and when brittle remove from the fire; add one tablespoonful of lemon juice and set the pan containing the candy in hot water. With a long pin immerse sections of oranges, grapes, figs, almonds, walnuts, or pecans, set on oiled paper. The fruit and nuts must be thoroughly dry before dipping in candy.

**Cranberry Frappe:** Four cups of cranberries boiled in three cups of water strained through flannel. Take three cups of sugar and three cups of cranberry juice and juice of one-half lemon, mix all together and freeze. This is very delicious with roasted turkey.

**Nut Hash with Roasted Turkey:** One tablespoon of peanut or mixed nut butter, made into a smooth cream with water, three-fourths cup of ground nuts, two cups of finely chopped potatoes. Mix the nut butter through the potatoes, add ground nuts and a little milk or water to moisten, salt to taste and add a little minced onion if desired. Put butter in a hot frying pan, add a mixture of potatoes and nuts and brown well. Fry well and turn out on a plate like an omelet.

**Christmas Fig Pudding:** One-third pound of beef suet, one-half pound of figs chopped



fine, two cups of bread crumbs, one-half cup of milk, three eggs, one cup of sugar, three-fourths teaspoon of salt. Chop suet very fine and work with the hand until creamy, then add the figs. Soak bread crumbs in milk; add eggs beaten well, sugar and salt. Combine mixture, turn into a buttered mould and let stand for three hours. Serve with cream. A lemon sauce or whipped cream can be used if desired.

**Christmas Salad:** Cut a slice from the stem end of red apples and scoop out the inside, leaving the shell; cut the pieces of apple into small bits, and mix with French dressing. Fill the mixture into the apple shells and fit on the top of the apple. Serve on lettuce leaves.

**Baked Plum Pudding:** Two pounds of flour, one pound of currants, one pound of raisins, one pound of suet, two eggs, one pint of milk, a few slices of candied peel. Chop the suet fine, mix with the flour, currants, stoned raisins, and candied peel; moisten with the eggs well beaten, and add sufficient milk to make the pudding of the consistency of thick batter. Put it into a buttered dish and bake in a good oven from two to two and a half hours, turn it out, sprinkle sugar over and when serving, pour over a little brandy, and put on fire to heat five minutes.

**Fruit Cake:** One pound of flour, three tablespoons of cinnamon, one pound of citron, two tablespoons of nutmeg, one and one-fourth pounds of dark brown sugar, one tablespoon of ginger, one pound of lemon and orange peel, one tablespoon of allspice, one teaspoon of cloves, two pounds of currants, one cup of molasses, six pounds of raisins, one pint of brandy and twelve eggs. Mix all thoroughly and bake until well done.

**Turkey a la Newburg:** Press the yolks of four hard boiled eggs through a sieve, add to them one-quarter of a cup of cream, and mix to a paste. Put one tablespoon of butter and two of flour into the chafing dish. When melted, add the egg paste and three-quarters of a cup of cream. When smooth and thick, put in one pint of cold turkey, a grating of nutmeg, one-quarter of a teaspoon of salt, one-quarter teaspoon of paprika. When hot and ready to serve, add four tablespoons of sherry.

**Fruit Charlotte Russe:** Soak one-quarter of a box of gelatine in one-quarter cup of cold water. Line a pint mold with lady fingers. Chill and whip one pint of cream. Set bowl in ice water. Sift over the whipped cream, one-third cup of powdered sugar, add one teaspoonful of vanilla and

one tablespoonful of white wine. Dissolve gelatine in one-quarter cup of boiling water. Strain it into the cream and beat rapidly. When stiff, pour in mould, drop in slices of bananas, oranges, apples and whole grapes. Serve covered with whipped cream.



### BELINDA'S SORROW.

(Continued from Page 1419.)

daughter, do you remember your mother's last words in regard to your education?"

"Oh yes, father," responded Belinda, the tears beginning to flow at the memory, "but how can I go away and leave you alone when dear mother left you in my care? I want to always be with you and make your home bright and comfortable."

"We talked that over before your mother died Belinda, and we decided that it would be best for you and I to move to the college town where you might have the necessary educational advantages without our being separated."

"But what would you do about your work father?"

"We discussed that," replied Mr. Bowers, "and I think that difficulty can soon be solved. My work being that of the carpenter trade, I can easily find work in a town of that size as building is constantly going on."

"Dear father, how thoughtful and considerate mother and you have always been. It shall be one of my greatest purposes in life to repay you in some measure for all your kindness and love."

"You have already repaid us a hundred fold, in being the joy and comfort of our lives and always showing a loving appreciation of our efforts to make you happy," responded her father drawing her to him and bestowing a kiss upon her fair brow. "You must not let this great sorrow hinder you in the carrying out of your life work," said her father. "We are all placed in this world for a purpose and although at times our lives seem crushed and broken, we must still bear up bravely and go on our way doing the best that we can to fill our place in the world usefully and well, trusting in God to work all things together for good."

"Dear mother, I will carry out your wishes," sobbed Belinda as she knelt beside her mother's grave, her father kneeling beside her.

"It is so lonesome here for father and me without you, but I will go on and do the very best that I can to fit my life for usefulness in the world."

## RECENT BOOKS

### SWINE IN AMERICA.

A man who breathes optimism in every breath, who loves agriculture above personal preference, who studies the problems of the farm day and night, is F. D. Coburn, of Kansas. He stands, today, the undisputed authority on alfalfa. His great book on that subject is a guide to every grower and a textbook to every student. What he had already done for alfalfa, Mr. Coburn now has done for swine. This great industry is treated in his new work, "Swine in America," in a most exhaustive manner. Every phase of hog raising is considered from a practical standpoint; and the latest contributions to the science and art of handling and managing hogs and the treatment of their diseases, weighed and discussed in this important work, down to the hour of publication.

The work is a companion volume to "The Book of Alfalfa" in style, make-up and treatment. When one considers the immense business involved in the swine industry, he at once recognizes the need of a trained, level-headed spokesman for its discussion. This man we have in this author. We have his wide experience, thorough knowledge, and warm sympathy and enthusiasm, all of which is presented in a clear, convincing, earnest style, the power for so doing being a proverbial quality and attribute of Mr. Coburn. If you have anything at all to do with hogs, get this book.

An idea of the treatment and subject matter will be had from a glance at the following condensed table of contents:

- I. Swine in America.
- II. The Breeder and Breeding.
- III. Breeds: Popularity and Distribution.
- IV. Breeds and Types.
- V. Practical Points in Breeding.
- VI. The Boar: His Selection and Management.
- VII. The Sow: Her Selection and Management.
- VIII. Pigs: Weaning and Growth.
- IX. Pasturing and Soiling.
- X. Alfalfa and Swine.
- XI. Succulent and Bulky Feeds: Roots and Tubers.
- XII. Indian Corn: The Pork-Maker's Mainstay.
- XIII. Feeding and Fattening.
- XIV. Wheat, Other Grains and Ground Feeds.
- XV. Feeding By-Products.
- XVI. Water, Slop and Swill.
- XVII. Swine in Connection with Dairying.
- XVIII. Hog Houses and Pens.
- XIX. Sanitation in the Hog Lot.
- XX. Castration.
- XXI. Slaughtering and Curing.

XXII. Razor-backs Not Cholera Proof nor Profitable.

XXIII. The more common diseases.

This volume is handsomely printed on fine paper from large, clear type and is profusely illustrated, containing a large number of magnificent half-tone illustrations and drawings, many of them full-page plates, which are printed on a special plate paper. Another marked feature is the frontispiece, this being an anatomical and physiological model of the hog, which appears in a book of this character for the first time. It is entirely new and original and should prove of greatest value to every one—teacher, student, stockman, farmer or general reader. This model consists of a series of superposed plates, colored to nature, on heavy, serviceable paper, showing all the skeleton, muscles, internal organs, etc., in their natural positions. This model is accompanied by an elaborate explanatory key to provide the reader with the requisite knowledge to its successful manipulation.

The work contains more than 600 pages (6x9 inches), bound in fine silk cloth, gold side and back stamping, making one of the handsomest and most attractive agricultural books now before the public. Published by Orange Judd Company, 315-321 Fourth Ave., New York.



### A Young Farmer's Splendid Fight Through Failure to Success.

In the current issue of Farm and Fireside Herbert Quick, the editor of that periodical, writes an interesting editorial showing how progress places a great strain on people. He tells the following story:

"I know a young man who lived in a city until he graduated from an agricultural college. He worked on farms in vacations, and he did everything that a city man can do to learn farming practically as well as theoretically. But he had not had the advantage the farm boy possesses of driving a team year after year and listening to the discussion of farm problems about the hearth in a farm home while a child. He went on a large farm as tenant. Three hundred acres of land to be plowed, put into crops, tended and harvested. I visited him about the first of July of his first summer. Things looked badly. He had made a lot of mistakes that an old farmer would never have made.

"I thought," said he when I talked to him of the situation, 'that I knew a great deal more about farming than the neighbors



about here, but I'm making up my mind that I would be hundreds of dollars better off this year if I knew as much as the fifteen-year-old boys of the neighborhood. It'll take me years to learn the things that are second nature to them.'

"Did he fail? By no means. He stuck to the farm, and is now successful. He caught up in his knack of doing things. Gradually he pulled ahead of his neighbors. After a while the art of doing things began to coöperate with the scientific truths he had mastered, and money began to come into his till, and recognition from his neighbors as the best farmer of them all was no small part of his reward.

"Now suppose that one of those old farmers had been his father and the owner of the farm. The strain of progress would have been still more severe. My young friend had the right to make his mistakes and suffer by them, but Dad might have refused him that freedom.

"The man with a son who is a college graduate should let the young man put his ideas into effect, even though it seems to him that the new methods are not so good as the old. Thus he will relieve the strain of progress. It is for the old to give way to the young when it comes to the new knowledge. The young may not know the how so well, but they have a better acquaintance with the why. And in the long run the why is most important."



### HEALTH RULES.

1.

Good Air.—Avoid badly ventilated, badly lighted, dusty, dirty, overheated, crowded or damp rooms.

2.

Avoid House Dust.—Breathing dust, notably house dust, often causes disease.

Have no tacked-down carpets or matings; use rugs, not attached to floors, and clean them frequently in the open air.

Lower the upper windows when sweeping or dusting; keep the lower windows down. Never sweep with a broom that raises dust.

3.

Pure Water.—Drink pure water; avoid water from shallow or unprotected wells and from ponds and streams. When in doubt, boil the water.

Shun public drinking cups.

4.

Safe Milk and Cream.—Tuberculosis, ty-

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8.

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9.

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10.

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# THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY

PROGRESS

ECONOMY



BRETHREN PUBLISHING  
HOUSE  
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

December 24  
1912

Vol. XIV  
No 52

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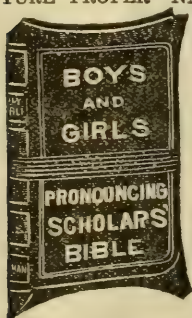
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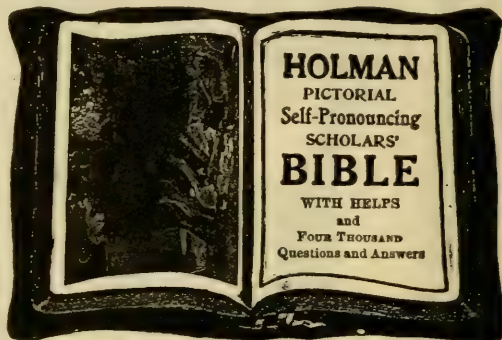
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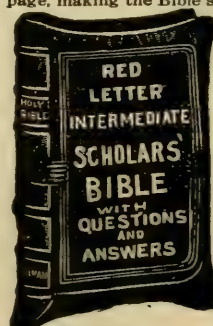
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Size, 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x7 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches

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AND it came to pass, w<sup>n</sup> finished the building LORD, and the king's ho<sup>n</sup>or's desire which he w<sup>e</sup>



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# THE INGLENOOK

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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIV

December 24, 1912

No. 52

## RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



Object-lesson Road at Bucklin, Kans.

### Government Roadbuilding in the Middle West.

THE Department of Agriculture has been building experimental or rather object-lesson roads in the Middle West with the hope that the public will, as the roads are used, become more interested in the road problem. This week we shall talk about sand-hill roads. Did you ever have any experience with this type of road? The first time the writer encountered one he was riding a bicycle and it was only a short time until he was off pushing the wheel. First I tried to ride the wheel along the side of the road, hoping that there the sand would be firmer but it acted like so much granulated sugar. I at once wondered how the farmers hauled their grain and stock to market.

In the year 1908 three object-lesson roads were built in Kansas where the roadbed was a loose sand, one at Garden City, another at Dodge City, and a third at Ford. I should have said four roads, because over eight thousand feet were built on a road leading into Bucklin, Kansas.

The Dodge City road is a good example of what can be done by an intelligent use of the local materials. The road is located on the sand hills south of the Arkansas

River. The sand was so deep and loose that travel was almost impossible. It is said that farmers living along the road were seriously considering the selling of their farms and moving where roads were better. Now they can haul sixty bushels of wheat over the road with two horses. This road as well as the others was built of clay and sand. It has been found that when clay and sand are properly mixed they will bind together similar to cement and gravel. First the road is graded so as to give a uniform surface upon which to work and then the elevation of the center line and also its location is marked by a row of stakes. Further directions given in a bulletin of the Department are as follows: "With a turning plow a furrow should be run up one side of the row of stakes and back on the other side, throwing the dirt towards the stakes. In this way a ridge is made exactly in the center of the road. Then a roadbed should be thrown up to the width to be clayed by back furrowing to this ridge. A drag or harrow should be used to smooth this bed and the crown should be carefully made to conform to the proposed finished road. A good practical width for this bed is 14 feet. After the central section has thus been prepared and smoothed with a harrow or drag the shoulders should be backfurrowed on both sides of this clay bed with the turning plow. To do this the plow should be set so that it will discharge the material on a ridge just outside of the last furrow made in forming the bed. Thus by several rounds with the plow the shoulder is raised sufficiently to form a protection to the sides of the clay when placed in the prepared bed." After the bed was thus prepared the clay was hauled to the depth of nearly twelve inches, the greater depth being at the center, of course. During the construction there was no rain and dust formed an inch or more deep. Into

this a large amount of sand was harrowed, and the road was finally covered with a layer of sand in preparation for rain. When the rain came the sand was completely absorbed by the clay and an additional application was required to overcome the tendency to stick. After each rain sand was worked into the clay by a drag scraper until the roadbed became firm.

This road was once traveled very little and farmers avoided it by going around some other way. Now it is one of the most heavily traveled roads that lead into Dodge City.

Now, you are asking about the cost of such a road. In all experimental work the expenses are high, higher than when the methods become standardized, and you must not be surprised when you read the figures. The cost of the Dodge City road was as follows:

|                                            |          |
|--------------------------------------------|----------|
| Foreman for work, .....                    | \$ 51.50 |
| Filling from barrow pit, .....             | 9.00     |
| Excavation (2,539 yards), .....            | 387.69   |
| Shaping subgrade, .....                    | 70.00    |
| Plowing up clay, .....                     | 54.875   |
| Loading clay by hand, .....                | 470.00   |
| Hauling clay to road, .....                | 608.38   |
| Spreading clay on road, .....              | 93.00    |
| Harrowing and mixing clay with sand, ..... | 6.00     |
| Sanding road and building shoulders, ..... | 107.685  |
| Dressing road with grader, .....           | 27.00    |
| Bridge repairing, .....                    | 59.53    |
| Miscellaneous expenses, .....              | 103.75   |
| Livery for experts, .....                  | 49.00    |

Total, .....\$2,097.41

The entire length of this object-lesson road was 9,750 feet and the cost per mile was \$1,135.83.

### Prof. Hopkins on the High Cost of Living.

In an address delivered at the United States Land Show in Chicago, Prof Hopkins of the University of Illinois experiment station stated that the gradual rise in the cost of living was due to under production; and that this underproduction is closely allied with soil robbing and poor farming in general. "In 1840," he said, "the United States had a population of 17,000,000. In 1910 it had grown to 92,000,000. This is an increase of more than 500 per cent. It has come upon us in seventy-two years; the life of one man. Now, this enormous addition to our population had to be fed. Let us see how we have fed them. In the last ten years the increase in our population was 21 per cent. In the same period the increase in the acreage of farm lands was 4.8 per cent. At the present time only 9 per cent of the tillable land of this country is not under cultivation and practically all of that 9 per cent can only be reclaimed by the expensive expedients of drainage and irrigation. . . . The census figures of 1899

give 4,414,000,000 as the total of bushels of corn, oats, wheat, barley, and rye produced in this country. The same total ten years later is 4,445,000,000 bushels. This is an increase of 31,000,000 bushels, less than one per cent. Thus while our population has increased 21 per cent our production of the great cereal staples has increased less than one per cent." Prof. Hopkins then showed that the drop in our exports for the same period helped to offset the conditions which otherwise would have caused a partial famine. According to the figures presented the time is coming when we shall have to raise more per acre than we have in the past or the cost of living will be still higher. Intensive and scientific farming, Prof. Hopkins thinks, is our only salvation in that respect. Such a conclusion is based upon results that have been brought about in European countries as well as in many localities of the United States.

### A New Magazine.

The other day I was trying to think of some occupation or profession which was not represented by a magazine or other official organ. I could not think of any. Even the tramps have a paper of their own. However a new magazine is being launched in America which will be devoted to a profession, or rather we should say art, that is appreciated only half way by the American public. The new magazine is Poetry and as its name implies it will be devoted to the appreciation of poetry. The editor of the new magazine thinks that conditions are rather unfavorable for the poet in this country. In the first place the public appreciates his work so little that he can scarcely make a living and then we have no literary center in this country where authors may associate. Miss Harriet Monroe, the editor, is not entirely pessimistic, however. She thinks that there is hope and that public sympathy is not dead but merely scattered and needs encouragement. "Thus the poet of serious purpose detects a response so slight, or of such foggy vagueness, that his voice may be gradually muffled. Even a hero cannot lead to victory without an army behind him, and the most heroic artistic vocation is powerless against public apathy. Yet the apathy is more apparent than real. The people are intensely imaginative, with deep dreams calling for a truly interpretative modern poet. Public sympathy is not dead, but remote and scattered and unaware."

It need not be mentioned that we have



only a few real poets now, but you know "poets are born and not made" and until we as a nation have a greater appreciation for the beautiful things in life and study more how to live than to exploit our weaker brother we can hope for no better poets. We have no time for such things, I suppose. A negro came to Booker T. Washington's school from Africa but did not like the course of study. He said that

it contained too much "work" and not enough "theology." "In my country," he said, "everything grows of itself. We do not have to work. We can devote all our time to the larger life." We Americans are not so fortunate, we have to work; but is there not some common sense in the complaint of the visitor from Africa? Poetry, like a thousand other things, is closely linked with social advancement.

## COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

### Sun Yat Sen Coming.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, provisional president of the Chinese republic and now minister of railways, will be in Chicago about Jan. 1. He is expected to arrive in Seattle within a few days and after a visit to San Francisco he will pass through Chicago on his way to Washington.

Dr. Sun's visit is reported to have to do both with the recognition of the republic by the United States and with \$200,000,000 in railway loans.

Dr. Sun will make an address on the Chinese situation before an interdenominational church gathering in Orchestra Hall or some other large auditorium.

Chicago has a strong Young Chinese Society, of which Dr. Eugene de Sieu, 320 South California Avenue, is president.

When Dr. Sun was in Chicago last he was hidden at the home of Dr. de Sieu.

Both his coming and his departure were surrounded with mystery and a few days after he left Chicago for New York, word came of his departure for China, where the revolution soon after broke out and Dr. Sun, two months after leaving Chicago, was chosen first provisional president.

Dr. Sun, at the time, by reason of a reward offered, was worth \$50,000 to any gun-man who could carry his head to Peking.

Dr. Sun is coming to Chicago in company with Dr. de Sieu, pastor of the Chinese Congregational mission, and Wong Chung Wei, former minister of foreign affairs. The father of the Chinese revolution has never talked before an American audience.



### Chicago Is Called Most Fearful City.

Arthur Holitscher, a German writer, has unkind words for Chicago in his new book, "America Today and Tomorrow." Of Chicago he writes:

"What has happened to me? Have I eaten something poisoned . . . ? No, nothing of the sort. It is merely that I am in Chicago, the most fearful city on earth.

"I will not try to give a picture of this city nor an idea of the dislike which it arouses. Only a couple of noises, smells, faces, a little sweat and smoke and restlessness from its atmosphere shall appear on my paper as an ink-colored sediment.

"Those wriggling motions that people make in moving picture films I see surpassed here by real people. I allow myself to be whirled around by the revolving door of a bookshop where I ask the clerk, a pale youth already dead tired though it is early morning, for a guide to Chicago, from which one may learn what the sights of the city are.

"'There are no sights here,' the tired clerk says. 'Nothing but business.' . . .

"Yet I shall be careful not to make the mistake of confusing Americanism with this Chicago tempo which seems to be made up of lack of breath and spasms of conscience. As far as I can see, this city, this rapid city; this 'windy town,' is much more a caricature of America. Already the second in size on the continent, though only seventy years old, there are more Germans here than in Hamburg; more Swedes than in Stockholm; more Jews than in Palestine. It is developing in a manner that frightens and amazes the Union.

"All America looks on in terror at this city, which loudly cries out its threat over the land: 'Just wait—in a few years I'll be the first city hereabouts; in a few more the first city of the world!'"

Holitscher went to the stockyards and found what Upton Sinclair said about them in "The Jungle" true. Then he went to factories and cannot find words strong or bitter enough to describe conditions there.

"Did Dante ever see human beings thus in the pit of the damned?" he asks. He adds: "Chicago made me ill. In that city I met the blood-infamy of present-day civilization face to face and saw into it and recognized it. Shall I flee from it? Whither? Can I escape hell? Where is there none? The world today is hell."



### The Holy Land.

The demand is coming from the four corners of Christendom that Palestine should be taken from Turkey as a punishment for its cruelties in the past to its Christian subjects. That nation is now in such a plight that if the big powers of Europe were agreed on the proposition, what could not be accomplished by the wastes of treasure and human life in the Crusades might now be attained without sacrifice. It is not at all likely that anything in the way of enforcing the ancient claim of Christianity against the followers of Allah will result from the present state of affairs and Palestine will remain as it has for the centuries. It is a strange destiny which has given Turkey the sacred places of four religions.

Jerusalem is precious to both Jews and Christians; Constantinople is the seat of the great orthodox half of Christendom, and in Arabia are the holy places of both of the great sects of the followers of Mohammed.—The New Era.



### Experiments in Automatic Control by Gyroscopic Means.

Some interesting experiments have been made in automatically stabilizing an aeroplane in both the transverse and fore and aft direction by means of gyroscopes. Numerous test flights with a Curtiss biplane were made over water in a hilly country under exceedingly puffy wind conditions. The automatic control device, which is regulated by means of a small gyroscope, it is said, held the machine on an even keel under the most adverse conditions. This device, which is the invention of a well-known electrical engineer, is intended to produce the proper degree of banking at all times when the aeroplane describes a curve, and if its speed falls below 36 miles an hour, it is designed to cause the machine automatically to volplane. Two small gyroscopes, one for the transverse and one for the longitudinal stability, are employed, and the extremely small amount of power to run them is obtained from a dynamo which can also

be used to send wireless messages. The whole apparatus, including the dynamo, does not weigh more than about thirty pounds.—Scientific American.



### Results Obtained by the Bulgarian Aeroplane Corps in the War with Turkey.

Word has just been received from a well-known war correspondent giving the results obtained by the Bulgarian and professional aviators who took part in the war which is now about at an end. Thirty aeroplanes of different types were used, and both the officer aviators and the professional airmen made many flights accompanied by military observers. These flights were never made at a lower altitude than 1,000 feet and usually at between 1,200 and 1,500, which this correspondent claims is out of reach of rifle fire. We learn from another source, however, that an aeroplane was hit by bullets when at a height of 4,000 feet, but the bullets did not in any case do serious damage. We have already reported the death of the Russian Poppoff, which it is now claimed was due to the machine having caught fire in the air. The aviator and his companion were killed by the fall sustained as the result of this accident. It is extremely doubtful whether Turkish bombs set the aeroplane on fire as originally claimed. A Bulgarian aviator was also killed and another captured. The city of Adrianople was set on fire by bombs dropped from Bulgarian aeroplanes, but the latter were unable to hit batteries or small bodies of troops without flying too low for safety. As for reconnoitering, the results were not as sensational as in some of the European maneuvers, though nevertheless very important. A trained military observer found it easy, after a number of flights, to locate battery positions, infantry trenches, or any considerable number of soldiers when in the open country, but not when they were under cover of trees or in the streets of a town. When the information was not obtained on a first flight, a repetition of this flight generally brought it. No aeroplanes were used by the army which fought its way to Tchatalja.—Scientific American.



Violette—"I wish you would tell me how to get this pitch off my dress. I have tried everything I can think of."

Reginald—"You might try a song. You always get off the pitch when you sing."—Boston Post.



# EDITORIALS

## Word With Many Meanings.

Do you know how many words in the English language mean "crowd"?

To a foreigner, anxious to master the language, it was explained that a crowd of ships is termed a fleet, while a fleet of sheep is called a flock. Further, a flock of girls is called a bevy, a bevy of wolves is called a pack, a pack of thieves is called a gang, a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshipers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of bees is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd.



## Growing Just Killed Her.

No ordinary room was strong enough to contain and restrain the massive bulk of Justine Masson, the largest woman in the world, who died recently in a circular house specially constructed for her at the insane asylum. She weighed 780 pounds. The only other person known to have exceeded her in size was Chauncey Morian, 853 pounds, who died on May 28 last at Elkhart, Ind. Miss Alpine Bitch, who was on exhibition last summer at Coney Island, weighed 650 pounds.

When Justine Masson was taken to the asylum several months ago she grew violent and smashed her way through the walls of the ward. Fearful that, with her Samsonlike strength, she would pull down the building in one of her spells of anger, the officials built a circular house outside the main structure. No matter how she raged, she merely rolled round and round and there were no corners of flat surfaces to give away.

No undertaker in Montreal would risk his hearse with the big woman's body, so it was removed from the institution in an express truck. The coffin was specially built and a crane had to be used to lower the body into the grave.

## Dawn of Humanity.

Dr. Arthur Keith declares in a report by the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian:

"I cannot cite a more stalwart or distinguished representative of the orthodox opinion of today than Professor Boyd Dawkins of Manchester. In his opinion the history of man does not extend beyond the Pleistocene period—the phase of the earth's history which immediately precedes the one in which we live. He accepts the fossil man of Java—*Pithecanthropus*—a being with a brain a little more than half the size of a modern man's, as representative of mankind at the beginning of the Pleistocene; before the end of the period men of modern type appeared. Men who have studied the transformation effected during the Pleistocene period have formed varying estimates of its duration, but we may safely adopt as a moderate figure the 400,000 years given by Professor Sollas at a meeting of this association in 1900.

"We may accept, then, as the orthodox opinion of today that the dawn of the very earliest form of humanity lies 400,000 years behind us. If we search the present world for the type of man who is most likely to serve as a common ancestor for both negro and European we find the nearest approach to the object of our research in the aboriginal Australian. He has apparently retained, to a greater degree than any other living race, the characters of that common stock from which both European and negro arose. The progress of man proceeds at a slow rate. Were the prehistoric Britons to come among us now dressed in our modern garb they would pass unnoticed as fellow citizens. How long would it take to evolve the African on the one hand and the European on the other from a common stock—Australoid we suppose in form? Dr. Keith's own opinion is that the whole length of the Pleistocene—a period we shall say of 400,000 years—is not more than sufficient."

Dr. Keith concludes: "I for one am convinced that we have followed him almost unchanged to at least the middle of the Pleistocene, when we find him accompanied by another form of man entirely distinct from him. Still further back at the beginning of the Pleistocene we find at least two forms of men—the pre-Neanderthaloid of Heidelberg and the small-brained man of Java—but the representatives of modern man at this early period we do not know. It does seem to me, taking all the scraps of evidence at our disposal, the slow rate of human progress and the great blanks in the geological record into account, that

a man as high as the Australoid of today was then in existence, but I cannot bring myself to believe that human individuals as highly evolved as those discovered by Professor Ragazzoni were in existence at an early part of the Pliocene period.

"The problem of man's antiquity is not yet solved. The picture I wish to leave in your minds is that in the distant past there was not one kind, but a number of very different kinds of men in existence, all of which have become extinct except that branch which has given origin to modern man."



### Schools for Brides.

Sixpenny lessons for brides embody Vienna's latest effort to turn out efficient housewives. The lessons are known as the Brautkurse (course for brides), and are given at the Vienna Urania, a sort of people's university subsidized by the ministry of education. Some idea of how thorough and far-reaching are the lectures may be gathered from the following list of subjects:

- The housewife in the kitchen.
- Winter and summer foods.
- How to guard the family health.
- Care of the teeth.
- Dress and fashion.
- Cosmetics.
- How a woman should look after her body.
- The bringing up of children.
- The mother as her children's first teacher.
- How can a woman guard herself from being overcharged when making purchases?
- Woman's place in the home.
- Woman's position in regard to servants.
- What women read.

The classes, writes a correspondent of the London Mirror, are held in a large hall holding 400 students. Practically all attending the first lesson were women nearly all of them between 18 and 20. For a full hour they were absolutely quiet, busily making notes while Dr. Karl Schwartz told them in simple language how to feed people when they were sick.

"We are only too sorry that we have not room or time for more of these lessons, which will prove most useful to any woman who is about to marry. These lessons are needed quite as much in the country as they are in the bigger towns. Despite Vienna's reputation for being a gay city, I cannot trace any lack of interest among women in housewifery.

"The lessons have been so devised as to cover almost every part of woman's life in the home. All our students are invited to ask questions. Should any problem occur to them, or if any of their married friends have difficulties which they wish to avoid, the students can mention them to the pro-

fessor, who will deal with them. As far as possible the idea is to make these lectures of practical value. We are not teaching cookery or how to mend stockings. Every self-respecting would-be bride in Vienna is at home in these matters."



### Draft Common Creed.

To weld together the social doctrines of churches of thirty-two denominations a common creed has been drafted for adoption at the second quadrennial meeting of the Churches of Christ which convened in Chicago recently.

Fundamental social policies which have crept into the work of practically every Christian church have been put into writing by a committee of the council and will be submitted for the purpose of placing churches on record as supporting the beliefs.

Following is an enumeration of the school doctrines which the churches will be asked to approve:

Protection of the family, by the single standard of purity, uniform divorce laws, proper regulation of marriage and proper housing.

Fulllest possible development of every child.

Abatement and prevention of poverty.

Protection of the individual and society from the social, economic and moral waste of the liquor traffic.

Conservation of health.

Protection of workers from the hardships of enforced unemployment.

Equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life.

Abolition of child labor.

Such regulations of the conditions of toil for women as shall safeguard the moral health of the community.

Protection of the worker from dangerous machinery, occupational diseases and mortality.

Suitable provision for the old age of the workers and for those incapacitated by injury.

Principle of conciliation and arbitration in industrial disputes.

Release from employment one day in seven.

Gradual and reasonable reduction of the hours of labor to the lowest practicable point.

Living wage as a minimum in every industry, and for the highest wage that each industry can afford.



Equitable division of the products of industry.

The meeting of the federal council begins Wednesday evening, with a reception at the Art Institute.



### Car Shortage—Two Views.

Much has been said about the shortage of freight car equipment and the efforts made to prevent or modify it. Unquestionably there is a divided responsibility for prevailing conditions, and the railroads are not free of their share, at least in some localities, as well as methods adopted in order to handle the crop movement and which have not always been altogether considerate of the needs of industrial centers. At the same time the shippers resort to means to protect themselves and insure the movement of their business without regard to

the possible effects upon the needs of other interests. This has been pointed out by a manager in one direction and which hardly admits of dispute, because it is such a well established fact in both transaction and shipping circles.

The practice is this and is deemed very unfair: Alarmed by the talk about a car famine, a shipper orders 100 cars when half that number would be ample for his needs. He does this selfishly in order to make sure that he will have all he requires. He is given fifty cars, but the road or roads from which he orders the empties at once report a shortage of the remainder because the entire order could not be filled. This prevails all over the country, particularly at the coal mines. So it is maintained by some railroad men that while there is of course a shortage of cars, much of it that is so much talked of is really on paper, and so is largely an exaggeration.

## MODERNISM AND THE VATICAN

A. H. Rittenhouse

UNDER this title Rev. Adam J. Loeppert, pastor of the German Methodist church of Elgin, has written an interesting volume on the progressive movement within the Roman Catholic church, and which Pope Pius X and the hierarchy are doing their utmost to stamp out.

Dr. Loeppert devotes the opening chapter to a definition of Modernism. The question is succinctly stated in the following paragraphs:

"The present phase of the liberalizing movement in the Church of Rome received the name 'Modernism,' and this phase may be described as the shape which religion takes in the mind of the modern as distinct from the mediæval man. In this large sense it is found in all the churches. The pious Moravians in Bohemia must meet the conflict as well as the Baptists or Methodists in the United States, while the State Church of Germany or Norway can not escape the ordeal where fierce battles are at yet raging. No communion has escaped the strain which attends the inevitable friction between the old and the new.

"This strain is exceptionally severe, however, in the Church of Rome, caused by the stereotyping and accentuation of the ecclesiastical element. The lateness of this development makes the situation more diffi-

cult, for this is not the sixteenth century of the Lutheran Reformation, but the twentieth of the Reformation of Latin Christendom. The demands of such a movement can not be entirely rejected. For the Modernist of today, as we shall later see, is not, as claimed by some official Catholic papers, a monist pure and simple. He acknowledges and reveres the sanctity which appears so often in the Church.

"Protestantism has watched with close attention and sincere sympathy developments in the Roman camp. For Protestantism is affected to some extent by the great changes within the Papal Church as well as in Catholicism itself. This is true especially in Germany and the United States of America, where the denominations live so closely together and where a constant, quiet, but none the less perceptible influence is exerted by the one upon the other. Consequently it would be mere deception to believe that only Protestantism must play an active part in this movement. A crisis wherein Roman Catholicism would lose some of its spiritual or moral power would certainly not be beneficial to the Protestant Church, while, on the other hand, a great advance movement within the papal camp would without doubt benefit Protestantism. The problem of harmonizing the beliefs of Protestant orthodoxy with the science of

modern times has been keenly felt within the Church for over a hundred years. That the same problem should now be met within the Roman church is not to be wondered at. It greatly stirs and even angers the Holy Father and his advisers at the Vatican, but it is one more proof that this question can not be rejected in modern life. How will Romanism meet the situation? Protestantism, through many painful experiences, is familiar with the difficulty. The opposing factions are facing each other today with the same determination that characterized the struggle fifty years ago. Will the Catholic church solve these problems of uniting the old and the new within her own borders with less difficulty than does Protestantism? Will modern thinking exert an influence upon her system without causing serious friction or, in some quarters, even disruption? Can she reform herself with regard to papal assumptions?"

The Modernist movement among the Roman Catholic clergy is traced through Italy, France, Germany, England, Austria, Spain and the United States, a chapter being devoted to each country. The leaders of the movement in each country are mentioned, along with their struggles against Rome's ecclesiastical struggle.

In an interesting chapter entitled "Struggle of Pius X," a full account is given of the present Pope's conflict with the Modernist leaders. The following paragraph is indicative of the situation:

"In the summer of 1903 Pius X succeeded Leo XIII. Pius X possesses certain characteristics which arouse more sympathy in certain quarters than the malleability of Leo XIII. He is a profoundly religious nature and has consecrated his strength to the fortification of Catholic doctrine, obsolete as it might seem to some Modernists. In spite of his blunders, which are noticeable in the battle with the French authorities, we see the imposing quietness of Pius X. Even the most destructive Modernists will admit that he personifies in himself and in his personal life the ideal of Catholic Christianity. Paul Sabatier, the noted Protestant theologian of France, the great admirer of Saint Francis, says that none of the cardinals has made so many blunders in such a short time as Pius X, but in his personality Sabatier finds the most attractive phenomenon of the present time. He lauds his meekness. Whoever nears the inner life of Pope Pius X will immediately recognize the man of pure heart. But the problems of the present time, the needs of theology, are unknown to him; he is not fa-

miliar with the belief or unbelief of twentieth century humanity. The religion of the Middle Ages has not left the Vatican. He sees the salvation of the Church in the condemnation of all new thoughts. With him the future of Christianity lies only in the renewal of the scholastic past. In the simple religious certainty of a humble parish priest, not in sympathy with present-day difficulties which modern scientific research throws into the path of traditional Catholic doctrine, he stands exalted and sublime above all dogmatic doubts; consequently he expects every Catholic, priest and layman alike, to be with him in spirit and in doctrine. So he recognized in the labor and theology of the Modernists, although most of them hunger and thirst after righteousness, nothing but pride, sin, and unbelief, instead of a movement to saturate superstitious Italy and godless France with the life, faith, and spirit of the gospel. Pius X is always pope, always and at all times the tool of divine revelation. Piety alone is not sufficient to guide the ecclesiastical ship of Roman Catholicism through the stream of modern and twentieth century tendencies."

The most interesting chapter in the book—if the superlative may be used, as every chapter holds the attention,—is that in which the author deals with the Modernist movement in the United States. We quote from this chapter:

"The form of Modernism that has appeared in America is what Pope Leo XIII condemned as 'Americanism,' which is described by the able German professor, Karl Holl of Berlin, in his pamphlet on 'Modernismus' as initiative, activity, the significance of personality, an emphasis on the active virtues in contrast with those that are passive. Holl's insight in this characterization is considerable. American independence will gradually do for the Roman Catholic church in America what Modernism in its more scholarly phases is accomplishing in Europe."

The work of Father Hecker, the founder of the Paulist fathers, is discussed at some length. It was Father Hecker's belief that he was called of God to convert America to Catholicism. Hecker was a Protestant, but joined the Catholic church in 1844 and took priestly vows in 1846. The author sums up his work as follows:

"On the twenty-second day of December, 1888, Hecker died, with a strong faith in the victory of Catholicism. He had not realized how profoundly Protestant his heart remained; much less did he ever anticipate that his spirit—the spirit of a man who had



joined Catholicism and had fought its battles and won its victories—would be branded as a dangerous heretic and be excommunicated by the Church of Rome after his death."

The concluding paragraphs of the book should commend themselves to every thoughtful student:

"Romanism is now largely in control of the large cities of America, and if the State should agree to pay for the secular instruction of children in parochial schools in these cities it would be Catholic officials, prelates, priests, and politicians who would fix and control the compensation and disbursement of the funds, for in such cities Catholics would form the majorities of the various committees and boards.

"The masses of the Catholic people of the United States prefer the public school, and men familiar with the conditions within the Catholic church declare as their profound conviction that they are morally certain that not five per cent of the Catholic laymen of America indorse at heart the parochial school. While they may send their children to these schools, and may be induced to pass resolutions of approval of them in their conventions, Jeremiah J. Crowley declared that if a perfectly free ballot could be cast by the Catholic laymen of America for perpetuity or suppression of the parochial school, it would be suppressed by an astounding majority; and that, 'if it were a mere matter of blood, not one per cent of them would be found outside the ranks of the defenders of the American public school.' It is said that priests and prelates work upon the fears and feelings of the women and children; so the fathers, to have peace in their families, and to avoid open rupture with the parish priest, yield

and send their children to the parochial school, though knowing that the public school—whatever may be said, and much of it justly, against it as a moral and religious educator—is vastly superior in its methods, equipment, and pedagogic talent, and prepares their children, as no other school can, for the keen struggle of American life and the stern duties of American citizenship.

"America must likewise protect her freedom of conscience, speech, and press, and these are inseparably bound up with a free school. The liberty to think, 'speak, and print whatever one wishes, that is not, of course, libelous, makes possible a conflict of opinions, and such a contest is essential in the realm of ideas if progress is to be made. Freedom of the press will never be abolished in America while the people understand the difference between despotism and liberty, stagnation and progress. And why should the Catholic be so much afraid of it? The keen observer is convinced that a vast amount of favorable news to the Catholic church finds its way into the public press, and a vast amount of unfavorable news finds its way into waste-baskets. The American Roman Catholic hierarchy has left no stone unturned in its persistent efforts to control the utterances of the newspapers of the land about the Catholic church, her aims, her work, and her priests.

"The American people with their splendid heritage of free institutions should set themselves as a wall of granite against even the shadow of sectarian interference with the bulwark of their liberties, the public school, and the freedom of speech, conscience, and the press."

["Modernism and the Vatican." By Adam J. Loeppert, D. D. Published by Jennings and Graham. 324 pages, cloth, gilt top. \$1.25 net. Can be ordered from Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.]

## DON'T LET CHRISTMAS PROVE A BURDEN

Lula Dowler Harris

"Speed fast to the harbor of Christmas-tide,  
To the haven of heart's content,  
Where the great white galleons safely ride,  
Where the merriest thoughts are sent.  
Forget the hurt of the ancient grudge,  
And the dark, depressing mood,  
In the Christmas realm let love be the judge,  
In the world be only good."

So said Mrs. Sangster, and so say we all. Christmas was never meant to be a burden.

But to many of us it is a real burden. Many of us are in the throes of mathematical agony trying to make one dollar do the work of two. It was hard enough last year to perform this stunt in arithmetic but we find it harder this year. Why? Because our list is longer. Did you ever notice with what persistency your Christmas list grows

from year to year? A gift last year paves the way for a gift this year. One loses the Christmas spirit when he can think only of his obligations and how to meet them.

The Country Contributor in the Ladies' Home Journal for December voices my sentiments exactly when she said, "I always think I am making the wrong gift when I attempt to make presents and on the other hand I always seem to accept a gift badly." I have always thought when my boxes and letters were mailed and I have perhaps worked myself into a nervous headache over them: "Have I sent the right gift to the right person?" One of my friends says, "I never think whether my present will please or not, I am sending it in the right spirit and can but hope it will be received in the same way."

If I could do this Christmas would not be the burden it has been of late years. I try to find out what my friends would like to have without asking a pointed question. If I can manage to make my gift supply a need so much the better. Should I send something else I always feel it is a misfit.

This I think is wrong and is one of the things which make Christmas a burden.

What heavy hearts some people carry at Christmas time! Did you ever notice a poor woman standing before a window where dresses and wraps are displayed? What must be her thoughts as she sees the costly dresses, warm coats and furs that envelop the cold wax figures in the window? Does she draw her thin shawl closer about her and wonder why such conditions exist?

As she walks along the icy streets and glances into the warm, cosy rooms of the well-to-do, and compares them to her own cold bare room in some attic do you think she again wonders why it is so? When she sees all around her happy, smiling faces glowing with the warmth of the Christmas fires within, think you she does not compare her cold, pinched features to theirs?

Did you ever notice a poor child standing in front of a window filled with candy and toys and watch him as he wishfully points a finger at the toy he longs to possess?

To think the thing he longs so much for is only about a half inch away from the end of his finger, and yet it might just as well be a thousand miles.

Is it right to display warm clothing to the freezing, bread and cakes to the hungry when they are unable to procure them? Is it not a great temptation? Does it not add to the burden they carry?

What sacrifices parents will make for their children at Christmas time. The emp-

ty stocking is such a pitiful object. How heavy are the hearts of those who are forced to witness the disappointments of little ones. Truly their burdens are heavy.

Would it be better to live in a land where Christmas was not known? Oh, no, a thousand times no.

A lady who had spent some years in China as a missionary, begged her husband to let her bring their three children—born in China—to America. "Just think," she said, "my little ones have never seen the stores decorated for Christmas. No Christmas only what we manage to have at our mission and with the means we have, very little can be done." She brought her children and she said they were bewildered by the many things they saw, but not one of them asked her to buy. She said they just feasted their eyes on the pretty things and were content. So we would not bar the poor from seeing the beautiful clothes and toys even if they cannot buy them. For there is a pleasure even in seeing the things you would like to own.

Christmas morning two little white-robed figures slipped downstairs and as the eldest could read, the packages were hastily opened and their contents examined. Imagine the parents' surprise when they heard cries and shrieks coming from the room below. Hastening down they found their children fighting like children of the street. When quiet was restored it was found one child had one more package than the other and they were fighting over the possession of it. All the other toys were scattered about, many of them broken. Each child said, "I don't think I got much."

Do you think they were any happier than the children whose parents were too poor to buy them even one toy?

The mother told me she never again intended to give her children a toy. She says, "I may get them presents at Christmas time, but I will see to it that they need them and will appreciate them." There is such a thing as overdoing even a good thing.

We must not lose sight of the fact that Christmas is Jesus' birthday. Jesus never gave a cent nor a present to anyone. And yet we call him the "Great Giver." Why? Because he gave himself. He was ever ready with the healing touch, the word of sympathy, a wealth of love.

If we would pattern after him we would not be burdened by our giving but enriched. For who can speak a word of sympathy or do a kindly act without feeling the act reflected in their own hearts?



# CHRISTMAS DAY

Mrs. Ida M. Kier

**C**HRISTMAS draws nearer. And soon, on the eve of this joyful day, the thousands and thousands of people, from every part of our country, will be wending their way to the many houses of worship, to enjoy and receive gifts from beautiful, laden trees, and sing praises of him, in whose honor the day is held sacred.

How many will know that this year we celebrate Christmas for the 1814th time? It is true; for Christmas was first celebrated in the year 98, although not as a Christian festival, till forty years after that date.

Of course we know that no other day is so universally observed. Although the nations have different ways of keeping the day, it is kept wherever civilization has reached.

Many interesting things are connected with Christmas, and many traditions cling to the day.

At some of the many entertainments to be given this year, someone will recite the ever popular poem:

" 'Twas the night before Christmas, when all  
through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a  
mouse."

How many know that it was just ninety years ago on this "night before Christmas," that these beautiful verses, which tell such a lively Santa Claus story, were written?

The author, Dr. Clement Moore, wrote the poem at his home in New York City, for the entertainment of his own children. He has been dead many years, but the exquisite poem will never perish.

Important events have occurred, and noted persons, including kings, have been born on Christmas day.

William the Conqueror was crowned king of England on Christmas, 1066. Two notable coronations have occurred on Christmas. That of Charlemagne, as Emperor of the West, in the year 800, and the one already mentioned, of William the Conqueror.

Clovis, the first Christian king of France, was baptized on Christmas day, 496.

It is a noticeable fact, that few battles, and no great battles have been fought on December 25th. They have occurred on the 24th and 26th of the month, but the anniversary of the advent of "Peace on earth,"

has ever been observed by a cessation of hostilities.

Numerous superstitions attach to Christmas day, and are seriously regarded by the people of different nations. For instance, bees, in southern countries, are believed to sing in honor of Christ's coming. The cattle show reverence for the manger, by kneeling on Christmas eve, while the sheep march in procession, to commemorate the visit of the angel to the shepherds.

If a cock should crow during the stillness of a December night, the English peasants say:

"Evil spirits he scares away,  
From the holy Christmas day."

The people of Austria and Germany prepare choice food which is placed upon the tables on Christmas eve, in order that the Virgin Mary and the angel, who pass during the night, may not be compelled to fast. Also, a light is set in the windows, to guide the Christ-child, that he may not fall.

People of Poland assert that upon Christmas eve, the heavens open, and all saints may see the scene of Jacob's ladder.

There are hundreds of these old superstitions which have clung to Christmas through all the ages, and there are hundreds of people who believe in them.

Christmas customs differ as widely as Christmas superstitions, but there is one which seems to find favor with all nations and that is,—decorating.

Also, this is probably the oldest custom, for decorating with evergreens is mentioned in the Bible. For concerning the feast of tabernacles Nehemiah wrote:

"Go forth into the mount, and fetch olive branches and pine branches and myrtle branches and palm branches and branches of thick trees to make booths."

Holly and mistletoe, although they are of pagan origin, are used principally in the decorations of today. Holly is the emblem of peace and good will, regarded by the ancients as significant of the resurrection.

Mistletoe has always been considered an omen of good luck, believed in olden times to be the refuge and hiding place of good fairies, who watch over, and protect, those who cherish it.

And in our own fair land, Christmas day, our Savior's birthday, is conceded by all to be the best.

## LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Monday morning, Rome, Italy.

Dear Children:

**W**HERE your letters are is still a puzzle to us. The last we received were addressed to us at Oyonnax. Since then we have neither received letters nor papers from home, though we have had letters from Father Miller. It must be there has something miscarried in the address. We know, through Father Miller, that all is well with the family and we are at ease from that standpoint, but why do we not hear from you? Or rather where your letters are, has puzzled us. We have sent to Naples for our mail and did about all we know how.

There is cholera at Naples so bad that we can not visit that place. Today Uncle Will and I will make careful investigation to get the facts, and then act accordingly. It may be we shall have to return across Europe to get home, and if that is the case we shall take the first sailing home we can get that way. I do not know if it will be earlier or later than the one we have engaged. We have not the least fear here, though there are some half dozen cases, I believe, of cholera here in the pest house. Rome is not yet quarantined, and we will leave at once for some northern point if the outbreak is on the increase.

Our trip from Florence to Rome was attended with heat, dirt and crowded conditions of the train. We were three hours late into this city, and so dirty we hardly knew what to do with ourselves. But we soon cleaned up at the hotel d'Allemagna and had a good supper and felt much better. After supper mama and I took a short stroll, walked into a fine statuary sales room and there met a young salesman from New York who told us about the real condition of the cholera. We said nothing to any one until last evening we told Uncle Will.

Yesterday morning at 9:15 we had meeting in a room here in the hotel. The subject for general discussion was "Paul in Rome," and we had a most interesting discussion. Bro. Wieand led. He proposed that while here we all read all the epistles by Paul so as to learn about him in Rome. After the meeting I said I thought I would stroll down to the Coliseum and six of the brethren went there with me.

Three years ago I did not climb up in the Coliseum. This time we climbed to the top and looked down on that historic place, one-third of a mile around, standing since the year 80, the scene of so much precious blood of martyred Christians. We made a careful study of the whole place and returned to our hotel for a short rest.

At 2:30 the whole party started out. After being on the way we noticed that Sister Gibson was not along, but as we were taking the car no one had time to go back to hunt her. I learned later that some of the party called at her room but got no answer. When we came back in the evening she was here all right.

Well, we walked through the Coliseum, passed Constantine Arch, over to the Arch of Titus where I took some pictures, and down over the forum. We just went over the grounds to get a general idea without a guide. It is our intention to get a guide later and spend careful time in the ruins, unless the cholera chases us north. We came home at five for supper, and spent the evening in the hotel. Uncle Will and Mrs. Ringler were invited in. It is understood that they are to show no attention at all between themselves until they reach Jerusalem, and they are doing that to a finish. She rides third and he second, but she is getting dreadfully tired of her third. The people are so filthy and the dangers of disease are so pronounced that I think the whole party will go second to Marseilles to their boat. I certainly would not risk third in the condition of Italy now.

We are glad to know that you are well and happy at home. Next week we sail for home, according to plans. Should we have to change today I will enclose the added plans in this letter. If nothing is added you can conclude that the cholera scare is over and that we will follow our plans as announced to you before.

This is Rome, "the eternal city," as the Romans call it. I think it is not so dirty as three years ago, but mama says it is bad enough yet. Here once was a large church in the first centuries of Christianity. Here Nero burned Christians by tying them to stakes all over the city, burning tar on them to light up the city by night by their great suffering. The ruins of that mighty king still remain a place for lizards and a sight-seeing crowd. It is interesting



to study it, though his life is despised. On the other hand, the blood shed here and elsewhere has been the veritable seed that has brought forth much fruit in a rich harvest. Nero is known as a cruel monarch; Christianity is growing, and

Christ adored the more. Righteousness is prevailing in the earth in spite of Satan and his host.

God bless and keep you at home and bring us safely to each other again, is our morning wish and prayer.

## THE NEWEST REPUBLIC

Mrs. T. D. Foster

**I**N a lecture at Tulane University, Mr. Moffat gave an illuminating summary of the political conditions and the movements which had been at work to build up the newest republic of the world upon the ruins of the oldest empire, and portrayed with vividness of personal knowledge the types of which "Young China" may well be so proud—men who are working for the cause of China's restoration to a commanding position among the nations of the world with a singlemindedness and unselfishness hard to parallel in the history of the world.

He sketched the outline of the great questions of public policy and personal ambition which came up when the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty became certain, and which threatened China with Civil War. He showed how the high principles and patriotic self-abnegation of Dr. Sun and his co-workers in the cause of civil liberty averted that peril and united the country under the present administration.

He pointed out that while the new Chinese constitution is more like that of France than it is like our own and while in some respects it is more progressive than any other nation, yet the Chinese themselves insist that in spirit their new republic is closest kin to that of this country. They profess the greatest friendship and admiration for America and American ideals.

China, he went on to explain, is struggling under a tremendous load of debt—is, in fact, bankrupt; and this, not because she has spent the money on internal improvements or the administration of her affairs, but on account of the enormous indemnities which have been exacted of her by the European powers in payment for Chinese atrocities against foreign residents.

France and Germany, and even England, have been arrogant and greedy, exacting the uttermost farthing of indemnities which were imposed simply because they knew

China dared not refuse. But the United States has been much more decent, more moderate in its demands, refusing to humiliate China needlessly.

Finally, the climax came in the indemnities demanded for the Boxer outrages, which were out of all reason and would have been worse, had it not been for the example of America, which named so moderate a sum that the other powers were ashamed to go very far beyond it. After the families of the victims had been fully indemnified, and our government had accepted enough to salve our wounded pride, China was notified that she need make no more payments, but that she might reserve the payments as they came in, for a fund for the education in the leading American colleges of her most promising young men. This has been done, and the results have been that the flower of the young manhood of China has imbibed American ideas, has received American training, and is filled with a sense of friendship and gratitude to America which no European nation has inspired. For the Chinese know we might have been just as unreasonable and exacting as the rest of the powers, and they appreciate both the moderation and high-mindedness and far-seeing generosity that was shown by our government. It was a masterly stroke of statesmanship.

From the young men educated in America and in Europe, and from the pupils of the mission schools, have come the leaders of the new nation. It is noticeable that almost all the men who hold prominent places in the administration, or are recognized leaders of thought, are young men. Many, though by no means all, are Christians.

Mr. Moffat is a Virginian by birth, though most of his boyhood was spent in the blue-grass region of Kentucky. It was while he was at college that he volunteered for the missionary field. His theological training was gained at the Union Theological Seminary at Richmond, Va. His

field of work was first in Sorchow, latterly he has been in the country of Kiang Yin, where his work has been that of a travelling missionary in the smaller country places.

He reminds us that China, which we are accustomed to think of as inhabited by Chinese, is really the dwelling place of five distinct races—the Chinese proper, the Aborigines, the Mongolians, the Manchus, who have ruled the empire for two and a half centuries, and the Mahometans, who are counted as a separate race.

When the revolution broke out and the Manchü emperor was deposed, the country divided geographically on the two main questions of policy that then arose—What form of government should be adopted? Who should be chosen to administer it? The people north of the Yangtse Kiang were in favor of a limited monarchy and Yuan Shi Kai for king, while the people living south of that river were in favor of a republic and of Dr. Sun Yat Sen for president.

In order to avoid a Civil war and the death of thousands of his countrymen, Dr. Sun determined to forego the honor that was practically in his hands, of becoming the first president of the Republic of China, and instead agreed to a compromise arranged between the Northern and Southern parties, by which the republican form of government was established, but Yuan was chosen to be its first president. This remarkable instance of unselfish patriotism won the hearts of his countrymen to whom Dr. Sun was not very well known personally at the beginning of the revolution, having been for fifteen years, on account of his political writing and other activities, an exile, with a price upon his head.

The intelligent, educated Chinamen, he goes on, knows that there is something wrong with his country and he is genuinely in earnest in his desire to find out what is the trouble and to remedy it. To find this out, the present generation of educated Chinamen has set itself to learn all about our social, industrial and political ideas, to study our civilization, our religion, our methods of education, and our methods of transportation, of warfare and of statesmanship. The result is that they have embodied in their new constitution some of the most advanced ideas of social and political progress, they have given the suffrage to women, for example, on a perfect equality with men, on an educational and property qualification.

The expectation of the reformers is to

equalize taxation in a most radical way, and to do this they must make the people understand the principles of economic production, of social interdependence. They realize that the bulk of the people have no conception of the aims these young reformers have set themselves, and this was the reason Dr. Sun gave for relinquishing the presidency to Yuan; for he said that he felt that his work was to go among the people explaining and teaching them what it meant to govern themselves, and leading them to do what must yet be done before China could be really free from foreign domination.

It is hard for us to realize how great a difference there is between the educated Chinaman and the uneducated, because it is so much greater than between our own or even the European classes. Their type of civilization is different from ours, but it is a finished and ancient in many respects and admirable civilization. In a few years, they have traveled farther along the path of modern thought and progress than our Western races have been able to go in as many generations.

The way in which the Chinese handle their labor unions is an instance of the maturity of their civilization. They have these unions as we do here, but they are held responsible for the conduct of their men, in a way that ours are not. For example, the Sedan chair business is all in the hands of a union or a combination of guilds. If you wish to journey about the city, you make a bargain—it is a written contract—with one of these guilds, which agrees to furnish you with chair service whenever you need it. You pay a certain minimum sum, and at the settling time—which comes three times a year—you pay the difference between that sum and the full amount that is due for the service rendered. The result is, that in China you can do what you would not dare do in this country—put your wife in a chair borne by four men, of the coolie class, the lowest class of working men, and send her at any hour to the other side of the city, knowing that those men will risk their lives, if necessary, to deliver their passenger at her destination unharmed. Not that they care for you or for her, but that the honor of their guild requires it.

In many of their agricultural methods, the Chinese are very far ahead of other nations. They practice irrigation and conservation of soil resources with great skill and success. Almost every Chinese field produces two crops—one of wheat and one



of rice. Nor do they allow the soil to become exhausted, though the same field may be planted for generations in the same crop. They constantly fertilize the land, using the scrapings from the streets and other nitrogenous matter. When floods occur they contrive to save all the silt possible. This is dipped up and spread on the fields.

In the matter of government China needs all the reform she can get. No one who has not lived there can conceive the amount and iniquity of the graft that pervades every department of government. Innumerable examples of the unscrupulousness of the official class, of their cunning cruelty

and greed, are known to residents of the land, which show why the people at last revolted and threw off the yoke of the hated Manchu; and why they have such a horror of foreign domination. It is this horror of the rule of the foreigner that makes them hesitate to agree to the condition upon which alone the European powers will grant the loan now under discussion. It is natural the powers should wish to keep some supervision over the expenditure of this loan, but China distrusts foreigners.

The most striking characteristic of the recent revolution was the way in which foreigners were protected, both as to lives and property.

## THE TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Ada Van Sickle Baker

WALTER HARRIS pounded in the last nail of the Christmas box with a resounding whack. Then he straightened himself and regarded it with a half frown. "There," he muttered, "it's all ready for the expressman to take. I wonder if everything is in it?" He picked up a piece of paper from the stand near by, and with his pencil checked off the articles on the list.

"A gold fountain pen for brother-in-law Dick, a white and gold volume of Tennyson's poems for Sister Grace, and some wonderful mechanical toys for the twins, Bobby and Bert, a toy house with miniature furniture for May. Yes, they are all there, and I'm glad of it. Christmas shopping is no pleasurable occupation, when the streets are one solid mass of humanity, and the stores are so crowded it hurts one to breathe."

He flung himself in an easy chair and looked up at the round-faced clock that chimed forth eight clear strokes. "Eight o'clock," he said, wearily, "I supposed it was nine. Two whole hours till bed time, how can I spend the time in my lonesome bachelor apartments here?"

He got up, stretched himself and walked over to the window, where he threw aside the draperies and gazed out into the clearness of the night.

Stars sparkled brilliantly in the soft darkness above, sending down their clear beams in the mysterious, wonderful way that seems to be more noticeable during the Christmas season. The world seemed en-

veloped in a haze of lights and shadows; and to the young man standing by the window there came the memory of other star-lit holiday seasons, when he had been a happy, care-free boy. "But now it's different," he said the words aloud, and letting the lace draperies fall, shutting out the beautiful outer world, he paced the room slowly, regarding the Christmas box, resting on the floor, with something like impatience.

"Christmas seems different now, from the old-time Christmas days. I can remember the time when Grace was so pleased with some tiny remembrance, but now—well now, she has everything that money can buy in her elegant home, and it seems even costly gifts are not appreciated, while the youngsters could almost start a toy store of their own, right in their nursery.

"It is just a matter of giving and receiving expensive presents, that are neither wanted nor appreciated. The spirit of Christmas seems to be gone—the real spirit, that makes the smallest gift loved, because it has been given and received in the true Christ-spirit."

The frown deepened on his thoughtful face as the thought came direct and bitter, "What reasons have I for sermonizing in this fashion? What have I done to bring the true Christ-spirit into some saddened life, at this holiday time, I, who have so much, and yet so little?"

He glanced about at the evident tokens of wealth in his apartment, but the sight of it all brought no pleasure to his world-weary eyes. Passing into the hall he took his overcoat and cap from their hooks,

and donning them, strode out in the crisp winter air.

He hardly knew where his steps were taking him, he only felt some impulse to leave the avenues of wealth, and penetrate the lower section of the city which he had seldom traversed before.

As he walked on he was conscious that he had entered a rather insignificant business street. Stores and markets, poorly lighted, and of unpretentious size loomed up on either side.

In front of a small store, the show windows of which were piled full of holiday goods, stood a motley collection of people. Eager-eyed foreigners chattered, men and women, bent with age, stood peering in, their dim eyes taking on an expression almost unknown to them. Young people, with all the enthusiasm of youth, exclaimed over the display, while children, large-eyed and wondering, stood looking in silence.

One child in particular caught the attention of Walter Harris. She was small, and so thinly clad, that the man in his great fur coat looked at her in alarm, fearing she might freeze before his very eyes.

But the little one seemed unconscious of the cold, as with clasped hands, and eyes riveted on the bright display before her, she stood unmoving. At last she turned, and with a quick movement slipped her little bare hand in her pocket. With a cry of grief she brought out the empty hand and looked at it in surprise. Then she started away, softly sobbing.

She was quickly overtaken by the man who had been an interested onlooker and was questioned as to the cause of her grief. With tears rolling from her childish eyes, she told him how she had saved her pennies until she had one hundred of them, then she had exchanged them for a big, shining dollar, which had been reposing in the pocket of her coat, but which must have slipped through a hole she had just discovered, and now it was lost. That dollar meant, oh, so much, for with it she had intended to buy two Christmas presents, one for her dear mama, who worked so hard, and one for dear little Sister Katie, but now—and the tears started afresh, there would be no Christmas at her home.

With great tact Walter Harris drew out a few main points of the child's life story, and the man wondered that the little girl, shivering with cold and surrounded by the bright things so dear to a child's heart, could have but the one thought—that she had lost the means of bringing joy to others.

Taking her cold little hand in one of his warm gloved ones, he led her into a store. The child's hands were soon encased in warm red mittens, a woolly hood of the same bright hue was placed on her curls, a heavy coat that brought warmth to her little form was given her, and finally, thick, substantial shoes and fleece-lined overshoes were exchanged for her worn-out ones.

But what seemed to bring the most joy, was the fact that when her benefactor bade her good-bye, he slipped a shining dollar in her hand, with the injunction to purchase the presents she had intended to for her dear ones.

The following day Walter Harris nailed up another Christmas box. It contained gifts that would bring joy to an unselfish little girl, her hard working mother and little sister.

When he arose from his stooping posture, he surveyed the box almost tenderly, and walking to the window looked up into the clear blue of the heavens, a look of hallowed joy dawning on his face, while his lips softly repeated:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."



## TWO FABLES.

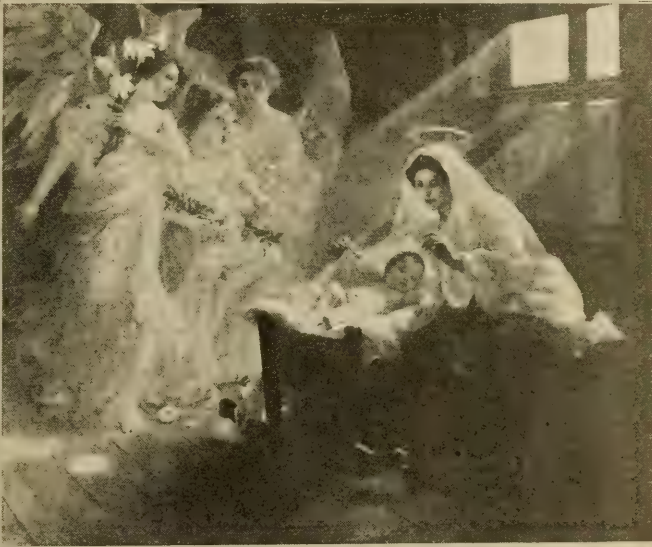
Once upon a time the geese in a certain neighborhood held a meeting to consult as to what they could do for their goslings in the way of education. After some talk they concluded that the young goslings must go to school, and they chose one of their number, a wise old gander, to hire a teacher. Not knowing what else to do, he notified a teachers' agency, and waited for candidates to apply. In the meantime he busied himself in preparing a list of questions, which each candidate would be required to answer. It was important that he secure the best teacher possible, and in this way he thought he could lessen the danger of being imposed upon.

To each applicant he sent his list of questions, and gave her a reasonable time to answer. One young goose, however, having a business instinct, in her reply asked him a few questions. She desired to know the number of pupils in the school, and as it was a rural school, how far she would have to walk to obtain a good boarding place and how much her board would cost her. She also desired to know something of the condition of the school building; was there a library or any apparatus and

(Continued on Page 1449.)



**S**leep my little Jesus **W**ell the singing angels  
**W**onder-baby mine **C**reep thee as divine



**T**hrough my heart as heaven **G**lory to Jehovah  
**L**ow the echoes sweep **S**leep my Jesus sleep

## THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

### THE BREASTPLATE.

J. C. Flora.

"And having on the breastplate of righteousness."—Ephesians 6: 14.

**I**N the previous article we talked to you about the girdle of truth. In this article we have one of a kindred character. Righteousness and truth must rise or fall together. Truth is a part of righteousness; they are both indispensable. One must encircle the Christian, the other must be the breastplate to protect the heart.

To be righteous is to be conformed to the divine law, and as the law is holy, just and good, so righteousness is purity, justice and goodness. Righteousness is a relative term. "There are none of us righteous, no not one." "All have sinned." All the world is guilty before God. How is it then that sinful men can be just before God? The Gospel reveals the plan; the law had certain claims upon man; man violated these claims; hence he incurred the penalty of death. But God provided a Surety, a Substitute; he met all the claims of the law. He bore the curse in behalf of the transgressors. They who believe in Jesus are united to him, and are allowed to plead his work and death; they are thus counted and dealt with as righteous for Christ's sake. It is a most glorious thing that we have thus been justified through the Son of God.

Righteousness is a principle; otherwise, it would be necessary for us to be justified every moment. For a relative righteousness obtained by faith in Christ would not keep us from immediately falling into sin, and thus into condemnation. Now, the principle of righteousness was lost in the fall; and depravity has been the result of the whole family of man. Man has no power to renovate his own heart. This, God effects for us in regeneration. Then the stony heart is taken away and the heart of flesh imparted. The soul is renewed. All old things are taken away and we become partakers of divine things. Now this is the new man, the second creation. Without this principle of righteousness in us, we can never hope to succeed in life and come out as conquerors.

There must be fruits of righteousness. Without these the heart cannot be made right. The fountain being good, the stream will be so; the tree being good, the fruit

will be so. To the righteous we must yield supreme homage, veneration, love and obedience to God. "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart." Him only shalt thou serve and worship. Our thoughts should be upon God; our lips should hallow his name, and our lives should be spent in his service. There must also be obedience to the law of equity. We must have the greatest respect for our fellow-men. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. This law of equity will guide us in all our civil intercourse with mankind. The law of love will induce us to do our fellow creatures all the good we can. Now, such righteousness is effected by the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit. He forms the soul anew, and he carries on the holy work to its blissful consummation. Such then is the righteousness which is to be the breastplate of the Christian soldier.

This righteousness is of vital and essential importance when we are exposed to the accusation of Satan. Satan will accuse the saints before God and do his utmost to overthrow them.

He tried his hand on Job and Joshua. "He showed me Joshua, the high priest standing before the angel of the Lord and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him." He also accuses the soul and endeavors to sink it into the gloom of despondency. It shields the soul, repels attacks, and exhibits the saint in a righteous and acceptable state before God. It yields peace to the mind, by removing the condemnation of conscience. The unjustified sinner is condemned already. He has no peace. But it is he who has fled to Christ, and is justified by faith, that has peace—the eternal peace of God which passeth all understanding. It will preserve in the fiery trial of the last day. That fire will consume all imperfect unrighteousness, all self-righteousness and all unrighteousness. Nothing will stand but the breastplate in which is found the threefold righteousness to which we have just referred.

Now how is the breastplate to be obtained? It is to be had by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. By faith we are justified. By faith we are sanctified. Now this must be a living, operative faith which relies upon the efficacy of Christ's blood, and obtains the influence of the Holy Spirit. By implicit



faith in God we inherit the breastplate that shall protect us from the piercing darts of the evil one. It shall shield us from the deadly thrusts of the wicked one. By using it properly we shall come out more than conquerors.



Christianity today is too broad an institution to look at it from the standpoint of one nation, for it is an international institution, and its influence is felt in every nation under heaven.

Self-knowledge is the first requirement for spiritual advancement, and a realization that we are creatures called out of nothingness by an all-powerful Creator upon whom we depend absolutely constitutes real humility.

Every individual has a portable, spiritual library, in which there are three volumes—the book of memory, the book of conscience and the book containing the secret testimony of his inmost soul as to his standing with God.

The most significant feature today is not the widespread existence of evil, but the organized efforts to check evil; not the regrettable display of avarice, but the determination to protect business interests against over-reaching cupidity.

When a man puts his life into the world he expects to get something for it. No young man is fool enough to imagine that he can think and speak and act and not reap a harvest from his sowing.

The child spirit is the fundamental spirit of the kingdom of God. If we would enter the kingdom of Heaven, it is not necessary for us to be learned, or gifted, or great, or rich, or famous. All of these things may be good enough in their places, but the secret of a bright, wholesome life is the child spirit.

The church is the great altruist among men. She is not to be ministered unto, but to minister to society. She is to feed the multitudes with the bread of life. She is to hold the full cup of living water to the thirsty lips of humanity.



The Sweet Part.—“How sweet to have a friend whom you can trust!”

“Yes, especially if he doesn’t ask you to trust him.”—Sacred Heart Review.

## CIVIC WELFARE CO-OPERATION.

The Housing Committee of the Chicago Woman’s Aid has issued a unique card for public distribution which is deemed a valuable contribution to the health education propaganda.

On one side of the card the following appears:

### The Ten Commandments of Good Citizenship.

1. Thou shalt honor thy city and keep its laws.
2. Remember thy cleaning day and keep it wholly.
3. Thou shalt love and cherish thy children and provide for them decent homes and playgrounds.
4. Thou shalt not keep thy windows closed day or night.
5. Thou shalt keep in order thy alley, thy back-yard, thy hall and stairway.
6. Thou shalt not kill thy neighbor’s bodies with poisonous air, nor their souls with bad companions.
7. Thou shalt not let the wicked fly live.
8. Thou shalt not steal thy children’s right to happiness from them.
9. Thou shalt bear witness against thy neighbor’s rubbish heap.
10. Thou shalt covet all the air and sunlight thou canst obtain.

Complaints and violations of the law should be reported to the Sanitary Bureau of the Board of Health, City Hall.

On the reverse side of the card there appears along with a calendar for 1913 a diagram graphically setting forth these facts:

Good housing promotes: Health, life, mortality, success, ambition.

Bad housing promotes: Failure, stupidity, crime, disease, death.



## TWO FABLES.

(Continued from Page 1446.)

could she rely upon the directors to support her in the control of unruly pupils, if there chanced to be any such among the scholars?

Whereupon the director gander declared that he was not on the witness stand, and declined to be put, as he termed it, upon the inquisitorial rack.

He gave the school to an applicant of the meek and humble order, and rejected the application of the business goose.

“Haec fabula docet”—that what is sauce for the gander is not always sauce for the goose. It also reveals one reason why our schools are filled with misfit teachers.

## HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

### Good Things to Eat for Christmas Dinner and How to Make Them.

Mrs. Frances Bell.

**T**HE woman who does all her own cooking, often finds the Christmas season a burden rather than a pleasure, because of the greater tax upon her culinary powers in providing good things to eat for her family. Quality rather than quantity should be the object sought, and this may be accomplished to better advantage by not attempting too many dishes at one time. The good housewife will thus be less overworked and the whole family healthier and happier as the consequence. Below, two simple menus are given suitable for the Christmas dinner. Either of the two, or part of one and part of the other might be used.

#### Menu No. 1.

Roast Duck.  
Christmas Salad.  
Split Potatoes.  
Turnip Au Gratin.  
Whipped Cream Dessert and  
Angel Cake.  
or Squash Pie.

#### Menu No. 2.

Roast Chicken.  
Cranberry Sauce.  
Mashed Potatoes.  
Escalloped Tomatoes.  
English Plum Pudding and  
Liquid Sauce.  
Celery.

All measurements are taken level. Teaspoons, tablespoons and cups are scraped off level with back of knife.

**Roast Duck:** Pick, singe, remove crop, entrails and oil bag. Wipe, truss, dredge with salt, pepper and flour, and roast with or without stuffing. A bread stuffing may be used or apples cored and quartered. Roast in a hot oven until cooked tender, basting every ten minutes. Have the oven quite hot at first until the fowl begins to brown, then lower the temperature and finish cooking slowly. The time of cooking will depend upon the size and age of the fowl.

**Split Potatoes:** Wash and pare as many potatoes as required. Use sound potatoes of good shape. Cut into halves lengthwise. Cook in boiling salted water until half

done, then brown in a frying pan using one teaspoonful of butter. Use more butter or fat for a larger amount of potatoes as required. Fat which is skimmed off from soup stock is nice for browning potatoes. When done, the potatoes should be a crisp and delicate brown color, delicious to the taste.

**Turnip Au Gratin:** Cut the turnips into cubes, cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, then place in baking dish, cover with medium white sauce, sprinkle with buttered crumbs or grated cheese. Bake fifteen minutes. Minced parsley may be scattered through the turnips when put into the baking dish, if desired, as it adds to the attractiveness of the dish when served.

**Medium White Sauce:** 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 2 level tablespoonfuls of flour, 1 cup of milk and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful of salt. Melt the butter, stir in the flour till smooth, add the milk gradually and cook until the mixture thickens, smoothly. Add the salt last, stirring it in well. The amount of sauce required will depend upon the amount of turnips used.

**Christmas Salad:** Remove the skins from white grapes, cut in halves lengthwise and remove seeds. Remove skin from oranges (may use same amount as grapes or more if preferred) and cut in slices. Take one-half the measure of celery and cut in small pieces. Marinate (mix) with French Dressing, chill thoroughly, and fill nests made of crisp, small lettuce leaves, or arrange in separate mounds on lettuce leaves.

**French Dressing:**  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful of salt,  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoonful of pepper, 3 tablespoonfuls of salad oil, 1 tablespoonful of vinegar and a speck of cayenne or paprika, if desired. Add vinegar slowly to oil, beating thoroughly, or put ingredients all together and beat with Dover beater, or put ingredients in a bottle and shake thoroughly. The dressing must be thoroughly mixed.

**Whipped Cream Dessert:** Partly fill individual serving dishes (sherbet glasses are very nice for this dessert) with sweetened, fresh or canned pineapple cut into small pieces. Mix in a few chopped or broken English walnut meats, and cover with sweetened whipped cream. Garnish with a candied cherry on the top of each serving. Serve with angel cake.



**Angel Cake:** 8 egg whites, 1 teaspoonful, scraped level, of cream of tartar, 1 cup of sugar,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup of flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon of salt, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoonful of vanilla. Sift the flour four times, then mix in the dry ingredients. Beat the whites very stiff and dry, then sift the other ingredients on the egg whites gradually, cutting and folding them in. Do not grease the cake pan. Bake in a moderate oven. Too high a temperature will make the cake tough.

**Squash Pie:**  $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful of sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonfuls of salt,  $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoonful of cinnamon,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  cupfuls of cooked and strained squash, 3 eggs slightly beaten, and 3 scant cupfuls of milk. This amount makes three pies. Mix the dry ingredients together, then add the cooked and strained squash, the beaten eggs and milk and mix well. Bake in a quick oven at first (about ten minutes) to set rim, then decrease heat to a low temperature to finish cooking. Bake until the center is firm.

**Menu No. 2. Roast Chicken:** Pick, singe, remove pin feathers, oil bag, tendons, legs, crop and entrails. Wipe clean, stuff and skewer into shape. Dredge and rub all over with salt, pepper, soft butter and flour. Place on one side on rack in a dripping pan, and roast in a hot oven. When the flour is browned lightly, check the heat and finish baking slowly. A very high temperature continued throughout toughens and dries the outer portions of meat and makes the legs and wings almost indigestible. Turn the roast often and baste frequently with 1-3 cup of butter melted in 1 cup of hot water. A four pound chicken requires about one and one-half hours' roasting.

**Dry Dressing:** 2 cups of stale bread crumbs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of pepper, 1 teaspoonful of thyme, moistened with 1-3 cup of melted butter. Any seasoning preferred may be used in place of the thyme. Moist dressing may be preferred. The recipe is given below.

**Moist Dressing:** 6 slices of bread, 3 tablespoonfuls of melted butter, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 tablespoonful of some sweet herb and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful of pepper. Remove outer part of bread crusts. Break or cut into small pieces and soak in cold water or milk for a few minutes. If the bread is soft it need not soak more than five minutes, but if very dry soak fifteen or twenty minutes. Squeeze out the bread as dry as possible and mix with melted butter and seasoning. May use any seasoning pre-

ferred. For a large fowl it may be necessary to double or treble this recipe.

**Giblet Sauce for Roast Fowl:** Cover the giblets (liver, gizzard and heart) of a fowl with boiling water, heat to the boiling point, then let simmer until tender. Chop the giblets fine, removing all bits of gristle. Pour off the fat from the baking pan to leave about three tablespoonfuls in the pan; add three level tablespoonfuls of flour and stir and cook until well mixed, then add a cup and one-half of broth (in which the giblets were cooked) and stir until boiling. Let boil six minutes. Add the chopped giblets and serve.

**Cranberry Sauce:** Heat two cups of sugar and one cup of water to the boiling point. Add one quart of cranberries, cover the sauce pan and let them come to a boil slowly. Let cook five or ten minutes after boiling begins, with only sufficient stirring to prevent boiling over. Strain, cool and serve. They may also be served without straining, if preferred.

**Escalloped Tomatoes:** 1 quart of tomatoes (canned),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of fine stale bread crumbs, 1 cup of chopped pecan nut meats,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of melted butter, salt and pepper. Stir the melted butter through the bread crumbs. Put a layer in a baking dish, sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper, then with the buttered crumbs and the chopped nuts. Continue the layers until all are used, having the last layer of crumbs. Let cook about twenty minutes.

**English Plum Pudding:** 1 lb. of beef suet, 1 lb. of seeded raisins, 1 lb. currants,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. citron, 2 apples chopped, 1 cup of best brown sugar, 3 cups of grated stale bread, 1 cup of flour, 1 grated nutmeg, 1 tablespoonful of mace, 1 tablespoonful of cinnamon, 4 teaspoonfuls of cream, 6 eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, 1 cup of fruit juice (cherry juice is very good), 1 teaspoonful of salt. Wash the raisins in a colander, and spread on a clean dish towel to remove the water. (If seeded raisins are not used, they must first be stoned and all stems picked off.) Next spread the raisins in a large flat pan and set in a cool oven with the door open, to steam and plump. The currants are to be treated the same as the raisins. When plump, remove from oven and cool. For the bread crumbs use stale bread (one week old) rubbed on a grater until you have three cups full when pressed down. Chop the suet fine, removing all bits of skin and fiber; shave the citron, and roll the fruit in the flour and spices sifted together. The apples should

be chopped also. Each dish of fruit must first be cooled before it is dredged with the flour and spices. Empty all of the ingredients described (the cream, eggs and fruit juice are not added until the pudding is to be cooked) into a large earthen crock and add the sugar. With a large wooden spoon stir until all of the ingredients are well blended, then let stand in the pantry for three or four days, the stirring to be repeated each of the days. This is done so the pudding will be well blended and melted. When ready to cook the pudding, beat the yolks of eggs, add the cream and stir into them all the other ingredients; add the whites of the eggs beaten dry, at the last; also add the fruit juice. Pack the pudding into a pan or dish which has been well buttered and put on a covering of flour. Have ready a large clean square of stout muslin wrung out of as near boiling water as possible; spread over the dish or pan, gather tight, turn upside down, remove the dish and tie the bag tightly and firmly. Set on a rack in a kettle full of boiling water and cook six hours. The pudding must be covered with boiling water and the water must not be allowed to stop boiling. To replenish the water which boils away, boiling water must be at hand. Keep the vessel covered in which the pudding is cooked. Serve with Liquid Sauce. This makes a rich pudding which may be stored as fruit cake. What is left over from the Christmas dinner is very nice when cut into the number of slices desired for each serving as needed, and warmed up by steaming it for a few minutes.

Liquid Sauce: Mix one-half cup of sugar with one level tablespoon of cornstarch, and when thoroughly blended, add gradually, while stirring constantly, one cup of boiling water. Let boil five minutes, remove from the range and add two tablespoons of butter, bit by bit, one teaspoon of vanilla, one-third teaspoon of lemon extract and a few grains of salt.

## WE CAN LEARN FROM A DOG, THINKS THE LOQUACIOUS CONDUCTOR

PEOPLE'S got a lot to learn from dogs. Just 'cause we walk all the time on our hind legs and eat with a spoon is no sign we got dogs beat any. They ain't any mother that'll stick to her boy longer 'n your dog'll stick to you. He'll yelp when you kick him, and look to see if you mean it. He knows you don't. And when you soften up and say, 'All right, old fellow,' he mighty near wags his tail off he's so glad to make up. Just you try that on the next man you meet and see what you get. If you'd try that on your brother or your best chum, you might not get bit on the leg, but you'd get a wallop in the eye. When I been on this car all day, takin' everybody's guff, havin' bankers bark at me like they had hydryfoby, and havin' ladies spittin' at me like mad cats 'cause they hain't got sense enough to get off where they want to, I'm glad I can go home and see my dog, Budge. Say, that dog's got more sense 'n all these folks that don't thank you for doin' nothin.' That dog

Budge'll be waitin' for me with his ear cocked listenin.' Nobody else's feet sounds like mine. An' if my foot was the last one to kick him, he's glad to hear it comin.' I get 'shamed of myself for not treatin' that dog better. He'd put every dollar he had on me if he had money. His little stub tail wiggles 'thankee, thankee,' long 'fore he gets anythin.' He's so tickled when I get him a bone, I wish't I could get him a whole beef. Ain't it a pity human bein's don't feel as good as dogs when somebody does a good turn to 'em? It don't cost nothin' to say 'thank you' like my four-legged Budge does, but I know lots o' two-legged ones too stingy to say it. I'd rather go to where Budge is goin' than twang a harp with them people.

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"You're welcome, ma'am.

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"Watch your step!"



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"Very well," she replied. "I'm sorry you can't come home; but business is business, I suppose. Where are you now?"

"Where am I? In my office, of course. I have had a very busy day."

"It's too bad you have to work so hard, George. But tell me something."

"Yes, dear. What is it?"

"How can you keep your mind on business with the orchestra playing 'Every Little Movement'?"—Kansas City Star.

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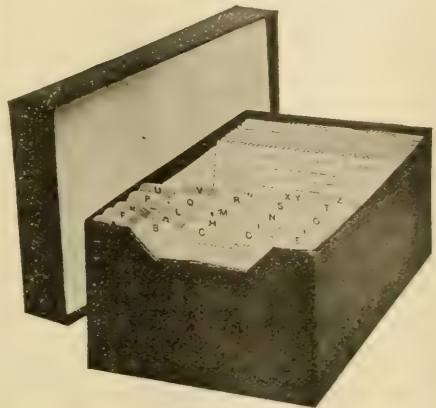
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Mrs. Muggins—"Your husband dresses rather quietly, doesn't he?"

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## Not in Sentence.

"Doesn't your choir sing at the prison any more?"

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## O'Hara's Economy.

O'Hara once saw an advertisement in a street car reading: "Buy your stove at O'Brien's and save half your coal."

"Begorra," he said, "I'll buy two stoves and save all me coal."



## Bunching the Days.

"Didn't I limit you to one moderate drink a day?" asked the doctor, angrily.

"Don't say a word, Doc.," moaned the patient. "It worr all on account of thot Dan Gillis. After Oi'd refused th' second round, Dan says, 'Tim, me b'y, what's th' harm in takin, th' drink ye wuz goin' to take tomorrow an' havin' it wid us right now?'"

"Well, Doc., you see, when we quits Oi'd used up all but a couple o' days of me fourth week."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.



## Enough Was Too Much.

Judge—"Why didn't you stop beating him when he cried 'enough'?"

Sambo—"W'y, ye see, sah, dat niggah is sich a liah ye can't nevah believe 'im."—Judge.



## Both at Once.

A German farmer left his horses unhitched in front of a hardware store in Gary. When he came out, after an interval of half an hour, they were gone. There had been no sound of a runaway, so the farmer surmised that they might have gone home. He telephoned his wife, saying:

"Chaulia, is der horses dere?"

A negative came over the telephone, for he added:

"Nor der vagon, eider?"—Chicago Post.



# THE INGLENOOK

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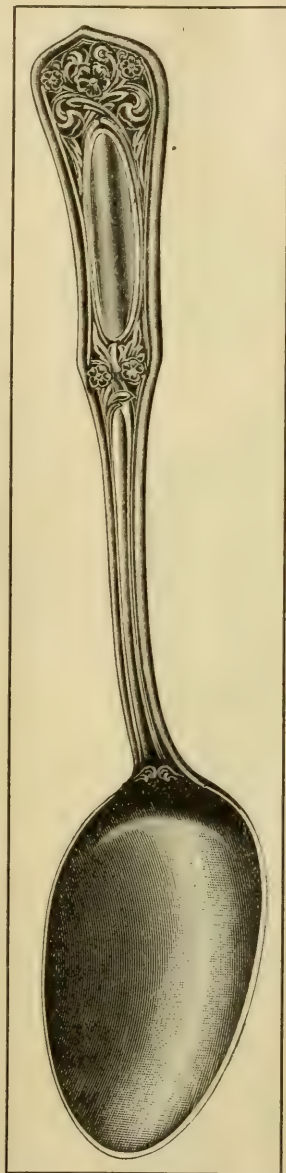
BRETHREN PUBLISHING  
HOUSE  
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

December 31  
1912

Vol. XIV  
No. 53

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# THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIV

December 31, 1912

No. 53

## RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

### Good Roads.

**N**EARLY every reader of the Ingle-nook has heard of the split-log road drag and of its inventor, D. Ward King, but a brief account of its construction may not be out of place. Those who wonder why we are discussing this subject under social progress may refer to the issue of a few weeks ago.

Road drags are constructed of different kinds of material but the original implement was made of a log split into halves. A short description is given in a bulletin of the Department of Agriculture by Mr. King. He says, "The log should be seven or eight feet long and from 10 to 12 inches in diameter, and carefully split down the middle. The heaviest and best slab should be selected for the front. At a point on this front slab 4 inches from the end that is to be at the middle of the road locate the center of the hole to receive a cross stake and 22 inches from the other end of the front slab locate the center for another stake. The hole for the middle stake will lie on a line connecting and halfway between the other two. See figure. The back slab should now be placed in position behind the other. From the end which is to be at the middle of the road measure 20 inches for the center of the cross stake, and 6 inches from the other end locate the center of the outside stake. Find the center of the middle hole as before. When these holes are brought opposite each other, one end of the back slab will lie sixteen inches nearer the center of the roadway than the front one, giving what is known as 'set back.' The holes should be two inches in diameter. Care must be taken to hold the auger plumb in boring these holes in order that the stakes may fit properly. The hole to receive the forward end of the chain should be bored at the same time. The two slabs

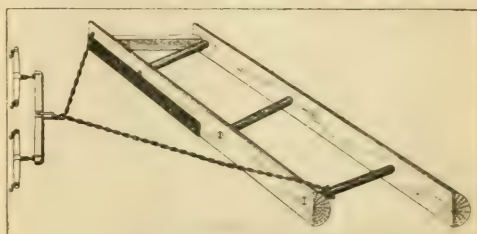


FIG. 2 Perspective view of split-log drag

should be held 30 inches apart by the stakes. Straight grained timber should be used for the stakes, so that each stake shall fit snugly into the two-inch hole when the two slabs are the proper position. The stakes should taper gradually toward the ends. There should be no shoulder at the point where the stakes enter the slabs. The stakes should be fastened in place by wedges only. When the stakes have been placed in position and tightly wedged, a brace two inches thick and four inches wide should be placed diagonally to them at the ditch end."

The illustration will give an idea how the drag is hitched and also notice the strip of iron along the front slab. This furnishes a cutting edge to the drag and should be at an angle sufficiently large to take hold of the earth. Boards placed across the top enable the operator to stand on it when more weight is necessary. A drag may be constructed out of heavy plank also but they must be reinforced at the back so that they will not split. The writer has seen road drags of steel but the principle is the same whatever the material in the construction. Steel drags may be purchased of manufacturers of road tools.

Next week we shall tell how the road drag is used and when to use it.

George Williams.

Sometimes an institution is so big that



Sir George Williams.

we forget about its founder. Such is the case with the Young Men's Christian Association. Sir George Williams of England, was the founder, and we mention his work here because he was a farmer boy, used to hard work and isolation. George was the youngest in the family, having seven brothers. If George enjoyed the privileges of most "youngest sons" he knew what it was to wear out the clothes of the other boys as well as take their teasing. It is said that the teasing of his older brothers gave

him training in repartee and keenness of thinking that was so characteristic of him. He was born near Dulverton, Somerset County in 1821 on a farm and his ancestors for many generations were farmers. In those early days there were few luxuries among the farmers. They lived simply and endured great hardships, at least we would call them great. Wheat bread had not yet come into use and dishes were little used. Depressions were carved into the planks of the table into which the food was put. Every day the tables were thoroughly washed so that, after all is considered, the plan was not so bad as it seems. Those were the days of big puddings and salt pork and wild game. The environment of George Williams was not such as would stimulate moral ideals. At that time men were hanged for sheep stealing. Those of you familiar with the history of England at that period need not be told of the social conditions among the farmers. George was baptized and confirmed in the Church of England, but the church was dead spiritually. The country ministers were not of a very high order. In "Katerfelto," a story by Melville we read the following description of a minister whose parish was not far from the old home of George Williams: "Parson Gale was one of those ecclesiastics who looked upon his preferment and his parish as a layman of the present day looks upon a sporting manor and a hunting box. There were few men between Bodmin and Barnstaple who could vie with the parson in tying a fly, tailing an otter, handling a gamecock, using the fists, cudgelling, wrestling, and on occasion emptying a gallon of cider or a jack of double ale. And to these accomplishments must be added no little skill in doctoring and some practical knowledge of natural history. It is not to be supposed that the Reverend Abner Gale found much time for those classical and theological studies to which he had never shown the slightest inclination." Such was the religious environment of George outside the home. There was another influence which may have had more to do with his later life than anything else. It was that exerted by his mother. In the vicinity of the old Williams home she is remembered as a charming, kindly old lady, always of a sunny disposition and loved by all. She was always willing to help whenever she could. We have not space to tell of how the Y. M. C. A. was started but sufficient has been said to show that the founder grew up from among the lowly of his day. He is one of our pioneer workers.



### Arkansas to the Front.

The proverbially "slow train of Arkansas" may be running a mile or more a minute before long. The farmers are getting awake and are doing things. In the judging contest at the American Royal Fat Stock Show a team from a district agricultural school of Arkansas won third place over teams from the colleges of Kansas and Missouri. At other similar contests they also won prizes.

In a previous issue we mentioned about the new agricultural law in Arkansas. Their system is unique. The State is divided into four divisions, as nearly equal as possible, and an agricultural school is located in each division. These schools are at Jonesboro, Russellville, Magnolia and at Monticello. The legislature of 1909 appropriated \$40,000 to each school and this sum was increased by \$50,000 by each city in which the schools were located. The law provides that each school be governed by a board of five trustees whose term of office is ten years and who are appointed by the governor of the State. The law further stipulates that the trustees must be farmers and that the principal of the school must be a graduate from one of the State agricultural colleges.

The entrance requirements are simple.

The only requirement is that the applicant be fifteen years old. Thus the boy or girl who has not had high school advantages may attend the agricultural schools and become a more intelligent farmer. According to the statistics only a little over one twentieth of the school children of the United States ever go beyond the seventh grade. Thus it will be seen that our educational problem is to reach the ninety-five per cent who, for various reasons, stop with the grades.

These district agricultural schools of Arkansas offer courses in the usual school subjects such as English, mathematics, history, chemistry, biology, physics, pedagogy and in addition a complete course in agriculture. For the girls courses in domestic science, home nursing, home decoration, music and art are offered. The thoroughness of the work is demonstrated by the way in which the students win contests over those of the older and larger institutions.

The Arkansas schools have been running two years and their present enrollment is over one thousand students, which indicates a remarkable appreciation by the public. Besides training the students for better farming these schools make good teachers for the common schools in the country.

## COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

### The Turk to Go at Last.

The Balkan States have dared and their audacity has won. Europe is even now upon the eve of a reckoning between Slav and Ottoman such as has never before been seen. Centuries of repression have made the lines of Balkan evolution different from our own. Deeper hatred for greater wrongs, a keener instinct to fight, and a more reckless expenditure of life have characterized this six weeks' war in the Near East than we of the West can clearly understand. It is perfectly clear now even to solemn ineffective European diplomacy that there can be no prosperity or peace in Macedonia or Albania without something which at least approaches autonomy. In both these states Christian populations have been the victims of persecutions, which Europe, to its disgrace, has permitted to go on for generations. That the Christians may have retaliated in savage fashion does not alter the fact that the reforms which were demanded from Constan-

tinople and promised by the Porte were put off because of the jealousies of the great powers, and are now made possible only by the gallantry of the little states themselves. The task of European statecraft is now to discover some formula,— "autonomy," or what not,—which shall secure the freedom of these unhappy provinces.

There is always present the danger of a general European war arising from the impossibility of agreement over what shall be done with the inheritance of the Turk when he has been expelled from Europe. The dream of Serbia ever since it became a nation has been to secure an outlet on the Adriatic. Landlocked as she has heretofore been, surrounded by hostile neighbors, who not only held up at the frontier supplies for her army in time of war, but enacted hostile tariffs against her in time of peace, the little kingdom of the Serbs has for many years dreamt of an Adriatic seaport. But Serbia's big neighbor, Austria-Hun-

gary, has marked out the province of Novi Bazar as hers because it is the way to Salonica, which she regards as her rightful inheritance. She has moreover come to some understanding with Germany and Italy in accordance with which the shores of the Adriatic are to be forever barred to the Slav powers. Serbia, therefore, must be denied a seaport on the Adriatic or the Ægean. With the Servian army marching upon Durazzo, and Austria issuing warnings from Vienna and mobilizing her forces, it was this sharp clash of interests that constituted the danger point in the general European situation last month. This clash was seen to be dividing Europe into two camps. The Triple Alliance is generally favorable to Austria's contention, while the Triple Entente (Great Britain, France and Russia) are opposed to anything which will rob the Balkan States of the fruits of their victory.—From "The Progress of the World," in the American Review of Reviews for December.



#### The Peace Conference at London.

Representatives from Turkey and from the Balkan states, including Greece, though Greece has not as yet signed the armistice, began arriving at London by December 12, but the peace conference was not formally opened until the 16th. Sir Edward Grey, British foreign minister, who was elected honorary president of the conference, made a speech of welcome to the delegates which seemed to recognize the growing values of the Balkan nationalities. The Greeks and the Turks have continued their naval warfare before the Dardanelles.



#### Record Kansas Crop Results.

The Kansas Board of Agriculture has issued its final summary of the State's agricultural output for the year 1912, which shows that all previous agricultural records were surpassed this year. The value of farm crops and live stock aggregated \$580,155,476, or about \$40,000,000 more than in 1910—the best prior year—and \$46,000,000 in excess of 1911. The increases are mainly in the field crops, which eclipsed all other years in value through the coincidence of good yields and good prices. Kansas has experienced years when yields were larger and prices lower, and years when yields were smaller and prices higher, but the elevated average of both products and values has been the notable feature of 1912. The value of this year's field crops is placed at

\$227,834,650, or \$55,000,000 more than last year and nearly \$13,000,000 in excess of the best preceding record, made in 1909. As suggesting something of the changed and changing conditions it may be pointed out that this year's wheat, corn and oats have a combined value aggregating more than the total worth of all field crops in 1902 and \$6,000,000 more than the value of all farm products in 1892—twenty years ago.



#### The Gould Wedding.

Thousands of men and women everywhere are interested to learn of the prospective marriage of Helen Miller Gould, the daughter of the late Jay Gould, and a woman who has devoted her talents and her money to the service of society. A Lakewood, N. J., dispatch, carried by the Associated Press, says: "Announcement of the engagement of Miss Helen Miller Gould of New York to Finley J. Shepard, a prominent railroad man of St. Louis, was made at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould here. It was said the announcement of the time and place of the wedding would be withheld for the present. Mr. Shepard has long been prominently identified with railroad and financial matters of the West. He is at present assistant to the president of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, with headquarters at St. Louis. Mr. Shepard is forty-five years old and the son of a Connecticut minister who died recently. He has been in railroad work since 1889. Before entering the service of the Gould lines he was with the Northern Pacific and Santa Fe. When B. F. Bush, president of the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain lines, was chosen president of the Denver & Rio Grande in January, 1912, Mr. Shepard was selected as his assistant, and recently his appointment as assistant to President Bush on the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain, with jurisdiction over all departments, was announced. Upon the death of her father, Jay Gould, in 1892, Helen Gould, then twenty-four years old, inherited a fortune of about \$10,000,000. It has been estimated that by investment she has trebled this fortune, and at the same time devoted fully half of her time to benefactions which brought her into world prominence. She began her benefactions during the Spanish-American war, when she gave time and again several hundred thousands of dollars to the relief of sick and wounded soldiers, for which she received the thanks of Congress. In 1899 she led the woman's movement for the unseating of Brigham H. Roberts, congressman from Utah, as a move against polygamy.



# EDITORIALS

## Understanding.

"It is the understanding that sees and hears; it is the understanding that improves everything, that orders everything, and that acts, rules, and reigns."—Epicharmus.

Understanding is a broad term. We speak of a thing making sense or not making sense as we understand it. The schoolboy sees no sense in an example until he understands it, then it is just as clear as can be; at home the average boy does not see the reason why his father forbids him certain privileges until he understands that back of the paternal order is a reason working for the boy's own good; the business man sees no use in putting his money into a "scheme" until he thoroughly understands the proposition; and thus the world goes on.

But understanding is not limited to those actions that only better our own condition; the scope is far greater if we understand understanding; it should include the better feelings that make us more charitable, more sympathetic, more ready to give encouragement where that encouragement is really needed.

A teacher once had trouble with a boy in his high-school English work. He could not seem to grasp ideas of correction. A mistake corrected one day was again in evidence the next and the teacher was puzzled. "Why do you not look into his surroundings outside of school?" she was asked. She did so and found that what little English he heard was very broken—he was of a German family—and he had nobody at home to correct him when he erred. Then she understood, and with that understanding she was better able to work with him. In other words, she could put herself in his place and be able to look at it from his standpoint. Kipling has said in his poem, "If We Only Understood:"

"Could we judge all deeds by motives,  
See the good and bad within,  
Often we should love the sinner  
All the while we loathe the sin;

"Could we know the powers working  
To o'erthrow integrity,  
We should judge each other's errors  
With more patient charity."



## Meat Eaters.

In a sermon on "Farm Brawn to Brain," Jenkin Lloyd Jones, pastor of All Souls'

Church, Abraham Lincoln Center, Chicago, gave the following defense of meat eating:

"It is the duty of every man and beast to serve the advance column or to get out of its way. Herein lies the solution of the vegetarian's scruples and the scientist's daring use of vivisection. The mere avoidance of meat diet does not on that account relieve the eater from the charge of 'living on his fellows.' Every mouthful of bread reeks with vicarious blood. All life rests on sacrifice of life.

"It is the responsibility of intelligence to utilize, not waste the lower forms of life upon which the higher forms rest, and by the use of wit it is possible to enhance the joy of living, increase the ecstasy of life that contributes to the living.

"Death is inevitable to all forms of life. In the wilderness of nature but few animals die of old age. Birds or beast soon or late die the tragic death of starvation or on the battlefield. But the domestic animals, the lives of the fowl, the swine and the kine of the barnyard, are fostered, sheltered and their joy of living greatly intensified by the thoughtful hands of those who breed and feed them, that life might come more abundantly and the world be brought more and more under the domination of brains, the direction of mind, the organ of soul."



## Cooley Blames State for Neglecting Youth.

That the state is responsible in many instances for the criminal and vagabond classes because it neglects the training along vocational lines of youths between 14 and 18 years, from whom these preying classes are recruited, was the declaration of Edwin G. Cooley of Chicago, before the convention of the American Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education.

"The increase of vagabonds and criminals," Mr. Cooley said, "is due to society's neglect of the boys and girls during the period of adolescence. The state cannot afford to spend money for high schools and colleges and neglect the 90 per cent of its young people who leave school between the age of 14 and 18 and enter vocational life. If the preservation of the state is the object to be attained by the establishment of public schools, then vocational training to those who either chose to or must go to work is equally important. The state should look after its future farmer artisan and mechanic as well as its professional man."

Continuation schools for these boys and

girls who are forced to leave school at an early age were also advocated by the speaker, whose suggestion as to the control of these schools was that while educational men must have a place on the controlling boards, the majority of the board should be made up of practical men.

"Labor unions should be educated not to view vocational schools as a menace to themselves and a method of furnishing cheap labor to the employer, but to view the schools as an aid to themselves in turning out for them skilled assistants."



### The Waning Cedar Tree.

The wood for all the lead pencils in the world comes from this country, and a great part of it is cut in the Ozark hills of Missouri. One variety of wood, red cedar, is used for lead pencils. Many other different kinds of wood have been tried, but none was satisfactory. The red cedar of the Ozark hills possesses all the qualities needed in a lead pencil. Wood that will warp in drying will not do for a lead pencil, and red cedar never warps. Wood that has a coarse grain will not do, either, because a prime requisite of lead pencil wood is that it be very fine grained and just hard enough and just the right degree of brittleness to cling close to the lead and to whittle easily. The heart of the red cedar has all these requisites, and it has another that no other wood has, and that is a pungent, pleasant odor.

In Branson, Mo., on the banks of the White River, is a mill that cuts cedar logs into proper lengths for lead pencils. The cedar grows on the rocky hillsides all through the White River district of Missouri. They are small, stunted trees, seldom reaching a diameter of more than one foot at the butt. The logs are either hauled to the railroad and sent to the mill or floated in rafts down the river. At the mill the logs are first cut lengthwise by circular saws into planks. These are cut into right lengths for lead pencils and those chunks go into the hands of men who, with circular saws, rip them up into what are called "slats."

Only the red heart of the log is used. The white sapwood is thrown away. The slats are each of the same thickness, a trifle over an eighth of an inch, and of the same length, seven and a quarter inches, but they vary in width from seven-eighths of an inch to two and three inches, according to what the clear, sound wood in the plank will allow.

These slats are bound in bundles and sent to New York, where the greater part are worked up into lead pencils and the remainder goes to lead pencil factories in Germany and other European countries.

The mill in Branson ships enough slats each day to make a quarter of a million pencils and there are about fifteen other mills in five different States that are in the same business. The mill in Branson is one of the smallest of them all, although it employs forty persons.

In the factories where the pencils are finished the slats go through a machine that smooths the side that is to be glued to another half, that planes the hexagon or round outside half, and that cuts the groove in which lead is to lie. Another machine applies the glue and then the lead is dropped in and the two halves of wood are pressed together until dry.



### Doing Things.

"Now I couldn't possibly do the things you do," one young woman was saying to another who happened just then to be managing a large fair. "You just plunge ahead and manage or talk or sing or do whatever needs to be done and everybody is pleased. But I was not made for leadership. My place is in the background."

The competent young woman looked surprised. "Why," she said, "I never do anything without feeling terribly self-conscious and trembling all over and thinking everybody's eyes are upon me. And after I've done anything I always think it has been a terrible failure, unless someone takes pity on me and tells me it has not."

"But I always thought," answered the friend after a moment of silent astonishment, "that you did things so easily."

"I guess everybody thinks that of everybody else," answered the competent woman, out of the wisdom of her wide experience.

If we could enter deep into the counsels of leaders we should nearly always find this same thing to be true. They are not men born without their share of sensitiveness. They are merely men who are brave enough to put self behind them and go ahead in spite of their feelings, and so things are done in the world which otherwise would lie till doomsday untouched. Everybody thinks everybody else can do things easily. Half the wrongs in the world could be righted if the people who are able but hold back would only pitch in.



# TALKS WITH PARENTS

## The Price of Selfishness and Ignorance. Sacrificing the Infant.

**S**INCE the great agitation about impure milk for infants the tendency has been to lay every death that occurs before the second year or even during that period, to that cause. There has been much publicity given unscrupulous milk producers and dealers who are willing to endanger the lives of innocent children by selling dangerous milk, and it is to be regretted that the law has not reached the last offender, but there are other causes responsible for the death of babies! There is the great drug evil, which will one day be checked by law, if public sentiment fails to reach it. And there is the insanitary conditions in tenements, and all the other things that add to the work of the undertaker, and make infant mortality something to make even the most callous alarmed.

While the danger from dirty milk is very great and not a bit of the agitation should be given up, there is an apparently innocent practice among mothers, particularly young mothers, that results directly in death to their children.

## The Reason of Little Graves.

Some time ago a woman was remarking about the great number of little graves in a country churchyard, and she could not understand why, with fresh air, pure milk and sanitary conditions, as she had seen them in many farmhouses, the babies died in almost as great proportion as in cities. "You just wait until next week," remarked her country friend sagely, "and you'll know the reason." She would not explain, but when the next week came the city friend was enlightened, though no one said a word on the subject.

It was county fair week, and one glance at the tired babies carried from early morning till late in the afternoon in warm arms told her the story of some little graves in the churchyard. The babies were fed pop corn, peanuts, soft drinks, and anything else for sale, because they cried for it, and were handled and admired and tossed about by friends and relatives, until worn to the verge of exhaustion. Most county fairs are big reunions, and the noise and excitement were intense that day. Dust added to the discomfort, so that grown people who were healthy and well went home tired to death—and the babies suffered most of all!

## Amusement-Mad Parents.

Are the mothers to have no amusement? is the cry everywhere. Surely, we have gone amusement-mad in these days, judging by the way mothers drag helpless children about, seeking pleasure. Must the poor mother stay at home always, just because she happens to have a baby? Well, if she goes often enough and stays long enough, she may soon be in a position to need no one's sympathy, for babies have a habit of dying, if over tasked to give their mothers pleasure. There are hundreds of cases where the mother complacently lays the blame for her child's death upon the milk supply, when in reality she is directly responsible for losing it. Somehow, it looks to experienced mothers as if their younger sisters are willing to pay a costly price for their amusements, when they take their little ones out in all kinds of weather and to all kinds of things.

A woman who lived close enough to a picture show could hardly contain herself, as night after night she saw little children wheeled to the entrance and taken into the place. The little go-carts were left outside in the cold in winter, and presently a very warm baby, overheated from the hot, stuffy air within, was tucked into the icy bedding or robes and taken off to the next show. Often young fathers and mothers made the round of the four shows the town boasted, three or four times each week, or whenever new pictures were obtained, and it is presumed that they felt sorry there were only four places of entertainment in the town. If the fathers and mothers were really suffering for amusement, and had to see the picture shows, it would seem that one of them could stay at home with the sleeping children, while the other made the rounds.

## Small Town Sins.

People in cities are usually pitied because their children have so few chances for fresh air and enjoyment, but it is a rare thing to see children dragged about in cities as they are in small towns. Nearly every town has a particular "night" when the entire population may be seen on the streets, and it is then that the babies suffer. Perhaps a band concert, or flower show, or pumpkin exhibition draws the people to the business portion of the town, there to stand and gossip and listen—and the babies gasp for breath on the hot nights, or shiver on the cool ones!

Tucked into a jolting cart or bundled in a fashionable buggy, the poor little mortals are hemmed in by a wall of petticoats, and no fresh air sinks down to the sweltering mortal. Then the protesting little mortals are carried into ice cream parlors and places where soda is dispensed and treated liberally to unwholesome things. There are mothers who savagely shake the wee tots when they weep, and call upon sympathetic friends to witness that a mother has no pleasure whatever—but they never stop to consider the helpless innocents. The noise, the excitement, the staying up long after bedtime, and the unwholesome air, will cause the most patient and the healthiest infants to fret and weep. But by scolding and threatening and bribing with candy, the mothers manage to remain on the street till 10 or 11 o'clock, and next day when the baby is sick the milkman gets a lecture and the incident is closed. If the child dies, its death is laid to every cause under the sun but the right one—and the mother treats the next baby in the same fashion!

At the various lodge and church socials, excursions, picnics and other social gatherings, there is always to be seen a sprinkling of babies who would be much better off at home. Just to look at the sweltering Sunday excursionists crammed into dirty coaches on their way for a few hours' visit to some summer resort, makes the sane person think they deserve all they get in the way of trouble—but when they take babies with them, then the law should put a stop to it.

Last summer a thin, tired mother, with a twin on each hip, followed by a tired looking man with lunch baskets and two more children in tow, was remonstrated with by a woman who pitied the poor, sick children made ill by heat, weariness and exposure to the crowds and this is the answer she received, as the tired mother burst into tears: "Seems like nobody wants a poor mother to have a bit of pleasure! You're the third woman that's told me today I ought to have kept the children at home. I'm all discouraged."

#### **Ignorance to Blame.**

And it isn't only the poor and the ignorant mothers who sacrifice their babies. Over the country in clouds of dust you can see the children whirled along in automobiles, and careless nurse girls when sent to take the baby for an airing allow the poor infants to lie with upturned faces in the blazing sun. They are taken on pleasure

trips in railway coaches, exposed to all sorts of dangers, and every new fad that makes its appearance is tried upon them—especially when it runs along the line of pleasure.

Against the advice of their physician, a young father and mother made a trip in the heat of summer to his old home, to show off their baby, and on the way home it was exposed in a train to a case of diphtheria, and died the next day after reaching home. They thought diphtheria was a winter disease and it would be perfectly safe to go in summer, even when their family doctor said that the best place for any baby at any season was at home. The young man thought he had been working very hard and needed a pleasure trip, while the mother felt that she should not sacrifice all pleasures to the well-being of the baby. But maybe the next baby will not be any better cared for, if it ever comes.

There is too much self-pity among young parents at present, for the good of children, and doctors and nurses are trying to counteract it in vain. Whenever a young mother sits down to pity herself that she is "tied down at home forever" with a baby, that particular baby is in grave danger.

#### **Do Your Babies Justice.**

Bringing up children properly is no easy task, and the girl who does not want her pleasures interfered with had better stay single. Then she can go to everything there is to attend, and will not have it on her conscience that she is endangering anyone's life. But if she elects to marry and children come, she should be womanly enough and motherly enough to consider her responsibility and accept it. If picture shows and parties, and the circus, and the county fair, and Sunday excursions are absolutely necessary to her health and happiness, she should at least leave the helpless infants at home. But if she will drag them about to their destruction she can at least be truthful and take the blame for the needless little grave in the cemetery, and not blame everything but herself for her loss.—An Ohio Farm Woman.—Farm and Home.



Sure Sign.—"It's almost certain that she'll marry that good-for-nothing chap."

"Has the engagement been announced?"

"Not yet. But they'll get married all right."

"What makes you think so?"

"Her mother and father have both started in to knock him."—Detroit Free Press.



# PRACTICAL ECONOMY

Mary A. U. Way

**W**HEN I was young I used to advise young people, just starting for themselves, to be moderate; not so ambitious as to injure their health and that of their children in their efforts to gain a living.

I knew a family in which the young mother, who, in her efforts to succeed as she had known success in her father's house, always worked very hard. Of the six children who grew to mature life (two died in infancy) not one had a good physical constitution. The oldest daughter took so much care of younger children, that although one of the loveliest of God's children, she was very delicate and died in the prime of life.

These things made me see the necessity of young mothers taking care of themselves, preserving their health as their capital in stock, upon which to build their future success. And perhaps that is yet right, as so many young people are too young when married to endure hardships.

But when they are twenty-five or thirty,

I say,—use the faculties God has given you. Work hard and save some money. You know not how long you may live after you are unable to make much headway in the financial world. If you get weary, stop and rest, it will not take long now. After you get old you cannot rest so soon. You may not be able to make things move as you once did.

Formerly there were more opportunities than at present for a man to turn a penny for his own benefit. Some men accumulated wealth by buying cheap land and holding it until its value became known.

There is now every kind of chance for work and every kind of work. People must learn to save a part of their earnings. It matters not how much we get, if we spend it all we have none left. But live plainly and good and lay by a little every year, either by extending the business or otherwise. Once a business is established, even a small one, and there are no debts, perseverance will bring success.

# ONE NEW YEAR PARTY

Mrs. Ida M. Kier

**O**H, that New Year party! It still lives in the memories of those who attended it, as one bright, golden spot in their existence. It was at a country home. The hostess had invited the elderly people of the entire neighborhood, and in her invitations, had requested them to come attired as children. And they did.

The rooms were simply decorated, with evergreen, which gave them a delightful "woody" appearance. Toys, in plenty, were scattered about, and immediately upon their arrival, the guests were given a part in some childish game.

It was indeed amusing to see the dignified lawyer, the doctor, and the minister, indulging in the youthful pastimes. But the hearty way in which they entered into the spirit of the games, and the loud, happy peals of laughter, showed how much they enjoyed the old, but not forgotten pleasures of their childhood days.

And, then, just before supper, came the "horn hunt."

As many horns as there were guests had been hidden in various nooks and corners of the rooms. Each guest was given the end of a cord, with instructions to follow it. The cords were wound in and out of the rooms, over and under articles of furniture; round the stair railings and table legs, and what fun to see those staid men and matrons climb, and tumble, and laugh, in their efforts to follow the strings.

A blast on the horn denoted that someone had been successful, and after the last one had been found, the jolly crowd seated themselves at supper.

Tablecloths were spread on the floor, and in true childish fashion, did the grownups do full justice to the cakes, red apples, nuts, popcorn, and two large punch bowls filled with lemonade and sweet cider.

And after the merry meal was over, a

hush fell on all assembled, as they waited for the most important event of the evening.

The hostess slipped to the door, which she held wide open, that the old year might depart, and the New Year enter.

The advent of the New Year was met with a blast from all the horns in concert, and then the "old children" joined hands, and sang "Auld Lang Syne," in voices far from

childish, but none the less musical and sweet.

And then after the "Happy New Year" wishes, all departed for their homes carrying in their hands, dainty calendars, souvenirs from the hostess, and in their hearts, an undying memory of this one night; a thankfulness for the opportunity of being, if only for an hour, that which we all so fondly desire to be: "just a child again."

## A THOUGHT FOR THE YEAR

Mary I. Senseman

**A**RE you bigger than you were a year ago? Ah! yes, I know you are. Wherever you are, in shop, in kitchen, in schoolroom or pulpit, in a wind-swept country field or on a bed of sickness, you are bigger than you were a year ago. Whoever you are, you are one of the toilers of the earth. And I want to extend to you a hand of fellowship, to look into your eyes, to tell you, "You are bigger than you were a year ago."

How do I know? Because it's one of God's laws that everything should grow. You—there,—you with doubt on your face, are asking me to prove it. You say that nature herself denies it, for every creature, every particle of matter, has its age of decline, death and decay.

Those are but stages of growth. I am alive because each microscopic cell of my body is continually disintegrating. When this body dies and returns to its earthly element, some other form of matter will develop therefrom. And the I of my being will still be growing.

You, with your insurmountable hardships, you have been growing all the year. Do you contradict me, declaring that you have not gained an inch, that everything looks darker than it did a year ago, that you almost lose your grip on things sometimes? You have had wonderful growth. The obstacles have developed in your meekness and patience and mercifulness; they have softened the light of your eyes and have kept you pliable beneath the Master's hand.

And you, who live in a turmoil and a rush and a fever from week's end to week's end, knowing scarcely an hour as your own, you are growing day by day. Take a minute, now and then, to note your growth. It is more important than the growth of your business. Notice whether there is equilibrium between the creation and the expendi-

ture of your nervous energy. If the latter is in excess your growth is continuing, but it is sickly and stunted.

And the girl with the wide-open brown eyes, she who has never known toil nor sorrow except as she has seen it or been told of it, who has been protected from every storm, light permeates the fibres of her being. Growth has been painless and unconscious, and when the time comes for her to use her strength it will be found abundant for the task.

To you, who are in another class: you have had sorrow, but your life was too bitter for sorrowing; you have been tempted, and, in the same spirit of bitterness, you have fallen. To forget, you threw yourself into the mad whirl of vice. And, if you see my hand held out to you, you snarl, and you laugh with no mirth. But you have grown. You hate sin more than you did a year ago. If you loved this terrible thing in which you have enveloped yourself, do you know that, instead of snarls, you would give me smiles? Instead of having cold, staring eyes and a face like a mask, your eyes would sparkle and your face be soft and dimpling,—if you loved what you are doing? So you have grown to hate more and more, and to hate a thing is to be farther away from it.—My hand is still outstretched.

Do we know how to grow faster? We know the rule for physical growth, do we not? "More exercise, and more food to replace the increased waste." According to that statement, if I exercise a hand, that hand has a tendency to increase in strength; if I exercise my brain, that organ becomes more alert. Very good, but let us find a point of contact and outline a definite method of work.

All that exercise actually does is to increase the rapidity and depth of one's



respirations. Physiologically, we call that form of respiration the external; while inside of us, in each organ, each cell, is internal respiration proceeding according to the vital wisdom that is in each tissue, without our voluntary control.

The physiological facts which I state in the above paragraph and in the one following were explained to me by a friend, and I pass them on as a common incident having unlimited usefulness.

Breathing is the only function of the body that is under immediate control of the will. Its progress as a habit continues because the nerve centers are being irritated by poisonous products cast into the blood stream by the cells. Now, by means of these interrelated processes, I can affect my respiration by my thoughts, and I can likewise affect my thoughts by my respiration. So that, by purposeful, generous thinking, I can bathe my tissues with an

accelerated, purified blood current. On the other hand, hate and fear and all other forms of selfishness contract the capillaries, unbalance the circulation, cause an increase of poisonous products in the blood, and consequently retard the growth of my whole being.

Breathe as if you loved to and it will soothe the heart and regulate the flow of blood in its tiny channels. Breathe as if you had all courage, and you will realize that your hand is in God's. Breathe with the abdomen, calmly, deeply, and your voice will be sweet and strong. Breathe right, and your great, inner, subconscious self will respond with power of which you never dreamed. Use this power as you become conscious of it. Use is one's spiritual external respiration. Use the power every waking hour, and who can conceive of the magnitude of the vital force which animates the tissues of your soul?

## BACK TO THE STONE-PILE AND MOTHER

Lula Dowler Harris

**E**VER the paths await the feet  
Eager for scenes unknown,  
Fair and faint are the windings fleet,  
Running from zone to zone;  
But when they have failed and weary  
grown,  
Backward they turn to rest  
Where hearts find peace and love, its own  
The old home hills are best."

"Will you kindly lower my window, sir?"  
The speaker was a neatly dressed young lady, a passenger on an east-bound express.

The person addressed was a middle-aged man who occupied the seat in front of her. A warm wind had been blowing from the south all day but with nightfall came a stiff breeze from the north. Snow was falling in great feathery flakes giving promise of a white Christmas. Passengers smiled at each other and soon cheerful conversation was heard all over the car with an occasional peal of laughter. Most of the passengers were homeward bound to spend their holidays.

The young lady leaned forward and soon the man in front of her adjusted his luggage and turning half way around the two settled themselves for a friendly chat.

"Yes," said the young lady, "I am very anxious to get home. I have been teaching in Tacoma the last year but I got so

homesick when I thought of Christmas and all it would mean to me to see the old home and the faces of my dear ones that I told the superintendent that I would not be back after the holidays. I did very well until I thought of them all enjoying their Christmas and poor little me away off there all alone in the northwest corner of the world and I just couldn't stay away. Oh! I am so glad I'll be at home for Christmas. May I ask if you, too, are homeward bound?"

A smile lit up the man's face as he said, "Yes, I am going home too. I went to Kansas twenty years ago, and I too am homesick for the old hills and mother's face. I was born and raised in western Pennsylvania among the foothills of the Alleghany Mountains. As a lad I learned adventure. I read books of travel, I reveled in western tales. I dreamed about the future when I should be a man. Then I meant to obey Horace Greeley's command: 'Go West, young man.'

"The old farm seemed nothing but hill-sides, and when I was tired trudging along behind the plow, barefooted, and the plowshare striking a stone would send me reeling from side to side I would call the old farm all the bad names I knew. I was al-

ways complaining to my mother about the old stone-pile. That is what I called the farm. I used to coax her to sell out and she and I would go West together. My father was dead and I was an only child.

"No, Robert," she would say. "I was born here, and here I mean to die."

"We barely made a living from the soil. Mother kept a cow and a few chickens and had it not been for them we could have scarcely made ends meet."

"I longed so for a change. Life seemed so monotonous. When I was twenty-one I married the daughter of our nearest neighbor. We had been sweethearts from childhood."

"We had planned to go West just as soon as we could raise the necessary funds."

"A friend, a neighbor lad and his wife, had gone to Kansas the year before and staked out a claim. Letters came urging us to come out at once. Land was being staked out daily and if we wanted near them the sooner we were on the ground the better."

"Come," they said, "if you have to borrow the money." My father-in-law lent us the money and, full of hope, we turned our faces towards the setting sun.

"We traveled in an emigrant's wagon as people were accustomed to do in those days. It was early spring and the ground was soft and our heavy wagon with its team of old farm horses made slow progress."

"Everything went along fairly well until we reached what I now believe was Northwestern Kentucky—I would give anything I have in this world to be sure about the exact location."

The speaker paused, looked out of the car window, and I thought I saw a tear run down his sunburned cheek.

"We had stopped for the night. I was busy gathering wood for a fire. Edith, my wife, was making preparations to cook our evening meal. At supper I noticed she ate sparingly and talked but little. For a day or two her left hand had been hurting her and that night I noticed it was swollen and red; angry-looking streaks extended up her arm to the elbow. I bathed the parts with a lotion we had brought along but it did not relieve the pain. With nightfall she grew feverish and delirious. I resolved to ride back about eight miles to a little village we had passed through and secure a doctor. Leaving my sick wife alone, but for God and the stars, I rode as fast as my tired horse could go. I found the only doctor in the town was a woman. She did not hesitate when I told her my story but prepared

herself for the journey. I saw she was armed. Her horse was fresh and I told her as near as I could the location of our wagon and bade her hurry as fast as possible and I would follow as fast as I could. As I urged my tired horse forward I had plenty of time to think. I wished, how I wished to be back on the old stone-pile with mother. I felt if Edith died I would be the cause of her death. Had I been satisfied to stay in Pennsylvania, she would have gladly consented. It was for love of me that she had left home and friends; it was for love of me that she was lying out there alone but for God and the stars."

"Before I reached the wagon I saw a light moving about as if carried by someone. I knew the doctor was there and I prayed as I never prayed before nor since for God to spare my darling's life."

"When I drew near enough to be heard I shouted to let them know it was I."

"The doctor came towards me as I dismounted."

"Oh! how is my wife?" I cried.

"Coming nearer she said, 'It is all over, I was just in time.'"

"Oh, my God! Edith is not dead!" I cried.

"For answer she took me by the hand as if I had been a child and leading me to the wagon, bade me look for myself."

"The outline of a rigid form beneath a sheet told the cruel truth."

"I cannot describe the agony I endured that night. Grief dulled my intellect. My brain seemed numb. I could think of nothing but my great loss. The doctor asked me what disposition I meant to make of the body. It seemed she was not talking to me. I could not realize that it was I who was in such great trouble. The doctor stayed all night and with the light of day the light of reason dawned again. With the doctor's kind assistance I constructed a rude box from some boards taken from the bottom of the wagon. I dug the grave myself while the tears blinded my eyes, rolling down my cheeks and falling on the upturned sod."

"When the body was lowered the doctor asked me to walk a half mile to the north and return. I obeyed her and when I returned a small mound of black loam marked the place where Edith lay."

"The doctor had spared me all she could, for who can hear the clods fall on a loved one's casket without feeling the heart strings stretching almost to breaking?"

"I have always been glad that there was no male doctor in that little village. I



fear he would have left me alone with my dead and had such been the case I surely would have joined Edith ere the morning light.

"I had no means of marking the grave and when I returned in the fall to remove the body no trace of it could be found. That is why I said I would give anything I have to know the location of our wagon that night.

"I did not know whether to turn back or go on. I lingered by the grave next day. Another wagon passed. Craving companionship I hastily harnessed my team and joined the emigrants at their evening meal.

"I finally reached my destination. My friends were shocked and grieved at the story I had to tell. I commenced work at once on my homestead. I had little interest and no heart in my work.

"I had written the sad news to my friends back home. Mother urged me to return. I longed to go but felt I must not return until I could cancel my indebtedness to Edith's father.

"What with poor crops, grasshoppers and drought that time seemed far away.

"I did not tell mother all my troubles, but with a mother's instinct she read between the lines.

"Carefully folded between the pages of my letters I often found bank notes that I

knew my mother could ill afford to spare.

"But I was in such sore need I used it thinking to repay it all when my luck turned."

As I looked at his well-groomed figure, noted the gold watch and chain, gold glasses and the elegant Gladstone bag on the seat by his side, I thought surely your luck did turn. I listened eagerly for the finish of the story.

"One morning," he continued, "I was blue and homesick. I was busy preparing my morning meal in my little eight by ten shack when I heard the sound of horses' feet outside. I opened the door to find three men dismounting from their horses. After greeting me they asked to come inside as they wished to interview me in regard to a business proposition. To make a long story short they were men prospecting for oil. They were commissioned to buy all the land bordering on Bender Creek and its tributaries. I found out later that oil had been found floating on the waters of that creek.

"My farm bordered the main branch. The offer they made me for my land almost took my breath away. This was last Thursday. I sold out root and branch, and am now on my way to spend Christmas on the old stone-pile with mother."

## THE DISCONTENTED HEIFER

*A Parable*

Paul Mohler

### Part I.—The Parable.

**O**NCE there was a farmer who worked a model farm. This farmer kept many cows and took special pains to provide them with the best of pasture. For them he sowed the best of grasses on well prepared soil from which he was careful to remove all useless and harmful weeds. Naturally, his herd of cattle grew and prospered, never knowing a day of real hunger nor any want that was not supplied. The whole farm presented only scenes of peace and plenty.

On a neighboring farm it was not so. Its owner was careless of his pasture land. He did not use proper care in sowing, nor did he destroy the weeds. As a consequence, there was much foxtail, plantain, ragweed and thistle in his pasture, and his cows were compelled to search for good grass

among all of these. There were even poisonous plants allowed to grow and some cattle had been made very sick by eating them. Naturally, the best of them were but a lean and hungry set, discontented and willing enough to break out in the hope of finding something better. Only the weak and ignorant ones were content to stay, imagining that they were well favored because their range was wide.

There was a fence between these two pastures, but in spite of that the more ambitious ones, looking from their field of weeds across into that other field of timothy and clover, were driven by their hunger to break across the fence. So persistent were their efforts and so sorry was the good farmer for their misery that he kindly let them stay. Indeed, he sought them for

his own and gave them all they wished. What a happy change for them!

But now a strange thing happened. On this model farm, there was a fine young heifer that had never been off the place. She had always had the best of food and every care; but she was not satisfied. She knew there were many plants of which she had never tasted; she could see them in the other field. Why, in their pasture lot she

could hardly ever find even a bunch of wild onion tops, so watchful was the farmer. So meditating and musing, longing and looking across into the other field, she too, felt that impulse to cross the fence in search of forbidden joys. Unhappy choice, dangerous adventure, foolish little cow!

This is the parable; what is its interpretation? Search for it yourself while you wait for my notion of it to appear.

## LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Hotel d'Allemagne, Rome, Italy.

Dear Children:

**Y**OUR letter did not get off this morning, and so I will add another day and send it at once to you. We have delayed longer than we should, but so it goes in traveling.

The party this morning, with a splendid guide, started for St. Peter's and the Vatican while Uncle Will and I started out to learn what we could about the cholera situation. Last week Naples had as high as fourteen deaths in one day. Over Sunday they had but four deaths, and but a few new cases. They feel they have the situation under control. The city is quarantined and vessels do not stop for passengers. Should any vessel stop for passengers the passenger would have to have doctor's certificate of having been under his care and keeping for five days previous. The United States has three doctors employed, so our embassy said today, to protect our country from cholera being brought to our shores. Thomas Cooks said it was under control. We called on the ambassador, a fine man, who received us most pleasantly. He is a common sort of a dignitary whose Panama hat lay on the table where he worked. He assured me that we run no risk whatever in sailing from Genoa. So that is our plan. It is a long string to reach even next to the highest official in the embassy here. First is the page, a yellow fellow at the door trying to learn English. Then comes the man who takes in your card, and lastly comes the chief clerk, and that is as far as we got. But he gave us proper information and told us what care the boats exercised. He said that if the boat took on a case the boat would have to be held up in Ellis Island for five days. That would throw it out of its itinerary, and cost them thousands of dollars. They, therefore, took every

precaution. We shall get a letter from him on Saturday and sail then the following Thursday, feeling sure that we shall not miss on the boat, and all will be well. So rest easy on that. Further, just as soon as we can we shall wire Elgin of our safe arrival and Bro. Williams will let you all know at once.

Thus we put in the day, or most of it, and went out and took a peep into the church, did not pay a franc to go into the Vatican, for the day was too far spent. Mama enjoyed it, said that no one can tell of the size of the church and splendor, and that is very true too. Think of pillars in the church 233 feet around, larger than our home, of a dome over 300 feet high and other things. But mama and I will spend more time there, for after the party is gone we expect to go over some of these things again and very carefully. We are well and happy. God bless and keep you ever. I shall write each of you a letter separately from Rome, and mail it to you just as fast as I can.

Later.

This morning we had letters from Ruth and Josephine and Bro. Williams and were glad to hear that all was moving along as well as it is with all of you at home. Of course, you have for over one week stopped writing to us in Europe, and it will be a long time from Oct. 13, the day we sail from Genoa, till the time we reach New York and have mail from you again. We heard nothing at all today about the cholera. We hired a guide and went first to the church where they claim they have the chains by which St. Peter was imprisoned. In a glass case with golden frame, under the altar of the church, are the big-linked chains in display in such a way as to make the best effect. I noticed some of the links



were worn. There is no ground to believe that it is true, but they show them and worship the chain, and that is the end of it. In this church I noticed skeletons in marble on each side of saints, and one place had a skeleton and scythe, all so gruesome to be in such a place.

Then we went to the church of the golden stair. Same old place. People were wearing out the marble steps, twenty-eight of them and now they protect them with boards. Catholics say that on these very steps Jesus walked when in Jerusalem.

Next came St. John's church, where the people used to worship before St. Peter's was completed. This, like St. Peter's has a holy door that is open only once in twenty-five years, and all who pass through have special indulgence in purgatory after that. Here is some fine statuary of Christ and the apostles in large size, very fine.

Constantine declared himself for Christianity the early part of the fourth century and the baptistry where he was baptized is preserved. In this place also is the door with a "note." It is a heavy iron door hanging on hinges that have never been greased. It is true, the squeaking makes a kind of ring in the door, but if some impious person would give the thing some oil, it would go out of business at once. It is a sample of superstition.

A drive out the Appian Way over which Paul walked when he came to Rome was interesting. In the gate we stopped and took a picture. On the way we passed the chapel where "Quo Vadis" got its name. The

story is like this: St. Peter was running from prison and met Jesus at this place. They show the very spot. Jesus asked, "Quo Vadis?" and Peter repented and returned to die. Here is shown the original Appian Way built for a military road 250 B. C. Further out we saw the same original way, covered in part by dust and dirt. It was an exceedingly dirty trip, to put it as mild as possible, and the sun poured down on us worse than an August day at noon. But we were seeing things, and that is all there was to that. We visited the catacomb of Calixas, much finer than S. Sebastian. It is full of the deepest interest as we went underground among the places where the dead are laid. We saw only one or two skeletons. We bought a book and will bring it along home to show you illustrations, and that is most helpful, to say the least.

Then we saw the Campagna about which the student reads, and the ruins of the aqueduct which Caesar used to bring water from the Alban Mountains for Rome. The bath house built to accommodate 1,600 persons at one time with hot, tepid and cold water, and all such wreckage enough to make one tired. We returned to the hotel about two, good and tired. A little lunch and I went with Uncle Will to buy tickets and arrange for their leaving in the morning. We stay over till next week. This evening I called and found that we had been taking some fine pictures. Perhaps we shall enclose a few to you.

## THE SLUMS

J. L. Switzer

In view of an article in the Gospel Messenger of Nov. 30, written by Brother H. A. Clabaugh, some questions arise in my mind which I ask through the Inglenook.

I never write to offend, but always that some wholesome good may be accomplished; always that God's Kingdom may be advanced and his will prevail. Evil should not be silently condoned. In this case I want to ask questions.

Did Jonah go at night into the slums of Nineveh? Did Elijah, Elisha, Moses, Joshua, Isaiah, Jeremiah or any one of the prophets ever do so? If so, will the Editor, or some one, kindly remind me of the reference, which I may have forgotten? There were slums in those days. There were

some in Sodom and Gomorrah. Did Lot, or the angels go there? There were some in Babylon. Did the prophets go into them? When the Savior came to make his call, did he go into the slums to find his followers? Did any of the apostles ever go into the slums of Jerusalem, or elsewhere? Did Paul? Were the churches at Rome, Corinth, Ephesus, Galatia, the Seven Churches of Asia or any others mentioned in the Bible recruited from the slums of those cities?

What does the Savior mean when he says: "Cast not your pearls before swine"? What does he mean when he says: "Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves"? "Christ came to save sinners." Very true.

But was the cross to be dragged in the filth of the slums; or, were sinners from the slums and elsewhere required to come to the cross? The serpent on the pole was not, as I understand it, to be carried into the worst tents in the camp; but on the other hand they were required to come to it to be cured of the bite. Then we are admonished to go nowhere that we cannot take the Savior with us. Do you remember there is a zeal not according to knowledge, or wisdom or prudence? The Jews had such a zeal—do we need it, does the church need it, does Christ require it?

The character of the converts the Jews made was not very commendable; and it is perfectly safe to say that the character of those made in the slums will not be—at least in a vast majority of cases.

Now I covet the labors of those zealous brethren that go down into the slums. I covet their labors for the Lord, for the good of his cause, for the good of the church of Jesus Christ. The same amount of zeal and labor spent in ten thousand other places, away from the slums and their environments will bring ten into the church where one may be reached that is worshipping at the shrine of Satan and endeavor to rescue his devotees from under his seat—the seat of his throne. You are letting so much other precious material for the kingdom go to waste while you are doing so. It is like saving at the pile and losing at the bunghole.

Economy would dictate that we should work for the Master where we can do the most good for the Master. As long as there are thousands of places in the purer air of the country where they are hungering and thirsting for the consolations of the Gospel, instead of hungering and thirsting for hell broth and debauchery, where ought the evangelist to go? I will repeat my ques-

tion more explicitly; where ought an evangelist of the Church of the Brethren to go? These debauched ones have their evangelists, plenty of them, like unto themselves. In some cases they turn out to be their own evangelists. Such a pair visited Joplin recently.

Fresh from the depths, they (man and woman) proclaimed loudly upon the streets that they were saved and Children of God (yet never had done anything to make them such); but soon went back to their vomit again—not as sons that were washed; for they never were washed. Brethren, let us work where we can accomplish most for our cause and kingdom. Come out and help build up the churches in the country and don't waste our Master's precious time and talent at midnight in the slums.

If you ask me: "Don't you pity the little children of these people?" I will answer yes; and Jesus pities them too, because he calls most of them home in their infancy and in most cases refuses children to them. But, in return, don't you pity those in the country where more of them grow to maturity, and may be useful in our Savior's work, if sought after? I am an old man and have raised a family, moved to the city in later life, and thereby have a pretty good knowledge of conditions in the city and in the country. If I had one family, or one hundred families to raise, I should avoid the city in every case. Lot and I made great mistakes when we pitched toward Sodom. It is a dangerous place to live. It is a dangerous place for children to live. It is a dangerous place for brethren to be. It is not prudent to purposely place yourself or family in danger. Remember Lot's wife. It is not right to waste Gospel seed in slums where men and women have purposely congregated to trample it under foot and heap blasphemy and derision upon it.

## MISS AMELIA'S NEW YEAR

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

**M**ISS AMELIA WARNER was standing by the window gazing out into the deepening shadows of evening. She was an elderly lady of some forty years, with calm, handsome features and a stately way about her that kept many acquaintances at a distance. She watched the snowflakes falling silently in the circle of faint light until the gathering

darkness changed the window to a mirror which showed her only her own tall form looking expectantly,—for what?

It was a large lonely house she lived in, with no friends, no guests, no one to come in on this last night of the old year. She shivered slightly and sat down near a rose-colored light to read. But she saw not the printed page, instead a succession of pic-



tures moved over the pages and she saw again the house of her early girlhood, lighted from top to bottom, with laughter and good cheer on every side as the friends assembled to welcome in the New Year.

Tears fell fast as she saw the little sister, Violet, always gay, full of caprice, laughing and crying in one breath, surrounded by companions after her own sunshiny heart. The two were orphans and Miss Amelia had tried to care for this little Violet, but oh, somehow she had failed! She knew it now, knew it for a certainty as the silent years went by leaving her more lonely and a little sadder than before. As she thought of Violet's running away from home and marrying a stranger who was unkind to her, Miss Amelia arose and walking restlessly up and down the room struggled with the dumb pain that filled her heart. She knew that she had fulfilled her trust conscientiously. But when Violet came a dozen times a day to be caressed or talked to Miss Amelia only smiled and tried to be patient with her sister's weakness. With Miss Amelia a caress was a sign of the deepest emotion, so she did not know how much pain she was giving that childish heart when Violet craved to be loved in her own way.

Violet had always looked forward to New Year's night with the liveliest anticipation. "We'll have hundreds of little cakes frosted white and we can give what is left to the Perrys down the way," she would say. And then she was first at the door to welcome all their guests, from the kindly old minister to the worst boy in school, for Violet's larger sympathies took in all of them. None were left out if she could persuade Miss Amelia to invite them.

Now there was no one invited. Not a soul who intended to come in and wish Miss Amelia a happy New Year.

The flickering firelight shadows fell on rich carpets and lovely furniture; they had always been rich, but the loneliness of it all was beginning to tell on Miss Amelia.

"I don't believe I can stand this," said Miss Amelia to herself. Then she laughed nervously. "When the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet went to the mountain. I am going to see Sylvia. She has a house full of children and it will be better than staying here by myself." She rang a bell and old Martha appeared.

"I am going over to Sylvia's for this evening. I want to see the children." Even to a servant she felt that some excuse was necessary for so unusual a proceeding.

The streets of this little town were not

lighted nor paved. Miss Amelia walked slowly and carefully, the falling snow made her uncertain in her movements and so it happened that she presently found herself in the street which led by the village graveyard. A wall surrounded it and as she was thinking of the parents whose love she had hardly known, for they were sleeping there ever since she was six years old, she thought she heard a little child crying. A sobbing moan as if the child was weak and tired. Going a little further she heard it plainer, unconsciously she found herself following the sound of the child's voice, and turning the corner of the churchyard, she found a little bundle covered over with snow. A little girl about two years of age was trying to keep its feet in the storm and cold, unsuccessfully, for she was lying down when Miss Amelia came up to her. Something strange stirred in Miss Amelia's heart. "Whatever shall I do?" she exclaimed in dismay.

But as she tried to lift the child intending to carry her to her home, Mr. Jacobs, a neighbor, who had also heard the crying, came up to her. "Now what was that? I thought it must be some varmint at first but it sounded too blame human; I couldn't rest till I found out. An' it's you Miss Amelia, well now you surely can't carry it. Let me hold it fur you. Now who'd let a little one like that go on the streets alone on a night like this?"

He took her up easily in his strong arms. "Now where in creation am I going to leave her? Sairy Ann's at her mother's, an' it's too far to the poor house ef it's a stranger an' I mistrust it is fur there hain't any of our women would allow a little one like this to be out on the streets!"

They were walking slowly against the wind, and Miss Amelia had some difficulty in making herself heard, but she shouted as well as she could, "Bring her to my house." And when they came to the end of that street she pulled his sleeve to make him go in the direction of her home.

So breasting the storm together, they soon arrived at Miss Amelia's door where Martha received them in open-mouthed astonishment. The child had stopped crying. "I reckon it's clean tuckered out," said Mr. Jacobs as he placed the bundle awkwardly in Martha's capable arms.

Martha, who never talked unless speech was absolutely necessary, began unfolding the wraps from what appeared almost like a chrysalis, the wrappings were coarse but so numerous. "They did try to keep it

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## THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

### THE SHIELD.

J. C. Flora.

"Above all, taking the shield of faith, where-with ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."—Eph. 6: 16.

**T**HE Christian warrior is to be distinguished for his pacific spirit. While he wars against sin and Satan, he is to be eminently a subject of Christ's peaceful kingdom. His path is one of peace, his lodge is to be peace, his motto peace, his spirit and temper are to be influenced by peace, his song—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Peace will cheer and strengthen us on our way. But with all the other good things of protection we must take on the shield of faith.

There is danger to be overcome. We must confront the fiery darts of the wicked one; the originator of wickedness in heaven; the successful projector of wickedness and of the wicked. As such he is malevolently disposed toward man, especially towards the godly. He is man's incessant adversary. He is the hater of all good. He is doing his utmost to destroy human souls.

He uses many methods to overcome the godly. He comes as suddenly as darts and arrows. One moment we may be thinking of something noble—and how often does Satan thrust some evil suggestion into our mind the next! He comes as silently and invisibly as darts. Other weapons make a noise, but the dart is directed at its object without alarm. Sometimes when quietly done and everything seems well, we feel the presence of their dangerous missiles. The darts are very dangerous. The fiery darts are often sent into the enemy's camp, or city, to set it afire. Poisonous darts or arrows often produce immediate pain, swelling, mortification and death. Now Satan's temptations and darts, poisoned with the evil of sin, if effectual, produce disease and spiritual death. Satan's temptations are as numerous and as varied as darts. He has darts to suit all persons, all times and all conditions. He suits his stratagems to the circumstances of those he shall attack. And we can never evade this danger in this world. In heaven, only, shall we be safe from these temptations.

The piece of armour recommended here is the "Shield of Faith." Ancient shields were made of different materials, and were

various sizes and forms. They were designed for the protection of the entire body, and to be moved in any direction from which danger might be apprehended. In the Scriptures, we read of three shields for the godly man. The Lord says, "I am thy shield." How glad we should be for such a good shield. The truth or the divine word may be our shield. "His truth shall be thy shield and thy buckler." Then, in our subject—faith is said to be the Christian's shield. These are not contradictory. Faith must have a revelation as its basis, and that is God's Word. This Word makes known God as the defense and helper of his people. Then, faith is the instrumental shield of the Christian warrior. We live, by faith in the Son of God. It keeps us united with Christ. To lose it is to lose life. It is a shield to all the graces of the soul. Hope, love, courage, and humility are all defended and supported by faith. It is the Christian's shield in suffering and death.

The shield is sufficient if properly used. By faith, all Satan's temptations are successfully resisted and overcome. We are children that often distrust the promises of God and have but little confidence in our fellow-men. We need to increase our faith. Many times we grow despondent, and magnify the gloomy side of life. We need to have greater faith in God's promises. "He will never, never leave thee." We may become over confident and boast of our power and strength, but if we have implicit faith in God's justice and holiness we must surely feel our unworthiness and nothingness in his sight. The wicked one would lessen our faith, would make us distrustful, would make us fearful and would cause us to despair, but if we will have faith in the divine Mediator, it will make us victorious over all the insinuations and charges of the wicked one. Faith points to the Savior and triumphs in this; that Christ has died—"Yea, rather, that he is risen." Faith must feed upon the word and be in constant exercise. Faith is the foot of the soul, the eye of the soul, the hand of the soul, the breath of the soul and the life of the soul.



### SERMON OUTLINES.

J. C. Flora.

The Bible.

No. 1. "Thy word is a lamp unto my



feet and a light unto my path." Psalm 119: 105.

- I. Why study the Bible?
  1. Because a knowledge of the Bible is a necessary part of our education.
  2. Because of its wide circulation.
  3. Has been printed in 380 different languages.
  4. The musician must know the Bible.
  5. The student of literature must be familiar with it.
- II. It is the source of knowledge, for Life and Destiny.
  1. Philosophy cannot answer the quest of our soul.
  2. Neither can science—we must go to the Book.
  3. Conscience cannot be explained without it.
  4. In the Bible only can we discover our real self.
  5. The Book contains the mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, the doom of sinners and the happiness of believers.

#### The Authenticity of the Bible.

No. 2. "I am the way, the truth, and the life; and no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." John 14: 16.

I do not believe the Bible true in places but true and trustworthy from beginning to end.

- I. There is a presumption in its favor.
  1. God would not leave his children here without a guide.
  2. Plato, the pagan, inferred that God would not leave his children without a staunch boat in which to sail.
- II. The Bible claims to be this authoritative Word of God.
  1. It claims to be inspired.
  2. Holy men spoke as God gave them utterance.
- III. Its claim is verified.
  1. By its unity.
  2. By its completeness.
  3. By its up-to-dateness.
  4. By its tone of authority.
  5. By its truth.
  6. By its indestructibility.
- IV. It makes men and nations.
  - V. It was good enough for Christ.
  - VI. It has power to save.



#### MISS AMELIA'S NEW YEAR.

(Continued from Page 1475.)

from freezing, as all this stuff shows," vouchsafed Martha grimly as she proceeded

to shake the little one who opened wide blue eyes in innocent amazement at the strangeness of everything.

Then the baby lips quivered and tears hung like gems on her eyelashes. She had golden curls that hung limp and damp about her white forehead, a dimpled chin, and dainty mouth made up a picture of unusual loveliness.

"Give her to me Martha, while you go and get some warm milk for her." Stooping tenderly, Miss Amelia took the little one in her arms. She smoothed back the damp curls after the fashion of mothers and her heart went out to the little creature so helpless and dependent.

"I reckon, I'll go an' see whether any one can be found that'll put in a claim for the child. Girl, is it?" Mr. Jacobs, who had stolidly looked on as Martha and then Miss Amelia were doing all they could for the little one's comfort, now made for the door with the evident intention of relieving his mind by telling the astounding news to every one he could see.

"A little girl nearly three years old, I should judge," said Miss Amelia with the laudable intention of having the story correctly told.

"All right, ma'am, if I find the mother I'll bring her here," and he was gone.

Miss Amelia was conscious of a feeling of relief when the door closed on Mr. Jacobs. She wanted to be alone with the child. Martha found the little one almost asleep when she came in a little later to ask where it should sleep.

"I shall take her with me. She can sleep in my bed." And Martha being a well trained servant forbore expressing any surprise at Miss Amelia's decision. But as she went to Miss Amelia's bedroom and got everything in readiness for the night, the tears were rolling down her honest face. She hoped that no one would ever put forth a claim for the waif, because it would mean so much to her mistress to have a little child to look after.

Great was the consternation of the village people when Mr. Jacobs told his astounding tale. Search was made for the individual who had brought the child and left it in their midst, but nothing was learned. "To think that it should have been taken in at the largest house in the village," it really appeared as if Providence had a hand in sending Miss Amelia out on that stormy night. "She hardly ever is seen on the streets. The little one'll have a good home!" And so the comments ran.

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## HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

### The Household.

Miss M. Andrews.

**To Keep Apples:** Having selected the best fruit, wipe it perfectly dry with a fine cloth; then take a jar of suitable size, the inside of which is thoroughly crated with cement, and place a layer of fine dry sand at the bottom, then a layer of apples or pears, but not so close as to touch each other, then another layer of sand and proceed until the vessel is full. Over the upper layer of fruit a thick layer of sand may be spread and lightly pressed down with the hands. In this manner choice fruit perfectly ripe may be kept for almost any length of time, if the jar is placed in a situation free from moisture.

**Home-made Baking Powder:** Take by weight six parts of bicarbonate of soda to five parts of tartaric acid, which is much purer than cream of tartar. Get the ingredients in this proportion of a reliable wholesale druggist. See that they are perfectly dry, roll the lumps out and mix thoroughly. Bottle tightly and keep in a dry place.

Try this method of making tough meat tender. Cut the steak the day before, cutting into slices about two inches thick; rub over them a small quantity of soda, wash off the next morning, cut into suitable thickness and cork. This same process will also answer for fowls and other meat.

A standard remedy for burns is sweet oil and cotton. If they are not at hand, sprinkle the burned part with flour and wrap loosely with a soft cloth. Do not remove this dressing until the inflammation subsides.

If housewives would try steaming their food instead of boiling, they would find it much more satisfactory in every way. I steam everything, even chicken, which can be steamed until very tender, yet will not fall to pieces as it does when boiled until tender. Have a perfectly clean basin of water to steam it over and the broth is just as nice as it is when the chicken boils in it. When the chicken is tender it may be taken out and fried or put in the gravy. Cabbage is much sweeter and better steamed than boiled and one does not get so much of the odor all through the house as when boiling it, and in cool weather it may be put away in a crock and warmed up as needed, either with vinegar, or with

cream, or it is very nice with just a little butter and seasoning. I cook a large steamer full of all kinds of vegetables and then if I want to make a stew or soup it only takes a few minutes to cut them up, and add milk and seasoning, and then I have the different vegetables to warm over separately. There are so many ways that potatoes, carrots and turnips, etc., can be cooked that one can have a variety every day as long as the steamed vegetables last. I make a stew by taking an equal quantity each of the cabbage, potatoes, turnips, carrots, and cooked macaroni; then I cut up an onion and a few stalks of celery, put all in a baking dish with seasoning, and if I have any meat stock I pour this over it; if not, I make a gravy of milk and a little flour and butter and then bake in the oven. I make the soup much the same way, only of course do not bake it or have so many vegetables. I sometimes add a little cooked rice to the soup.

To make a cement that will mend china so that it cannot be broken in the same place, take a very thick solution of gum arabic and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture is of the proper consistency. Apply it with a brush to the broken edges of the chinaware and stick them together. In a few days it will be impossible to break the article in the same place. The whiteness of the cement makes it doubly valuable.

To keep lamp chimneys from cracking, take your chimneys, tumblers or other glass ware that you wish to keep from cracking, and place in a kettle filled with cold water, add a little cooking salt, allow the mixture to boil well over a fire and then cool slowly. Glass treated in this way will not crack, even exposed to very sudden changes of temperature. Chimneys are said to become very durable by this process.

For a damp closet or cupboard, place in it a saucer full of quicklime. It will not only absorb the dampness, but will sweeten and disinfect the place.

To cure a cold in the head, if the remedy is taken in the beginning: Dissolve a tablespoonful of borax in a pint of hot water, let stand until it becomes tepid; snuff some up the nose several times during the day, or use the dry powdered borax like snuff. At night saturate a handkerchief with spirits



of camphor and place near the nose so as to inhale the fumes while sleeping.

For colds, coughs, croup or lung fever, take lard or sweet oil two parts, coal oil, two parts, spirits of camphor one part, spirits of turpentine one part. Saturate a flannel and apply to the throat and chest while warm.

To mend cracks in the wall, take plaster of Paris and mix with cold water to a very soft paste. Wet just a little at a time, as it hardens rapidly and cannot be used again. Apply with a knife blade. If the plaster is not convenient, fill the cracks with stiff flour paste and cover with a strip of muslin.



### Oyster Recipes.

Miss Helen A. Syman.

**Oysters and Cheese:** Slightly scald oysters, or till plump, and turn them into a well buttered baking dish. Pour over them a white sauce made very thick. Do not use too much sauce. Cover with cracker crumbs and cheese. Use one pint of large oysters, one cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of bread flour, one tablespoonful of butter and a little salt. Heat one cup of milk and pour it over one-fourth pound of cheese, mixed with a heaping cup of cracker crumbs. When cheese is melted, add a piece of butter. When hot, turn over the oysters and white sauce and dash a little cayenne pepper over the top. Bake until cream is thick and top well browned.

**Panned Oyster:** Clean one pint of large oysters. Place in a dripping pan small pieces of toast, put an oyster on each piece, sprinkle with salt and pepper and bake until oysters are plump. Serve with lemon butter. To make lemon butter, cream three tablespoons of butter, add one-half teaspoon of salt and one tablespoon of lemon juice.

**Oysters and Macaroni:** One pint of oysters, one pint of macaroni, one cup of white sauce and one pint cup of cracker crumbs rolled fine. Break the macaroni in small pieces and boil in salt water. When it is tender rinse with cold water. Put a layer of this into a dish well buttered, then put in the oysters, then the rest of the macaroni, sprinkling each layer with the cracker crumbs. Pour the white sauce over it and bake until brown.

**Fried Oysters: (German Style.)** Take two dozen large oysters and just before using dry carefully on a linen cloth. Reserve the liquor for a soup. Beat the yolks

of two eggs until light, then mix them with one-half cupful of flour and a little melted butter and add a little salt and pepper. In another dish prepare a mixture of half rolled bread crumbs and half grated cheese. Dip each oyster in the flour mixture, then in bread crumbs and cheese. Fry in deep fat that is hot. Drain on coarse brown paper and serve garnished with lettuce and crisp celery leaves and lemon cut in squares.

**Oyster Bouillon:** One quart of oysters, one pint of milk, a little butter, salt to taste and one-half saltspoon of pepper. Put milk on to boil in double boiler while you prepare the oysters, place a colander over a pan, put oysters in a large bowl, pour over them one cup of water, take up each oyster, drain in colander to see that no pieces of shell adhere to it; strain oyster liquor, put on to boil, remove scum, when clear put in oysters. Let simmer and boil slowly five minutes, strain liquor into milk and butter, add salt and pepper to taste. Boil five minutes, remove the oysters and serve, hot in cups with or without whipped cream.

**Deville Oysters:** Clean and drain one pint of oysters and chop slightly, melt two tablespoons of flour and pour on one cup of cream and add yolks of two eggs, one tablespoon of chopped parsley, a little cayenne pepper and salt; add chopped oysters and fill buttered shells with the mixture, or if preferred scalloped dishes, cover with buttered crumbs and bake in a hot oven about fifteen minutes, or until crumbs are brown.



Chocolate stains should be dipped in cold water before washing.

To keep mashed potatoes hot while waiting for a meal, put in a bowl and cover with a lid, set over water that is boiling, keep water boiling or use a double boiler.

An excellent lining for stair carpets can be made by putting strips from old worn comforters under the carpet. This makes the tread soft and saves wear.

A cup of moderately strong tea in which two or three slices of lemon have been infused will frequently cure a nervous headache.

If you happen to be a little late in getting your potatoes on to boil and want to cook them quickly, after peeling, pour boiling water on them and let stand for half a minute; then pour off and put more boiling water on and you will have gained five minutes on their cooking.

## AMONG THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

### McPHERSON COLLEGE.

#### Trustee Meeting.

Last year at the annual voters' meeting of McPherson College, the charter of McPherson College was amended so as to increase the number of trustees from five to sixteen, giving one trustee each to northwestern Kansas, western Colorado, southeastern Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, northern Missouri, middle Missouri, and two each to northeastern Kansas and Nebraska, and five local to southwestern Kansas and eastern Colorado.

In order that the relationship between the college and the above State Districts may become still closer and more organic, so that the controlling influence may vest directly in the State Districts from which the college seeks patronage and support, a committee of five was appointed at the late District Meeting of Southwest Kansas, and Eastern Colorado, to coöperate with the Trustees of McPherson College and the General Educational Board of the Church of the Brethren, to formulate plans to be submitted to the State Districts interested. This movement looks forward to the election of the trustees and the assumption of responsibility by the State Districts. At present the Trustees are elected by a body of voters who have donated \$100 or more to McPherson College and who have one vote in the election of each and every one of the Trustees for each and every one hundred dollars donated. The property and endowment of McPherson College are held in trust for the Church of the Brethren by the present Board of Trustees. The present value of property and endowment is over \$125,000.00.

A joint meeting of the full Board of Trustees, the committee appointed by the District Meeting of southwest Kansas and eastern Colorado and representatives from the General Educational Board is called for Jan. 20th and 21st, 1913, and the annual voters' meeting has been called for the evening of Jan. 20, so that all trustees and committees may be present, and participate in the discussions and plans for the future.

It is confidently hoped that all members of the Board and committees may be present. It promises to be the most important and far-reaching meeting since the foundation of the college. The present manage-

ment is desirous of making McPherson College a far more efficient power for the development of Church interests. This forward movement necessitates confidence and coöperation between the College and the Church. For the full establishment of this confidence and coöperation, this movement has been inaugurated.—McPherson College Bulletin.



#### Elizabethtown College as a Community Center.

Is Elizabethtown College making good? Is the school supplying the felt need that gave rise to her founding? Not considering what ideals of scholarship and character she implants into the minds of those who come directly and daily under her influence, what benefit is the community deriving in a general way from the college? Is the school unknown and far removed from the citizens of the community? It may be interesting to learn what activities and opportunities are offered the general public to gather within her walls and feel a personal interest in her as a center from which radiates a beneficial influence.

Many persons who have contributed money and means for the establishment of this school may feel themselves repaid for their efforts by receiving advantages for self-culture and intellectual refinement by the various occasions at the college from time to time.

On two evenings of each week for forty weeks out of fifty-two the doors of the college are open to the public to enter and enjoy an hour or two together. Every Friday evening the literary societies hold their sessions and each Sunday preaching services are held in the College Chapel. In this way literary and religious culture are afforded incidentally to all who would be benefited.

Besides these weekly and stated occasions there are a number of events on College Hill to which a general invitation to the public is extended. First, there are the strictly school occasions as announced first and last in the college calendar. The first of these is the Annual Opening Day Educational Meeting, which is intended to instruct and inspire the newly entering student. The last is the series of public events of commencement week, which are a final



consummation of the efforts of the whole session.

Another kind of periodical public event at the college is religious in its nature. It is the annual Bible Term occurring near the middle of the year. At this time the religious forces of the school are focused to disseminate Bible knowledge and to reach that portion of our constituency that is anxious for the welfare of the college. For ten days, day and night, free tuition in Bible studies is offered to all without cost. A glorious opportunity for spiritual growth.

Another class of three public gatherings at the college occurring annually are the anniversary occasions which are memorial and reminiscent in their character. These are the Anniversary of the Founding of the School on November 13, the Anniversary of the Dedication of the Buildings on March 4 and the Anniversary of the Keystone Literary Society on the second Friday in April.

There is still another class of college events open to the public which is more distinctly cultural in aim and character. Here I wish to name the musical programs rendered at Christmas and during the spring term. To this class also belongs the series of lectures and entertainments under the auspices of the Library Committee. Incidentally and occasionally occur lectures such as Bible Land lectures, or lectures on Social Ethics as Prof. J. M. Coleman of Geneva College recently delivered at the college to faculty and students.

On these rare occasions we share with our community the best socializing opportunities that the school affords. In these various gatherings a friendly relation may be made and maintained between the school and the community. The college thus becomes for the community a meeting place or social center where the most helpful associations for self-improvement may be formed. Is the community fully aware of and awake to these opportunities? Are there any who look upon the college under these conditions with hateful and prejudiced eye instead of lending a hand to further her interest and to enlarge her sphere of usefulness? May Elizabethtown College live long to be an uplifting center in her immediate community!

D. C. Reber.



Griggs—"Lost money in that stock deal, did you? Say, let me give you a pointer."

Griggs—"No, you don't. No more pointers for me. What I'm looking for now is a retriever."—Boston Transcript.

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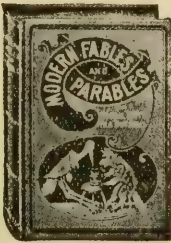
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## MISS AMELIA'S NEW YEAR.

(Continued from Page 1477.)

New Year dawned bright and cold, the earth was glistening white in the morning sunshine. Miss Amelia arose early, she found herself restlessly wishing that the baby would wake too, but it slept soundly. All night she had thought about the baby, and touched the rose-leaf hands and stroked the small body, feeling an exquisite pleasure in the hope that it probably might remain with her. Surely no one could carelessly lose a child, it must have been left by some one who could no longer protect it.

Dainty little clothes that had been Violet's were found and when the little one awoke she was bathed and dressed and both Miss Amelia and Martha were amazed at the beauty of the child.

"We want to keep her, don't we, Martha?" asked Miss Amelia.

"That we do, ma'am," answered Martha.

Many years later, they learned that the little waif was Violet's own baby left there by some one who had been told to take her to Miss Amelia. Violet was dead and had asked that her baby be left in her sister's care. The woman who had charge of her things had blundered in the selection of a messenger and had put the child in the hands of a woman who was afterwards committed to the insane asylum. So everything was made clear when the woman who had been with Violet at the last, told Miss Amelia all she knew.

The little one knew her own name at least she called herself Dolly. But Miss Amelia learned that it was "Milly" instead of Dolly. Violet had named her for Miss Amelia.

The years came and went, and Miss Amelia's life was full. She had found a golden thread which bound her closely with her neighbors. She clung to Dolly as if earth had no other treasure to compare with the child. She found time to help those who had children less fortunate than Dolly and so she was blessed. The old house was ablaze with light and on dark nights when the firelight shone fitfully, there were happy voices and gay laughter and no one suffered from loneliness.

\*\*\*

"I am afraid you have said things you'll be sorry for," said the prudent friend.

"Of course I have," replied the orator. "But the men who are supervising this campaign convinced me that I'd be still sorrier if I didn't say them."—Washington Star.



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